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EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND

Amusements of the Age.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

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INDEX

TO VOLUME LXXXVII.

	Page
AIRY Nothings.....	146
American Indians, Religious belief of	528
American Literature, a brief sketch of the present state of.....	398
Anwyl, Frederic	19, 124, 222
Arion, the New	319
Azim, my Lover—The Muses	163
Bankrupts and Dividends, List of,	92
188, 286, 377, 475	475
Baronial Festival—A Fragment from Welsh History.....	157
Beneficence, a Fragment	21
Births, Marriages, and Deaths, 94, 190, 286, 351, 478	478
Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies—Price of Shares	95, 191, 267, 383, 479
Caroline	31
Christmas, Comforts & Characteristics	29
Church, To — 1823	334
Collins's Ode to the Passions	419
Commercial Report, 92, 187, 377, 474	474
Crooked Customs	413
Croom Hurst, Epigram from the German	192
Customs	302
Death Tokens, from the German of A. Apel.....	251
Denby, Alice	110, 209
Derinody, Lines written on receiving the Portrait of.....	449
Drama, The 86, 181, 261, 366, 370, 465, 466, 560	560
Dramatic Sketches	401
English Labourer and American Slave contrasted	539
Epitaph on an Infant.....	301
Evening Hour	43
Expostulation	250
Fading Flowers	326
Feirin Vassel	501
Female Hermits; or the Hermitesses	393
Fine Arts 80, 82, 176, 178, 179, 180, 274, 275, 355, 360, 458, 553	553
Flos Incognito.....	24
Flowers, To.....	434
French, from the.....	301
French Manners, Sketches of.....	113
Friend, To a	32
Genius, On the early fate of	535
Grave, The Minstrel's.....	67

	Page
Greek Emigrant's Song to the Flag of his Country	330
Greek of Hyperpythagoras, From the Harp, Mute is thy	46
Harp, O'er a bright	236
Hindustanic Air, Lightly through the Mystic Dance	109
Hope, The Poet's	173
Idoltrous Faith, Mode of	509
Infant Lyra and Periodical Press ..	493
India, Plan for the Civilization of, by Archdeacon Wrangham.....	63
Italian Literature.....	441
Jennetta, To	207
Johnson, Dr. on the Genius of	426
Johnson, Dr. Reflections upon the Moral and Biographical Writings of	329, 318
Johnson, Dr. an Answer to some Reflections on the Moral and Biographical Writings of	421
Ladies, Advice to the	314
Leicester, the Countess of—Stanza ..	237
Letter from a Visitor in London to his Friend in the Country.....	25
Letters from the West.....	117
List of Patents	91, 187, 473
Literary Review	612
Literary Intelligence, 90, 186, 285, 375, 472, 567	567
Literature of the Nineteenth Century, On the.....	485
London, On a distant view of	149
Love, A Song in honour of.....	123
Luther's Ring	151, 306
Lyre, To my	300
Man, The Quiet	524
Manly Hearts, New Words to—Sonnet, Sunrise	335
May Flowers	416
Memoir of James Montgomery, Esq. — of Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A. — of Washington Irving, Esq. — of the Bishop of St. David's — of the Infant Lyra.....	101, 197, 293, 399
—Memoir of Dr. Spurzheim ..	485
Meteorological Journal, 96, 192, 286, 384, 480	480
Mildred of Covehithe	542
Mississippi, Adventures on the Banks of	38
Mottos, The Maxims of	546
Musical Family, The	202



Montgomery

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JANUARY, 1825 :

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1825.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Memoir of James Montgomery, Esq. 5	
Theatricals;—their Influence and Abuses	16
The Rapture of Benificence—a Fragment	21
Miseries of an Orthoepest	22
Flos Incognita	24
Letter from a Visitor in London to his Friends in the Country	25
Christmas Comforts and Characteristics	29
Caroline	31
To a Friend	32
Adventure on the Banks of the Mississippi	33
The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah	41
Evening Hour	43
The Rencontre	44
Mute is thy Harp	46
The Novice in Town—No. II	47
Frederic Anwyll	49
Archleacon Wrangham's Plan for the Civilization of India	62
The Minstrel's Grave	67

LONDON REVIEW.

The Hermit in Italy	61
Travels in the Republic of Colombia, by G. Mollien—Colombia; its present state in respect to Climate, Population, &c.	72
High-Ways and By-Ways; or Tales of the Roadside	77

FINE ARTS.

Reception of Telemachus and Mentor in the Island of Calypso	80
Mr. C. M. Westmacott's Catalogue and Letter	82

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Keap's Appearance at Drury Lane	86
View of Public Affairs	88
Literary Intelligence	90
List of Patents	91
Commercial Report	92
Bankrupts.	ib.
Dividends	93
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	94
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies	95
Price of Stocks	96
Meteorological Journal	ib.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

ARTICLES bearing the following titles and signatures are left at our Publishers' for their respective authors :—Punch and Fantoccini.—Prologue written for a party of gentlemen, &c.—B. H.—Louisa.—L. W. W.—D. H. W.—The Caravan.—The Avenging Leopard.—O. O. O.

Some of the above articles evince a very considerable share of merit, but do not however, suit our Magazine. We are sorry to find so many of our clever correspondents taking so often a partial view of religion and politics, as we must always feel it incumbent on us to return such articles, without for once taking into consideration the celebrity of their writers. A few literary characters of this description, whose names and articles we have had reason for not giving with the above, are respectfully informed that they will receive their productions on sending for them to our Publishers'.

Correspondents are requested to forward their articles early in the month.

The conclusion of Luther's ring in our next.

The number for March will be embellished with a Portrait of Henry Fuseli, Esq., R. A.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co., Paternoster-row, or W. T. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow-street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which, the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number have been printed.

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

LONDON REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1825.



MEMOIR OF JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

On acquainting our readers that we present them this month with a biographical memoir of a character no less celebrated than Mr. Montgomery, we cannot be persuaded but we are the means of creating for them anticipations, which perhaps we cannot in the sequel exactly realize. The author of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" has made such a noise in the literary world, both as a political and poetical character, that he raises expectations for the reader of his biography, which neither the incidents of his life, singular as they may be, nor the analysis which the writer of short memoirs can give of his many clever works, will be found, on the close of a critical perusal, to coincide with in manner entirely satisfactory.

Mr. James Montgomery is by birth a Scotchman, and was born on the 4th of November, 1771, at Irvine, a small sea-port town in Ayrshire, Scotland. He was the eldest son of a Moravian minister, by whom he was removed to Gracehill, in the county of Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1776; and afterwards placed at the early age of six years in the seminary of the united Moravian brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. It may be almost said, that at this early period of Mr. Montgomery's life he was forever separated from his parents, since previous to their departure as mission-

aries for the West Indies, where his mother died in 1789, and his father in 1790, he resided with them but for three months in the year 1784.

How happy the parents of Mr. Montgomery had been in placing their son, circumstanced as they were, under the guidance and tuition of the pious and learned Moravian brethren, can now be easily perceived from the result it has produced. For, notwithstanding that every reader of Mr. Montgomery's works, may trace in them the effects of a mind naturally virtuous and religious, we cannot withhold from believing that he is in a great measure indebted to the education he has received for his well-earned fame as a moral poet. He began to write sacred poetry when he was no older than ten years, and report even goes so far as to say, that he had composed at this tender age, two volumes of such poetry. On finishing his studies in the seminary of the Moravian brethren, which occupied ten years, he was placed by his friends as an apprentice with a very worthy man of his own persuasion, who kept a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. This was a calling in no manner calculated to suit the genius of Montgomery; and not being under the articles of apprenticeship, he left his master at the end of a year and a half, with only three shillings and sixpence in his pocket, but big with the ex-

pectation of reaching London, which now his youthful imagination portrayed as the patron city of learning and talent. His humble means, however, did not allow him to proceed as far as he expected, and he found himself constrained on the fifth day, to enter into an employment at Wath, near Rotherham, which was not dissimilar to that he had left behind him at Mirfield. Previous to his departure from this latter place, he had left a letter with his employer, in which, besides testifying his uneasiness of mind, he promised to be heard from again in a few days. He now fulfilled his promise, and requested at the same time a character to recommend him to the trust of his new master. His upright conduct and virtuous habits not only gained him this from his late employer and the rest of the Moravian brethren, but also the promise of an establishment more congenial to his wishes, if he would return. This, however, he declined, candidly confessing the cause of his melancholy, but concealing the ambitious motives which prompted him to withdraw from their benevolent protection. It was his present master with whom he remained only twelve months, that many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out amidst his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering consolation only, but to serve him substantially by every means in his power. The interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous his trial at Doncaster, will ever live in the memory of him who can forget an injury but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery.

On leaving Wath, he found means to introduce himself to Mr. Harrison, a bookseller, in London, in consequence of having sent him, previous to his departure, a volume of manuscript poems. This gentleman gave Mr. Montgomery employment in his shop, but not undertaking the publication of his poems, he recommended the poet to the study of prose, as likely to be more profitable than poetry. Mr. Montgomery began now

to perceive that London was not so much the land of promotion as he fancied it to be; and having had at the end of eight months a misunderstanding with Mr. Harrison, which was accompanied with the misfortune of not being able to dispose of an eastern tale in prose, he returned to his former employment in Yorkshire.

He removed in 1792 to Sheffield, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a very popular newspaper, at that time known by the title of the *Sheffield Register*. Mr. Montgomery became a useful correspondent to this paper, and gained so far the good opinion and affection of Mr. Gales and his family, that they vied with each other in demonstrating their respect and regard for him. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England to avoid a political prosecution, Montgomery, with the assistance of a literary gentleman, with whom he had not been even personally acquainted, became the publisher of the *Register*, which title he changed for that of the *Iris*. He was not, however, long in his new profession before he fell twice into the hands of Justice, and underwent each time the penalty of fine and imprisonment. His first crime was to have printed a song, composed by an Irish clergyman, at the entreaty of a man whom he had never seen before. He was tried for this at the Quarter Sessions of 1795, and found *guilty of publishing*; but this verdict being tantamount to an acquittal, it was refused by the court, and the jury were sent to reconsider for another hour, when they gave in a general verdict of *guilty*. The sentence, which was delivered by M. A. Taylor, Esq. was a fine of twenty pounds and three months imprisonment in York Castle. Our readers may think that we are forgetting ourselves in this part of Mr. Montgomery's biography, and are leading them back to some remote and barbarous age; but such a trial did take place at no earlier a period than thirty years ago. During his confinement an active friend superintended his business, and on resuming his editorial duties he commenced a series of essays, entitled the *Whisperer*, which, notwithstanding that they were written in haste for his paper, bore a very considerable share of genuine humour.

Though he was very anxious not

to leave it in the power of the law to find him guilty of an offence a second time, it was not however long after undergoing his first penalty, that he had to experience the severity of another. He gave in his paper as he thought, in a correct manner, the particulars of a riot that took place in the streets of Sheffield, and in which two men were shot by the military. His statement of the circumstances, however, gave offence to a magistrate in the neighbourhood, who preferred a bill of indictment against Mr. Montgomery; and notwithstanding that the latter had a great many witnesses who verified his account of the transaction in the Iris, he was found guilty at Doncaster Sessions in January, 1796, and sentenced to pay a fine of thirty pounds, and suffer another imprisonment in York Castle, for the space of six months.

He found his constitution greatly impaired in consequence of these two imprisonments, and immediately after his last liberation he repaired to Scarborough for the benefit of his health. It may be said that this was the first time for him to behold the sea as a poet, and the delight which the sight of it afforded his mind was not greater than the health restored to his body. His visits thither were consequently repeated, and it was one of these which gave birth to his poem on the Ocean, written in the summer of 1805. In 1797 he published his Prison "Amusements," and in 1806, produced the volume containing the "Wanderer of Switzerland." His time was now chiefly occupied in editing his paper, and no work of considerable magnitude appeared from his pen until the year 1809, when his West Indies was published in quarto, with superb embellishments. Three years after the appearance of this last mentioned poem, he produced "The World before the Flood," which is to stamp his fame for ever as a superior poet. To name to our readers the many pieces which have appeared from the pen of Mr. Montgomery besides those now mentioned, would be trespassing upon the space we have hitherto endeavoured to reserve for a review of his poetry; we cannot, however, refrain giving the following picture of him, as it is drawn by one with whom he has been intimate for many years. Mr. Montgomery is

rather below the middle stature; slightly formed but well proportioned; his complexion is fair and his hair yellow. When animated by conversation his eyes are uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence; he possesses great command of language; his observations are of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who see him, he is esteemed; by all who know him, he is beloved.

It has been frequently, and perhaps justly, observed, that the delight which beautiful poetry affords, is obtained too often to the prejudice of moral feelings and precepts, which are better calculated to ennoble the human mind, from being always productive of such real happiness as they are, than all the flattery and eulogium which the learned may pour on genius for its cultivation of an art, which, when acknowledged to be most ably executed, is not unfrequently found, to be highly seductive or otherwise seriously injurious. Hence it is that there are many, though not averse to the passion of fame, who would not be an Ovid or a Voltaire if they could, though they were never to be heard of otherwise; because aware that those very beauties which are the most likely to excite delight and call forth encomiums in the writings of those well known poets, are also those which are the most productive of immorality and irreligion. Nor indeed is this unnatural, for the last hours of existence must hang heavily on the conscience of him whose great fame through life has been obtained from his clever execution of those labours which, however chaste and upright in some parts, are in others so corrupt and improper, as to form no inadequate means towards working the perversion of those affections which should alone be invited to a love of the great Being, and an adherence to his precepts. Behold why so many bigoted and ignorant people term poetry not only useless, but also of a vicious and otherwise evil tendency; but had we not Milton, Fenelon, Klopstock, and even the divine writers themselves, to show the fallacy of this bold accusation, brought against the most powerful language and effort of man, the poems of Montgomery alone would form a

--Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free:
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me."

It is easy to perceive from the story of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," how wonderfully happy the author has been in his choice of a subject. There are no incidents whatever that win us so effectually to a love of their recital, as those which we find connected with the fate of such characters as are familiar with our own existence, and general knowledge of mankind. We can place ourselves in their situation without working up exaggerated fancies or ideas from imagination, and can, consequently, enter into all their sufferings and enjoyments, almost in the same train of spirit and feeling as if they were actually our own. But where the characters are in a great measure foreign to our nature or general knowledge of mankind, this cannot be done; for no human imagination, however bold and romantic it may be, can be seized so powerful and so naturally by the fortunes attendant on a God or demon, as it would by them if they were connected with the fate of one of its own species, in whose situation it can very justly and naturally place itself. That more than the three fourths of even our most celebrated writers have greatly failed in this respect, is but too well known to every critic of a clear and natural perception. Spenser and Milton are still considered the great masters of English poetry, and which they are likely to be for ever, yet angels, devils, and fairies, are their principal characters, intermixed with other personages so strange in themselves and foreign to our nature, that the reader who can feel affected at the recital of their misfortunes, or overjoyed at that which shows their success, must in no slight degree be endued with the wild and fanciful imagination of the poet. But the characters of the "Wanderer of Switzerland" are familiar and welcome to every human breast: the aged father and mother, affectionate son-in-law, and widowed desolate daughter, with her poor helpless children, are what we see every day in real life, and need only possess the common sense and nature bestowed on man, to share in the delights and pain of every thing connected with their fate.

But there are, however, some visible defects in this poem. The circumstances attending the fate of the Wanderer's countrymen, and the death of Albert, which excite the greatest interest throughout, are known about the conclusion of the fourth part, which ought, if possible, to have been deferred to the sixth, the end of the poem. If this had been done, the mind of the reader would have been filled with the same share of excitement and eager anticipation during the perusal of the whole, in consequence of the main incidents being still expected, as it had been while it passed over the four first parts. There is besides this what we consider a defect in the versification, which in some places borders on what critics call sing-song. We cannot trace this defect, however, in any of the other poems of Mr. Montgomery, which show the masterly hand of a superior poet in every line; but what we allude to is not an unusual mark of a juvenile poet, and mostly arises from the latter lines of a stanza being little more than an echo of those which precede them; or by an unnecessary repetition of the line last repeated. The two first stanzas of the first part, and the first stanza of the second part, afford instances of this defect.

"*Shep.*—"Wanderer! whither dost thou roam?"

Weary wanderer, old and grey!
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

"*Fund.*—"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger! I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam."

"*Shep.*—"Wanderer! bow'd with griefs,
and years,
"Wanderer, with the cheek so pale!
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale!"

From what we have said previous to these last observations, it will be seen that all we have objected to in the "Wanderer of Switzerland," composes but a very inconsiderable part when compared to all which we have found well worthy of admiration. It was not possible that we could read a poem through without detecting faults, for there is no poem free from them; but that the faults of Mr. Montgomery's poem have not been many.

or capital, may be easily perceived from the numerous editions it has gone through, and the high sphere of popularity it has attained.

It is happy for that critic who has so much good sense and taste left, that the blemishes of a work are incapable of prejudicing him so far against the author as to cause him to pass over its beauties with silent contempt. The Edinburgh Reviewers were not so far fortunate in their criticism on the "Wanderer of Switzerland." A short time after its first appearance they did whatever lay in their power to crush it altogether, and discourage the author from ever writing again. But this was not, however, until it had gone through three editions; for they said they took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea and the praises of sentimental ensigns and other provincial literati, and tempted in that situation to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, they thought too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though they were perfectly assured that, in less than *three years*, nobody would know the name of the "Wanderer of Switzerland," or any of the other poems that accompanied it, still they thought themselves called on to interfere and prevent as far as lay in their power the mischief that might arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. But all their combined efforts to annihilate the poor Wanderer were unavailing; every day saw it gain more and more prevalence in public favour, till fresh productions from the able pen of Mr. Montgomery, proved beyond every doubt that the bold assertions of the *great journal* respecting his character as a poet, were as malicious and as ill founded, as its predictions regarding the duration of his poem.

The "World Before The Flood," is by far Mr. Montgomery's best poem; in it we find none of those blemishes to be found in the "Wanderer of Switzerland," and his earlier pieces, and which have been at all times characteristic of our greatest poets on their first attempts. It is divided into ten Cantos, written in the heroic couplet, and has

for the foundation of its story, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain. The principal characters on the side of the invaded, are Enoch, Javan, and Zillah. Javan having been ambitious of acquiring fame, forsook his native fields in the ardour of youth, and having joined the bands of the idolatrous king, continued with them during many of their conquests, till the latter coming to invade Eden, the young adventurer feels himself prevailed upon by the influence of an early attachment he had for Zillah, to retreat in the night time from the camp of the descendants of Cain, and seek once more his native glen. The passage descriptive of this retreat of Javan, is undoubtedly the best in the first canto, with the exception of those lines which pourtray his character in such a clear and powerful manner. We are sorry our limits will not allow us to give them entire.

"Quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight
seen,
With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.
As years enlarg'd his form, in moody
hours,
His mind betray'd its weakness with its
powers;
Alike his fairest hopes and strange-t fears
Were nurs'd in silence, or divulg'd with
tears;
The fulness of his heart repress'd his
tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when
he sang.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the
wind;
But from the north, when snow and tem-
pest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling
woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile exclusive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he
knew."

The second Canto is all Elysium. Javan arrives at the place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarch's glen, and there again discovers her in a bower asleep. As he believes it improper to stand beholding her in this situation, he conceals himself in the thicket, and plays on his flute, whilst

his fair one's slumbers are visited by the most delightful and ominous dreams respecting her supposed absent lover. She awakes at length—Javan does not make himself known, and female pride in her forbidding her to acknowledge him, they separate after a short interview; she to tend her father's flock, and he to find the dwelling of Enoch. We refrain quoting from any of the parts immediately connected with the interview of the two lovers, that we may afford ourselves space to make one or two extracts from this Canto, which will place Mr. Montgomery in a superior point of view as a descriptive poet. The following is the description given of the forest through which Javan had passed, previous to his interview with Zillah:

"Steep the descent, and wearisome the way;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb.

There, as the massy foliage, far aloof
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarl'd and rigid, clasp'd and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground:
Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sun-beams through the eaves were seen.

What follows is a description of the place where Javan parted with Zillah when he left the Patriarch's glen; it is, perhaps, more beautiful than the above, but the latter is more creditable to the author, in consequence of its being a more faithful copy after nature.

"Sweet was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny inlet open'd in the wood;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground,
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe;

O'er all the bees, with murmuring music flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tane their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs, or moonlight serenades."

In the third Canto, Javan makes a most beautiful and pathetic soliloquy on Zillah's desertion of him; after which he reaches the ruins of his native cottage, and thence proceeds to Enoch's dwelling, where he is kindly received by the venerable Patriarch. The description of the ruined cottage and the Patriarch's glen, both of which are to be found in this Canto, add great weight to the specimens which we have already given of Mr. Montgomery's descriptive powers: as they are not long, we can find a place for both here—

————— he gazed around,
In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;
The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie;
The fractured roof, through which the sun-beams shone,
With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile traces on the damp green floor."

The author has been very happy in his choice of the last line. The Patriarch's glen would be an ornament to the canvas, were it drawn with as much beauty, and as faithfully, as it is described by the poet.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood;
In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood;
Tents, harbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between;
Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course."

In the fourth Canto, Enoch relates to Javan the circumstances attending the death of Adam; no part of the poem affords so many elegant specimens of true feeling as this. We give that passage which places before the reader in such a powerful and pathetic manner, the grief and anxious solicitude of Eve for Adam, when she finds him unexpectedly in his dying hour—

"She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
At Adam's feet; half-rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear;
Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They open'd on her in a transient flame;
'And art thou here, my Life! my Love!' he cried,
'Faithful in death to this congenial side?
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
—'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go.'
She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
'Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To sooth his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head;
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses; with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains."

In the fifth Canto, Enoch leads Javan to the burying-place of the Patriarchs, it being the anniversary of the fall of Adam, to whom it was the custom on such days to offer sacrifice. The prophecy of Enoch is also in this Canto, and is executed in a very bold

and masterly manner. The burying-place of the Patriarchs, is described with so much beauty, that we cannot pass it over without quoting it as a passage of great merit.

"The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath;
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there;
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot;
By one dishonour'd or by all forgot;
To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound,
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound;
'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer."

In the sixth Canto, Javan has a second interview with Zillah, who betrays her affection for him, in consequence of the anxiety she expresses for his safety, and her wish to perish by the sword of the invaders so that he might live. After this, Javan visits the dwellings of his neighbours, whom he had not yet seen since his late return home, and sings to his harp, whilst they are assembled round him in the evening. He commences with a beautiful address to Twilight; after which follows Jubal's song on the creation, a piece of sacred poetry, perhaps without a rival in the English language. In his song, Javan also exemplifies the power of music, by showing what a happy revolution it wrought formerly in the disposition of Cain, as he was about to murder

Jubal whilst playing on his harp. Our limits will not admit more than one short extract from this Canto, and we offer the following, which carries its own great character with it, as strongly as it describes that of the unfortunate Cain, when his dark soul was meditating the murder of the bard—

“—— Grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his
prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the
lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom
appear'd,
Half brute, half human; whose terrific
heard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevel'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of
grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic
face,
Deep-ploughed by Time, and ghastly pale
with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness
rose;
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his
home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the
wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains
could bind.
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd
head;
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-
moon.”

In the seventh Canto, the glen of the Patriarch is entered during the night, and they and their families carried away captive by a detachment from the army of the invaders. They submit to their enemy without betraying a want of resignation: and having travelled all night, find themselves in the morning, on the top of a mountain, where, while they halt, they offer to the Almighty “the sacrifice of prayer and praise.” Having descended the mountain, they pass by the tomb of Abel, which Enoch points out to Javan, and relates the circumstances attending his death, as occasioned by murderer Cain. Javan relates to

in return, an account of the origin of their present invaders, believed to be the descendants of Cain, and who are called giants, from their great bulk and stature. The Canto concludes with the relation of the

singular occurrences attending the birth and early adventures of the giant King, leader of the host, come to invade Eden. The awful character of the foster sire, by whom this last mentioned personage was brought up, may be sufficient to prepare the minds of our readers for one of his early adventures.

“A Goutberd fed his flock on many a
steep,
Where Eden's rivers swell the southern
deep;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known
The first of woman born, that might
presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in
the tomb,
And, from the gulph of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.
'Twas said his voice could stay the fall-
ing flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to
blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden
cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his com-
mand;
His spells so potent, that his changing
breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and
death.
O'er nature's powers he claim'd supreme
control,
And held communion with all Nature's
soul:
The name and place of every herb he
knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew
The meanest reptile, and the noblest
birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
Obey'd his mandate:—Lord of all the
rest,
Man more than all his hidden art con-
fess'd,
Cring'd to his face, consulted, and re-
vered
His oracles,—detested him and fear'd.”

The following is the early adventure of the giant king, whose delight in his boyhood was to brave the river's wrath, to wrestle with the waves; and when torrents had swollen the furious tide, to ride on the foamy surge.

“Once on a cedar, from its mountain
throne
Pluck'd by the tempest, forth he sail'd
alone,
And reach'd the gulph:—with eye of
eager fire,

And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread;
—Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail'd his setting light,
And follow'd all the long and lonely night;
But ere the morning-star expired, he found
His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
When in the east he saw the sun arise
Pride quickly check'd them :—young ambition burn'd
For bolder enterprise, as he return'd."

The eighth Canto commences with an animated and beautiful address to the spirit or soul of the lyre, put in the mouth of the giant king's minstrel, who immediately after, sings the praises of his monarch, and describes the destruction of the remnant of his enemies' forces in an assault by land and water, on their encampment, between the forest on the eastern plain of Eden, and the river to the west. The king during the song of the minstrel, is represented on the summit of a mountain beneath the shade of aged trees, and encompassed by all his giant chiefs. While the latter trembled to hear the dreadful account of their own deeds, his soul remains unmoved, and his look is often turned to the west whilst his thoughts are labouring with the ambitious design of even storming the mount of Paradise. At the conclusion of the bard's song, the trumpet summons the appearance of the captive Patriarchs and their families before the giant king and his chieftains.

To quote the beautiful passages found in this Canto, would be to quote every line in it. We must confine ourselves to one alone, and it is that characteristic of the great giant king in all his strength and pride of conquest.

"Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in nature's mightiest mould;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the giant king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years;
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might

Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight;
His raven locks unblanch'd by withering time,
Amplly dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless rancour, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Gaze of soul, which nothing might appal,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace;
But direct cruelty, by guilt repress'd,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
In silence brooding, like the secret power,
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

Canto the ninth.—The Giant King is overjoyed on beholding the patriarchs in his power, and is determined to offer up their blood ere morning as a price for that aid which he expects from his demons when he is to storm the mount of Paradise. On beholding Javan among the crowd, his wrath is raised to the highest, and he orders his slaves in a vehement tone to smite him, fling his limbs into the flames, and scatter his ashes to the wind. Javan is already pleading before there is time for the orders of the tyrant to be put in execution, and as he concludes by observing that he dies happy if he dies alone, Zillah on a sudden makes her appearance, when a very affecting scene takes place between the two lovers. This is at length interrupted by the awful sound of the voice of the Goatherd, the old foster sire of the giant king, who having flung himself in adoration before the tyrant, and acted in a very demon-like manner for a considerable time, to the terror of the awe-struck beholders, pretends at length to discover the secret attending the birth of the king, by declaring that the sun himself is his celestial sire, and the moon his mother, who consigned her babe to him in secrecy to be a blessing to all mankind. Shortly after this declaration he proposes his deification by ordering the giant chiefs to pour out the blood of the patriarchs as an offering to their king. But as he continues his blasphemous harangue, and has occasion to mention the name of God, a spasm of horror withers up his frame at the most sacred word; and while the king and his chieftains look sore amazed in silent expectation on their

sorcerer, Enoch, amidst a dead silence, makes his sudden appearance, at sight of whom the giant monarch shook—
 “Shook like Belsbazzar, in his festive hall,
 When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall.”

Our space will admit but a short extract from this Canto, for which reason we give the description of the Goatherd, foster sire of the giant king.

“—scarcely seem’d he of the sons of earth;
 Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth;
 Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough’d,
 Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow’d;
 Swarthy his features: venerably grey,
 His beard dishevell’d o’er his bosom lay:
 Bald was his front; but, white as snow behind,
 His ample locks were scatter’d to the wind;
 Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
 Of shagged fur, and o’er his shoulders thrown
 A serpent’s skin, that cross’d his breast, and round
 His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

In the tenth Canto Enoch foretells the malediction ready to light upon the heads of the sorcerer and the giant king, in addition with what is to happen about the time of the general deluge. The sorcerer he said was doomed to roam an out-cast for ever, and to live the scoff and scorn of mankind more than he had been its terror and adoration before; and his monarch was to be snatched from the pinnacle of his glory before morning by a death without a name, and his carcass left a prey for the wolves to slumber on at sunrise. As Enoch concludes by putting the utmost power of the giants to defiance, they and their leader rush instantaneously to smite him in death, when they are utterly and shamefully foiled in the attempt by the immediate ascension of the prophet into heaven in the sight of all his fellow brethren. Javan feeling himself endued by the divine spirit of Enoch, conducts the Patriarchs and their families through the host of the giants unhurt. The latter endeavour in the night-time to storm the mount of paradise, but the tempest rises, and showers sleet and hailstones in their faces, while the wind and

waters are in dreadful commotion all around, and an earthquake rocks the agonizing earth beneath, which completely unnerve their strength by overwhelming them with terror. Coming on morning they are entirely routed by the fiery cherubims taking the field on winged coursers, and during their precipitate flight their king is slain, agreeable to the prophecy of Enoch, by some unknown hand among his own people. The panic-stricken legions fly homewards, leaving all their spoil and arms behind them, by which the natives of Eden find themselves greatly enriched, and freed henceforth from the terrors and danger of war, they lead a life of happiness and peace.

We are greatly afraid that these brief contents which we have given of each canto of “*The World Before The Flood*,” accompanied with our few extracts and observations, will be found very inadequate to the purpose for which we have intended them,—that of placing the great worth of Mr. Montgomery’s principal poem before the view of our readers in a true and clear light. Did our limits admit us to give more expanded contents of the cantos, and make extracts more long and numerous than we have done, attended also with our observations, we should have been enabled not only to show the great merit of the story and its parts to fuller advantage, but likewise to let it be seen how ably these parts are embodied by the strength and richness of these powers in the language of poetry with which our poet is so liberally endowed. During our perusal of the entire of the poem, we have met with but very little, indeed, which could create in us any serious objections. We should wish, however, that the subjects of the latter Cantos had obtained a situation in some earlier part of the poem than they really have. It will be recollected that the invasion of Eden, by the descendants of Cain, is the foundation of the story; with this we are made acquainted at the commencement of the first canto, but from that part, until so far back as the seventh Canto, we hear little or nothing of the invaders. We have heard it laid as a material fault to this poem, that it is not sufficiently dramatic: to this objection we are sorry Mr. Montgomery has not left it in our power

to raise another; but we can say, that had the defect which we have alluded to, never existed, it seems very probable that his poem would never have been charged with this last mentioned fault, or if so, that the charge would have been without a proper foundation. What we would next object to, is a frequent want of connexion between the lines of the couplet. Pope has been censured severely by the Critics for mostly closing every couplet or two lines of his elaborate poetry with a period; and whilst Mr. Montgomery seems to have carefully avoided this studied defect, he has unfortunately, and we believe unwittingly, fallen into one not less serious,—that of making such a pause at the end of the first line of the couplet as completely bars the progress of its natural flow into the second, and consequently ruins its best effect. As this is a defect of some moment, and not unworthy the observation of both the critic and the poet, we shall endeavour to exemplify it more clearly by an instance of it from the work. We give the four first lines of that beautiful passage descriptive of the forest, and which has been already quoted.—

“Steep the descent, and wearisome the way;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
No breath from heaven refresh’d the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem’d one pillar’d tomb.

Did Mr. Montgomery leave it in our power to point out ten times the number of such faults as we have now shown, his beauties are still so great and so many, that we can suppose they would be more than amply sufficient to remove every evil prejudice that these imagined defects might create, on first consideration, towards the real merits of his poem. Was the “World before the Flood” the production of a juvenile poet, we would have shown more of its beauties than we have, and been less attentive to its blemishes; yet when it is viewed in the light of what it really is,—a poem universally read and admired, and from the pen of him whose fame has been long established as a poet—it will be found on consideration more

E. M., January, 1825.

essential to show how it might have been still more beautiful, than to tell the world merely what they know already—that it is a work of superior merit. It cannot, therefore, be prejudicial to the character of such a production, that our limits will not admit us to lay before our readers the merits of its parts when combined and forming a whole, as we have done in viewing them separately. We can only find space, in concluding, to make one brief allusion to the great disparity between Montgomery and a living poet of his own country—not in their writings, but in the difficulties they had to surmount, on attaining the eminence of their present popularity. The cotemporary of our author has always had the good fortune to have many friends among the reviewers; and from the appearance of his first poem to that which he produced about two or three months ago, he has been applauded and encouraged by them on every occasion, though, strange to say, this has not produced a wonderful effect, since the difference between his first and last performance, is, in point of merit, difficult to observe, though neither, notwithstanding all the labour and time employed in the execution, rises in a very conspicuous manner above mediocrity. A picture entirely the reverse of this must be drawn, in order to show what Montgomery had to encounter: to the number of friends which his cotemporary had in the literary world, he seems to have had as many enemies over whom his genius had to gain undoubted victories ere the prejudices excited to his disadvantage were removed, and his merits as an amiable, but injured poet, universally acknowledged. That this required a mind endowed with superior strength and talent cannot be denied, and particularly when it is recollected that such harsh treatment has been the means of precipitating a Kirke White, and a Keats, to an early grave, and that modern days afford but two instances only in which it has been victoriously trampled upon. Every reader acquainted with the particulars of the literary career of Byron and Montgomery, need not be told the names of the individuals we allude to in this exception.

THEATRICALS; THEIR INFLUENCE AND ABUSES.

—
“Veluti in speculum.”

NEVER was the theatre in higher fashion than at the present moment; its excellence, its attractions, its expence, its increase in numbers, all conspire to prove this fact. We not only often borrow our characters from the stage, making our whole life a scenic representation, but we take our companions, nay, even our wives, from the pupils of Thalia and Melpomene; it is, therefore, certainly the proper time to analyze its merits and demerits, to examine its improvements, to correct abuses which may have crept into it, as much in the audience as in the performers, and to select from it the useful and instructive, the graceful and elegant, leaving its levities, trivialities, and tendency to enervate and promote idleness to the herd, to those gregarious animals of our population, who collect in our theatres merely to kill time, to satisfy curiosity, to see and be seen, or for more criminal purposes of appointment or speculation.

There are those who deny the improvement of the stage, either in acting or in composition; in the latter it is true that we have no second Shakspeare; but in the former, added delicacy, better style, chaster costume, multiplied auxiliaries, in scenery, decorations, music, &c. &c., must be allowed by every one who is not an old, cold, and disappointed being, and a “*laudator temporis acti*.” Never had we more lovely women, nor more able and sensible actors; never a greater variety of style, the taste of the foreign and true British drama in our first theatres, with all the talent of the Continent, in every department of the vocal and instrumental; of the dance, the pantomime, and pageantry, in our opera house and winter theatres; together with the equestrian, gladiatorial, and the gymnasia of the ancients, on our summer and minor theatres; the vast addition of which, in numerical

strength, evinces national wealth and prosperity (the olive being the tree under which the Graces repose), and afford a bill of fare for every palate, whilst no expence is spared to delight the public: thus far is undeniable.

We now come to an examination of the influence which the stage has on our manners, and to its growing popularity. That “all the world’s a stage,” is a maxim of the immortal bard of England, and this position is strengthened by Voltaire, who asserts that kings, ministers, generals, and civilians, the grave professions, and the votaries of pleasure, are acting all their life; even on the scaffold, a part of heroism, doing violence to nature, has been, and continues to be performed, the object popular applause, the approbation of men; such is the poet’s and the player’s recompence—the meed of praise, a name whilst living; a tablet, a bust, statue, or column, when no more!—but that these ends should be attained, the drama must adhere to its first institution, it must embrace the first objects for which it was created; it must be faithful to nature and to them; it must be, according to our device, borrowed from the theatre itself, the mirror of the mind, the glass reflecting the passions, the manners, the follies of mankind—

“Unmix’d with baser matter.”

Those passions, manners and follies must not grovel, they must soar above hideous vice, low corruption, abject depravity, and stultified mimicry; the scene must be ever above such disgusting figures which disgrace the respectable part of society, and are only fit for booths in fairs; it ought to be always as dignified as possible, except in familiar comedy, where private life more closely touches our sympathies and speaks to every heart; the main

object then of the stage is, to laud virtue, to hold up vice to horror, to elevate the sentiments of the spectators, and to warn them against the deceits and tricks of nature, by the mask of satire and the exhibition of vanity and folly, in their appropriate garb; the more faithful the picture therefore is, the greater its attraction and effect: to caricature, needs much skill and management, since over painting and over acting detract from their purpose, both off and on the stage. Plays were formerly rhapsodies, but as the more enlightened ages beamed upon us, they assumed a nobler character, and the less rhapsodical they are, the more in union, harmony and good keeping with true representation and genuine taste. Tragically stepped forward first in splendid garb, with noble sentiment and noble deed, with actions suited to the mighty subject, and skilful contrivance to captivate the mind; the lighter fascinations were given to comedy, but Horace very sensibly tells us, that she may borrow the elevation of sentiment, and charms of sensibility.

"Intendunt tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Tratusque chræmes, tumido delitigatore."

In sentimental comedy, or tragic-comedy, we have delicate specimens of this kind of performance, and abundance of actors and actresses to do justice to their parts; genteel comedy is of more modern date, but it is exquisitely entertaining, of high utility, and we deeply regret to see its decline; have we not a number of subjects which might yet inspire the pen in this way, although the great Sheridan is no more. In the ages of war and chivalry, the praises of living heroes were subjects for the drama; in those of the sciences and of a more polished era, the historic page, whether remote or proximate, ancient or modern, became matter for representation; but Shakspeare, taking distance and time in his own hands, has delineated the feelings and passions of every clime, and every breast, where he could do so effectively and becomingly, and, since his day, we have attained to an excellence almost unequalled in all the polished globe; far be it from me to remove the bays from the venerable brows of Racine, Corneille, Boileau and Voltaire, their

productions will always be admirable, but we are no where outdone by them; and our present borrowings of light matter from the French school, encourages light taste and morals, and betrays a poverty engendered by idleness, for there is no dearth at home, no want of a creative power, but a fastidiousness has crept in, which ought to be weeded from our dramatic garden, at least sufficiently to admit only the flowers from the Paris market, without its wild plants and poisonous herbs—far from the British stage and British fair, from the ear of modesty and the eye of immaculacy be all the flippant illusions, warm fallacies, *double entendres*, and obvious obscenity, of the Boulevards and elsewhere. We have pruned the redundancies of the bard of Avon, those wild shoots that suit not modern taste, and why should we admit them of foreign growth? Many of our finest tragedies, and best comedies, (and amongst the former, *Roméo and Juliet*) would not be listened to as first written—yet we tolerate indelicacies of continental form and fashion. Having now established our superiority, one word on the ascendancy of the stage over our conduct and inclinations. The fascinations of the stage are many and powerful; from the stage-box to the green-room, every thing is seen in the most favorable light; youth embellished by dress, not confined to the mere mode of the day, but taking from Greece and Rome, from fiction and reality, from the description of the poet and the painter, whatever of beauty and of grace is most calculated to increase the power of pleasing, and giving to lovely originals the form and pressure of the finest models; thence it is that our senses are taken by surprise, and that the captivations of the heart produce so many matches in high life, with those who having played the heroine, the spirit, genius, or sylph upon the dramatic boards, are promoted to act in the representations of high life; the stage too, has become like a bazaar of ornamental attire, from whence all may learn, from the prince to the barister, the gracefulness of folds, the management of rich flowing drapery, the sweep of trains, and the most becoming adjustments of costume, and it is from thence, together with the best pictures, that female irresistibility acquires its

last arrow, and that a little stage-effect may be stolen to exhibit in private life. Of the theatres and performers, who are closely followed by the amateur corps, enough has been said: we will now come to some abuses to be reformed, to some fashionable transgressions of the audience, and to a comparison betwixt our London theatres and those on the Continent.

The noise of our houses is one annoyance; it proceeds, I allow, mostly from the lower classes; but there are flirts and exquisites, idlers and insipids, who sin in this way, also *beaux* who, affecting to be tired of all amusement, and to whom nothing is new, drawl, and lisp, and talk, if not loud, sufficiently audible to disturb the attention of others; tittering young ladies, and *coquettes* more advanced in life, who make a whispering buzz, and by their telegraphic signs to the *beau monde* in other boxes, and all the *manœuvres* of eyes, and fans, and French gesticulation in their manners, draw off the interest which would otherwise be given to the drama itself. Some of these *aimables* not infrequently between the acts, turn their backs upon the spectators; then again, the *animalculi* which peep in from box to box, level their glasses at all around, strive for a seat in the stage box, and articulate as loud as possible, "There's not a soul here that *one* knows;" this addressed to a brother exquisite; or "Where's lady Mary? did not the countess say she'd be here to night? Box keeper, let me into that box where the three ladies are in front." All this is insufferable. I know that it will be objected to me that abroad, the play houses are converted into coffee houses; that ices, coffee, and even suppers, are taken in them; that a blind is occasionally drawn over the front in Italy, for a party eating as unconcernedly as if they were at an hotel; this I have been eye-witness to, and have seen countesses and baronesses smoking in Germany during a greater part of the evening's entertainment; but, in the first instance, their boxes are their property, they are hired like their lodgings, they may eat, drink and sleep in them, transact business in a tone of voice decently low, make engagements, or what they please, and they are paid as little attention to, as

they heed those around them, the thing being tolerated there, which we should think abominable here; and why? because we are a thinking people, a people to whom appearance and decorum are every thing; because, free as we are, we owe much to the community and much to ourselves; levity in public would tarnish reputation at once, and be put down by the middle rank of life, who would consider themselves insulted by it; nay the actors could not play to audiences thus conducting themselves; there is with us no transition from the eccentricities above named, to *bravo!* divine! admirable! *bravissimo!* (naming the performer) *à vos tutti.* This suits not the steady character of our nation, and although we do not see the trances and raptures, the languishings and closing of eyes, nor all the *demonstration* of feeling and *virtue*, we have the reality of them, and it will be marked in becoming bright eyes, gentle female smiles, added gravity and impressive silence, the favorite of the public will be received with heart and hand, and broad humour will call forth broad grins. Another abuse which demands reforming, is the *encores*, and, above all, the struggle for mastery as to carrying them; admiration becomes selfish when we fatigue a performer with it, the exertion of repetition is often too much for the singer, or other performer, and when of the softer sex, it becomes cruel to expect it; besides it seldom occurs that the second effort equals the first, an alteration painful to all parties generally ensues; fortunately for the spectators, scenes, and scenic events or effects cannot be repeated, (save only in the case of an amateur actor who died twice) otherwise they would lose all their agency on the senses; in vocal and instrumental music, the same thing occurs, the ear should seem as if its enjoyment could only flow from reflection, and it was the practice of an exquisite judge of music, abroad, to place himself near the box door, towards the moment when a conclusive touch of harmony was about to meet his ear, and, gently stealing away with the dying sound, he would retire unperceived to digest the melodious banquet in solitude and retirement. Such is true taste; such conduct, although not exactly applicable in that way at all times, may

sometimes enable a soul of sentiment and fire, to enjoy the genuine pleasure derived from the scenic feast, either by quitting the theatre with a fine impression of acting on the mind, or by letting the *ne plus ultra* of the melodious power be the last musical *morceau* listened to; this, however, will never do for people who go to

theatres for variety, nor for those who want to get the most they can for their money—that the chastity and dignity of the British stage may be preserved in their integrity, is the object of these remarks, and the sincere wish of

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

THE RAPTURE OF BENEFICENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Joy! joy, for the blessings that fate hath given,
This meritless hand of mine to bestow!
Have I footed the amaranth meads of heav'n?
That flowers are springing wherever I go?

A queen rush'd out of her castle walls;
Her step was hurried, her look was wild,
For the flames were over her stately halls,
And there stood at a casement her only child.

"I'll give to the man who will save him now,
The costliest treasures my realm has in store!"
I saw the fair boy with a fearless brow,
And I reach'd in a moment his chamber's door.

The air was black, but I thought it sweet,
For I knew the young cherub was breathing it, too;
I laid the babe at it's mother's feet,
I beheld her clasp it, and off I flew.

She proffer'd both riches and honors great
To him who had acted that perilous part;
But the boon, though noble, was offer'd too late,
I had carried a richer one home, in my heart.

A captive pined in a sickly gleam,
That skew'd him the toads of his dungeon-floor;
I bade him go back in the day's broad beam,
And enter his darkling cell no more.

But I follow'd him softly out, to spy
How the joy-drops down his cheek would rain,
And to watch, as he dotingly gazed on high,
Heaven's blue coming into his eyes again.

I saw it, I saw it! and saw, as well,
A wife on his neck and a child on his knee,
And I thought, even *then*, 'twould be hard to tell
Which was the happier—I or he.

MISERIES OF AN ORTHOEPIST.

"Difficile est propria lingua decere."

HORACE.

IT is not above half a century that Orthoepey has been known, or studied* amongst us as a distinct science. Before that unhappy period, every man comfortably pronounced his words according to his fancy, and to the formation of his vocal organs. Thus the same letter was guttural, or nasal, broad or open, long or short, smothered or distinct, according to the convenience of the speaker; and if a syllable were added to a short, or subtracted from a long word, not a soul ever said a syllable about it. But the progress of civilization is always attended by a decrease of individual as well as of national liberty, and that sad liberticide Mr. Walker, aware of this fact, gave the *coup de grace* to the glorious privilege of pronouncing *ad libitum*.

My father was a worthy gentleman of the old school, and at the period of his education, it had not been the fashion at Eton to study French, and as to orthoepey as a science, it had never been thought of. The old gentleman, after the manner of those times, was deeply read in the Greek and Latin classics; was well versed in polemical divinity, had read all the ancient and modern metaphysicians, and had consumed gallons of oil in poring over the abstract sciences. But he lived to see many literary as well as political revolutions. Before he died, Greek had become a dead language, Latin was a mere nominal study, French had usurped its authority and place—as to polemical divinity, to study it was a proof of old fashioned insanity; Paley had driven out all the ancient philosophers from Cambridge, the abstract sciences had made way for chemistry, botany, mineralogy. *cum plurimis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. But that which hurt the old gentleman most, was to see the management of the great horse and all the parade and science of the *menage* go entirely out, and the youth take to horsemanship by instinct and genius, as Alexander did in conquering Bucephalus. But,

mirabile dictu, fencing gave way to broad sword, and to pugilism, and as if caprice were never to end, every young lady began to study Sheridan, Narcs and Walker, and to feel the most fastidious delicacy upon the pronunciation of the most common words.

Thus the old gentleman could not say *teete à teete* (tête-à-tête) or, *my shoe* (Monsieur) without one of his daughters crying out, "My dear papa, I do assure you, that is not the way to pronounce it;" or if speaking his vulgar tongue, he talked of bayonets, (bayonets) putecaries, cowcumbers, chaney, vittles, and the like, he was sure to see some boarding school miss endeavouring to suppress her laughter, or to hear some pert jackanapes assert that Narcs in his orthoepey had stigmatized the old pronunciation as vulgar, and had taught the world how to speak properly.

The old gentleman was often nettled at these interruptions, and was resolved to supply in the education of his sons, those deficiencies from which he had experienced so much mortification. He therefore commanded that I should be kept totally ignorant of Greek, and know very little of Latin, but that I should be made most erudite in French, (a great advantage in possessing so common a commodity.) Of all things he enjoined that I should be a profound orthoepeist, and study to become the very oracle of pronunciation. This last injunction proves that the opposite, if wrong is not always sure to be right, for my worthy progenitor's ignorance of orthoepey never inflicted upon him half the inconvenience, that my proficiency has inflicted miserly upon me. The wretchedness of having a musical ear and an accurate knowledge of pronunciation, exceeds all belief.

How often have I been tortured in the stage box of Covent-garden theatre, by hearing our great classical actor John Kemble confound the *thy* and *my* with *thee* and *me*; I remember

once having lost one of the finest passages of Shakspeare by his exclamation about "an old man's berd," (beard), one of the best scenes of the play had passed before I could comprehend his meaning, and a second scene was nearly gone before I could recover my comprehension from the surprise into which this mispronunciation had thrown me. On another occasion, I was actually in a state of terror, by hearing the same actor exclaim of the heroine of the piece, "By heavens, my soul is full of hairs." (Hers.) But *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—This actor, however, has, to my torment, left a legacy to the stage, of pronouncing the long I, like a squeezed Y—thus kind is *keyened*, although the parity does not take place in mind or wind.

I have never been much affected by the mispronunciation of the clergy—I was from my youth accustomed to the orthodox monotony and drawl, and my mind is always too intensely wrapt in visions of the third heaven to criticise the parson's pronunciation of particular words.

But the bar, Mr. Editor, the bar, the bar—it is torment for an orthoepist to hear the mispronunciation of these gentlemen of the long robe—it is a bar to all the pleasures of oratory to hear the king's English so terribly murdered. How it annoys me to hear "a blustering perry-pated fellow tearing a syllable to rags"—to hear a lawyer with a red face and purple nose, apply to the bench for a writ of fiery facies, (*fieri facias*) as if nature had not already amply supplied him with that commodity. But the great fault of the bar is the confounding the U with the sound of double O, thus we have the words refoose, (refuse) undoo, (untrue) noose, (news) noonsense, (nuisance) and a thousand others equally barbarous. It was but the other day, when a counsel, an eminent pleader, was reiterating the words doo (due) and undoo, (undue) that a witty attorney in the court observed, "if he goes on in that manner, he will do me and I shall be undone." I hold it extremely indelicate for any Old Bailey pleader to harp upon the word noose (news) as it will infallibly remind his unhappy client of a noose of another sort. The bar are for ever talking of cumbitting, (combatting) they are cumbitting arguments, cumbitting

doctrines, cumbitting propositions, and cumbitting against their learned friends; now I hold cumbitting to be a vile phrase. In a late action concerning a celebrated actress, with a court crowded to excess, how strange it was to hear a great lawyer declare that "It was natteral for the lady's buzzum to be torn by the noose (news) of his inconstancy." This was doubly absurd, for the very action arose out of the gentleman's refusing to tie or be tied by any matrimonial noose.

But the ill choice of words, and positive solecisms, are as common at the bar of the legal profession, as at a bar of a less dignified description. Thus we hear a counsel declare, that "if his hands (not his tongue nor his papers) had not been tied by his instructions, the proceedings could not have been quashed (a most vile phrase) nor his client *nonsooted* and saddled with *expence*." A learned judge is for ever using the phrase "whether or no," (not) and in all proper names pronouncing the eau as a double ee. Thus a Mrs. Beaumont is Mrs. Beemont, and we suppose by a parity of reasoning, a beauty would be a beety, and a beau would be a bee. The authority of a judge in matters of this sort is extremely great, and the barbarous legal accentuation of the substantive record, owes, says Walker, its origin solely to the habit of a learned judge of his day.

I remember, when a student in the box, losing my place in an anxious trial, from my simplicity and ignorance. A learned counsel after contending for half an hour for the only point in dispute, kept saying to the bench, "My Lud. your Ludship will see that it is quite clear, it is undoubted and beyond dispute." In the simplicity of my heart, I inferred that no lawyer would trouble the court with arguments to prove what was "quite clear and beyond dispute," and I departed in peace, but the next day I found to my astonishment that the counsel had spoken on the point for two hours longer.

As physicians are not orators, the bar compose the most intellectual auditory, and the highest school of elocution in the kingdom. How lamentable is it, that from negligence they should commit the faults I have been pointing out, with many scores of others of the same description. T.

FLOS INCOGNITA.

I KNOW not its name; but a lovelier flower
 Never bathed in the freshness of dew-fall or shower—
 Never bask'd in the sunbeam while sweetly it shone,
 And at evening smil'd out in a light of its own,—
 Nor did ever kind heaven so love to imbue
 Any flow'ret's young eyes with the best of its blue,
 As those that I see peeping up at the sky,
 And winning each moment the soul of its dye.

It hath *not* the dark stain of the violet's leaf,
 In whose deepness of hue is a shadow like grief;
 But the gay sunny mingling of warmth and of light,
 Where all that is pure and is joyous unite,
 Which kindles around from the face of a child,
 Ere life and her lore its fond looks have beguiled,
 From the taper of bliss which hath flung on a gaze,
 Thus doting and fix'd, the full charm of its blaze.

Though its bed is a bank which the briar hangs over,
 You'd swear it can see through its thinly wrought cover;
 Aye! see, perhaps, ev'n where the planets tell
 One another what buds they have touched with their spell,
 Before morning awoke them in blushes and weeping
 To feel that they must have been look'd upon sleeping;
 See!—yes, there's a ray on its meek bosom gleaming,

Oh! mellower, softer, and welcomer far,
 Than ever could be from the tender eye streaming
 Of any but him, the one favorite star!

I know not its name,—and I wish not to know
 What e'en from the tongue of the heartless may flow;
 Though, perchance, I have heard it—as oft as our chime
 Pealing out its dull hymn ev'ry noon and eve time,
 Yet I knew not they spoke of my fairy-leaf'd blossom,
 Nor knew they I made it the rose of my bosom;
 Then, still—but by me—will I deem it unseen,
 Or unmark'd as my lov'd one, my soul's garden-queen.
 And here,—in a world where the heart cannot hold

In its hallow'd recess, as the diadem'd lover
 Of Rome, his wood-spirit Egeria, of old,

Such *another* fair shade, but all eyes will discover,
 All tongues trumpet out the soft secret, till sped
 Is its charm for the star whereby it long had been shrin'd,
 Like a vase-full of perfume, whose treasure hath fled,

When unclos'd, and left bare to the thefts of the wind,—
 It is sweet to have *something*,—although but a gem

From Flora's green robe, such as yonder is glowing,—
 To dote on with passion too pure to condemn,

And without any soul that wou'd mock at us, knowing;
 As something to sigh and to smile o'er, in turns,
 As the fever'd heart's ague now freezes, now burns:
 And oh! if desire had been always content,
 With enjoying just *so* much of heav'n as is pent
 In the tender blue circlet of yon timid flow'er,

No angel would ever have fall'n from his sphere,
 Nor would man have had still to lament for the hour
 That o'ershadow'd his Eden—the heaven he had here.

LETTER FROM A VISITOR IN LONDON TO HIS FRIEND IN IRELAND.

DEAR

I SHALL not quickly forget the hour when we parted at the quay of ****, and the Captain shouting "go on," the miraculous power of steam, with remorseless haste, separated fathers from their families, children from their parents, lovers from their mistresses, and me from my friend. With whatever expectations we may part from the land of our birth and the home of affection; with whatever eagerness the restless activity of youth may thirst for change; or however curiosity may stimulate; or however rich and glowing the colours in which ambition may paint "the goodly prospect" that lies before—fancy connects the feelings we cherish with the forms we love, and as the moving ocean bears us from kinsmen and friends, the heart gradually sickens with the sadness of solitude, and feels, that prospective anticipation is a very inadequate remedy for the desolation of the present. Parting with friends on a journey and for a season, presents a softened but striking analogy, and excites feelings not altogether dissimilar to those produced in the minds of surviving friends by that more painful separation, when the soul is severed from its earthly moorings, and launched upon the ocean of eternity, whilst the waves of time beat around the home of the departed, but his spirit no longer dwells upon the waters.

But here am I, philosophising when I might have been relating, and in the language of modern elegance, *boring* you with moody sentimentalism, when I ought to enliven you with animated description. The promise which I made when quitting Ireland, to write you some account of the impressions excited by a change of country, did not (as you disparagingly anticipated) fade from my remembrance as the shores of my native land receded from my view; on the contrary, it frequently recurred to my recollection during the voyage and journey, and friendship like a partial debtor resolved, that although passed most recently it should be the earliest discharged. The tossing of the packet, and the rolling of the coach, having at

length ceased to annoy me, I shall now proceed to execute my intentions. Imagine me then, straining my sight to catch a last glance of that land which was scarcely visible—the dark shadows of a winter evening joined with a dense mist falling around—oppressed with symptoms of incipient sea sickness, turning, not from an exuberance of social feeling or a desire for society, but because I was fatigued with my own thoughts and out of love with the world—to exchange frigid glances and some half dozen common place remarks upon the weather, or the probable duration of the voyage, or the skilfulness of the Captain, or the sea-worthiness of the vessel, with the cold, strange mortals, whom chance made my companions, for the first, and perhaps the last time. But no! on consideration, I shall not plague you with the common place minutiae of a short voyage in a steam packet—the assumption of reservedness which your every-day people mistake for dignity of manners; the sudden, but natural transition from this to forward impertinence or offensive buffoonery—the resolute bearing with which a group of luxurious landmen resolve to resist the approaches of sea sickness, and "enjoy the evening by a promenade on the deck;" the gradual defection which treads upon the heels of this "firm resolve"—another and another, tottering towards his berth, (like the three-bottle-men in our grandsires days falling under the table) and leaving the deck to the sailors, who are rejoiced to be quit of their silly inquiries, and perhaps some straggling passenger, a half-pay lieutenant in a marching regiment who made a voyage to the West Indies during the late war; or, some travelling shop-keeper, who being a boy of spirit, (that was the phrase) forsook his father's counter and snug back parlour in a provincial city, to seek his fortune in the romantic character of a cabin-boy, but returned in some six or eight months, (like a counterfeit coin) too much worn and battered to have any desire remaining for new speculations, and quietly condescended to

R. M. January, 1825.

't himself down to that occupation, for which nature and his prudent parent had originally designed him.

Details like these, have been observed by nine out of every ten persons who cross the Channel, and have been related so frequently, that a repetition on the present occasion could neither be novel nor interesting. I shall, therefore, take you quickly over those briny leagues which cost me some weary hours to pass, as a reader listlessly flurs over the pages which a "poor devil author" had nearly excoriated his *or frontis* in endeavours to produce.

Behold me then! landed for the first time "on the sacred soil of Britain;" but before I penetrate further, I beg of you to bear in mind what, had I any talent for arrangement, I should have set out by reminding you, that my personal observations having been hitherto exclusively confined to Ireland, my opinions of England and English manners have been formed by contrast or similitude; so that emotions of surprise, delight, disappointment, or disapprobation, have been excited in my mind, by customs, circumstances, and appearances, which a native of Scotland, or the continental countries, would pass unnoticed, or survey with feelings decidedly opposed to those which influence me.

Having premised thus much, I have little difficulty in recalling the first objects which attracted my attention at landing: these were the masters and agents of the several hotels busily engaged distributing their cards of address, and courteously soliciting the custom of my fellow passengers. This practice, if I recollect right, does not generally prevail in Ireland, and trivial as it may seem, its absence is attributable to the union of two principles which have done much to retard the commercial prosperity of our ill-fated country—apathy and false pride. The English trader neglects no opportunity, and leaves no fair means untried, to extend his business and increase the legitimate end and object of industry—profit. In his country, it is not considered degrading for a man of business to employ personal exertions for the promotion of his own interest; nor does he find it necessary to support what is termed "respectability," by assuming the

silly habits of a Spanish hidalgo; but in Ireland unfortunately, the character of a trader is estimated by a spurious standard; men of business affect to despise the very means by which they live; they deem it a disgrace to engage in occupations for which nature and their condition in society has adapted them—and should an Irish grocer measure out tea and sugar to his customers—a publican draw ale—or a baker deliver bread—his credit would soon be utterly lost; it is probable his shop would be entirely deserted, and certain that he and his family would sink into comparative insignificance. I fancy I hear my friend inquire by what untoward fatality I chanced, during so short a voyage, to fall in with the *trade winds*? A trifling circumstance which might have been placed as a text, but will serve quite as well for a commentary, must explain. Taking breakfast this morning at the house of a friend, who resides in the city, (you are sufficiently acquainted with the *locale* to know that a part, and comparatively a small part, of the great metropolis receives this title, *par excellence*;) I chanced to look into the street, and observed a person of respectable, and even prepossessing exterior, purchase two or three brace of wild fowl at a poulterer's, and having concluded his bargain, he took them unconcernedly in his hand and walked composedly through one of the most populous streets in London! Having directed the attention of my host to this circumstance, he assured me that the person I had observed was a merchant of considerable eminence and well known "upon 'Change.'" Upon my expressing some surprise at what I had witnessed, my friend turned towards his bureau, and drew forth a printed paper, containing the names of those who had subscribed for the relief of the distressed Irish, in that dreadful season of scarcity, which we all remember, with the amount of the several subscriptions annexed; the name of the wealthy and liberal merchant—such as I understand he is—who saved sixpence by taking home his purchase from the poulterer's, stood high in the list, and attached to it I beheld the amount of his princely donation—one hundred pounds! You remember the dandy hosier who was unintentionally *shouldered* into a ken-

nel in Sackville-street, and rising "in impassioned rage" to return the assault, perceived that the innocent executioner was his father's porter bearing a heavy load of Cannemara stockings. His embarrassment may give you some idea how I felt, upon receiving the tacit rebuke of my city friend. So it is in commercial England, where wealth is estimated highly, and integrity still more, but where the character of meanness is never affixed to that which is not intrinsically mean. But something too much of this.

An Irishman travelling in England meets at every footstep, with appearances which feelingly remind him that he is only a visitor. The extensive cultivation of the lands—the air of neatness and comfort which reigns in the dwellings of the peasantry; the absence of the unseemly dunghill with "the brisk herald of the morning," industriously scraping at its summit, whilst the matron-like parent of ten or twelve young pigs, with her musical family, reposes in calm dignity at its odoriferous base—above all, the complacent countenance and sturdy demeanour of the peasant himself, impress the Irish traveller with the conviction, that he now breathes the air of a land, where indigence has not stamped the peasant's brow with the deep furrows of care, nor centuries of misrule strangled the tender feelings of humanity, and subdued to fawning and servility,—souls, which nature formed manly and independent.

Nothing can be more erroneous than an opinion which prevails pretty generally in Ireland, that the lower classes in England, are sulky and wanting in civility. An Englishman in his intercourse with strangers, does not display the obsequious and studied complaisance of a Frenchman—neither does he betray that considerate and sometimes obtrusive desire to please which is observed in Ireland—and yet he is by no means disobliging. Demand any commonplace courtesy from an Englishman, it is not performed with genuflections and grimaces—it is not accompanied by epithets of respect and expressions indicative of the donor's satisfaction—but it is bestowed without effort or refused without any affectation of regret. Entering Westminster-hall for the first time yesterday, I recollected that a professional gentleman

with whom I desired to communicate, was engaged in the Exchequer-court, and observing a number of workmen employed executing some repairs, I accosted one, inquiring the way towards the Exchequer-court? "Don't know I'm sure," was the reply. I passed on, and meeting another workman at a distant end of the building, repeated my interrogatory—"Can't tell," was the laconic answer. Thus disappointed, I had just resolved to repair to an adjoining coffee-house and apply for information, when a person who was standing near and had overheard my inquiries, approached—and his manner and appearance joined with a rich racy accent, left little doubt that the land of *potteen* and potatoes "claimed him for her own." "Is it the Exchequer-court your honor would be after knowing?" said Pat; I replied in the affirmative. "Then," said he resolutely, but after a moment's hesitation, "I'll find that out for you—Holloa! Larry Murphy," beckoning to a fellow labourer who was occupied at some distance—"come here and show the *gentleman* the Exchequer-court." Larry Murphy lost no time in advancing towards us, and hearing my inquiry reiterated, stood for a few minutes dangling one of the uncombed jetty locks which hung like festoons over his ears, and throwing a most comical expression of inquisitive sagacity into his countenance, replied to my query, by "May be its the Court of Common-*Plays* (Pleas) your honor wants, for that's over yonder," pointing to the opposite side of the hall. Fortunately at this moment I espied the individual whom I desired to see, and *sans ceremonie* concluded a *tête-à-tête*, in which my communicative countrymen would probably have consumed much time, and whilst they burthened me with information altogether uninteresting, have left me in primitive ignorance of that particular point upon which I was anxious to be enlightened.

I know of nothing that so soon impresses a stranger with an idea of the superabundant wealth—the pecuniary plethora which afflicts the people of England—as those fantastic buildings, whether denominated cottages, villas, mansions, castles, or abbeys, that meet the traveller's eye at every turning of the road, as he is rolled along in the

most secure and commodious public vehicles, to be found perhaps in any part of the world. Every possible style and variety of architecture—Dutch, English, Grecian, Gothic, and Chinese, are frequently seen jumbled together in unequal proportions in the same fabric. In Ireland when an overgrown trader—in loyalty or any other profitable line of business—mis-spends his accumulations by building after an absurd fashion, and in defiance of the ordinary rules of architecture and good taste, the edifice becomes identified with its owner, and is quickly christened and universally known as, such a one's *folly*, or such a one's *whim*. But in England the mania for architectural *follies* and *whims*, is not confined to the commercial and trading community, but has reached the highest quarters, and presents such countless evidences of its prevalence, that the most persevering ingenuity must be baffled in any attempt at classification, and the most approved system of mnemonics would prove utterly unavailing, if applied to retain the distinctive appellation of each particular species.

The houses of various descriptions which literally line the high-roads in England, cannot fail to attract the attention of every passing stranger, who is involuntarily led to consider, how prodigious must be the mass of consumers when purveyors are so numerous. A census founded upon such a calculation, however, would probably be found inaccurate, should the calculator neglect to estimate the peculiar habits of the people. Truth is, if the *savoir vivre* consisted in a devoted attachment to the plate and the can, John Bull would bear away

the palm for politeness from all competitors, as he already does for many more sterling virtues. Attentive as John is, however, to good cheer, his desires are not limited by it: he appreciates and enjoys all the "creature comforts" in a degree, and to an extent which the humbler classes of Ireland would find it difficult to conceive. The plenary indulgence of any habit or appetite frequently leads to particular instances of excess, and an Englishman's ardent regard for all that is *comfortable*—a word which has never been accurately translated into a foreign language—sometimes exhibits him in a point of view, where, though not unamiable, he is confessedly ridiculous.* How far such indulgence affects his disposition or moral character, I shall not now stop to examine, but this at least seems clear, that when the labouring classes find many comforts indispensable, they are more anxious to acquire and less likely to mis-spend, the means by which comforts are procured. The path of Irish politics is a narrow and a beaten one, but I hazard nothing by predicting, that as the lower classes in that less fortunate country become impressed with the advantages of domestic decency and comfort, their social condition must be proportionably improved, and the feelings of regret excited by the tardiness of their advancement in the scale of civilization, be succeeded by surprise at the rapidity of their progress.

This letter has extended to such an unreasonable length, that I am forced abruptly to conclude. Something of "the modern Babylon," and the millions who inhabit it, in my next.

W.

* As when a London mechanic and his wife visit the gallery of a theatre, and for employment during the tedious five minutes that elapse between the acts, load themselves with an allowance of meat, bread, and beer, which half a dozen French dragoons would consider abundant for a day's rations; or when a smutty thick set fellow, perhaps a coal-heaver or blacksmith, whose hardy and vigorous form the fabled hardships of Ulysses could scarcely affect, is seen bearing on one shoulder a ponderous load, whilst the other is encumbered by a light umbrella, to protect the delicate person of the holder from a passing shower.

CHRISTMAS COMFORTS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

" 'Tis the season for friends and relations to meet,
Still closer to link by the pleasures enjoyed,
Those bonds which endear man to man, making sweet
That life, which without them, is dreary and void."

C. BLOOMFIELD.

SUCH are the words of the relative of him who *was* Robert Bloomfield; of him whose memory must be cherished as long as genius is dear to our English feelings, and its misfortunes regretted by British sympathies. I have chosen them for the motto of a few thoughts upon this season of Christmas; first, for their appropriateness to the theme, and then a little with the hope that they may be conducive to the keeping alive of that interest, already largely excited, for those of the poet's family who are left unblessed with the "world's goods," and arouse those, who estimate talent, not from splendour of birth, but nobility of soul, to visit "the fatherless in their affliction," and out of their wealth and munificence, prescribe a "medicine to heal their sickness." The author of the "Farmer's Boy" has gone to his long home in poverty, be it ours to say that a mite of relief to his disconsolate family has been one of the first of our "Christmas offerings."

It is not for the "jolly wassail-bowl," the "smoking sirloin," the "brown October," nor for its minced pies, its burned brandy, or its turkeys, those insignia of the time, that I have ever looked upon "merry, merry, Christmas tide," as the most delightful season in the year's calendar. I love all these it is true—I do my best to play a welcome part in the happy comely of which they are the incidents and properties, but the twenty-fifth of December is my delight, for that it is, truly and indeed, the magnet that attracts kindred and kind together, that cements old friendships and creates new, that allays differences, and foment love, that brings the parent and the child, the brother and the sister, though miles divide them at other periods, under one roof, and

about one hearth, and teaches every one (inspiring them with the sacred character of the hour) to be for one day "in charity with all mankind."

Although I have too much of giddiness and gaiety in my composition to assume the character of a mentor, I may still be permitted to observe, that however moderns may have surpassed former days in the march of discovery, and the advance of speculation, they have lost, without attaining an adequate equivalent, much of that beautiful simplicity, and many of those innocent delights, which some twenty years ago, the holiday of my childhood marked our joyous commemorations, and our jovial anniversaries. In the "halls of my fathers" were ever assembled on *our* Christmas days, the old and the young of all relationships—every young leaf and strong branch that were dependent upon the parent trunks, there was not one link permitted to be absent from the chain of affection and alliance, one shaft to be away from the pillar of our house's order; death, death alone could derange or detract from the completeness of the whole! The "seven ages of man" have been nobly commented upon, it was for us to personify them all. Now "pride and pomp and circumstance" usurp the unsophisticated ogies of my ancestors—the "infant" is left to whine his "childish treble" in his "nurse's lap," and not at grandfather's feast board; the "schoolboy" is, at best, but permitted to have his companion at home, but dares not enter the presence chamber, where dandy uncles and lisping cousins float in stately and feathered pomp adown the overfurnished drawing-room. The old fashioned silver tipped brown jug, foaming with spiced and home brewed wine, is superseded by "green

eyed" champagne glasses and hock tumblers. The "*shepherd's hymn*," and the "*cradle song*," with which we were wont to do service to the evening, give place to dainty serenades, and equivocal "melodies;" the winter's tale, or the instructive recitation, yield to guinea whist, three card loo, or more fashionable ecarte. In fact, every thing is expensive; it may be every thing is elegant, but whether every thing is as delightful as in

" — those golden days of yore
When Christmas was a high day,"

I think not quite so susceptible of proof.

But however I may deem this change incompatible with the reminiscences which I shall retain of the olden time, till "blighted memory seeks its tomb," I am still thankful that enough remains to make us merry and grateful when "old father Christmas," with his robe of mistletoe, and his crown of holly, comes amongst us; enough to dissipate all spleen and ill humour, those hobgoblins engendered of envy, and which ill assort with the airy spirit, and bright coruscations of hospitality's jovialities. We have still those characteristic and yet unmodernized relics of other ages—the Christmas carols, and which the "piety and poetry," as has been somewhere observed, "of our progenitors have immortalised." What though their madrigals do not "take the senses prisoner," though their music be not "most excellent," yet the cause hallows the attempt, and when some village choir, stationing themselves beneath my lattice, raise their chorus of thanks to the "star of Bethany," I am too much weaned, for the moment, from earth, to consider "too nicely," the discordance of the measure, or the perfectibility of their metres. Not to recur to the age of Tertullian, and other classical authorities, I would here refer my readers, who are imbued with a predilection for such love, to the "Popular Antiquities" of Mr. Brand, for much that is curious on the subject of the Christmas carol, and for some outre specimens of that song of thanksgiving; perhaps, however, I may here be permitted to offer a single example of more modern days, and one which I deem some-

what better in thought and expression, to the generality of such compositions. I heard it sung by the choir of my parish church.

" Rise, Christian, rise! the star of love
Smiles in its throne of sky,
And tells, commissioned from above
Of life and victory!
Up, up the word o'er worlds hath ran,
Peace, peace on earth! good will to man.

The Saviour, God! he comes for all,
He comes, and all are free!
(His robe the heav'ns—his couch a
stall—)

Bend, bend the lowly knee,
Haste, humbly meekly, presents bring
And join the "wise men's" offering!

Rise, Christian, rise! hark, angels raise!
Their adoration song,
And one glad shout of herald praise
Springs from the sacred throng;
Rise, ye have won the victory
For Christ is born in Bethany!"

And we have those creatures of mimicry, the mummers too; those who come upon us like brief chronicles of by-gone times, tattered representatives of buried centuries, who compel us to retrace our reading that we may converse with the "*lords of misrule*," or "*Christmas princes*," when such were, for a short hour, great people at *Whitehall*. These we still have, and I should feel that I was parting with old acquaintance, were they also to "depart hence," and give place to newer, but less characteristic, accompaniments of our annual holiday. "Saint George, that man of courage bold," the "Turkish knight, come from a foreign land to fight," and even "little Johnny Jack, with his wife and family on his back," are to me to the full as entertaining, as the harlequins, clowns, and pantaloons of Robert Elliston or Charles Kemble's glittering pantomimes; and although we may in vain look for a Grimaldi, an Ellar, or a Blanchard, in the ranks of *my tatterdemajons*, we shall find, if we come to consider it nicely, a great deal more "method" in the "madness" of their designs. Well, a continuance to their triumph! may we still meet with them as forming "part and parcel" of our Christmas orgies; and long and late may it be ere they get pushed from their stools of supremacy, or "famine and the ague eat them up!"

These, and a hundred other de-

lightful recreatives are the property of the present season. Are they not calculated—health shedding its heaven about us—to soften the rigour of the winter's arm, to hide, as it were, with a beautiful garment, the desolation of nature, to physic sorrow and recreate joy, to make us thankful for the good we have, and grateful for any that may be in store? Assuredly they are, and under their influence let us hope that every village hearth will still at Christmas and New Year's tide, resound with old fashioned mirth, social, be-

nignant, virtuous hospitality, every mansion have its muster of fellowship, and its assembly of content. And, then, as each patriarch of his family shall

"Rouse the blazing midnight fire,
And puff the crackling faggots higher,"
may it happen to all of us to confess how much better it is to be content with the joys we possess, than to

"Fly to others which we know not of."

J. F. STUART.

CAROLINE.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

Soft pity in her eye of blue,
Enchants the raptured gazer's view,
Love dwells upon her lip of roses,
And on her cheek of softened hue,
His magic grace discloses,
Loose flow the locks of nut-brown hair,
That shade her brow and bosom fair,
And with officious duty,
Conceal from fond admiring eye,
The gentle tear of sympathy,
Or varying glance of beauty.
Her cheek in tranquil hours is pale,
But modesty's suffusing glows,
Can at the voice of praise prevail,
And with the lily blend the rose.
Her brow is marked with pensive grace,
And we can read in that fair face,
Some woes have fallen to her share,
And pierced her with their dart,
And that the gloomy sway of care
Has touched her heart.
Yet when with sweetness free from guile,
Her lip is dimpled by a smile,
'Tis like the stealing summer gale,
That fans the rose-bud of the vale,
And softly dries the pearly gem,
That glitters on its fragile stem;
She views applause with mild disdain,
Nor heeds her listening votive train;
To wisdom gives her only care,
And scarcely knows that she is fair.

M. A.

TO A FRIEND.

IN mercy cease, kind girl, forbear,
 Nor seek to rend this aching breast,
 To search the tale of anguish there,
 The burning thoughts that never rest.

For me no hope of fortune gleams,
 No fond and faithful friends are mine,
 For me no smile of beauty beams,
 Save that soft pitying one of thine

Then talk no more of joy to me,
 I fear that even peace has fled,
 And save the love I bear to thee,
 My early feelings all are dead.

Oh! cease to mourn, nor dread the hour
 Which lays this weary head at rest;
 Then fate may frown, and fortune low'r,
 My home will be among the blest.

Yes! love may forsake me,
 And friendship forget;
 And sorrows await me,
 I have not known yet.

Though beauty may leave me,
 So frail and so fair,
 And fortune deceive me
 As fickle as rare.

Yet I still will adore thee
 As fondly as now,
 While I stand thus before thee
 Repeating my vow.

That death must have shaken
 Each pulse of this heart,
 Ere the thoughts which you waken
 Can ever depart.

That the darkest of sorrow,
 And deepest of ill,
 For me have no terror
 If shared with thee still.

But if by thee slighted,
 Of thy love bereft,
 My every hope blighted,
 What for Marianne is left?

But treasure in memory,
 The last look you gave,
 Breathe a prayer for my Henry
 And sink to the grave.

SOPHIA.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

AFTER a long and dreary residence at one of the remote posts on the Mississippi, my period of servitude having expired, I had at length the prospect of once more visiting the haunts of civilized man. The great river began to rise, and having long ere this made every preparation to leave these desolate solitudes, I joyfully embarked on board "a keel boat" loaded with furs; and thanks to the rapidity of the current, in a few days reached the town of St. Louis, then the *ultima thule* of civilization. But the moral aspect of this frontier town, was little fitted to afford satisfaction even to an unwilling resident in the woods. Here I found all the cunning and deceit of civilized communities, unmitigated by courtesy or refinement: ferocity in its most savage form, immorality unrestrained by law or opinion, and, in short, all the violence, grossness, and licence of savage life, without any of its redeeming virtues. Here alike wallowed in vice, the versatile native of the Garonne, the gambling duellist of Carolina, and the demure speculator from Connecticut. It is to be hoped that St. Louis, at some future day, will be the abode of far different inmates; for its situation is lovely, the surrounding country most fertile and beautiful, and every physical quality combines to render it a brilliant gem in the lonely regions of the west.

After a few days stay, we again pushed our bark from the shore, and floated swiftly down the magnificent waters of the Mississippi. At St. Louis I had offered a passage to New Orleans to a young American, whom romantic feelings had led to visit the Indian tribes. Having engaged in one of their wars, he fell into the hands of a hostile nation: but after being their prisoner under the name of an adopted son, for nearly three years, he succeeded at last in effecting his escape from the banks of the Kansas to St. Louis, alone, on foot, and without provisions. Though hardships had cooled down his ardent impetuosity, he was still the child of enterprize and adventure; though he had felt the miseries of savage life, he approached civilized society with

other feelings than delight. The hypocrisy and cunning he had seen and experienced in early youth, had left a deep impression of disgust on his mind; and the scenes he had witnessed in later years of fraud and violence, on the part of the Indian traders, on the Missouri and Mississippi, had made that impression indelible—had rendered him, in fact, a speculative misanthrope, though one of the kindest of human beings. Strange! that such an anomaly should spring up in so practical, matter-of-fact, unromantic a country as America! We expect similar dispositions and feelings only amongst the wealthy *fainéants* of European society, where enmity and disgust may be supposed to arise from having "felt the fulness of satiety." Such a character however, had the cold, calculating meridian of New England produced. When the refreshing coolness of evening approached—and heavenly is the evening of Louisiana—how interesting became our mutual narratives—how we delighted to recount our adventures amongst the Indians of the Rocky mountains, the *squaws* of the Sioux, and the half-breeds of the lakes! I had offered my romantic companion a fair prospect of advantage and enterprise combined, as soon as we should reach New Orleans; but an unlooked for disaster was destined to frustrate all our anticipations.

On the ninth day from our departure from St. Louis, we had floated down the river five-hundred miles, stopping every evening, and making our bark fast to the shore. On this ill-fated evening, we stopped earlier than usual; and while at our repast, a deer bounded towards the river, but turning at sight of us, again disappeared in the woods. My three boatmen started immediately in pursuit, while we remained by the boat. After an absence of two hours, we began to fear that they had lost their way, when we were alarmed by the simultaneous discharge of at least half a dozen fire arms. "The Indians!" I exclaimed. "No," said my companion, "the Indians dare not commit aggressions on the American bank—it must be the banditti of Rock Island." We had

waited nearly an hour in breathless anxiety, forming various conjectures as to the cause of our alarm, when the American offered to reconnoitre, and bring back tidings of the enemy we had to encounter. Having taken some ammunition and his loaded rifle with him, he shook me warmly by the hand, "God preserve you, my dear friend," said he, "fire *not* unless for your instant preservation; if they hail you, tell them who you are; be easy as to my safety—I shall be here very soon—farewell." He disappeared in the woods.

I stood on the shore with my rifle in my hand, looking anxiously around; but the approaching darkness prevented my seeing to any distance amidst the trees, while the howling of the bull-frog, with the screams and savage cries of birds and beasts, rendered the approach of a stranger nearly inaudible. A sudden rustling of the trees, and the neighing of a horse, gave the note of alarm; I had grasped my rifle more firmly than ever, when a shot through my right arm, laid me prostrate on the ground. Twelve or fifteen mounted brigands now galloped up; and one of them alighted with his tomahawk in his hand, ready to do what the bullet, perchance, had left undone, when I suddenly exclaimed "Joseph!" "Comment! c'est Monsieur *Joseph*?" "Comme vous voyez." The commander of the troop, a black-looking brigand, here roared out, "Qu'est ce que ce radeur dit à l'Anglais?—Nous n'avons pas le tems de dire des prières—finissons." "Par le Sainte Vierge," said Joseph, "I will scalp the first who attempts to injure the man who saved my life at *Prairie du Chien*!" "À la bonne heure," said the chief; "but what are we to do with him? if we let him go, he will bring down the backwoodsmen of Kentucky, and clear us out; no, no, clarity begins at home." Joseph suggested to the chief, "that if the prisoner gave his promise not to discover their band, nor the place of their retreat, they might depend on his observing it, as it was well known that the Indians reposed implicit confidence in him." In this proposal, after considerable consultation, the chief seemed to acquiesce; but no promise was exacted from me, nor had I any conversa-

tion with the brigands, but such as took place at my first recognition by Joseph. This individual, by meeting whom my life was thus reserved, was a Canadian hunter, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians, beyond the Lake of the woods, and brought down to *Prairie du Chien*, about two years before; by some presents of blankets and ammunition, I procured his liberty, kept him some weeks at my hut, and then sent him down to St. Louis. How he had fallen in with the banditti, whether he had joined them voluntarily, or had been taken prisoner, I never knew; but he was the least violent of an atrocious crew. While the band were inspecting the contents of my box—now mine no more, or bivouacking on the shore, Joseph kept constantly by me, as if to save me from any relenting of his comrades in their mercy. He informed me that they were on their way to intercept a body of travellers from Natchez, when coming in sight of our three boatmen, who were cutting up a deer, they had fired and killed them on the spot. This information he communicated in a few words as possible: for though he seemed pleased at having it in his power to requite the service I had formerly done him, he avoided any conversation with me; whether he was ashamed of his nefarious course of life, or what is more probable, that he wished to avoid incurring the suspicion of his companions, by holding much talk with a prisoner. Though he was silent, he paid me every attention, and assisted in dressing my arm, which his *own* rifle had disabled. Thus far he was "my bane and antidote."—It may be necessary to say something about this association of tree-booters.

Previous to the cession of Louisiana to the United States, the wilderness that lies between New Orleans and the Ohio was infested by the refuse of Europe and America, in the character of money coiners, note forgers, horse stealers, and highway robbers; while the islands near the mouth of the Ohio, or along the wide expanse of "the great father of waters," the Mississippi—were inhabited by ferocious pirates of every country and tongue. Of these dangerous neighbours, the *Spaniards*, as

being naturally—or at least from the earliest periods of history, a people of free-booters were the most numerous; but there lacked not psalm-singing scoundrels from Nantucket and Boston, as well as head-choppers from the banks of the Seine, who still persevered religiously in their former habits. *Ireland*, the most fruitful source of western population, sent some of its numerous “wild boys” to carry on the war in Louisiana; and they were from their former experience, powerful auxiliaries to the native bands of free-booters. The proverbial venality of the Spanish government at New Orleans, furnished the various outlaws of the Mississippi and its banks with every facility in plundering the traveller on the river, or in the forest, and in disposing of the booty in the cities. A robber was occasionally arrested, but the lenity or connivance of the Governor, allowed him to escape with impunity. I say *connivance*, for it was generally believed by the inhabitants of the Upper Country, (on the Ohio) that the banditti would not be so audacious in their attacks, almost within sight of the Spanish forts, nor so careless of disguise, as to frequent the billiard-rooms of New Orleans, unless they had secured a friend at headquarters, by giving up a title of their plunder. The horses, saddles, and other property of the unfortunate travellers whom they had murdered, were openly sold in the towns. It would have been *unwise* for them to spare the lives of those they plundered; for though there was little prospect of their traversing the wilderness without horses or food, yet even a chance escape might rouse the hardy back-woodsmen of Tennessee and Kentucky, to rise en masse, and clear the whole country of its dangerous inhabitants, Indian or European. Once the spirit of the hunters of the Ohio was up, the Banditti knew that their defeat and extermination were at hand. The non-arrival of travellers from Natchez and New Orleans, was thus usually attributed to the attacks of the Indians, a very common occurrence in all the frontier settlements, and which the Americans amply retaliated, by shooting the “red men,” wherever they were found, like so many *feræ naturæ*.

Such were the miscreants who in-

festated the banks of the Mississippi, and the whole *wilderness* (as it was termed) that lay between Natchez and the Tennessee River. The band whom it was my ill-fortune to meet with, consisted of thirty or forty individuals; but the greater part had remained at home, as they called their living place, about fifty miles from the river. The captain seemed of stern manners, and was both respected and feared by his lawless subjects, for they knew his skill and his recklessness of danger. But at this time I saw little of him, for he set off early the next morning after my capture, to attack (I was told) some travellers on their way from Natchez, to the Ohio country. Along with me, only remained Joseph, and three more of the band, to carry the cargo of my boat to their settlement. The landing of the furs occupied the first day. On the second morning they loaded their horses, of which each man had four, with part of the cargo; and they concealed the remainder in the forest.

It is unnecessary to mention my feelings on the first night of my captivity, my fears of the American falling also into their hands, or becoming a prey to hunger in the woods. To add to the misery of my situation, the pain of my wounded arm was sufficient to dispel every idea of repose. We set out for the settlement—*lucus a non lucendo*—and arrived on the morning of the second day. We had followed the course of a considerable creek for several miles, continually crossing it in our way, till we found it at last dwindled into a petty stream. Here a slight rising ground presented itself, divided by a ravine, through which the rivulet glided. We entered this dark vale, which was completely shaded by lofty cypresses, and enjoyed the most delicious coolness in the greatest heat of summer; presenting at the same moment, security from attack, and the utmost beauty of situation. On the very brink of the stream, under the shade of trees, were spacious log-houses, strongly and not inelegantly constructed, with massy rails in front of each, as a rude species of defence. Several stables were grouped round the houses, in which were kept their own horses, and those they plundered. The sedentary members of the band,

about a dozen in number, came out to meet their comrades; but though they were greatly surprised at the sight of a stranger, they made no remarks. They seemed occupied solely in dosing away the time of inaction, of inglorious ease, by the aid of wine, rum, whiskey, and cigars. When our company alighted, Joseph took me to the house he possessed in common with three others of the free-booters, and soon after prepared for me a most plentiful, if not very elegant repast. Strong coffee without milk, fried venison, huge quantities of hain, warm cakes, Bordeaux wine, Madeira, and various kind of liqueurs were heaped profusely on the table; and the fatigue of my journey gave me sufficient appetite to do honour to Joseph's hospitality. Thirty-six hours intercourse with the banditti, had taken off my first uneasiness, and *comme que colle*, I now cheerfully partook of whatever comforts fell in my way. I knew that I could not better my situation, that regret was unavailing; and not being at any time disposed to make things worse by morbid reflection on the past, or melancholy anticipation of the future, I now emptied my bottle—or rather my ample *pot* of Bordeaux, with nearly as much gusto as *M. de la Regniere himself*, the prince of gourmands, could have done; and then by means of some delicious Havannah cigars, smoked myself into forgetfulness of my captivity, and comforted myself against future dangers, by wisely reflecting *alors comme alors*!

On the fourth day the captain arrived with his party, in the utmost ill-humour with himself, his band, and all mankind; for he had been disappointed of his expected prey, by the pure malice of the Yankee merchants, who instead of regularly encamping every evening, as well disposed travellers ought to do, had thought proper to hurry on almost without halting for three whole days. No wonder that the captain was highly chagrined at losing 50,000 dollars, the amount of the booty he expected, as he told the band. "And what would you have done with it?" said one of his countrymen: "*Ce que j'aurais fait? pour l'erre de Dieu!* you would have had your share, you sneaking imbecile; a few more such prizes would have made the fortunes of us all. I should

then have returned to *la belle France* and established in the city of Bordeaux the most *superbe*, the most *magnifique Café* in all Europe—*Voilà ce que j'aurais fait!*" The establishment of the Café being unavoidably deferred, he determined to enjoy himself as far as circumstances would permit, for he was a Frenchman, as well as a free-booter; and accordingly he invited the whole band to a *banquet* on the following day. In spite of his disappointment, he treated me with great civility, and told me to sit close by him at the fête, to avoid dispute with his turbulent associates. However anxious to avoid their revels, it was not safe to absent myself on this occasion! I therefore made a virtue of necessity.

Besides the captain, there were four Frenchmen or Canadians in the band, and they naturally, or rather *nationally*, became the directors of our approaching feast. Their activity and skill were beyond all praise. From this time I have never doubted that the French are *born* with the *innate* idea of cookery. The scene of the fête was in front of the captain's house, where all the tables of the settlement had been joined together in a spot sheltered from the sun. When the company assembled to enjoy the good things set before them, I remarked the following among other *comfortabilia*. An enormous saddle of *venison* flanked by the usual sweetmeats, graced the centre of the table, and was dispensed by our host, the Bordeaux, *M. de la Trappe*: two mammoth—*tout est mammoth en Amérique*.—See *Vobley*. Two mammoth turkeys were at either end, under the immediate command of renegade Georgians; countless hams and cabages were superintended by Virginians; two true-blooded Yankees sat down before some huge *pumpkin pies*—*delicious Yankee-orum*; while the volunteer *restaurant-ers* of the establishment had wisely kept together to obtain a reasonable share of the fried squirrel and onion soup, the choice salad of the swamps, (seasoned by some *fragrant* flax-seed oil) and of the ample bowl containing some nameless *consoussi*, or *olla podrida*, where swam in loving union, fish, fowl, reptile, and vegetable. As far as regarded the messes of their companions, the Frenchmen had

acquitted themselves of their commission, *à merveille*; and from the anomalous odour that titillated my olfactory organs, I had no doubt that they had done equal justice to themselves, that they had put an ample store of lizards and bull-frogs into their own mulligatawny. The silence of the guests was evidence of their satisfaction—I mean the silence of the tongue, for never was a greater clamour of mastication than upon this occasion: it was equally loud from the turkey carvers, the Virginian hani and cabbage eaters, the greasy chops of the frog-catchers, and the long yellow faces of the Yankee devourers of pumpkin pies. The good fare seemed to inspire every one with good humour, and drove the demon of discontent even from the crabbed-face of our care-worn captain. After the viands were removed, fruits, wines, spirits, and cigars, circulated round the table, and every tongue was now unloosed. Their conversation it is unnecessary to detail, since it related solely to their predatory incursions, the dangers they had run, the prowess they had displayed, or the wantonness of cruelty with which they had exercised their power. When the wine began to take effect, and *dirks* were displayed in hostile array, I retired to my hut.

I was soon joined by the captain, who conversed with me the remainder of the evening. He talked of the country of France, New Orleans, St. Domingo, and various other subjects, but made no allusion to his own proceedings, till happening to mention the danger his men were in of murdering each other in their fits of intemperance, he at once expressed his disgust at that vice, with which he could not reproach himself; and then becoming more familiar, candidly confessed that he had been long tired of his violent course of life, but that from his misfortunes, and the impossibility of re-entering society with his former rank, he saw no alternative but to continue his career.

The most interesting particulars of his former life that I learned from his conversation on this and some succeeding evenings, I have condensed into a short narrative.

Louis de la Trappe, at the early age of twenty, was sent by his father, a wealthy merchant of Bordeaux, to

superintend his estates in the island of St. Domingo. He was there received with West Indian kindness and hospitality, was pleased with the planters, was beloved by them, lived happy; and when business required his presence in Europe, at the end of five years, he left the Island to the universal regret of the whole white and coloured population. Soon after his arrival, he visited Paris, to see its refined society, its theatres, and never-ending variety. Here he became acquainted with the *aimables routs* of the time, the young men of fortune or fashion, who then figured in the dangerous *salons* of the *Rue Richelieu*, or behind the scenes of the Opera. He was initiated, of course, into all the secrets of fashionable extravagance, and saw too many of the nymphs of *Terpsichore*, for his peace of mind, or the stability of his future fortunes. But this was not all. The demon of *play* took possession of his bosom; and the facilities of gratifying that passion in the capital were so numerous, that once within its vortex, there remained little chance of him escaping without total ruin. His losses at play, however, were not so considerable during his stay in Paris, as to have important influence on his future life if the *habit* itself had not become rooted and inveterate. After a few months absence, he returned to his father an altered, and by no means, a better man. In Bordeaux he commenced the same career of extravagance; but his father dying soon after and leaving no other son, it became necessary for him to return once more to the West Indies to look after his inheritance; here the cares of business weaned him for a time from his unfortunate habits; but with the settlement of his affairs, came idleness and ennui; gaming was resorted to as a pleasant excitation—as something to occupy the mind: and the usual consequences followed—loss, embarrassment, and ruin! Estates were mortgaged or sold to supply the means of extravagance, or to discharge debts incurred: till in the year 1790, he disposed of the last plantation that remained of his former splendid possessions. When every debt was discharged, he found that five hundred dollars formed his whole remaining fortune; and with this pittance he was too proud to remain

amidst the scenes of his former magnificence. He retired to Baltimore in the United States. Money was not at that time, nor perhaps ever was, indispensably requisite to commence extensive business in America, and M. de la Trappe had as much to begin the world with as most of his enterprising neighbours. Englishmen were the only fools who embarked their *own* money in mercantile speculations; the consequence naturally followed, they soon found their funds slipping through their fingers, and becoming transferred to the pockets of their scrupulous competitors. Our Bordelese began business in partnership with an American, as commission merchant in the city of Baltimore. Former connections in the French West Indies, and knowledge of languages on the part of the Bordelese, attention to the details of business on the part of the American, and the favourable circumstances of the moment, gave them soon as much business as they could manage. They became generally known, and having the appearance of doing well, became of course generally respected; their capital rapidly accumulated, and the disturbed state of Europe enabled them to realize enormous profits by the transmission of French West Indian produce to France, under cover of the American flag. In 1797 an opportunity presented itself of making large sums by the purchase of coffee in St. Domingo, and after three years absence, M. de la Trappe again returned to *Port-au-Prince*. In ten days he had completed his purchase, sent off two vessels for Baltimore, and was himself on the eve of embarking, when he was suddenly seized as a conspirator, thrown into a noisome prison, and there remained without enquiry or investigation, for the space of five months, till by the temporary predominance of another faction than that which had detained him, he at last obtained his liberation. At his release he found that his former remaining friends had either been murdered, or had left the island, and he considered himself exceedingly fortunate in being offered by a humane Irish captain, a passage to Baltimore. He hastened to his warehouse on his arrival, but it was shut up; he was told that a few weeks after his departure, his

partner had *failed*, had made a composition with some *soi-disant* creditors, and had then removed to New Orleans!

After many inquiries, he found that two vessels of the same name as those he sent from St. Domingo had arrived at New York, where their cargoes were disposed of for the benefit of unknown persons; it was thus ascertained, that his partner had stopped the ships on their voyage up the Bay of Chesapeake, and sent them to New York, to accomplish his abominable robbery with ease and security. For such a fraud, little redress was to be expected from the laws of the United States, and none from those of New Orleans, then a Spanish Colony. The Frenchman thus found that all his good resolutions, good conduct, skill, and perseverance, had been of no avail; and that he was now reduced to a more deplorable state than he had ever been. He went to New Orleans, found that his late partner had purchased a valuable sugar plantation near the city, and was making a brilliant figure among the dashing planters of Louisiana. The swindler and the victim of his fraud soon met near the *Café R.*, the resort of merchants; the Frenchman laid hold of his antagonist, who immediately drew his pocket companion—the pocket companion of every planter,—his *dirk*, and aimed a blow; the Bordelese retreated a step, drew his pistol, fired, and laid the ruffian swindler dead at his feet. He returned to his hotel in the *Rue de la Marche* without opposition. As soon as evening lent shades to his flight, he left the city, travelled through various parts of Texas, Opelousas, and along the banks of the western bayous; after many adventures, he met part of his present associates, in the little tavern on the bank at *Natchez*; joined them in their incursions, displayed superior address, temperance and precaution; became their leader, and about two years before, had established his band at their present retreat in the wilderness.

Such were the principal facts that I collected from the Captain's conversation; but though I doubted not of his general veracity, I thought it singular that so short a space of time

should have rooted out almost every spark of humanity from his bosom. According to his own acknowledgment, he had become perfectly indifferent to the shedding of blood. He was a misanthrope both in principle and practice. My own preservation he attributed solely to my having saved the life of Joseph, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of his associates.

Three weeks had now elapsed since my captivity began, and time rolled on without bringing any prospect of release. About half the band had set off some time before for Natchez to dispose of their plunder, and to purchase necessaries for the establishment. It was contemplated at their departure that their absence would not exceed two weeks; that period was approaching, and I was waiting anxiously for the moment when the Captain would fulfil his promise, and give me a horse to go to New Orleans. But I was not destined to travel with his permission, nor under the protection of his band. One afternoon, we heard a gun fired in the woods, apparently not far from us; the band assembled; and concluding that it must be some travellers chasing a deer, they set out to reconnoitre and surprise them. None remained behind but myself and Joseph. We were greatly surprised by the non-arrival of the band that night: morning appeared, still no appearance of them; but towards evening, we heard repeated shots in our vicinity, and at last one of the band came galloping up, all covered with blood, and desperately wounded. We assisted him from his horse, but his weakness was so great, that he could merely inform us that he believed "that the Captain and all that went out with him had been massacred by the Indians." Nothing of the particulars could we obtain, for the angel of death already waved its dark wings over him. While waiting the result in fearful suspense, a man in European dress came galloping along the stream, followed by several Indians, on foot and on horse-back. I walked out to meet them, making the usual signs of peace. The horseman dismounted immediately, and running up to embrace me, I recognized my lost friend the American. He instantly entered the huts, was fired at and missed by Joseph, at

which he drew his pistols and was about to send the bandit to his last account, when I interferred, and with difficulty saved his life. Thus far my debt of gratitude was paid, the *Captain's* hospitalities I could never return, for he had that morning been numbered "with the things that are not." The Indians now came straggling in, about thirty in all; and having lighted large fires in front of the huts, they were soon busy in preparing a repast, of which we all partook. The following was my friend's account of the means by which he had saved himself from the robbers, and accomplished my deliverance:—

"I had scarcely left you, (said he) when I heard the trampling of horses near me, and saw two men coming up cautiously, looking round on every side: I was in an open part of the forest, and saw no chance of escape. I succeeded, however, in getting behind a large live oak, and in a few minutes was happy to see the whole band ride past me. I then silently followed them to the river, saw them conversing, heard the shot fired at you, and the subsequent negotiation. I then glided off again to the woods, as cautiously as I advanced to the river; and as soon as I got beyond hearing, I travelled rapidly on, first direct from the river, and then towards the N. W. which course I followed the whole of that night and next day. Along my path I found a few papaws and chestnuts which repressed the hunger that began to attack me. On the second night, I took two hours rest, but took care not to fall asleep, I then continued my journey the whole of next day, occasionally picking up some papaws and wild grapes as I passed along; travelled the whole night, when I took some sleep at day-break, continued my journey again till the middle of the night, when I took my first sound sleep. On awaking some hours after sun rise, I was astonished to find two *Chickasaw* Indians sitting beside me. They had perceived me while passing along, and with true Indian feeling, had not disturbed my slumbers. I explained to them my situation as far as my knowledge of Indian dialects enabled me; when they informed me that they, along with some families of their tribe, were on their way to the western banks of the Mississippi, because the constant

inroads of the Americans had spoiled their hunting grounds. They turned back with me to their encampment, about ten miles off, where I was received by the whole tribe with great kindness; the *squaws* immediately prepared some venison and corn cakes for me, and you may imagine how delicious they were after living four days on papaws and wild fruit! As soon as my meal was over, the warriors of the tribe assembled round me: I told them of my adventures among the Kanzas, how I had become *home-sick*, came with you from St. Louis, how you were attacked, and how I escaped. I then endeavoured to persuade them to rescue you and your cargo; but they would not consent; for the robbers, they said, had done them no harm, and I believe, they were rather afraid of them. Still I remained with the tribe, hoping further entreaty might prevail; but had it not been for the arrival of another part of the tribe, I should have been altogether disappointed. The hope of booty, which I was continually holding out, at last prevailed; and about thirty of the young men accompanied by old *Kin-ka-poo*, set out with me six days ago to attempt your deliverance. The Indians knew to within twenty miles of the hiding place, but as we knew not the strength of the band, we were obliged to be cautious. We sent scouts towards the Tennessee country, but no traces of travelling were found. We sent men also on the route that leads from the robbers' settlement to Natchez, and they returned immediately with the joyful intelligence of having seen the marks of 30 or 40 horses, from which we concluded that one half at least of the garrison were absent. I now approached to within 30 miles of this place, when I left all the Indians but two, who came along with me to a part of the wood where we imagined we should be heard by the robbers. I fired a gun, and we then galloped off to join our companions. The robbers sallied out as I expected, and followed our tracks till they came to a *salt lick*, where we had taken effectual precautions to conceal our future progress. The banditti here separated to scour the forest, while we remained in their immediate neighbourhood. All was quiet during the night. At day-break, I perceived two of the robbers approaching; I immo-

diately appeared in an open part of the wood, and galloped off in the opposite direction. After blowing a bugle, as a sign to their associates, they pursued me two or three miles till I approached a hollow, where I had placed most of the Indians in ambuscade; this I rode past, with the two robbers not twenty yards behind me. The Indians fired a volley, and they both fell, pierced with many wounds. On stripping one of them, I found a handsome French pocket-book, with the name "*L. dela Trappe, Bordeaux, 1784.*" We continued to approach cautiously, and soon came in sight of three more of the banditti; they galloped up to us, fired their rifles, and wounded two of our Indians; but we soon ~~them~~ them down. We afterwards fell in with the rest of the band who were seeking for us, and we have altogether settled about twelve or fourteen, as far as I can collect. But after putting them down, I should not have known where to find you had it not been for that groaning scoundrel (the wounded robber) who galloped off after I had wounded him, and thus shewed the road to this hiding place. But all that's past—now for the future. We *must* leave this place to-morrow to prevent surprize; for though we may be able to cope with the remainder of the band, they may bring twenty other free-booters along with them."

After the Indians had finished their supper, we brought out two large kegs of whiskey, and they soon sat down to hard drinking, while we took care to uncork the kegs of wine and spirits that remained, to prevent them getting so much as to begin murdering each other. While the Indians were busy at their cups, we visited the hut where the spoils were kept, and brought away whatever was most portable, including some valuable furs of my own. This night, the last I passed in the scene of my captivity, sleep was a stranger to my eyelids. The vicissitudes of the day were too strange not to give rise to many and sad reflections. The Indians, meanwhile, after their deep carousing, had fallen asleep, all but the venerable *Kin-ka-poo*, whom neither age nor fatigue could disable from keeping watch over his companions. At day-break, we prepared some coffee, roused the Indians, told them we must set off

immediately and that they must hasten to distribute the plunder. The distribution lasted three hours. We then left the glen of robbers and emerged into the forest. At our first evening halt, we found that Joseph had escaped, but we made no search after him. On the fourth day, I reached the Indian encampment. I there procured horses and guides, and accompanied by my late deliverer, the American, continued my journey to New Orleans.

Thus ended my adventure on the banks of the Mississippi. More than

twenty years have now elapsed; but I have never seen that mighty river since I was prisoner to the Bordelese and his band. My American friend repaired soon after to Philadelphia, (then the seat of government,) where my statements of his conduct to — and —, (Secretaries of State,) procured him the Commission of Captain in the regular army, and the appointment of Indian agent for the Missouri. He is now General —, and one of the first men in the American Republic.

VENATOR.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

'Twas morning, and the richly tinted sky
Threw down its beams of purple on the waves
Of far-famed Jordan, swelling full and high,
And heaving his broad breast, like one who braves
With scorn the threatnings of an enemy;
The wild bird left his eyrie, and the caves
Which the fierce flood had hollow'd in the shore,
In murmurs back returned the torrent's roar.

In clearer brightness still the sun shone out,
But not in genial brightness, for the sky
With red clouds was o'ercast; and all about,
The air was sultry; and the frequent cry
Of midnight prowlers, on their hasty rout,
Retreating to their dens to shun the day,
Fell on the ear with sharp and sudden thrill,
Like half-told omens of approaching ill.

And on the cities of the plain it dawn'd,
That awful day; yet they had nought of fear.
Albeit so late a heavenly voice had warn'd
The dwellers there, that peril's hour was near:
They heeded not those words, and proudly scorn'd
That prophet voice, nor would its dictates hear,
But scoff'd at him who told the tale, and deem'd
It was the fantasy of one who dream'd.

That morning rose and look'd upon a crowd
Of revellers at the banquet, warm with wine;
And lovely maids, round whom adoring bow'd
Young devotees like pilgrims at a shrine;
And music's voice was there, and soft or loud,
Rose the grand chorus or the plaintive strain,
Till the heart danc'd with rapture, and the eye
Sent the stern glance of impious pride on high.

And there was heard the sackbut and the lute,
And harp and timbrel join'd their pleasant tone;
And there was one array'd in gorgeous suit,
Fine gold and diamonds form'd the glittering zone

That bound her virgin bosom ; with light foot
And timid step she moved toward a throne,
Where gems and scarlet shone on either hand,
Meet shrine for her the fairest of the land.

Her foot was on the golden footstool plac'd,
Her form beneath the canopy of state,
Her ivory breast a single red rose grac'd,
A thousand menials at her signal wait,
And warriors throng around her throne ; in haste
They fill the goblet, and with hearts elate
Prepare the gallant pledge—the signal's given,
Drain'd is the bowl, the anthem soars to heaven.

Loud swell'd that varied minstrelsy, and high
Arose the mighty strain, as when above
Seraphic voices wake the melody
And golden harps are tuned to songs of love ;
So rose the strain—'tis hush'd, and such a cry
Hath rent the air, as if the demons strove—
Again that shout of terror rends the air.
Like the wild yell of crowds in mad despair.

Scared by the din they rush in wild dismay
From out that hall of wassail, young and old
Gathering together, every eager eye
Upon the crimson clouds above is roll'd—
Now think they on that prophet ; still the cry
Of horror meets the ear, till e'en the bold
Stand chill'd with awe ; they speak not—hark ! again
Bursts the loud shriek—that seer hath warn'd in vain !

Like statues stand they rooted to the spot,
Bloodshot each eye, and pallid every cheek ;
The dreadful pause is o'er, it fix'd their lot—
Deep darkness hath come down on all ; they seek
Each one to find his home, but find it not ;
Wild horror reigns and silence ; the loud shriek
Of fear is heard no more ; the forest fowl
Are still with dread ; ceased is the wild beasts howl.

'Tis done ! 'tis done—the clouds are cleft in twain,
And from them falls a hell of sulphurous fire
Fast lashing through the darkness ; now again
The volley thickens, swells the deluge higher,
In waves of liquid fire across the plain ;
It almost meets thy wall, Gomorrah ; nigher
It comes, it scales thy tallest tower,
Sulphur the wave, and fire the drifting shower.

Hark ! to the mother's agonizing groan,
The roar of flickering flames, the rush of winds,
And the harsh crash of lofty towers o'erthrown,
The bellowing of the forest, as ascends
The broad blaze 'mid its giant trees ; while down
On its thick foliage of green, descends
A shower of burning rain, to sear and blast,
For mercy's hour of proffer'd help is past.

'Tis silent, save at intervals the crash
Of some burnt tower ; and the last shriek of those

In agony who die, as o'er them dash
 The hot red billows, which for ever close
 O'er their proud palaces; the red flames flash,
 And on the blackness of the sky there glows
 A broad but tremulous gleam of ruddy light,
 Fearful to see, like meteor of the night.

Grim desolation sated with his prey,
 Hath ceased the work of death—long years roll'd on
 And the hot waves red gleam hath died away;
 Declining slow, fit faint like beams at dawn;
 Then feebler still, and feebler, till the ray
 Which heralds' morn, alone and earliest shone;
 For Jordan roll'd its deluge o'er the plain,
 Where beds of fire opposed its course in vain.

Still pours one stream its waters o'er the spot,
 Where Sodom and her sister cities stood—
 Their power, their years, almost their names forgot;
 But o'er them now black heaves a bitter flood,
 Well nam'd "the Lake of Death"—Jordan is not,
 Unless yon shallow stream, where weeds and mud
 Choak up the narrow current, be the same
 Which held in days of yore the Jordan's name.

There rings full oft by night the lion's roar,
 And the hyena's snarl, when from her den
 Savage and gaunt she comes; the dreary shore
 The grim old Arab dwells upon; and when,
 In hours of gloom perchance, the breezes pour
 Their dismal wail along the joyless scene,
 Listening he stands, and hears with half-drawn breath
 Loud yells of anguish from "THE LAKE OF DEATH."

VIATOR.

THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET is that hour whose twilight shade has given
 A milder radiance to the arch of heaven,
 When raised above the world the lifted eye,
 Rests on the blending glories of the sky,
 As the last brightness of departing day,
 In mellow splendour softly fades away,
 And glittering in the dew each tree and flower,
 Breaths of the balmy freshness of the hour,
 And the faint breezes from the distant hill,
 Sigh through the grove, and die along the rill.
 Who has not proved the sweet enchanting power,
 The magic influence of the evening hour?
 Who has not felt each gloomy thought give way,
 Soothed by the scene and charmed beneath its sway?
 Till holy feelings lull with soft controul,
 The strife and anguish of the troubled soul;
 Mild resignation in its depth appears,
 And peace,—and heaven itself descend in tears.

A. S. ——— D.

THE RENCONTRE.

"Venerit facito curra senecta pede."

I AM accustomed to take a long ramble, and, as my excursions are always performed on foot, I have acquired the title of pedestrian. It is now near a twelvemonth since I had occasion to visit the village of N. about the distance of five miles from my residence. It was a cold dreary day in December;—there had been a fall of snow the night previous, and the sloping roofs of the cottages were each a hoary sheet;—it was not of sufficient depth to totally hide the brown withered fields, but only to cover them with a thousand small white patches;—the trees and hedges, as the wind, loaded with small sleet, moaned through their naked branches, seemed to bewail the season;—black ragged clouds floated along the sky in stern majesty, and crowded in quick succession into the horizon, where they formed one vast dark zone—in short, the whole landscape, earth and sky, presented a striking picture of misery and desolation.

I had proceeded on my road about three miles, and for the last few minutes my attention had been engaged by a redbreast, which, tamed by the inclemency of the weather, had accompanied me some distance flitting and hopping before me, when I observed an infirm old man not far ahead;—as he was the only person I had seen the whole of the way, I quickened my pace, and shortly overtook him.

He appeared to have been of lofty stature, but his figure was now curved by the pressure of years. He wore a drab great coat of antiquated shape, but fresh in appearance. He had on leather small-clothes, and thick coarse hose of dark blue. His shoes, which were fastened with bright steel buckles, carried a pair of huge soles, which looked almost proof against wear, and as if they would be little worse when their owner should be no more. On his head was placed a small skim-dish hat, a little inclined on one side; beneath it hung his locks of silver grey. His complexion was ruddy, and his countenance, though

much puckered by time, bespoke him a man of temperate and regular life. Let me place in his hand a faithful crab stick, the knob of which from long use bore a high polish; and my sketch is completed.

In our intercourse with the world we seldom fall in with a stranger, but his physiognomy makes an instantaneous and lively impression upon us, either to create a predilection towards him, or a dislike. Amongst the multitude and variety of faces with which we meet, there may be some we behold with indifference, but the greater part I think offer something striking—they attract our notice at the first glance, and excite our interest.

The old man's countenance and whole appearance had an engaging effect upon me. I had no sooner got up to him, than I accosted him as if he had been an old friend. "A stormy day, this, good man," said I: "Have you a long journey before you?" My friendly salute startled him,—he appeared to have been deeply meditating, and not to have observed me till he heard my voice,—he turned, and gazed upon me an instant without speaking, as if to recollect himself, and arrange his ideas, and then replied, with a deep sigh—"No, Sir,—I am almost at the far end now,—I have only to go to the turnpike, about a mile further." I immediately read in his eyes a "tale of woe"—there was that dimness and languor in them, which mental suffering ever imparts. However I might have been disposed to be gay of heart, this rencontre would have checked me, but the deariness of the day had already depressed my spirits, and cast over my reflections a shade of gloom. As I beheld so affecting a picture of years and sorrow, the kinder feelings of my nature were awakened, and my breast glowed with undisguised sympathy:—"My worthy friend," said I, in a compassionate tone, "I fear some melancholy circumstance is the cause, or you would not be travelling here on so cold and inclement a day."

"Atas! Sir," was his answer, and another deep sigh escaped from him,—"The cause is indeed melancholy—melancholy enough for me God knows. My poor daughter lies upon her death bed—I have come fifteen miles to-day, to close the eyes of an expiring child. Last night we had no sooner taken our frugal supper, and were about to implore a blessing from heaven before we retired to rest than there was a knock at the door,—it was the postboy with a letter (he always passes by our cottage) saying, that if I expected to see her ere she departed for another world, I had no time to lose."

"Has your daughter been long ill?" inquired I. "She has been in a declining state of health, Sir, a great while. It is only about two months since her mother and I saw her; we thought then she was better, and it would please God to restore her—but it seems he thinks it best to take her away, and his will be done.—Poor Jenny!" he exclaimed, in a kind of soliloquy, as a large bright tear rolled down his cheek, "she never looked up after the fearful death of Hubert—as soon as her husband was borne to the grave, she prepared to follow him!"

"How long is it since your son-in-law died?" said I, for to me there appeared to be something mysterious in the latter words, and my sympathy became alloyed with a feeling of curiosity. He pointed to a spire which jutted in the distance, from the midst of the thronging boughs of a crowd of naked trees, and answered, "It was three years this last autumn since he was carried to yonder churchyard. Oh, Sir! it tears my very heart-strings asunder when I think how we lost him. Worthy Hubert—God rest his soul!—earned his living by going from village to village with a horse and caravan, and selling small wares—drapery, and the woollen yarn which Jenny spun. He was always a steady lad, and before his marriage saved as much money as enabled him to set up in this way. He was wont once a year to go to Ramsay fair. A few months before his death, he was on his way to the fair, when coming to a lonely part of the road, he overtook a man carrying a parcel under his arm. The stranger walked by the side of the caravan a

long way, till at last it being a very sultry day, and he appearing fatigued, Hubert, who was always ready to do any body a good turn when it was in his power, asked him if he would ride, and bade him come and sit beside him on the box. He mounted, and deposited his parcel behind him in the caravan. They went along talking very merrily, and cracking their jokes, for Hubert was a cheerful lad, till they reached the sign of the Marquis of Granby, in Ramsay, where my poor son-in-law always stopped. They both alighted,—the stranger thanked Hubert for his kindness, and prepared to continue his journey, for he was going some miles further,—but on looking for his parcel, it had disappeared! The stranger was filled with alarm—it contained a large sum of money—Hubert was in the greatest consternation—but what was to be done?—they both made the most diligent search—they emptied the entire caravan, and even examined every bundle—looked into every bag, but no parcel could be found;—placards were posted on almost every wall in Ramsay, offering a reward, but all to no purpose—it was gone, and from that day to this no tidings were ever heard of it. When a neighbour is in a thriving way you know, envy soon makes her appearance, and where there is envy there is always hate. It soon got rumoured about that Hubert knew something about the parcel, and was privy to its disappearance. I leave you to judge, Sir, what effect this would have upon my son-in-law, who was as honest—aye, as God ever made man. He began to droop—he became quite low spirited, and seldom spoke. It was in vain that his affectionate wife, or I, or any body strove to rouse him,—when she would say 'come, Hubert, now don't let this calamity bear thee down in this way,' he would shed tears—and ruefully shake his head—and say, 'It's no use, Jenny—it's no use—I cannot bear it!' My poor son-in-law got worse and worse—his health began fast to decline, and at last he was so ill that he was confined to his bed,—when on Jenny's going one morning into his chamber with a cup of coffee for him—oh, Sir!—what an awful sight met her eyes!—the lifeless body of her husband suspended from the tester of the bed!—he had got up in a fit of mad-

ness and hung himself with his handkerchief. Jenny uttered a loud scream, and fainted away—the neighbours came running in—poor Hubert was cut down, and a surgeon instantly fetched, but it was all to no use—life had fled for ever. Alas! I was thinking about that fatal parcel when you overtook me; I thought it had been to us like the sword of the destroying angel; it brought poor Hubert to an untimely end—it has laid my only daughter upon the bed of death—and, ere long, it will have scaled her mother and me in the grave.”

Here the tears began to flow copiously down the old man's withered face—he wept like a child. I felt my heart swell within my breast, and it was only with great difficulty that I could suppress my emotion. I was about to make some reply to his unhappy narrative, when we found ourselves at the turnpike. The old

man stopped suddenly—we surveyed one another a moment with glistening eyes—I stretched out my hand, as if by instinct, I seized his, and giving it an affectionate shake, I hastily, and in an indistinct tone of voice, offered him some few words of consolation;—he replied to them only with his tears. We parted—he took his way over a stile, and up a beaten path which led to a snow-veiled cottage, the dwelling of the expiring Jenny—and I continued my way to the village of N. reflecting gloomily on the numerous and varied ills which assail us in our pilgrimage through the world.

Reader! what thou hast deigned to peruse is not altogether a fiction, and the offspring of fancy—I wish it were! Poor Hubert I knew well, and all that is here related of him is only too true.

HARLEY.

MUTE IS THY HARP.

MUTE is thy harp, yet muter still
The heart which gave it song;
The night winds murmur o'er thy head,
The dews upon thy grave are spread,
Far from the busy throng.

Mute is thy harp,—and dark, and lone
It hangs within the hall;
And 'tis not yonder moaning breeze
Sighing amidst the greenwood trees,
That can its voice recall.

Nor is it love's light hand can wake
That melody of tone;—
It lives not in the wood note soft,
Nor in the lark's gay note aloft—
'Tis in the heart alone!

Yes there it lingers, like the last
Sad look of her we love,
When gentle spirits bid the soul,
Free'd from the grasp of earth's controul,
Seek happier scenes above.

And still it lives, whilst memory's wreath
Shall bind the fickle heart—
Oh! whilst she sweeps along the strings,
And o'er thy sleep her magic flings,
That voice can ne'er depart.

'Tis like the everlasting fire
Which lights yon holy shrine.
For midst thy many virtues rare,
Religion's flame is burning there,
And never can decline!

THE NOVICE IN TOWN.

No. II.

Giles Greentree to his cousin George Gamble.

Harley Street.

DEAR GEORGE,

I take up my pen again to continue my narrative; and first, our feast, instead of a round of beef and carrots, or a leg of mutton and turnips, with a good barn-door fowl and some home-fod bacon-turtle, turbot, venison, and a set of things in masquerade were sumptuously served up on china and silver, so that when aunt Polly and I were alone, I remonstrated, and said that I was afraid Alderman Nobbs would soon break, for which my *mild* aunt threatened to break my head. The green fat of the turtle made me sick enough to look at, let alone the eating of it, and so I snid at table, on which the company was begged to excuse me, for a poor humpkin as I was, and a disgrace to the family,—that was the first *choker*: next, as I told you, I was placed mum chance next the French governess, and after enduring the scorn of the whole party, I amused myself with making *Mamselle* speak bad English, and then with laughing at her, but a slip of paper written upon with a pencil, from Mrs. Nobbs, warned me to hold my tongue. I now ventured to take a glass of wine with a decentish fellow opposite me, but on my calling him Sir, I was snubbed and told, when I addressed that gentleman, I was to do it by the name of Sir Matthew; and what do you think he was? why what they call a staunch baronet—a certain folk in high life, who has the power of getting an alderman returned for a borough; you understand me, George. Next to him was a lord; I dared not to look at him all the night (for we dined almost at night) for fear of meeting aunt Polly's wicked eyes and black frowns. At last a fine young fellow, who sat on my left, took compassion on me and asked me to drink with him, "that I will," says I, "hob or nob." "Oh," said he,

smiling, "it's all nobbs here." I thought that tolerably smartish, but Aunt gave me a pretty look for it. "What wine," says he, "Vin du Grave, or Bucellas?" "Bucephalus," says I, "for I am too grave already." I saw that he laughed at me, which made the colour come in my face, but very good-naturedly he turned it off, and shaking me by the hand said, "you and I will be better acquainted, we'll ride out together to-morrow, and I'll mount you upon one of my own best horses, brother to Smolensko." "Thank you kindly," says I, "I should like to ride a gentleman of such a good family," for I must have a bit of a pun; and who do you think he was? why an officer in the king's own body guards, the life guards, with a whisker enough to frighten the crows, and who goes on guard in real armour, like the fellows at Lord Mayor's show, and he has got a dozen horses all his own, and has pretty nearly got through all his own money, so he wants to marry one of my cousins, because he thinks her rich; but my opinion is, that if they go on in this way much longer, the biter will be bit, and there will not be much cash left for cousin, but I will ride with the lad and make myself as comfortable as I can, in spite of them all. Well the rest of the company, some city people, who were rather treated slightly by ma'am Nobbs, but whom uncle was obliged to be civil to, on account of trade; and a battered beau of a fellow, a lord's brother, whom I thought too civil by half to aunt Polly, and should have thought more than that, had I been Nobbs; this sprig of nobility plays upon the alderman, borrows his cash, and flatters up ma'am, to have a good word in the house. Poor aunt Polly, upon my life I am sorry for her, these quality notions will turn her head, and she was a mighty good woman before she took up this line, but so altered,—why she is a show of herself; how do you think she was dressed? in what she calls a *gros de Naples*, of pale pink, enough of ex-

pensive lace about it for a duchess; her poor starving arms bare, and a great deal more display in front than a modest lady ought to have; I said to her before dinner,—“lan, Aunt, upon my life, you look no better than you ought to be,” whereupon she gave me a tap of a spangled fan on the cheek, and said, “all people of fashion dress thus.” What a figure of fun! you know that her hair is a rusty black, and that she is not overburdened with a quantity of it; well, upon this occasion she had a profusion of flaxen locks, in corkscrew curls, hanging about her neck, and so thick upon her forehead, that she looked just like an owl in an ivy bush, and such a colour on her cheeks, that I innocently asked, “Aunt, do you paint?” “Paint, you fool!” answered she, “to be sure not, only a little of the *vegetable*.” “What vegetable?” said I, “it is most like a red cabbage.” “Idiot!” said Aunt; very civil you will allow, but that’s nothing, bless you, all is artificial in what they call high life, and as soon as I get provided for, I will get out of this mess, for I love honesty and plain dealing, no sham Abraham for me, either side of the house. Purity is a country plant, town air don’t agree with it, it withers and gets smoke-dried; but, in its native soil, it is fanned by the breeze of freedom, and flourishes, open and unconcealed as a good heart, or a generous sentiment: there’s for you George, by goles I think I should be able to assist uncle Nobbs at a speech. Zooks, I cannot help laughing when I think of him for a parliament man; but I am told that a wig block will do on one side of the house, and a yes and no tory on the other; the leading folks have only to touch the *right* string and up pops the members in their places; but I am determined to see this with my own pair of eyes, before I will believe it:—why, with us, every man thinks and speaks for himself. I dare say that I have a great deal to learn before I leave London, the shorter the lesson the better, but you

shall know it all. I shall visit both houses of parliament, all the theatres, the public walks, the auctions, the sales, and every thing that is curious, and you shall have it all in black and white; by the way, I should very much like to see the king, God bless him! I am told that he is a wonderful man; the life-guard’s man says that there is nothing in Europe like him, and I never saw a king in my life, but I will take an outside in the Windsor, and have a look at foyalty, for I have been drinking his health ever since I was a boy. And now, George, remember me kindly to the parson and to his agreeable family; what kindness and simplicity there! tell them that Aunt Polly has left off going to church and has become a free thinker; what will they say to that? and that old Nobbs never goes but upon grand occasions, to show himself and put down a handsome subscription for some public concern, where he is sure to be put in print, a thing that ma’am likes vastly; for she told me that Mrs. Nobbs’ next rout would be in the Morning Post; what a *rant* about nothing! as for me, I shall take care and keep out of the papers, for I was sadly ashamed to see our member’s nephew in the account of a watch-house riot and a police report; that would never go down with us in the country, but the devil is in London. Nice open weather this for hunting, I wish I was among you; in the mean while, believe me,

Dear George,
Yours sincerely, (a thing not
to be met with here)
GILES GREENTREE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the gold flew about after dinner, at the card table, like shot; bankers and tradesmen playing as deep as the first nobles in the land: but I say, George, who would like to trust their money with them after that, not I, Cousin, I can assure you. Once more farewell, honest, plain *fare*, for the fare here is too fine for me.

FREDERIC ANWYL.

CHAPTER I.

"He was the last of all his house, and from
His very boyhood, a sadder gloom
Than such as marks the child, gathered
and grew
Around him, like an overshadowing veil;
And yet at times—often—when some sad tale
Was told—from out that seeming darkness
flew,
Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
Burn'd with the lightning of his brain,
and then
He spoke and looked more proudly.

BARRY CORNWALL.

I HAVE debated with myself long and earnestly as to the probable propriety of intruding my adventures upon the notice of the public: but a desire to present an unimpressive example of happiness destroyed, and of the most exquisite suffering superinduced by circumstances, over which, situated as I was, I could have no permanent controul, has prompted me to come forward with unsolicited, and, it may be, with presumptuous eagerness, to expose even the inmost recesses of my heart, and to lay bare the very "scars and ulcers of my mind," to the promiscuous and unfeeling gaze of the un pitying multitude.

I feel that such a course, if it be well and ably prosecuted, may be eminently useful and instructive; and I have not, therefore, undertaken it without much and mature reflection. The repugnance which we all naturally feel at the exposure of our own infirmities, has presented many objections to a fair and faithful disclosure of the events of my life; for, to borrow the words of a powerful modern writer, guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude; and, then in their choice of a grave, will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the church-yard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of men, and wishing, in the affecting language of Wordsworth,—

E. M. January, 1825.

"——— humbly to express,
A penitential loveliness."

It is well, upon the whole, and for the interest of us all, perhaps, that it should be so; nor would I willingly, in my own person manifest a disregard of such salutary feelings; nor in act or word, do any thing to weaken them. But, as my self accusation does not amount to a confession of guilt, so on the other hand, if it did, the benefit resulting to others from the record of an experience, purchased at so heavy a price, might compensate by a vast overbalance for any violence done to the feelings I have noticed, and thus, most unquestionably, justify a breach of the general rule. Infirmity and misery do not necessarily imply guilt. They approach or recede from the shades of that dark alliance, exactly in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known in secret, of the offence; in proportion, too, as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, earnest to the last. Such, at least, are my sentiments on the subject; and, although I never will acknowledge that I have been the votary of deliberate and positive guilt, I will most readily confess that I have been imprudent, weak, rash, and impetuous to a degree, and this too, without any pre-existing, or pre-disposing evil habits or desires. My faults and my misfortunes have not sprung from any innate depravity of heart, but from a concatenation of untoward circumstances, altogether uninfluenced by any profligate or unworthy propensities on my own part.

In fact a superabundance of sensibility—or I should, perhaps, say of *sensitiveness*—has been one of the greatest miseries of my life, the constant and exciting cause of all my sufferings. It has ruined all my prospects of comfort and independence; blighted my young and budding hopes on happiness; and rendered me in every sense of the word, a hard-hearted, unfeeling, unsympathising misanthrope. But it was not always thus with me; for I am not actually

either morose or churlish. There was a time—and in my idle hours of meditation and sadness, I never fail to let my imagination recur to it—there was a time, I say, when, with all the unsuspecting and confiding eagerness of youth, I felt towards the whole human race one undivided sentiment of goodwill, and affection. But this has long since passed by; and year after year has rolled on, bringing with them that strange concatenation of events, which has imparted to my mind so much of gloom and sadness, and left me, in the very summer of my life, a branchless and withered trunk!—

I was born in Wales, but I never knew my parents. The fond solicitude of parental love and tenderness I was never blessed with;

“ —No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer.”

And it was not till long after I had grown up to manhood, that I became even acquainted with the rank and condition of those to whom I owed my existence. Of my infancy I can say nothing; nor is it necessary that I should. The earliest period to which my memory will carry me, is when I was about eight years old, and when I was domesticated at Caertrevor in Merionethshire, the mansion of Sir Talbot Trevor, under the especial care of Lowrie Rees, my kind and attentive foster mother.

Lowrie was a person of no small importance at Caertrevor. Lady Trevor had died about twelve years after her marriage, leaving to the care of Lowrie, who was the daughter of an old and favourite domestic, and who had been brought up in the family, a son and daughter; the former being exactly ten years older than his sister, who was yet an infant at her mother's death. It was at a subsequent period—namely, when I was about six years old—that I became an inmate at Caertrevor; and being only two years older than the little Catherine, we shared all our infantine pastimes, and even at a very early age, mingled all our childish joys in an uninterrupted and quiet stream of juvenile love. In consequence of the death of the Lady, many of the household affairs devolved upon Lowrie. She was more than a mere housekeeper—for there was also a domestic of that rank at Caertrevor—

and to her care were Catherine and I, mor especially entrusted. No mother could have reared us with more careful affection and solicitude than she did; and certain I am that her affection was returned by those whom she used fondly to call her “dear, dear children.”

When I was about nine years old, young Talbot left Wales for the University, having previously inured himself to the gaieties of a college life by a six years training at Westminster. He quitted his father's hall with the undisguised and triumphant exultation of buoyant youth; and I cannot say that his departure was lamented with any very severe pangs of sorrow by any one individual at Caertrevor. Certainly not by me: for his proud, malicious, and tyrannical disposition, had, from the first, inspired me with the most cordial hatred of the embryo baronet; and I was never so unhappy as when young Talbot was at home for the holidays. It was with joy, therefore, that I saw him ride off with his father, on his way to Oxford.

In reflecting upon these early years of careless happiness, I am not surprised that my mind, so morbidly sensitive as it was, should become deeply susceptible of external impressions. My infancy was passed amidst scenery powerfully calculated to imbue the imagination with the most impressive ideas of sublimity and grandeur; and the unrestrained manner in which I was permitted to wander whithersoever my inclination might lead me, did not tend to curb and chasten those overpowering impulses, which were thus insidiously, but surely, stealing over my mind. They became, in fact, the very master spring of my actions, prompting me to grasp with avidity at any striking impression, and to feed upon it with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. The spot where Caertrevor is situated, is one of the most beautiful in North Wales. Cader Idris, and its “thousand subject hills,” shroud it on the south, while the opposite direction is bounded by the noble estuary of the Mawddach; about half a mile before it pours its tributary waters into the beautiful bay of Cardigan. But independently of these localities, (and it must be confessed that localities have great influence upon some minds) there were other incidental

circumstances which co-operated to render me thus vividly susceptible. There was among the domestics at Caertrevor, an old shepherd, with whom—I know not exactly in what manner, or by what means—I had become a most particular favourite. This old man, whose name was Robin Humphrics, was never so well pleased as when he led me by the hand over the mountains, in quest of some stray wether, or to gather his rambling flocks into their evening folds; and he would amuse me during these wanderings, with many a “witching tale” of ghost, goblin, and fairy; for every glen through which we passed had been the scene of some supernatural adventure, or fairy revel. I cannot say that these narrations rendered me timid or fearful; but they tintured my mind deeply with superstition; and contributed to render me, even at a very early age, a thoughtful and contemplative boy.

Nobody attempted to correct or chasten this propensity, except my affectionate foster-mother, and her efforts were fruitless. Sir Talbot Trevor was a proud and an unsocial man, who honoured me with but little of his attention, and I might be wandering about for days, or even for weeks, before he would condescend to trouble himself about me. But, to do him justice, he did arrange with his chaplain (who was also the rector of the parish) respecting my education, and I might have experienced considerable advantage from Mr. Morris's instructions had he exerted more authority over me, or had I been more studiously and steadily inclined. But different minds incline to different objects; and mine, most assuredly, was never formed for intense application of any kind; besides, Mr. Morris was a man whose kind and benevolent disposition rendered him very unfit for instructing such an impetuous and ungovernable youth as I was. Punishment of any sort was an abhorrence to him, and I was not long before I discovered this failing, if failing it might be called, in my worthy preceptor. When I was more than usually erratic he would only greet my return with, “Ah! Master Anwyll, you are a truant youth;” and then be as kind and as gentle to me as ever. He used to say when Sir Talbot inquired how

Miss Trevor (for Catherine had also the benefit of the chaplain's tuition) and Master Anwyll went on; that “the young lady was exceedingly attentive and diligent, but that Master Frederick was too spirited and impatient; he will study only by fits, but then he will apply earnestly.” Excellent man! thy kind and guileless heart was destined to be broken by one of the worst of villains!

In this manner was my boyhood spent, and I found myself at the age of sixteen but little acquainted with Greek and Latin, and not overburthened with the other acquirements suitable to my age and condition. But although I had thus neglected to avail myself of Mr. Morris's instructions, and had consequently remained ignorant of much that I might have learned, I felt a most passionate predilection for poetry; I do not mean for that poetry, if indeed it deserves the name, which is founded merely on cold and artificial principles, but for that sublime and soul stirring inspiration which has for its foundation the mighty works and attributes of nature, the woods and mountains, rocks, rivers, and cataracts, and all the host of heaven. Often would I steal forth, when the bright moon silvered with her mild beams the summits of the surrounding mountains, and take my fill of delight in gazing on the magnificent scenery which that part of the country so profusely exhibits, and it was not unfrequently that I rushed forth in the blustering storm, to witness the mighty uproar and rage of the tempest.

“To me, a mountain youth, was known,
The wailing tempest's drearest tone;
I knew the shriek of wizard caves,
And the trampling fierce of howling
waves,
The mystic voice of the lonely night
I had often drank with a strange delight,
And I look'd on the clouds as they roll'd
on high,
Till with them I sailed on the sailing
sky.”

With a disposition thus moulded by nature for the reception of the highest attributes of humanity, I experienced a total deficiency of the more ordinary, and by far the more useful, endowments of circulating common sense. But this is not to be marvelled at, for, generally speaking, worldly prudence is only to be ac-

quired by a free commingling with the busy world. In the bustling scenes of life, where every one's object, be it ostensible or concealed, is the gratification of self; the method of calculating chances is easily and speedily acquired. We see every one about us busily engaged in endeavouring to benefit himself, and if he succeeds, it scarcely matters how; provided he have the semblance of an honest man, he is considered as a happy man, and pointed out as a meritorious model for the imitation and example of the rising generation. But this fortunate faculty is certainly not to be obtained amongst the wild hills and roaring cataracts of a secluded and romantic country.

I have been thus explicit in mentioning the habits of my youth because all the strong vicissitudes of my life have depended more or less upon them; and it may be that a more selfish notion has induced me to be thus circumstantial, for I am anxious that my misfortunes should be attributed to circumstances over which it was not possible, situated as I was, that I could have any permanent controul, rather than to any innate depravity of heart, which might induce a propitiatory train of sufferings. God knows I sought them not, nor did I bring them upon myself by any premeditated evil deed or thought.

CHAPTER II.

"Far from the haunts of men she grew,
By the side of a lonesome tower,
Like some solitary mountain-flower,
Whose veil of wiry dew
Is only touched by the gales that breathe
O'er the blossoms of the fragrant heath,
And in its silence melts away,
With those sweet things too pure for
earthly stay.

Ob! all unlike a creature form'd of clay!
The blessed angels, with delight,
Might hail her "Sister;" She is bright,
And innocent as they!"

WILSON'S ISLE OF PSALMS.

HITHERTO, that is till I was nearly eighteen, my life had been one varied course of pleasurable excitement and soothing melancholy. My mind, always powerfully influenced by external impulses, never failed to find

"— Tongues in trees, booths in the
running brooks."

Sermons in stones, and good in every
thing."

But a period was fast approaching when all my happiness was to be derided, and all my joy destroyed.

I have said that I never knew my parents, and the conviction of this misfortune would frequently flash across my mind, accompanied by the bitter suspicion, that I was an unlawful outcast, which my parents, whoever they might be, did not dare to acknowledge. I was always given to understand that I was indebted to Sir Talbot's charity and benevolence for my domestication at Caertrevor; but, I must confess, that the baronet's repulsive behaviour to me, I had almost said his abhorrence of me, did not induce me implicitly to credit this; I could not readily reconcile my ideas of such qualities with the usual demeanour of my patron; perhaps because I was unwilling in the pride of my young heart to consider myself so entirely dependent upon a person whom I could never persuade myself to esteem.

The more I reflected upon the concealment of my parents the more uneasy and unhappy I became; and, although it may appear somewhat extraordinary, yet I must observe that these reflections were always accompanied by a suspicion—vague, indeed, and undefined, but still a suspicion, that Sir Talbot Trevor was in some way or other the cause of all this mystery, and I need not say that this was no inducement to me to respect the baronet.

These circumstances preyed upon my mind, and rendered me discontented and miserable. I sighed in secret, and felt myself desolate and sad, whenever my time was unoccupied by my usual avocations. But even through all this gloom a ray of brightness would sometimes shine upon me, which never failed to cheer my drooping spirits, and to infuse fresh vigour and joy into my disconsolate heart.

I have already mentioned that Sir Talbot Trevor had a daughter, and I have also intimated that much of my time was spent in her society, and that, in our childhood, we mutually loved each other with all the sincerity and artlessness of childish affection. This affection was not weakened by time, on the contrary, it grew with our growth, and strengthened with our

strength, and I had no idea of the fervid intensity of my love for Catherine Trevor, until the period I have just referred to, as the commencement of a long series of misfortune and mental suffering. Hitherto I had loved her only as a sister, but a stronger and stranger emotion than that of fraternal affection now swayed all my feelings, and occupied all my thoughts. All this was perfectly natural on my part, and perfectly in unison with my ardent and sensitive character, for a more heavenly being than Catherine Trevor never surely inhabited this earth.

"She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,
A power that from its object scarcely drew
One impulse of her being: in her lightness,
Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew,
Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
To nourish some far desert: she did seem,
Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,
Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
Which wakes, when tempests sleep, the waves of life's dark stream."

Many, perhaps, would not have called her beautiful, but none could say that she was not fascinating. I mean—not that she was splendidly accomplished, or that she could bewilder and astonish the senses by an imposing display of fashionable acquirements, but that the angelic purity and simplicity of her manners, with the fine and feeling tone of her mind, could not be regarded without intense interest. Situated in what I was, could it be expected that, of all others, should prove insensible to these winning attractions?

That Catherine regarded me with feelings of fondness and affection, I could not doubt, but then I thought that it was as a brother, and as a brother only, that she loved me. When she was a mere child, to use the words of an able but anonymous writer, I had led her by the hand; when a fair girl, I had lifted her in my arms across the swollen brooks, and over the snow-drifts; now, that she was a woman, I looked on her in silence, but with a soul overcharged with a thousand thoughts, hopes, and desires, which I feared to speak of; for I knew,

and saw, and felt, that she loved me but as a brother. I knew, however, that she loved none else, and in that alone rested my hope and my consolation.

It may appear strange that neither the baronet nor Lowrie Rees seemed aware of my love for Catherine. Sir Talbot, indeed, who was a gloomy and austere man, was too much wrapped up in his own importance to perceive, or even to suspect so terrible an event; and as for our kind foster-mother, her very affection for us prevented her from discovering the fact. When Mr. Trevor was absent at Oxford, it was my delight to accompany Catherine in all her rambles among the hills, to walk with her to the cottages of the sick and the needy, and to witness the blessings which she scattered around her, with all the unassuming sincerity and profusion of true benevolence. Lowrie Rees usually accompanied us in our excursions; and as her love for her dear children, (as she always fondly called us,) rendered her blind to the consequences of an intimacy! she did not attempt to quell a passion which was hourly becoming more and more intense, and which eventually arrived at such a pitch that no earthly power could quench it.

Circumstanced as Catherine and myself were with regard to each other, it would have been strange if the sadness, which now so frequently hung over me, should have escaped her observation. One evening I was more than usually melancholy, so much so, indeed, that even her presence failed to dispel the gloom of my mind; and during our walk she remarked that I looked so ill that she was sure something must be the matter with me. "Let me," she said, "let me, dear Frederick, send for Mr. Williams; he is a skilful man, and will speedily benefit you. Come, we will return home, perhaps the walk has overcome you."

"No, Catherine," I replied, "Mr. Williams, skilful though he be, can render me no service. My malady, for I will not dissimble with *you*, is not of the body but of the heart. The very peasant, who tills the ground, and toils unceasingly to gain his bread, is happier far than I am; for he has parents who love him, and whom he, in return, can support and cherish in

their old age. He has friends too, who esteem him, while I—"

"Nay, talk not thus, dear Frederick; and have not you friends? Does not my father esteem you, and Mr. Morris, and our good foster-mother? yes, all who know you do so. And have not I ever loved you as a brother?"

As she spoke I felt her hand tremble in mine, and the tears, whether of sympathy or sensibility I know not, glittered in lucid brilliancy on her eyelash. There was a tremulous tenderness in her voice too, which plainly betokened the sincerity of her declaration: I was considerably affected by her agitation, and I remember even now the sweet emotion of that moment.

"True, my dear Catherine, most true," I replied after a pause; "all this I feel, and more particularly your affection for me, but Sir Talbot has ever been so cool and so reserved to me, that I cannot love him as I would love a father. This pleasure, alas! has ever been denied me. You cannot know what pain it is to see the kind attentive son leading his aged mother in her helplessness! You cannot feel the pang which I have felt when I have seen the poor but honest father bowed down with toil and years, leaning on his youthful son's arm as he totters to his seat at church, and then smiling with so much tenderness upon his affectionate supporter. Catherine, I never knew this joy, for I never knew my parents;" and I shed tears of bitter sorrow, as I thought of my comparatively desolate condition.

But my sorrow was soon dissipated, at least for a while, for my lovely companion administered such soothing consolation to my troubled spirit, that the clouds of care were, for a time, dispelled, and I experienced a degree of joy, which I can only attribute to Catherine's affectionate solicitude for me; for it must needs have afforded me no common gratification to find that this sweet girl sympathized so feelingly in my sorrow.

My love for Catherine became now daily more intense, and several circumstances which occurred about this time, served to render me painfully conscious of the strength of my affection for her. I shall relate one, every detail of which is impressed with incredible accuracy upon my memory;

in consequence of the evil which eventually resulted from it, although its more immediate renunciation was a source rather of pleasure than of pain.

The summer assizes were now rapidly approaching, and, as it is the custom at country places on such occasions, the little town of D—, at which the assizes were held, and near which we dwelt, was, with its immediate neighbourhood, crowded with visitors. Caertrevor had its share: Some four or five families, from distant parts of Wales, repaired thither to mingle in the accustomed gaiety, and the house was full. Among our visitors was a young and wealthy baronet from Flintshire; a friend, and I believe a college companion of young Talbot. He was a very handsome man, and possessed the most fascinating manners I ever witnessed. From the very first moment that he entered the house I hated him, and I had reason. Previously to his arrival, I had heard among the peasantry that Sir William Evans, so was he named, was coming to Caertrevor for the purpose of espousing Miss Catherine, and I need not say how uneasy this idle report made me. However I had ample reason to believe it, for I found that Sir William's attentions to Catherine were most assiduous and unremitting, and that, on all occasions, he was constantly by her side; I found also that he was very materially assisted in his operations by all the elderly ladies of the party. But this was not all; whether he had got an intimation of Catherine's affection for me, or whether Talbot had communicated to him a portion of his own hatred for me, I cannot say, but his behaviour was characterized by a malicious propensity to provoke and irritate me, and at a time, too, when I should feel the more forcibly the ill effects of his malvolence. This his polished address and extensive knowledge of the world enabled him to do to his heart's content, more especially as he usually directed his chief attention to me, in this respect, in the presence of Catherine. Once, and it was the last time, he provoked me beyond all endurance. I was sitting opposite to him at dinner, and when the cloth was removed he began, as usual, to torment me. There was at all times so much apparent mildness in his manner, and

such an ostensible courtesy in his address, that his intention was not obvious to every body. It was perfectly clear, however, to me, and I had hitherto restrained my feelings so effectually as to prevent any ill consequences; but on this occasion he was more than usually overbearing, and a wanton and disrespectful allusion to my parentless condition, so far overpowered my compulsory indifference that, I rose from the table, and, with a look which I could see alarmed Sir William and terrified Catherine, who sat by him, I left the room, and rushed into the garden.

It is utterly impossible for me to describe or analyze the tumultuous emotions with which I was agitated on this occasion. Rage, and the most deadly hatred towards Sir William, shook my soul almost to madness; and when I thought of his attentions to Catherine, and of the mere possibility of his success in obtaining her hand, my mind was maddened with fury, and had he appeared before me at the moment, I know not what would have been the consequence. But, fortunately for himself—and it may be for me also—he had too much discretion to rush into such peril; and after I had been some time in the garden, I became more calm, and was able to reflect upon what had passed with feelings somewhat more temperate and composed. Before, however, I had quite allayed my choler, the young baronet walked into the garden with Mr. Trevor; and not perceiving me, as I suppose, turned down a different walk. My resolution was instantly formed; and tearing a stout sapling from a tree that was close by me, I walked on to meet Sir William.

My passion had not quite subsided, but I was determined, if possible, to keep myself cool and collected. At the termination of one walk in another, I came in front of the two friends, who started at my sudden appearance, as if they had trodden upon an adder.

"What!" exclaimed Talbot, after he had somewhat recovered himself, "Cannot I walk in my own father's garden without being beset by eavesdroppers? Really, Mr. Frederick, I did not expect this from you."

To him I replied not; but looking steadfastly at his companion, said, "Sir William Evans, you have this day insulted me in a manner too gross to be

forgiven, unless you will render me the most unreserved satisfaction. Are you willing then, to ask my pardon before that company—before *all* that company, in whose presence you have so insulted me?"

Sir William, with a sneer on his countenance, turned to his companion, and asked, how long it had been the fashion for base-born peasant churls to beard their betters?—and then, turning on his heel, was proceeding with Talbot towards the house. But my blood was again on fire; and seizing him by the collar, I thundered into his ear, "Think not to escape me thus, Sir! If you do not know how a gentleman ought to act, a peasant churl shall instruct you:"—and before he could extricate himself from my grasp, I pushed him from me, and then, with the sapling which I carried in my hand, administered to him such wholesome discipline, that he roared aloud with shame and agony. Talbot dared not interfere; but when I ceased, they both skulked away, muttering threats of revenge and chastisement. Of this, I then thought nothing, for I was not at all aware of the very honourable manner in which these magnanimous patricians intended to effect their vengeful purpose: but I was not long left ignorant of it.

I remained in the garden, and now that the excitation which this adventure had produced had died away, I felt a corresponding degree of lassitude and loss of spirits. Still I was not at all sorry for what I had done, but I felt a depression of spirits, which was very common to me after any violent exertion. I was sitting on a wooden seat, under a large and beautiful laburnum tree in the shrubbery, listening to the gentle nestling of the trees, and ruminating upon the change which I fancied had taken place in Catherine's affection for me since the arrival of this detestable baronet. The pangs of jealousy never tormented any one more poignantly than they did me. I loved Catherine with all the fervour of youth, and with all the enthusiastic ardour of a deeply sensitive mind. She was to me a divinity—an object of the highest adoration and reverence; and to imagine for a moment that she could bestow any portion of her affections upon a being who had rendered himself so odious to me, was worse than misery. At one

moment I resolved to upbraid her with her faithlessness—although I had no right to do so, as she had never acknowledged any attachment to me—and then leave the house and the country for ever: at another, I determined to throw myself at her feet—tell all my burning love for her, and implore in return her whole, her undivided affection. But this gust of passion subsided; and then I thought more calmly of her fickleness; for I could not divest my mind of the idea that she ought to love me. I did not, however, become less convinced of her unkindness; and I determined to evince my sense of it, by a forced and unbending coolness.

I had not been very long in this mood before I espied the object of my meditations at a short distance from the spot where I sat. She was evidently seeking somebody, and I instinctively went and joined her.

"Dear Frederick!" she exclaimed, as I approached, "I have been seeking you this long time, and have such bad tidings to communicate! Do you know that Sir William Evans has left us?"

"No, Madam, I do not; nor can I guess why his departure should occasion so much grief. You were not wont, Miss Trevor, to sorrow for the absence of coxcombs."

"Madam! Miss Trevor! what does this mean, Frederick? Have I offended you? Why all this ceremonious coolness?"

"Oh, no: I am not offended, Catherine—, Miss Trevor, I mean—at least with you. What reason have I to be so? I have chastised a *gentleman*, whom it is your pleasure to admire and to love; and he has thought proper to steal away, because he is conscious of his own cowardice. If any one be offended it must surely be Miss Trevor; for I have deprived her of the society of one, who has pleased to be unremitting in his attention to her."

"Oh, Frederick! is it thus *you* speak to me?"—and agitated and astonished the lovely girl burst into tears.

My stoical resolution was melted in a moment; and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I led the weeping girl to the seat I had just quitted, and, with my arm round her waist, supported her head on my shoulder. Never shall I forget that hour! Catherine wept and sobbed as if her

young heart would burst her heaving bosom; and more than once did I feel on my own flushed cheek, the thrilling moisture of her tears. I could controul myself no longer; but, with a hurried voice, endeavoured to recall her to composure. I used every epithet of endearment and affection—blamed myself again and again as the cause of her affliction, and urged her to remember my foolish conduct no more. But all in vain—still she wept; and it was not till after a long and deep-drawn sigh, that the paroxysm ceased, and she became more calm.

"I have been very foolish," she said, "but, indeed, I could not help it.—And did you think, Frederick, that I loved Sir William Evans,—that I *could* love such a man? You know little of Catherine Trevor's heart if you think thus. No, Frederick, my regret was not for the mere departure of Sir William, but for my father's anger with you for your behaviour to the baronet. The circumstance has been mentioned to my father, but in so exaggerated a manner, that I dread the consequences. Sir William is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Wales, and as such my father has a great respect for him."

"Nay, do not fear, Catherine," I replied. "I am so conscious of having acted right, that I am quite sure Sir Talbot cannot censure me, when he has heard my story."

"That is not certain, Frederick. What Sir William has said to my father I do not know, but I fear he has said much more than is necessary. My father is exceedingly angry, and I never remember to have seen him so irritated."

"Well, if Sir Talbot will not listen to my representation of the affair, I cannot help it. I do not certainly regret my conduct to that supercilious coxcomb. On the contrary, I rejoice that I have had so favourable an opportunity of punishing his insolence; and had he been descended from Rodri Mawr himself, my behaviour would have been just the same."

"For my own part," replied Catherine, "I cannot blame you for acting as you have done. But I pray to heaven that no evil will ensue."

We were still sitting on the seat in the shrubbery; and neither manifested any inclination to return to the house.

Twilight had long since shrouded in shadow the woods and hills around us; and the soothing influence of that peaceful hour was communicated to me, calming my ruffled feelings into sadness and composure. Yet I did not feel completely happy; although Catherine was by my side, and her hand was locked in mine. A presentiment of some approaching evil depressed my spirits. I could not divest myself of the idea that some calamity was hanging over me; and I felt a most vehement desire of disclosing my passion to Catherine, for the purpose of receiving in return a similar avowal from her. This, I thought would prove a balm for all my woes, and I was anxious to try its efficacy. I was now perfectly conscious that she really did love me; but still I required an unequivocal—an explicit acknowledgment of her attachment. This was, perhaps, unreasonable—it was, perhaps, unkind: but who can control the secret workings of the spirit? Alas! I never could: and, excited by impulses, which I did not endeavour to curb, I urged my suit with all the ardour of young affection, and with all the hope of an aspiring lover. The lovely girl listened to me with emotion, for I could feel her soft hand tremble in mine as I spoke of my pure love for her, and of my willingness to die for her, were it necessary to do so. And to such a girl—so attached to me—and so conscious of her own purity of heart,—I did not plead in vain. A full and perfect confession of her attachment—given with all the blushing timidity of a loving maiden, blessed all my hopes; and a kiss—the first I had ventured to press upon her lips since she had become a woman—sealed our vows, and filled my heart with happiness. Oh, God! what a moment was this to me! In many an hour of sadness and affliction, in many a season of dismay and peril, have I thought of it, as of the brightest moment of my life; and many a time, when oppressed with sorrow, almost to madness, has the recollection of this too, too happy scene caused my tears to flow, and relieved the burning throbbing of my brain. Now that the consuming fire of my soul is quenched, I can look back upon all this as upon a vision,—beautiful indeed, and soothing to

E. M. January, 1825.

thought, but too exquisitely blissful to have been durable!

Long did we sit together on that summer night; and those only who have loved as we did, can imagine the pleasure of that happy interview. But night was fast approaching, and we quitted a spot, now rendered so interesting to us both, to mingle with the gay throng assembled at Caertrevor. I should mention, however, that before we parted, we solemnly pledged our troth to each other, and cemented our vows by mutual interchange of tokens. A bright ringlet of Catherine's golden hair was exchanged for a lock of mine; and with a lighter heart, and a blither look than I had showed for many a day, I entered the drawing-room at Caertrevor.

The company were variously engaged: some at cards, and a few with conversation, while the younger portion of the company were amusing themselves with music. Talbot, I observed, was not in the room, but I could easily account for his absence; and as no one seemed conscious of the cause of Sir William Evans's sudden departure, I felt no restraint, and mingled freely with the party.

I have ever been passionately fond of music; and the plaintive melodies of my native country possess charms for me, far more delightful than those which more elaborate and intricate compositions could create. The slumbers of my infancy were lulled by them, and they had become rooted in my affections from the very earliest period of my recollection. Soon after I had entered the room, Catherine joined us, and seating herself at her harp, ran her fingers lightly over the strings, and looking at me with an expression which I could not misunderstand, sang that beautiful air, "A hyd y Nos," with a feeling and pathos peculiarly her own. She knew how well I loved that simple melody, and how well I loved to hear her sing it; and this, with the remembrance of what had previously passed, caused her to sing with so much feeling, that the tear trembled in her blue eye as she concluded the last verse of the song. There was nothing particularly affecting perhaps in the words themselves, but in after years, I thought of them with anguish, as applicable in some measure to myself. They are as follows:—

CHAP. III.

going to the metropolis, I should there discover them—and oh! what happiness would that be! Without reflecting upon the utter absurdity of such a plan, I determined to put it into immediate execution; and walking, or rather rushing out of the house, I gained the high-road, and followed its direction towards Shrewsbury.

It was a most lovely night, and a bright summer moon shed her mild lustre over the rocks and woods around me; and without a single encouraging prospect—except, indeed, that of beholding my parents—and with only a few shillings in my pocket, I found myself a solitary wanderer among the wild and rugged hills of Merionethshire. But forlorn and lonely as I was, I experienced a feeling of buoyant exultation, as I thought upon my unshackled condition. I was now as free as air, dependant upon none, and master of my own actions in every respect; and without once reflecting upon my utter helplessness, as far as regarded any method of procuring common subsistence, I ran on in the moonlight with a light heart, but with temples that throbbed painfully under the influence of that powerful but unnatural exhilaration which impelled me onwards. I say *unnatural*, because I have now no doubt that I was actually insane at the time. I am so convinced that my intellects were impaired in that remarkable night, that nothing can persuade me to the contrary; and it has become, in some degree, a consolation to me to think so. It may appear strange—and this by the way is one powerful proof of my madness—that I never once thought of my beloved Catherine. Amidst the horrible tumult which then agitated my brain, no gentle recollection of my betrothed mistress occurred to soothe and allay the tempestuous workings of my soul. I thought only of the indignities I had endured, and of my firm determination to suffer no more; and when, in a calmer moment, I thought of the peerless jewel I had left behind, and deserted, a pang of agony, such as I never felt before, shot through my heart, and nearly paralyzed its motions.

Now met the lawless horde—in secret met.

And down at their convivial board were set:

The plans in view to past adventures led,
And the past conflicts present anger bred;
They sigh'd for pleasures gone—they mourn'd for heroes dead.

Crabbe.—Tales of the Hall.

I knew him well:

He hath a stormy nature, and what genius
Of virtue would have budded in his heart,
Cold winds have check'd, and blighting seasons nipt.

Yet in his heart they live.

Southey's Madoc.

I HAD walked about five miles, when I struck out of the turnpike road to follow a path, which I knew would lead me beyond the little town of D—, and which would, I thought in other respects, expedite my journey. But in this I was mistaken. I had not passed more than two or three miles along this lane, before I was startled by a loud and shrill whistle close beside me, and before I had time to think what it could mean, I was collared by two men, who sprang out of the hedge on each side of the lane, which was at this spot extremely narrow. My first impression was, that I was about to be conveyed back to Caertrevor, and that these unceremonious personages had adopted this summary method of apprehending me, having been dispatched by Sir Talbot Trevor for that purpose. But I was quickly undeceived at this point; for I was conducted in a direction quite opposite to that of the road leading to Caertrevor; and, my conductors, I was well assured, did not belong to the household of the baronet.

We proceeded in silence, and in speed, for I made no resistance, nor did the ruffians speak a word to each other. I had a considerable degree of curiosity to see the conclusion of this strange repoutie, notwithstanding the probability of its being terminated to my discomfort; and I kept pace with my companions without any reluctance. Indeed this interruption was an advantage rather than an injury to me; for it served to stop the current of a very unpleasant train of thought, and to bring on, as

it were, a more salutary re-action in my mind. I had no fear of being robbed, because I had little or nothing to lose; and the idea of being murdered never once entered my head. In short, I had been so agitated with the events of the evening that my heart was, in a great measure, rendered callous to suffering.

When we had walked about two miles, one of my conductors took a handkerchief from his pocket, while the other held my hands till his comrade had blindfolded me. We then re-commenced our journey; and I could feel that we were ascending an eminence. Presently afterwards, we entered a wood; for I could hear the rustling of the trees, as the gentle night breeze passed over them; and after many turnings and windings, we stopped and a whistle from one of my conductors, answered by a similar signal at a short distance, intimated that my progress was drawing towards its conclusion. I walked on a little farther, and heard a sound as of many voices: in a moment afterwards the bandage was removed from my eyes, and, gazing round, I found myself in the presence of a most strange and promiscuous assembly.

I was in the ruinous banquetting hall of the old and dilapidated castle of Rhiwaedog, and with me were nearly thirty individuals: of which one third, at least, were females. They were all occupied in various ways. Some were busily employed in the manufacturing of horn and wooden spoons, and other humble toys and utensils, and others were lying on the floor, drinking ale or whiskey, and smoking. I was at no loss to discover the rank and character of my new associates; for I knew full well that I was in the haunts of the Gipsies of Mawddroy, a most daring and predatory gang; with which, to the disgrace of the magistrates, the whole district for miles round, was at that time infested. From the quick and quiet manner in which I had been conducted to this den of vagabonds, I was persuaded that the whole was a preconcerted plan on the part of the gipsies, but why I was made the object of so much care and attention was a mystery which I could not readily unravel. I was inclined to suspect that I had been mistaken for some other person, and the fixed un-

meaning gaze with which I was regarded by the gang, added to my suspicion.

"Why how is this Morgan Davies?" said a tall, and fine looking man, who came towards me from a recess at the farthest end of the apartment; but still keeping at a considerable distance from me. "Why, thou blundering fool, is this the miller of Mawddroy? It were better for thee, and for all of us, if that thirsty throat of thine was not quite so often swelled with brandy. What hast thou done with the miller, sirrah?"

"Nothing, by the holy powers," said Morgan frankly—"if this be not he."

"This he!" said the chief;—"this puny stripling the jolly miller of Mawddroy! Why thou blind owlet, he is as much like this youth, as thou art like the baronet of Caertrevor. Go, sir, and seek more diligently; and do you, Ellis Roberts"—he continued speaking to a short and very stout man—"go with him. The miller must be here to night; but he has, I fear, ere now, passed over the river, safe to his own meal sacks. Away! and see if ye can speed better. Stand forward, sir!"—he continued addressing me—"and shew us the pretty face that must needs belong to so slim and delicate a carcass;" and I came forward from the place where I stood, which was in a dark corner of the apartment.

The deep tone of the speaker's voice, was in some degree familiar to me; but I could not recollect when and how it had become so. But when I stood before him, and looked upon his features, I instantly recognized the person of an individual who had often met me on the hill side with the old shepherd, Robin Humphreys, and who had evinced a very particular partiality for me as a child. He was a very remarkable character, and was generally known in the neighbourhood by the name of the wanderer; for he was not a native of Merionethshire, and only visited that part of the country occasionally. I should not speak correctly perhaps, if I called him a robber; but no outline, whether of ancient or modern times, was more feared in Merionethshire, than was Reinald Vychan, or Reginald Vaughan, the wanderer. But there was an idea of some supernatural

power, or agency attached to Reginald, which rendered him an object of much dread and even of reverence with the superstitious peasantry; while his kindness to the poor endeared him to the humbler classes, as much as his persecution of the rich and the sordid made him an object of detestation and terror to the higher orders. But Reginald, or rather Reginald's people, as they were called, never plundered the good or the benevolent man. However rich he might be, he was always secure from the depredations of the gipsies of Mawddroy; and it was only the proud, the oppressive, and the niggardly wealthy, that became the objects of Reginald's unsolicited attentions.

It was before this remarkable man that I now stood; and I was no sooner exposed to the light of a large lamp, which hung from a rafter in the ceiling, than Reginald instantly recognised me.

"Ha!" he exclaimed—"my little mountain wanderer, in the gipsies dwelling place! Why this is not well. Many years have gone by since we last met on the hill side; and it would have been better if the gipsy chieftain could have welcomed his young favourite to a worthier habitation, than this rude pile; but he has no other, and he can now only say to him, welcome to the brutal train of Reginald Vaughan!" He extended his hand to me, as he spoke, and taking mine in his, led me gently towards the recess, whence he had at first issued.

As a child, I had always experienced a sort of awful delight in the attentions of Reginald Vaughan; and now, that I had grown up into manhood, I still retained a considerable portion of my childish reverence for this extraordinary being: And he was a man well calculated to make an impression upon a sensitive, or, if you will, a romantic mind. His fine manly form—with features more strictly commanding perhaps than handsome, and withal, slightly shaded with melancholy—was never seen to greater advantage, than when he threw off all reserve, and mingled freely in conversation with the old shepherd and myself: and the strange adventures, which he related to us, as having befallen himself in foreign countries,

never failed to impress me with a stupendous idea of the wonderful and imposing character of this extraordinary man.

The recess already mentioned was altogether distinct from the apartment occupied by the common members of the horde, and there was an attempt even at rude elegance in its furniture. Reginald motioned me to a seat by his side, and looking steadfastly at me, said—"And what has taken you so far from Caertrevor to night? Have the smiles of some peasant's pretty daughter, or has the dull croaking of the owl allured you so far from your home?"

"Neither, Reginald," I replied—"but the oppressive tyranny of Sir Talbot Trevor, who drove me forth with"—

"Ha!" interrupted the chief—"Has Sir Talbot driven you from his house at midnight, to seek for shelter in a place like this? Is it thus with you?" He paused a while, and then said, in a tone of deep commiseration. "Unhappy boy! and what will become of you?"

I have already mentioned the sage plan I intended to pursue, and I disclosed to Reginald every particular of it. But this was not all. There was to me an irresistible influence in the voice and demeanour of the gipsy chief, which, as I have already said, even when I was scarcely beyond the bounds of infancy, made a very powerful impression upon my youthful mind; and now, that we were together in the *Miñores* castle of Rhj-waedog, I felt as if I was in the presence of a being infinitely superior to the common herd of mankind, and to whom I might readily disclose all the events of a life, already replete with misery and misfortune. It appeared to me, moreover that Reginald evinced more than an ordinary degree of solicitude for my welfare. Accustomed as I had been to the distant pride and unbending austerity of Sir Talbot Trevor, I felt more vividly, and consequently more gratefully, the power of that sympathy, which this friendless wanderer shewed, or seemed to show, for me; and this alone, independently of the mysterious influence already alluded to, would have been sufficient to draw from me the most unreserved and implicit confidence. I was a stranger

to the world, and to all its cold and arbitrary formalities; and I was, therefore heedless of the danger of confiding in one, who had the power of abusing my confidence. I knew not *then*, that in the bustling world, all live by seeming—that love is a sordid and a sensual passion, and friendship nothing but heartless hypocrisy. I told Reginald, therefore, without any reserve, all that had happened to me, “even from my boyish days,” and more especially in that memorable night. I did not even conceal from him my love for Catharine Trevor. He heard me with the deepest interest and attention, and exclaimed loudly and indignantly against the infamous and cowardly conduct of Sir William Evans. He spoke of Catharine as an angel. He himself, when in the disguise of a pedlar, and fainting with fatigue and hunger, had once experienced the soothing kindness of this noble girl; and I thought, I saw a tear in his dark eye-lash, as he spoke of her tender attention to the “poor old pedlar.” His voice certainly faltered; but it was only for a moment;

and he quickly regained his accustomed stern composure.

After I had finished my story, several incidents of which I found were familiar to my auditor, Reginald addressed me thus: “Young man, you have been rash and headstrong, and will repent it. Look at me, Frederick Anwyl, and at my habitation. It was not always thus with me. The night hawk and the owl might frequent, unseen by me, these hoary ruins; and these features were not always thus clouded with sorrow. But one rash and sudden act—one damnable paroxysm of intemperate passion has driven me from the haunts of civilized men, to herd with those who are worse even than the very brutes— and kindred, and friends, and *all* that my heart held dear, are lost to me for ever. Listen to me, Frederick, and you shall hear the short tale of one, who has watched, though unseen, carefully over your youth, but who can now only offer you the succour and consolation of a poor, friendless, unhappy, and heart-broken wanderer!”

[*To be continued.*]

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM'S PLAN FOR CIVILIZING INDIA.

THE awful responsibility which is attached to Great Britain in the administration of those extensive territories in the East, which have been so wonderfully and rapidly acquired for her in the brief portion of time embraced by the latter half of the past century, is too self-evident to require illustration, and the manner in which she has acquitted herself of the important duties thus imposed upon her, is also, unfortunately, equally notorious. Since the period of the battle of Plassey, which virtually obtained for England the diadem of India, our Asiatic empire has continued to increase to a bulk “almost too great to keep or to resign.” “In the train of conquest more-than-Roman,” observes Archdeacon Wrangham, “commenced more-than-Tyrian, has followed; and our oppressions have too closely kept pace with both: but of the gospel, which would at once have reprov'd and compensated our injustice, we have said nothing. At the

suggestion, forsooth, of that secular prudence, in which the children of this world are stated to excel, we forbore to propose rules of conduct to others, while we ourselves consciously furnished so lamentable a proof of their inefficacy. Like the lepers in the Syrian camp, *we ate, and drank, and carried thence silver and gold and raiment; and we held our peace.*”

To a state of things, of which the foregoing, though a forcible, is not an exaggerated picture, affecting the most vital portion of our empire, it was natural that public attention should be directed; and accordingly we find that since the days of Burke numerous highly talented individuals have devoted their labours to an enquiry into the best means of remedying the evils resulting from it. Among these, the author from whom the preceding extract is borrowed, is not the least distinguished by genius and Christian charity, and the ardour with which

he has applied himself to the consideration of this momentous question, well merits the approbation of all who feel an interest in the prosperity of England, of which the well being of India forms so essential a portion. Indebted as we are to her for much of our commercial grandeur, the comforts and elegancies of life which daily surround us, are equally the produce of her soil and of her industry. More of these than we are allowed to receive does she now actually produce, and this production might probably from the capabilities of the country, be increased ten fold were proper measures adopted for its improvement. On these there exists little difference of opinion, except among those whose personal interest appears likely to be affected by the change which must necessarily precede them; and these men will constantly be opposed to all reformation, under the avowed impression that the machine will continue to work during their time. With these men the public of England have little to do, since to the advantage of the public they have never abated one iota of their pretensions; and to them the people of India have still less obligation, for to the improvement of that country they have constantly interposed obstacles. The English public must therefore judge for itself, and be no longer implicitly guided by those who claim for themselves exclusive information and wisdom on this point, but which they have never yet proved themselves to possess, and awakened to a sense of the degraded state of the wretched inhabitants of the most fertile climate of the world, claim for them some portion of the benefits they are entitled to expect from their connection with the most civilized nation in existence.

In the distant and luxuriant regions of India, the sun sheds his influence on a population four times greater in amount than that of the nation to which fate has assigned the rule and dominion over her, and exceeding in the proportion of two thousand to one the European residents among them. Degraded as the abject condition of these children of the sun, proves them to be at the present day, their ancestors exhibited a very different picture, and justly claimed that pre-eminence in literature and science which has since passed away into the

then rude and uncivilized regions of the west; for there

"Kind science, prodigal of good,
Smiled on her dusky suitor as he woo'd.
To him, while Europe's hordes lay
whelm'd in shade,
Her fullest charms the radiant power display'd;
Show'd him the wonders of her secret
love.

* * *
Taught him with subtler skill and better
art

To pierce the close recesses of the heart;
Hold moral beauty to man's raptur'd sight
Guide him from passion's glare to reason's
light:

And prompt him, to himself severely true,
His high descent to prove, his glorious end
pursue."

Centuries have however rolled away, and the scene has changed. To the descendants of the barbarous native of Europe, who then wandered wild in the almost impervious forests which covered its surface, feeding on the fruits which nature sparingly offered to his hand, and on the few animals which his limited invention and means enabled him to procure, ignorant in every science, and blindly subservient to a bigoted and blood-thirsty priesthood: to them has been transferred that science which formerly distinguished the Hindoo, as a poet, a moralist and an astronomer: and while the progress of knowledge was on-wards with the one, in the other it has been retrograde. Satisfied with the acquirements of his ancestors, and clinging with unbounded pertinacity to their institutes and dogmas, to violate which he would have deemed the height of impiety, the Hindoo, yielding to the influence of the climate which he inhabits, has become languid and enervated in soul as in body. Science is coy, and will not unsought be won; and he who shall declare, "thus far will I go and no farther" will seldom advance even to the point at which he aims. Such has been the fate of the Hindoo. To acquire a knowledge of the institutes of his predecessors has been his ultimate aim; beyond these he wished not to advance, and even these has he seldom succeeded in attaining. Revolutions have swept over his country and have diverted his attention; new religions have been introduced to his notice, and beneath their influence he has sunk never to recover his pristine sim-

plcity and vigour; and the soul-
withering influence of the system in-
stituted by Brahma has confined to
certain castes alone the privilege of
treading even the limited range, be-
yond which none is allowed to ven-
ture. Of the superstitious and bloody
usages which have mingled with the
observances of a religion by no means
unalloyed in its origin, Archdeacon
Wrangham has furnished a beautiful
picture as contrasted with the pri-
mitive simplicity of Hindoo worship.

"Ah wretched land! to every ill a prey;
Thy sons enslav'd, thy cities in decay!
But light the chains the abject frame that
bind,

To those which bow to earth th' aspiring
mind.

Where once th' Hindoo his simple prayer
prefer'd,

And sweet his caroll'd hymn of praise
was heard;

His turf-built altar unembued with
blood,

His gentle heart's religion to do good;
There in her gory shrine, with outstretch'd
hands,

Her human food stern Calica demands;
There his huge car the monster-god im-
pels

O'er prostrate crowds, who court the
crushing wheels:

There from her babes by savage Brah-
mins borne,

The widow'd mother clasps her consort's
urn;

With ill-fign'd triumph mounts his
blazing lyre,

And sinks proud trembler! in the sacred
fire,

There Superstition's execrable train
Through the vex'd soul where Darkness
holds her reign."

With Brahma originated the dis-
tinction into castes which form so
distinguishing a feature of the present
state of India, and presents the most
formidable obstacle to the progress of
information and religion. To this in-
stitution the Hindoo clings with a per-
tinacity which cannot be exceeded,
and which force has in vain attempted
to combat. The followers of the re-
ligion of Mecca found unavailing
against it the keen edge of their
Arabian scimitars, that seldom failing
engine of conversion to which they
have universally had recourse. These
military missionaries could extirpate,
but they were unable to convert.
Dissonant as force is with the prin-
ciples of christianity, it would not of
course be adopted by us, even if ex-

perience had not proved its total in-
adequacy to the end proposed. But
to what other means must we then re-
sort? So long as the predominancy of
the Hindoo priesthood continues, the
exertions of our missionaries must
continue inefficient. While the Brah-
mins continue to be necessary to all
the ordinary concerns of civil life;
while they are privileged "to direct
the dress, prescribe the food, regulate
the marriages, and determine the pro-
fessions, of their followers; and au-
thoritatively hold over the disobedient
the terrors of expulsion from their
class; a penalty involving in the irre-
trievable loss of family, friends, and
honour, a degree of suffering which
Rome in her proudest hour was never
able to inflict; their subversion is im-
possible."

To remove this impediment must
however be the first step towards the
introduction into Hindoostan of civil-
ization and religion. Direct argu-
ment has hitherto proved equally un-
availing with force; and it therefore
remains to endeavour at accomplish-
ing by more circuitous means what
reason has been unable to achieve.
The principal of these, as recom-
mended by Archdeacon Wrangham,
consist in the pointing out the greater
simplicity and pertinency of our
ceremonies compared with those of
the Hindoo, and the auspicious effects
of our civil institutions which may
enhance his estimation of those that
are religious. The absence from
genuine christianity of the sanguinary
intolerance of the mosque and the
gross imposition of the pagod, will
also tend to engage his attention to
the evidences of the gospel; and if
to these oblique influences be added,
"what of all the indirect means of
conversion is perhaps the most effica-
cious, the 'visible rhetoric' of a
good life; if we solicit the confidence
of the lower and more popular castes
by our kindness, their respect by our
proficiency in sciences and arts, and
their gratitude by communication of
these benefits; we may then, in our
struggles with their spiritual leaders,
advance to more avowed and more
active hostility."

This object can be alone effected by
a substantive, and important change
in the present system of residents in
India, by the alteration in fact of
residents into settlers, and the thus

forming as it were a permanent and increasing Christian caste, in the bosom of which converts might find a refuge when disowned as outcasts by the tribe which they had quitted. To the present condition of India, Mr. Burke's description is as applicable as it was in 1783. "Young men, (boys almost) govern there, without society and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people, than if they still resided in England; nor indeed any species of intercourse, but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in, one after another, wave after wave; and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives, but an endless hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds to be blown about, in every breaking up of the Monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean." From such men, the beneficial results we have just anticipated cannot be expected; it must in fact be looked for from those whose connection with the country shall be of a more settled and permanent character. The gradual and guarded colonization from Europe which has been strongly recommended as the most judicious measure to be adopted, would contribute essentially to this desirable end. But to produce any consequential result, this important measure must not be too limited in its extent; limited it will of necessity be, when the vast surface of the country is regarded; and to be extensively beneficial it must not be cramped. By this alone, can an enlarged and kindly intercourse be opened with the natives of India; to share the rites of hospitality, to contract affinities, and to blend ourselves by a common interest of mutual good will and benefit in all the endearing relations of private life, will form a broad and firm basis on which to raise the glorious superstructure to which every friend of mankind looks forward with anxious anticipation. The improvements in science, in arts, and especially in agriculture, which a body thus constituted would present

E. M. January, 1825.

to the more opulent and respectable of their neighbours, and the employment and support which it would furnish to the poorer among them, must imperceptibly exert a beneficial influence over their habits and manners, and gradually induce them, as soon as its value could be properly appreciated, to embrace as brethren and reverence as saviours those whom they might previously have regarded with suspicion or rejected with coldness.

Among the other beneficial results to which a liberal system of colonization would lead, the improvement and restoration of public works deserve also particular mention. To the present governors of India, residing at a distance from the spot whence their profits are derived, and frequently ignorant on almost every subject connected with it, the ample interest which they can derive from the capital they have employed appears of primary and paramount consideration; and to gratify this avaricious lust, the revenues are collected with rigour to be exported into Europe. Money expended in India for its advantage seems to minds thus distorted by interest, to differ little from being wasted, and instances have occurred, in which a more than usually public-spirited Governor General has been checked in his schemes of vast importance to those over whom he ruled, by those who bore rule over him. To settlers in India, these plans would be equally important as to the natives; roads and canals would be cut; the ruined reservoirs, many of them works of royal grandeur, intended to preserve the precious deposit of the periodical rains, would be repaired, and new ones constructed; embankments would be formed to guard against the present ruinous effects of inundations; and in lieu of their actual dreariness, the valleys of India, "now literally vales of tears," will stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing.

In the moral cultivation of the population itself, yet more would be effected. In addition to those sources of improvement which have been enumerated above, schools, which now, from the paucity of European inhabitants can scarcely be maintained, except in those few points in which they are congregated, would be multi-

plied over the surface of the country ; and from them, by judicious management, by abstaining from irritating or needlessly opposing the doctrines and prejudices of the Hindoo, incalculable benefit must result. The establishment of a few colleges or literary institutions, however adapted they may be to bring together the more learned of the natives, and those few Europeans whose leisure enables them to attend to such pursuits, must be trifling in its effects compared with those which would be produced by schools, in which such impressions might be infixed upon the young and susceptible mind, as no after scenes would suffice to eradicate.

In so distant a country as India from that by which her destinies are swayed, and with her immediate government submitted to the power of a few individuals alone, personal security and property require to be guarded with the most jealous and vigilant care. Unless this be exercised, and the strongest bulwarks erected in their defence, none among the more respectable classes of British society, to whom the value of liberty is so well known and so deeply endeared, would be induced to avail himself of the permission, which we have assumed to be granted, (as it is essential that it should) of settling as a colonist on the fertile plains of Hindoostan, and of transferring to his children in perpetuity their natal spot. Outcasts of society, schemers, and needy adventurers, might doubtless be ready to flock into this new land of promise, even were their liberty put in jeopardy by the enterprise, but of them India has no need ; the worthy and the respectable alone would benefit her, and such would cherish too dearly the independence of their ancestors tamely to resign it. To encourage these to become settled proprietors of estates in so remote a region, their liberty must be secured to them by the safeguard of the law ; and to effect this it is essential that that Anti-British enactment which subjects every Englishman to transportation from India at the mere will of the Governor in council, without accusation and without trial, should be immediately repealed. Petty oppressions will of course be met with, too trifling to be cognizable in a court of justice, and for these also there

must be provided a remedy. This remedy has once existed in India ; but it has now unfortunately been torn from her. The freedom of the press can alone countervail the every day injuries of the petty man in office, and cause him to tremble and shrink into himself before its impartial and strict scrutiny. It is equally powerful to protect from the oppressions of the highest, and even he who lords it over all, must heed before its energies while advocating the cause of truth and justice. Before its effulgence darkness and error will disappear ; and by its assistance, right will always ultimately prevail.

For the press of India, however, we claim not, more than for that of England, an unbounded and irresponsible license. To the laws it must always be subject ; but let those laws be clearly defined, let every individual interested therein have full cognizance of them ; then let him act as to him shall seem fit, and give to a jury of his countrymen, and to that tribunal alone, the power of judging whether he has exceeded the fair bounds of candid discussion, and wilfully wielded to a bad purpose the powerful engine he has set in motion. If an impartial tribunal thus composed shall declare that he has so offended, let him then suffer for his crime the full penalty which he has incurred ; and if it be urged that a still heavier punishment be necessary in India than in England, let that penalty be increased even tenfold. To all this let him be subjected, but not before conviction.

In the preceding observations, the attention has been directed rather to the grand and preliminary steps towards the civilization of India, than to its minuter and more remote details. That this important and vital object cannot be regarded as complete and perfect until christianity shall have chased away the errors of superstition from the benighted minds of its inhabitants cannot for a moment be doubted ; but into the means by which this should be effected it is impossible at present to enter at sufficient length. Of these, the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham has given very extensive details in his "Dissertation on the best Means of Civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India," (to which we are indebted for many of the previous suggestions,)

and more especially in his excellent "Sermon on the Translation of the Scriptures into the Oriental Languages." To these we must refer the reader for those discussions which could not with propriety have been introduced into the present article; and we confidently anticipate the time when experience will have fully demonstrated their efficiency.

"Be this thy art
Not to corrupt, but meliorate the heart:
Where'er mankind in Gentile darkness
lie,
Instruction's blessed radiance to supply;

O'er the oppress'd soft mercy's dew to
shed,
And crush with ruin the oppressor's head.

O haste your tardy coming, days of
gold,
Long by prophetic minstrelsy foretold!
Where yon bright purple streaks the orient
skies,
Rise science, freedom, peace, religion, rise;
Till, from Tanjore to farthest Samar-
cand,
In one wide lustre bask the glowing land;
And (Brahma from his guilty greatness
hurl'd
With Mecca's Lord) Messiah rule the
world!"

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

If e'er a pure, a sacred tear,
From pity's beaming eye can flow,
'Tis surely when death's stroke severe
Has laid the son of genius low;
Each ardent friend, each former foe,
His bier with precious dew-drops lave,
And mirth assumes the garb of woe,
And weeps upon the minstrel's grave.

The trivial throng whose fickle praise,
His strains sought vainly to engage,
Now mourn too late his slighted lays,
And wet with tears his hallow'd page;
The timid maid, the studious sage,
Deplore his fate whom none can save,
And blooming youth, and hoary age,
Sigh sadly o'er the minstrel's grave.

His fondest pride, his magic lyre,
Hung on the laurel must remain,
And none shall dare to wake its fire,
And none shall rouse its strings again;
Save when they breathe a mournful strain,
As passing winds the branches wave,
To tell the thoughtless and the vain,
They wander near a minstrel's grave.

No cypress sad or gloomy yew,
O'er his loved tomb shall darkly cling,
But weeping beauty there shall strew,
The fairest flowers of the spring;
Soft gales around shall fragrance fling,
Fresh flow'rets o'er his tomb shall wave,
And nightingales shall sweetly sing
A requiem at the minstrel's grave.

M. A.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM.

TURPI, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Hermit in Italy. By M. De Jouy. Three volumes, London.

THE Hermit in Italy is a work so amply stored with continental information, combined with so much useful anecdote, instruction and amusement, that if he who has not read it knew the worth of what he has not enjoyed, it is not improbable that he might be tempted to envy the gratification it has afforded us. The celebrated author of "The Hermit in Edinburgh," and of all the other "English Hermits," is, notwithstanding his capability to excel in this species of writing, even inferior to M. De Jouy in some respects; but the world has never yet had an author who was always equal to himself in the various departments of his composition; and while the "Hermit in Edinburgh" is inferior to the "Hermit in Italy," in his relation of useful anecdote, of that which really did exist, he is by far his superior in delineation of character, display of original wit, sarcastic humour, interwoven with agreeable story, productive of the happiest of moral. But this preference is not general, nor can it be injurious to the fame of the ingenious M. De Jouy, when the celebrity of his rival is taken into consideration: and indeed there is so much genuine merit every where visible in the writings of both those amiable men, that while we recommend them in the warmest manner to the notice of the public, we perceive it altogether uncivil and unnecessary to excite any thing like jealousy among their friends and admirers, by conferring the meed of absolute preference on either. The tales of which the three volumes of the Hermit in Italy are composed make fifty-three. We give the following as a tolerable specimen of the whole.

BOBOLI AND THE CASCINE.

Fu il vincere sempre l'hai laudabile cosa,
Vincisti o per fortuna o per ingegno
Aldovizi, Canto XV.

Every traveller, provided he be acquainted with the language of the country where he finds himself, must have felt

how much more deeply the merits and peculiarities of authors are felt in their native land, than in any other spot. Until I read Dante in Tuscany, I never perceived all the energy of his poetry; nor had the exquisite narratives of Ariosto any particular charm for me. Nothing, however, can be more delightful than to hear a beautiful Italian woman recite the stanzas of this poet. Their mode of accentuation gives a musical effect to poetry, which we foreigners could scarcely have imagined. I recollect that on one occasion the stanza, of which the motto to this chapter is an extract, was the subject of controversy in a numerous assembly of females. Almost every one condemned the poet for his sentiment, and agreed that no praises should be awarded to those who were indebted for victory to fortune alone. Our fair hostess Madame

succeeded in convincing us, that if Ariosto were wrong in respect to the melancholy glory of triumph in war, he was at least right in regard to the gentler and more agreeable triumphs of love. At that time there was a good deal of talk in Florentine society, with respect to this lady, who held the official appointment of court reader to the Princess Eliza. It would not be easy to find a female more remarkable for her beauty, grace, and accomplishments; she was at the head of society, and her house was the rendezvous for all the rank, fashion, and polished intellect in Florence. Of the persons who constituted this society I shall say nothing, because since the court of the Regent, perhaps there has been none where the tone of morality was so lax, as in that of Florence. Instead of being master of his own government and court, the poor Prince of Lucca and Piombino was entirely managed by his wife, the sister of Napoleon. Whenever any despatches arrived from Paris, the Princess was in the habit of ordering them to be brought to her in the midst of her amusements, at a party, or even at a ball, when she would break the seals, and leave to her husband the business of taking the envelopes from the newspapers. This was the subject of much laughter and ridicule in Florence; but as Baccolochi was at heart a good sort of person enough, he was liked a great deal better than his wife.

"The Florentines are amiable and well informed. Almost every one is attached to the fine arts. It was a source of gratification to me to hear them speak highly

in praise of my old friend De Reuilly, who had been the first French prefect of Florence. He died a short time before my visit, from the effects of a wound received in a duel at the *Bois de l'incennes*, with a famous French general. A pretty actress of the *Comédie Française*, celebrated for her *bons-mots*, which are not always *d'un tres bon-ton*, was the cause of the quarrel, which terminated so fatally. The prevalent reports of the time gave the honours to the vanquished, for it was said that the triumph, such as it was, belonged entirely to fortune. Reuilly was one of the best and most amiable men I ever knew. This is a tribute after a long experience of his good qualities, and its sincerity is not to be questioned. At Florence I met a young man whom he had brought with him, and who was now established there. It was a source of pleasure to discourse on the virtues of our deceased friend, and I learnt at the same time some anecdotes respecting the government of General Menou, who had turned Mussulman, in Egypt, under the name of Abdallah. The destiny of this general was indeed a singular one, and his name is associated with events in the history of that epoch, which will long remain inexplicable. Never was there a man more fond of pomp and ostentation, and never was there one who had a greater repugnance to discharge his debts. On his return from Egypt, Menou succeeded Marshal Jourdan in the government of Piedmont. The Egyptian girl he had married, resided at Turin, with his son, young Solomon, and he never took them to Florence. He gave a grand ball at Turin, which was still talked of when I passed through that city. It lasted from Sunday evening to Wednesday morning. During that time the guests supped, breakfasted, and dined with him; the *buffets* and refreshments were permanent establishments; when one set of musicians was tired out, another took their places; the company retired by platoons, to snatch a little repose and to arrange their toilette; but the ball itself suffered no interruption, and ended as brilliantly as it began. The Egyptian wife, however, did not make her appearance, and if report spoke true, the general was not so amiable in his domestic, as in his public character. She was present on one occasion at a performance (by the French actors, under the management of Mademoiselle Raucourt) of *Le Tyran Domestique*, and she observed with great simplicity to her companions; 'Now that is so like the general when he is in a good humour!' The young Frenchman told me another anecdote of Menou, at Florence. 'I was,' said he, 'presented to the General, who then occupied the Pitti palace. He invited me to dine

with him the following Sunday. I accompanied Mons. Reuilly, and after traversing a long file of ante-chambers, apartments, and grand saloons, all richly furnished, we came at last to a large hall, where the guests were assembled, but the Governor had not yet arrived. He was occupied, or supposed to be occupied, in his closet. He did not make his appearance until towards seven o'clock, when the dinner was immediately served up. This is the hour at which the common people of Tuscany take their last meal for the day. The rules of etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the seats were distributed to the different guests (whose names were placed in the plates,) according to a previous arrangement. The General was attentive and polite during dinner, which lasted about half an hour, when he rose and returned to his closet. He was greatly liked at Florence.'

"Menou must have rendered some important service to Napoleon, who allowed him a pension for life of 300,000 francs a-year. He kept this even when he left Florence for Venice, where he had but the shadow of an employment. Spite of this pension and the title of Count, together with the grand cross of the Legion of Honour, he never could obtain permission to return to Florence. At Venice he fell in love, at the age of seventy-two, with the *prima donna* of the opera. She, after a few months' connexion, in her turn fell in love with a youth, and fled with him. Menou pursued and overtook them at Padua, but her new love would not bend to any interested propositions, and the poor General, after a long and not always inglorious life, finished his amorous fit and his life by the same melancholy catastrophe. At his death, seals were placed on all his papers, the greater part of which were at Turin. Napoleon sent a commissioner, who, with the secretary of Prince Borghese, and an officer of the General's suite, superintended their destruction. They were ordered to watch each other, and take care that neither of them should read any piece written or signed by Menou, and to destroy them without the slightest examination. There were at least sixty orders of the day and letters addressed to Kleber, which probably had been intercepted. Amongst his papers they found the proofs of a laborious life. There were plans of the course of the Nile, taken on the spot, which exactly coincided with the charts of D'Anville. That learned person, who during a life of eighty years had been occupied in arranging the geography of the world, never travelled further than from Paris to Soissons. It is not always necessary actually to see things, in order to know them well.

"These sketches, which do not properly belong to Florence, have led me into a digression from the subject of this chapter. *Boboli* is a garden; an enchanted garden, even to those who have seen the most beautiful in Europe; the Nymphenburg of the King of Bavaria, Kensington Gardens at London, Versailles, and the Tuileries. In these days we should look with disdain on those of Alcinous, though we were to see them just as Homer has described them. *Boboli* is not a garden in the French style, and its vegetation is far superior to that of England. The turf, which is singularly fresh, is cut up by alleys leading to bowers, grottos, and labyrinths. In the higher part is a *belvedere*, with a tower from which there is a noble prospect of the hills, plains, and distant cities of Prato and Pistoja. This latter town has acquired a right to the gratitude of mankind, similar to that of Bayonne: if the one boasts the honour of having enriched the world with the *bayonet*, the other may claim that of having invented the *pistol*: these are what are called *useful inventions*. This beautiful garden is so extensive, that we devoted several evenings to visit the different walks, arbours, and secret recesses of *Boboli*. It requires no less than an hour and a half to make the circuit of it. In every part openings are presented, which command charming views of the city and the adjacent country. From the garden there is an avenue, shaded with trees and planted with flowers, which leads to the Roman-Gate, and the country through which it runs is so rich, that it seems to be a continuation of the garden.

"The Florentines regard the grand Ducal Palace as one of the finest monuments of Italy. It is called the Pitti Palace, after the name of its original proprietor, from whom it was purchased by Cosmo I. It was erected in 1555, from the designs of the architect Orgagna, and belongs entirely to the age of the Republic. There all dignities were conferred, litigations decided, laws promulgated, commands entrusted, and harangues to the people delivered. This edifice, as remarkable for its original destination as for its architectural beauty, is at present used only as a retreat during the summer. The porters of Florence lie stretched out on those steps, which were formerly trodden by the statesmen of Tuscany. Between this palace and the old palace are what are called *Uffizi*. It is a building in the form of a parallelogram, three sides of which are erected, under which run a line of colonnades. It was begun in 1561, by Cosmo I., after the designs of Vasari. The colonnades are a favourite promenade of the Florentines. Here one may remark taste and elegance of dress, which is not to be found amongst the

middle classes in the other parts of Italy. The men are occasionally well made, but generally they have an effeminate air. It is amongst the females, and above all the younger ones, that beauty is most to be found. Their shapes are ordinarily graceful, and their step firm and conscious. Though rarely fat, yet they are remarkable for the roundness and plumpness of their arms. Their physiognomy is expressive, equally free from a repulsive boldness and tiresome languor.

"The Pitti Palace is built of large rough hewn stones, now darkened with age, and resembles a fortress. There is a slight ascent to it in front. The interior is extremely rich. You arrive first at a lofty gallery which runs round a square court, in the middle of which is a statue of Hercules, ascribed to Lysippus. There is also a statue of David with the sling, the work of Michael Angelo when nineteen years of age. At one angle, in a fountain of marble, stands a Neptune, surrounded with bronze figures, and further on is the equestrian statue of Cosmo I., by John of Bologna. Near the old palace is a singular monument, whose general style is classical, though all the ornaments are Gothic. It is a tribune or *loggia*, with three large arcades. The ascent to the tribune is by a series of steps, which surround the base of the building. Under the arcade on the right is a groupe representing the Rape of the Sabinæ, by John of Bologna, a work highly estimated. To the right is the Perseus of Beurenato Cellini, a statue full of vigour and talent. In the other arcade there is a Judith and Holofernes, by Donatello. It would require volumes to describe the riches of art which are heaped together in this palace. There are seven principal halls filled with sculpture, painting, and mosaics. These halls are named after Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, Hercules, the Sybil, and the Bath. The admiration of the beholder is divided amongst the productions of Salvator, Borgognone, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Pietro di Cortona, Del Sarto, Titian, Michael Angelo, Vandyck, Guido, Cigoli, Guercino, Annibal Caracci, Perugino, Tintoretto, Fra-Bartolomeo, Da Vinci, Raphael, and many other famous painters, and sculptors equally renowned.

"One of the wings of the Pitti Palace opens to the Boboli gardens. It is constructed and decorated in the modern French style with great elegance. This was the place where the court held its assemblies and gave its fêtes. The Grand-Duchess Eliza frequently resided there in the fine season. I was one day introduced, by a chamberlain, into her cabinet *de travail*, which joined her dressing room. Imagine my surprise, when, in-

stead of toilette ornaments, stuffs, fashions, and female decorations, I found maps and charts spread out on desks, mathematical instruments, and scientific works. It was the study of a scholar and a statesman, rather than that of a woman.

"Cosmo II. greatly enlarged this magnificent residence of the Tuscan sovereigns. Leopold added to it still, more out of humanity than a love of show, for he knew that the best and most efficient and which can be given to the needy, is the opportunity of being industrious. Thus he caused an amphitheatre and a commodious theatre to be erected in the Boboli Gardens, so that almost all the pleasures and luxuries of civilization may now be found within the walls of this delicious residence.

"The Boboli gardens are shaped like a harpsichord, the broader side of which is parallel to the palace. A wide avenue runs nearly through the middle of it towards the summit of a low hill, on the left of which is a summer-house, and beyond this there is a small fort. On turning to the right, the whole length of the garden is commanded by a single glance. One of the alleys,—it is the largest,—is bordered with statues of white marble, and basins of the same material, containing *jets d'eau*. The sides of this alley are also ornamented with arbours, and regular walks branch out from it to the extremities of the garden. Luca Pitti, a wealthy Florentine citizen, first conceived the idea of this palace in 1440, the plans of which were designed by Bramellesco. The work was left to be completed by one of his descendants, and since the time of Cosmo I., who purchased and embellished it, it has always been the residence of the Dukes of Tuscany, all of whom have contributed to render it more beautiful, and to augment its riches by assembling there the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art. The Pitti Palace and the Boboli gardens, are manifestly the models of the palace and the park of Versailles. Nature, it is true, has done for Boboli more than it has for Versailles. The environs of this latter palace are meagre and unpleasant to the eye: those of the Pitti Palace are far more varied, and the slope of the soil, the rich verdure of the adjacent hills, the vicinity of Florence, and the Val d'Arno, contrast delightfully by their irregularity and variety with the regularity and verdure of the gardens.

"The sovereigns of Tuscany have another charming country residence, called *Le Cascine dell' Isola*. A dairy has been established here, and a great number of cows are kept for its supply. The road to it is through the woods of *delle Cascine*, which are not unlike what the *Bois de Boulogne* was, before the cossacks

and the soldiers of Wellington did us the favour to cut down the trees. On Ascension-day, an immense concourse of people flock to this wood, the southern edge of which borders on the Arno. It is divided into meadows and corn-fields, and roads, shaded with trees, pass through it in every direction. The principal road leads to the country-house of the Grand Duke. This building was begun in 1787. Every evening, about six o'clock, this road is filled with carriages. To pedestrians, the *Cascine* are delightful, for they can escape in a moment from the bustle of a large town into the solitude of lonely forests. After driving along the grand road, it is usual to return by the side of the Arno. In the summer season this river is very much reduced in size, but still its banks are pleasant.

"Returning from the *Cascine*, one may visit the church of *d'Ognissanti*, which, however, has nothing remarkable about it. Near it is a Franciscan convent, the cloister of which is ornamented with some frescoes of *Lagozzi*, full of force and truth of colouring. The portraits of some of the principal persons of the order do not yield in expression to oil paintings, whilst they have a grace and lightness of touch very rarely found in oil. Opposite to this convent is the Martellini palace, the antique style of which is associated with the disturbances of the middle ages. Further on is the hospital of *San Giovanni di Dio*, which is somewhat rude in its architecture, though not unpleasant to the eye in its general effect, and still less so to the mind, in the care which has been taken to increase the comfort of its inmates. The entrance from the street is simple; a large corridor is passed, at the end of which is a circular staircase, with a double flight of steps. In the middle of this stands a group, in marble, representing St. Michael with St. John, having a mendicant at his feet. Behind this group, and at the top of the two staircases leading into the grand dormitory, is an altar, at the foot of which I found, on my first visit, several young priests, together with some infirm convalescent patients, reciting their litanies, whilst others in their beds repeated the prayers at a distance. Near this is the Vespucci palace, on the walls of which the priests of the church of St. John have placed an inscription to the memory of Amerigo Vespucci, one of the discoverers of the New World.

It is almost impossible to be tired of perambulating the streets of Florence. At every step one finds something interesting to occupy the attention. There is another very remarkable church, that of the Trinity. Its origin is very ancient, and having been frequently repaired, affords specimens of almost all the styles of

architecture. It existed in 800; was rebuilt in 1250; the *façade* was repaired in 1593, and the interior has since that time been frequently repaired. In one of the old chapels, the amateurs of art will find some magnificent paintings, by Ghirlandajo. On the right, near the old Ceroni palace, is a *café*, which, in the thirteenth century, was a barrack. Ices are now sold under those ancient and useless battlements, which only serve to refer the thoughts to the strange and fearful histories of other times, and to invite a comparison between their wretchedness and the advantages which are enjoyed by the present age.

"I was at the Cascine one day, while the Princess Eliza and all her court were *en promenade*. Some of the more ambitious youngsters, desirous of shewing off their horsemanship and their persons, or anxious to catch a glimpse of the princess, were tumbled from their horses into the dust, amidst the laughter of the populace. Such ambition well deserved a place in the cells of St. Boniface.

"St. Boniface is the hospital for mad persons. It was founded in the fourteenth century, by a nobleman of Parma, named Boniface Lupi, who was then *podistà* of Florence. In many of the Italian cities, one is struck by a circumstance which forms a singular contrast with what is so common in France: with us, if a man arrives to any high situation he is pretty sure to make his fortune there; in Italy, on the other hand, if he makes any fortune it is usual to appropriate that, and whatever else he may possess, in founding some useful institution, which may also perpetuate his memory. In 1769 the maniacs were removed into one wing of this edifice; the others were kept for the reception of the old and infirm of both sexes, and persons attacked with chronic or incurable maladies. Over the entrance is placed the bust of the Grand Duke Leopold.

"In former times, the Dukes of Tuscany possessed several other palaces and country-houses, besides those I have named. Amongst these, and still belonging to them, is the *Poggio Imperiale*, built by the Archduchess Maria Maddalena, enlarged by the Grand Duchess Victoria, and embellished by Leopold. It is enriched with the productions of the most able painters and sculptors. The furniture is extremely splendid. The palace itself stands in the midst of a pleasant country, and is surrounded by terraces covered with statues. The magnificence of art, and the natural richness of the soil, have combined to make this another palace of Armida, and the numerous *pozzi d'oro*, (golden apple) trees which fill the grounds, give it the look of the garden of the Hesperides. At the beginning of an

avenue nearly a mile in length, leading to the palace, are four statues, of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Petrarch.

"The academies, musical conservatories, and schools of Tuscany, hold a distinguished place amongst the same kind of institutions in Italy. The Della Crusca is the most famous of all; from this academy proceeded the great dictionary which bears its name. Tuscany is regarded as the cradle of the language, and the place where it is born; in its greatest purity. *La lingua Toscana, in bocca Romana*, is a well-known proverb. It is certainly true, that the Roman pronunciation is the more pure of the two. They articulate more distinctly, and the long and short syllables are so accentuated, as to preserve to this beautiful language all its harmony, without losing any of its energy. The Florentines, on the other hand, aspirate the consonants *c* and *g* in such a way as to give them a guttural sound, like the Spanish *j*; for example, they pronounce *cavalli* and *quattro*, *hualli* and *huattro*, at the same time strongly aspirating the *h*."

Travels in the Republic of Colombia, in the years 1822 and 1823, by G. Mollien. Translated from the French. C. Knight, Pall Mall East.—pp. 424.

Colombia. Its present State, in respect of Climate, Soil, Productions, Population, Government, Commerce, Revenue, Manufactures, Arts, Literature, Manners, Education, and Inducements to Emigration, by Col. Francis Hall.—pp. 148. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

THE contents of these two works must, we think, go far to expel the extravagant illusions that have been too prevalent in Europe, respecting the wealth and resources of the late Spanish colonies in South America. According to both the traveller and the naturalized citizen (Col. Hall), the great body of the inhabitants of Colombia, that *El Dorado* of ancient and modern fable, possess fewer comforts, are more subject to disease, and can obtain less alleviation of their ills than the most wretched of European paupers! Such is the view which all their accounts unfold, though their language on the subject is somewhat different from what ours would be. It appears that with a fertile soil which rewards the most trifling cultivation, the inhabitants are exposed to the horrors of want, because they will

not work. Till they learn industry, their vaunted independence, the loans of other countries, even the assistance of the world united, will not raise them in the scale of nations, or enable them to enjoy the refinements of civilized life. While one half of the population has been destroyed by the war, the remainder seem not to have caught, even from the stirring vicissitudes of the contest, any spirit of activity or desire of improvement, but pursue the noiseless "tenour of their way" in want and indolence. The extracts we are about to make will prove the correctness of our assertions.

The largest and most important of the two works on Colombia, is by M. Mollien, the well-known African traveller. During a year's residence in various parts of the republic, he enjoyed ample opportunities of forming correct opinions both of the country and people, and seems to have been at all times governed by impartial feelings. He landed at Carthagena in November, 1822, ascended the Magdalena 500 miles to Honda, crossed the mountains (22 leagues) to Bogotá, the capital, and after visiting every memorable place in New Granada, returned to Europe by way of Popayan, Panama, and Chagres. Before his arrival on the coast of Colombia, he had landed at Norfolk in Virginia, and though *that* place is very far from being desirable to a European, he finds the comparison between it and Carthagena to be "by no means favourable to the towns of South America."

"Carthagena, in fact, presents the melancholy aspect of a cloister, long galleries, short and clumsy columns, streets narrow and dark, from the too great projection of the terraces, which almost prevent the admission of daylight; the greater part of the houses dirty, full of smoke, poverty stricken, and sheltering beings still more filthy, black and miserable. Such is the picture at first presented by a city adorned with the name of the rival of Rome. However, on entering the houses, their construction, singular at first sight, appears afterwards to be well contrived, the object being to admit the circulation of the fresh air. The rooms are nothing but immense vestibules in which the cool air, unfortunately so rare, might be respired with the utmost delight, were it not for the stings of thousands of insects, and for the bats, whose poisonous bites are not only more painful, but are even said to be

E. M. January, 1825.

venomous. A table, half a dozen wooden chairs, a mat bed, a large jar, and two candlesticks, generally compose the whole stock of furniture of these habitations, which are built of brick and covered in with tiles."—p. 11.

The bogas (or boatmen) on the Magdalena seem to be about the most miserable beings in existence. Other travellers have given the same testimony to their wretchedness.

"Bogas, advanced in years, who, weary of navigating the river, have become desirous of leaving the fruits of their painful labours to their children, with some enfranchised slaves and deserters, belonging to all races, or rather to all colours, have established themselves upon these unwholesome shores; but though leading such isolated lives, with respect to one another, they have not entirely renounced the society of men. Boats and piraguas frequently stop near their dwellings, and purchase the surplus of their crops; yet, notwithstanding the vegetable production is very abundant, so many bananas are demanded for a single dollar, that they cannot procure a sum sufficient to supply themselves with clothes. These people are therefore very poor, and exceedingly unhappy, since out of the ten plagues of Egypt, they have at least five; the putridity of the water, ulcers, reptiles, large flies, and the death of their eldest born; in fact they rear their children with great difficulty."—p. 34.

The following instance of South American *dignity* will amuse our readers:—

"I had just made myself comfortable at Tiribé, in a hut, the use of which had been granted me, when I was disturbed by the entrance of a tall stout man; it was the curate. After the usual compliments, he requested I would lend him my watch; I presented it to him. He then begged I would make him a present of it; and upon my refusal, desired I would give him my sabre; and upon again receiving a denial, he retired, inviting me, in no very gracious terms, to pay him a visit."—p. 87.

In noticing the various chiefs who have distinguished themselves during the struggle for independence, he makes the following remarks on the American Suwarrow, the sanguinary Paës:—

"A khan of Tartars, an Arabian sheik, has given the rudest shocks to the Spanish power in America. The mulatto Paës, at the head of a few thousands of his savage lancers, has often defeated whole squadrons of disciplined troops; particularly the hussars of Ferdinand

VII. Páris affects great luxury and particular politeness; yet, notwithstanding the vanity natural to a savage, he lives upon terms of perfect equality with his troops; when he is with them, their food, their games, and their exercises, are his own. No one rides a horse better than he, or wields a lance with more dexterity, or attacks an enemy with more fury. He thus possesses absolute power over his undisciplined hordes, who, tractable towards a leader that sets them an example of courage, obey him with the submission of slaves."

The houses of Bogotá resemble those he has already described in speaking of Carthagena, with some difference in the internal arrangements:—

"Every house has at least one saloon, and an eating room; for it is considered unpollite to receive friends or to entertain them in a sleeping room. The kitchen is always of an immense size, less on account of the quantity of provisions cooked, than the number of useless servants assembled there: there is no chimney, stoves only are used. No houses are seen without carpets: the ancient straw mats of the Indians are no longer used by fashionable people, but are superseded by carpets of European manufacture. Both of these are destined, if there be no fire, to warm the apartments and to conceal the inequalities of the floor, where unfortunately the negligence of the servants permits the most loathsome insects to swarm in immense numbers. The furniture is simple, and usually consists of nothing more than two sofas covered with cotton, two small tables, a few leathern chairs, after the fashion of the fifteenth century; a looking glass, and three lamps suspended from the ceiling."—p. 191.

The streets and shops do not seem to possess many attractions:—

"The three principal streets of Bogotá, are cheerful, tolerably regular, but badly paved. It was a saying of one of their viceroys, that Bogotá had four police officers, to keep the town clean, the gallinazos, the rain, the asses, and the hogs: the same observation will nearly apply now; but the streams of fresh water which run through the streets would cleanse them still more effectually, if, at eight o'clock in the evening, the indolence of the inhabitants did not convert them into filthy and infectious sewers.

"The shops are crowded together, dirty and dark; the only admission for daylight is by the door. These, however, are the places of resort for the idle. Seated upon his counter, smoking incessantly, and giving laconic answers to his customers, the Colombian merchant in

many respects resembles those of Smyrna or Aleppo.—p. 201.

Panama, with all its defects, seems to have more the air of a European town than any other place in Colombia:—

"Guayaquil is built of wood; Buenaventura of straro; Panama has retained something of both kinds of architecture; at first sight, however, the town pleases a European; he sees houses of three stories, inhabited by several families, consequently, as in his own country, noise and bustle. To these features of resemblance, which first strike him, must be added others that are less agreeable, especially excessive uncleanness, increased by that carelessness which is natural in a warm country, and among a people of Spanish origin. At Carthagena there is not a single chair, here the houses are crowded with furniture; fowls and pigeons enter every where, while, in the court yard, the pigs live on all the filth which is thrown out of the windows; this being the only means the inhabitants have yet found of getting rid of it.

"The streets are narrow, and much darker than those of Carthagena, and even much dirtier; at night they are sufficiently lighted by the shops, where the trades-people endeavour to introduce a degree of order and neatness, which shows their frequent intercourse with the English. The provision warehouses, in particular, are better arranged than those of the towns of the interior; they contain many articles from the United States, and a great quantity of wines and liquors of all kinds. There is a coffee house at Panama, where nothing but coffee is sold; it is much drunk in the towns of the great Ocean, and begins to supersede chocolate."

Neither Mollien nor Hall speak of the national *character* of the Colombians in favourable terms:—

"The Colombian has but little vivacity in his features, his countenance is gloomy, melancholy, and without expression; it is indicative only of indolence, and the slowness of his motions proves that these signs are not deceitful; for he is perhaps only to be surpassed in idleness by his slave. To hurry a Colombian is like waking mal-a-propos a man who is asleep; he detests action except from caprice; to direct him is impossible, and fatal to the person who attempts it. To every question you ask, they answer in the affirmative; whatever favour you solicit is never refused, but the promise is forgotten as soon as given. With the word *diligencia* always in their mouth, they never stir. Nevertheless they offer of their own accord to act; every thing

is a *sa disposition* (at your disposal): they are always ready *pour servir & attendre* (to serve you) when you enquire after their health. It is an error to believe them, and those who depend upon their good offices will generally find themselves deceived.

"The stranger must, above all things, avoid every thing that may awaken jealousy (envy) an eternal source of hatred; that jealousy which the Spaniards are supposed to cherish towards their women is not meant here; very few Americans feel it. Talent, sense, knowledge, must be shown by the stranger as little as possible; he cannot display any degree of luxury unless he join with it inexhaustible liberality; he must, above all, never praise the merits of one man in the presence of another; it would be misplaced in the presence of a poor *hidalgo* to speak of the riches of an opulent neighbour. That delicacy which may be called the essence of probity is far from being found among them. In a great number the traces of recent slavery are found, which authorise cunning and bad faith to acquire what cannot be obtained from the generosity and the justice of the master. Lying, envy, and ingratitude are the prevailing vices; to these may be added revenge, if we put any faith in the popular saying: 'It is for God to pardon—man, never.'"—Mollien, p. 364.

Even their hydrographer and fellow citizen, Colonel Hall, is obliged to give them but an indifferent character:—

"Long habits of slavery and oppression, partially counteracted by a feverish interval of liberty, ill understood and imperfectly enjoyed; the almost total want of education, and absence of that moral stimulus, which, under the name of *honour* or *character*, forces every respectable individual of European society to a line of conduct conformable with his situation; all these circumstances have produced a negativeness or debility both in thought and action, which renders them troublesome to deal with, and unfit to be relied on. It is in fact almost impossible to calculate their behaviour, except you could be certain of the last idea which has occupied their imagination, for the feeling or interest most immediately present is pretty generally decisive of their conduct. Does a merchant contract with a planter for a quantity of coffee or cocoa, at a certain rate? in vain would he suppose the bargain concluded, should another purchaser appear, and offer the slightest advance of price. The readiness with which they break a promise or an agreement, can only be equalled by the sophistical ingenuity with which they defend themselves for having done so." Hall, p. 85.

The work, entitled "*Columbia*," is a brief summary of the principal features of the soil, climate, and government of that country, with the inducements to emigration. It is very well written, and shows much profound thought in the author. We cannot make a summary of a summary, but shall confine ourselves to making extracts of some of his masterly remarks on the difficulties that fetter the commerce of Colombia and check its progress in wealth and power. The principal difficulties he considers to be want of population, want of industry, want of knowledge, and want of internal communications.

"The necessary consequence of a want of population is the dearth and scarcity of labour; a disadvantage trebly augmented by the feeble and inert disposition of the people. The Creole labourer will perform *badly* in a week a piece of work which a European would do *well* in a day. Idleness is, in fact, the predominant propensity of all classes; in the rich it is caused by the want of moral stimulus, in the poor it is cherished by the facility of subsistence. The love of labour is not natural to man; he must have a motive, and a powerful one, to overcome the tendency to inaction, to which all animals are subject, when excited neither by appetite nor passion. In countries where the social system has made considerable progress, stimuli are never wanting; artificial necessities, as well as artificial enjoyments, are so multiplied, as to include every individual in a vortex of restless activity. In Colombia, the little which exists of social luxury is confined to Caracas, and two or three sea-port towns. Throughout the whole of the interior, the comforts, and even the decencies of life are unvalued, because unknown. The man who can eat beef and plantains, and smoke segars as he swings in his hammock, is possessed of almost every thing, his habits qualify him to enjoy, or to which his ambition prompts him to attain—the poor have little less, the rich scarcely covet more."—p. 37.

"The want of internal communications is a considerable drawback on the natural advantages of the country—throughout the whole of the Republic there is not a road passable for wheel carriages, nor even one which can be travelled without risk of life or limbs: every species of commodity is conveyed on mules. The carriage is consequently expensive and tedious, and it becomes impossible to convey bulky produce from the interior, so as to enter into competition with the produce raised near the coast; even in the neighbourhood of Valentin, as long as Puerto

Cabello remained in the hands of the Spaniards, cocoa, coffee, and cotton, could scarcely bear the expences of transport to Caraccas. The internal navigation is in a condition equally rude and abandoned; the only method known on the Magdalena, is to pole up against the stream, as the Indians did at the first discovery of the country; during the last session, however, of Congress, patents were granted to Colonel James Hamilton, and Mr. John Elbers, for placing steam-boats on the rivers Orinoco and Magdalena.”—

The want of comfort through every part of the Colombian Republic is strikingly depicted :—

“To form an adequate idea of the small progress the most necessary *arts of life* have made in Colombia, we must transport ourselves, I was about to say, to the Saxon period of civilization; but though this comparison might be apt in some points, it would be doing our ancestors injustice in others. Since the public edifices of that remote period, in many instances, possess a grandeur and solidity, which it would be vain to look for in the buildings of this country. Houses of all classes are built of mud, sometimes mixed with stones, sometimes plastered on wattle, but always equally unsubstantial; in fact, when the means are compared with the end, it is wonderful any one has the courage to set about building a large house. The application of labour is neither aided by machinery, wheel-carriages, or even by a wheel-barrow; the earth dug from the foundation, or collected to make the walls, is carried in trays on men’s heads, or in a hide dragged along the ground, while a string of asses may be seen with small panniers full of bits of stones, or dragging each two small sticks of timber, altogether presenting such a picture of lazy imbecility as would disgrace any thing but a community of sloths. The finishing is equally defective; it would be vain to look for a right angle, or a straight line in the walls, or for a beam or rafter squared or planed; the doors and windows would be inadmissible in an English stable. The consequence of all this is, that whoever desires to build according to European ideas of decency, must send to the colonies for workmen of every description, or import his house ready made. The same observations apply to every branch of handicraft: furniture, clothes, shoes, and boots, saddlery, in short, every thing used or worn, must be sought from abroad.”—p. 49.

The expences of living :—

“The expences of living are naturally greater in the sea-port towns, than in

the interior; where they are extremely small. In the former, house-rent is the principal article of expence; good houses let for fifty dollars a month, and diminish in value, according to their size and accommodation, to three and four. The expence of food may be graduated by considering that the value of a soldier’s ration, is a real, or sixpence half-penny, on which he is able to live; and that the charge of the best hotel in Caraccas, is one dollar and a half per day. Country labourers’ wages are two reals, or thirteen pence per day; but there are few artisans who cannot earn from one to two dollars, at every species of handicraft, labour being scarce and expensive.”—p. 73.

Though Colonel Hall does not explicitly accuse the Colombians of that jealousy of foreigners, laid to their charge by M. Mollien; yet it would appear from the following passage, that he has seen enough of their petty feelings, to induce him to give warning to his countrymen of the difficulties they will have to encounter :—

“Foreigners have won its independence, foreigners have created its commerce; its marine has been furnished, armed, manned, and commanded by foreigners, its soldiers have been disciplined, and are still armed, clothed, and in great measure, fed by foreign capital; yet all this mass of opinion and circumstance, by no means proves that foreign settlers would meet with that active and benevolent assistance from the inhabitants which gratitude, as well as interest, would dictate, and which their own opinions seem to promise. It is uncertain how far they might view with philosophic good will, a foreigner taking advantage of circumstances, which, though their indolence had neglected, their cupidity might prompt them to lament. Let us suppose a foreigner to discover a mine, or a lucrative branch of commerce, or by some invention or improvement, to create a new, and consequently to dry up an old channel of profit, would the real and imaginary sufferers in this case, those who had missed the discovery, or were sharers in the loss, be likely to regard the intruder with particular favour or satisfaction? besides the monopolizing or exclusive system, is too favourable to indolence, not to find many supporters, as soon as the dangers of competition are placed in open day; witness the law of consignments. These observations are not, however, urged as a serious discouragement, but merely to check extravagant expectation, as to the degree of assistance which may be calculated on. In fact, were the good-will in this respect far greater than it is likely to be,

how can it be hoped that they who altogether back industry in the pursuit of their own advantage, should exert themselves to procure that of others."

Call you this backing your friends, Colonel Hall? truly you have "let out" as much wicked allusion to the defects of their character, as M. Mollien himself; and the mal-treated Colombians must cry out "God protect us from all such friends."

High-Ways and By-Ways; or Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces, by a Walking Gentleman, Series the Second. 3 Vols. 12mo. London, 1825.

WE believe we were the first, or at least, the most prominent amongst the first who called the attention of the public to the writings of this author. When this "Walking Gentleman" first started upon the perilous course of literature, and put forth his *coup d'essai* under the quaint title of "High-Ways and By-Ways," we perceived in his works all the germs of future excellence, and every quality calculated to give him the decisive lead in that school of novel, or rather of tale writing, which an eminent American had introduced and made popular amongst us. Our author, however, has not proved very grateful for the public attention which we drew upon his work, or at least he has not evinced his sensibility, by following our advice; for the present volumes contain precisely the same fundamental errors which we exposed to him in our first critique, and which in exposing we advised him to avoid in his future productions. We reminded this gentleman of the motto, *fortuna favet fortibus*, and counselled him not to confine himself to imitation, or to content himself with studied elegance, or minute beauties, but to soar to the higher passions and interests of life, and to bring into vigorous play, those original powers which he evidently possessed, but upon which his work proved that he was too timid to rely. That advice, afterwards reiterated to him by the highest critical work in the country, he has not thought fit to follow; and the second series of "High-Ways and By-Ways," bears more strongly that feature for which alone we censured the first—tameless—the greatest fault that an author can commit,—who addresses himself to the

imagination through the medium of fiction. "An author," says Dr. Johnson, "may be erroneous, false, absurd, or coarse, and yet succeed, but let him beware of wearying his readers." The fact is, our author is a pupil of the Washington Irving School, and his works possess every feature of their prototype's, displaying all their beauties in an equally high degree of excellence, and exhibiting the same prominent defects to almost an equal excess. There is the same laconic terseness of phraseology, the same careful and studied arrangement of periods, the same selection of minute objects, and the same straining after nice distinctions and accurate delineations of trivial subjects and circumstances; to these we may add, the same contentment at exciting only the more soft and mild emotions of our nature, with a perpetual effort to create such emotions by the portraiture of objects, or the description of circumstances in themselves insignificant, and almost incapable of being converted by art or labour into sources of any interest whatever. Neither author ever attempts to excite the energies of his reader by scenes of deep pathos, or of turbulent interest; they both content themselves with the enjoyment of their soft and gentle undulations of the mind and heart, and seldom produce in the reader any vivid sensation of the reality of the scenes they represent; their habit being as much to pourtray their own sensations as the sources (often unaccountable ones) from which they arise. In this respect, both Mr. Irving and the author before us, are the very opposite of Crabbe, who never tells the reader what to feel in reading, what he felt in writing, or what any body would have felt, or ought, according to his notions, to have felt upon witnessing what he relates; he puts the objects and circumstances forward in their naked, isolated reality, and depends upon their producing their natural effects upon his readers. Perhaps the reasons why our author, like his prototype, always accompanies causes with supposed effects, and objects with the emotions it creates, is from a consciousness that the objects he delineates, are in themselves unimportant, and totally out of all proportion to the feelings and interests he would wish his readers to

connect with them. We need scarcely observe, that writings of this sort are in prose, what the writings of the Wordsworth school are in poetry, and that they both are of necessity the result of a very high stage of literary refinement, and may for a time please the cultivated and fastidious, but can never become generally popular, or occupy the first place in the attention even of the most delicately sensitive to literary elegance. A work to be perfect, or to approach perfection, must have all that the "High-Ways and By-Ways" possesses, but with much more of deep pathos, of energy, and of the appearance of reality of what it represents.

There is also an unpardonable fault in this school of writers, a fault at once associated with the pettiness of object, and the unimportance of circumstance, to which we have before alluded; we mean the endless, wearisome dilatation of every sort which prevades the writings of all this school. A single thought, or scarcely more than the atom of a subject will be dilated through pages, and the reader never gets to his journey's end, or having got to it, looks back with surprise at the immense length of his journey, and at the little he has seen or heard in its progress. Richardson carried this unpardonable fault of dilatation to its utmost possible extent, and he added to it, the, if possible, worse fault of repetition, so that to wade through one of his novels, now the mania for them has ceased, requires so very peculiar a class of mind, that those who can accomplish such a dull Herculean labour are considered as a class *sui generis*, and are technically known by the book-trade, as "the readers of Richardson." If the Irving school do not cure themselves of this fault, their works will experience a similar fate.

But with all these faults, it is impossible in an age so highly refined, that works so carefully polished and elaborately wrought, should not be well received, and accordingly, we find that the writings, both of Mr. Irving, and of our present author, his imitator and follower, have been popular amongst us from their first appearance, to the present hour. All the features that distinguish Geoffrey Crayon, are to be discerned through-

out the "High-Ways and By-Ways."

The latter author has all the polished elegance of his precursor, nor is there a beauty in either "Geoffrey Crayon," or "Bracebridge Hall," that might not be equalled by quotations from the "High-Ways and By-Ways," whilst the latter author is free from plagiarisms with which his prototype abounds; he has also more richness of humour, more original conception, or creation of character; he is richer in circumstances, and above all, he has a deeper power over the heart and affections, dealing more in human passions and sympathies, indulging less in the mere sportiveness of the fancy.

We do not admire the present series of the "High-Ways and By-Ways" as much as we did the first. They dispose us rather to admire the capacity of the author, than the production itself. The series consists of two tales, neither of which portray human passions in their intensity, or where at least they attempt to make any such portraiture, the passion is either in itself so unnatural, or arises from causes so extravagant, that the reader has not a full sympathy with what is represented to him. In the beautiful story "of La Villaine Tête," in the first series, all was natural and probable, and bore the impress of truth and identity, and the readers' fears, affections, and passions were excited throughout, and sustained admirably to the conclusion of the piece. The same might be said of its companion, the beautiful story of the "Father's Curse," although horror was rather too predominant a sensation throughout the latter part of the perusal; but there can be no such strong and over whelming sensations, produced by the present tales, and the fault lies in the outlines of each story, rather than in the filling up.

In the first tale, called "Caribet; or the Bear-Hunter," our author represents himself benighted, or in danger of being benighted in cheerless weather amidst the central Pyrenees. He takes shelter for the night in a small tavern, the resort of mulcters and smugglers of contraband trade, across the boundary, or line of demarcation between the two kingdoms of France and Spain. His host is a rough, cold-hearted, money-loving horderer, who makes a fortune by affording facilities

to the illicit traders. He is, however, a good-tempered, if not a good-natured man, and is possessed of two daughters; the one a child, the other of an age to love and to be loved. This girl is painted very happily, and much out of the ordinary way of painting novel heroines. She is, however, capable of intense feelings, and of high resolves, and is rather inconsistently beloved by a gentle ratiocinative sort of a chamois-hunter, named Claude, and, considering the absolute contrariety of their dispositions, and that the youth "bowed and sighed, but never talked of love," the courtship goes on *à merveille*. But unluckily the lovesick Claude introduces to his Aline his friend Caribert, a bear-hunter, whose ferocity, strength, and contempt of all the gentler scenes and allurements of life had rendered him the wonder of all the district. Caribert falls in love with Aline at first sight, and, in many respects, the congeniality between their dispositions insures the new lover a favourable reception. Caribert is so maddened by his passion that, amidst the fiercest conflict of honour and love, he utterly betrays and supplants his friend Claude; whilst Aline, with less compunctious visitings of nature, behaves with equal perfidy, cruelty, and dishonour. The affections of Caribert and Aline are now irrevocably fixed; but the perpetual conflict between friendship, honour, and love, in the fiery mind of Caribert had nearly wrought him to a pitch of madness, and he beholds his father struggling with a bear, and eventually killed before his eyes without rendering him the least assistance, being unaccountably rivetted to the spot by the delirious intensity of feelings produced in him by preceding events. This horrid scene of the bear-hunt drives Caribert completely mad, and in his ravings, as well as in his fits of melancholy, the presence, the look, the voice, or touch, of Aline, form the only "medicine to the mind diseased." Claude, in his affliction at the perfidy of his friend, and in the inconstancy of his mistress, had fled the country, but he returns, and participates in all Aline's affliction and solicitude for the distracted Caribert, until, at length, this person dies, and Claude eventually marries Aline. It is impossible for any story to be more beautifully told

than the author has contrived to tell this incongruous tale; and, as far as the management of the materials is concerned, it wants nothing but shortening by about one third to be perfect in its kind. But the whole outline and substratum of the story are bad. It is impossible to conceive the characters, and manners, and sentiments to belong to the class of persons who are the actors in the drama, nor are they of a class to excite any general sympathy, except for the most simple feelings and vulgar misfortunes which "flesh is heir to." The timidity and bashful reserve of Claude, his patient endurance of the blackest treachery in his friend, his pandering to the passion of his mistress for the distracted Caribert, and his final marriage of her after the death of that person, are all circumstances which might have taken place in real life, but they are out of all *book probability*, and are calculated to excite neither interest nor credence. The transitions of passion, and indeed of nature, in Caribert, are likewise out of all verisimilitude, and his abstraction during his father's murder, upon which the catastrophe of the peace entirely turns, outrages all probability. The story is incapable of being converted into any source of deep, permanent, and general interest. But "*materiem superabat opus*;" there are, throughout the story, isolated parts of great beauty, and the whole is told in a manner, if not to rouse the deeper feelings, at least to charm the fancy, and to kindle many of the more gentle and pleasurable emotions. It is impossible to lay the book down without saying, "he who has written this possesses no ordinary powers, and can write much better things." As a specimen of the author's best style, we should refer the reader to the description of the bear and wolf-hunt in this story of Caribert. It at least equals any picturesque description in any novel of our day, and surpasses even the description of the stag-hunt in "Waverley," or that of the attack upon the whale in the "Pirates." The description of the frightful chasm in the Pyrenees, commencing at page 49, appears to us to be admirably given. The sudden change of Aline's countenance from the ordinary level to even beauty, when the master-chord of her heart and passions was touched,

the natural enthusiasm of her mind, with the portraiture of that of Caribert's, with the first scene of their courtship, and the effects which circumstances had upon his fierce and ardent temper, all display the hand of a master, and of one who has studied at the great fountain of all excellence—nature.

The next story, called "The Priest and the Garde du Corps," displays great ingenuity and art in the management of the story; but we do not think that the story itself is of a happy selection. All the interest turns upon the enthusiasm and devotion for the queen of France in a young Irish officer of the French Garde du Corps, who, at the commencement of his romantic fervor, had seen her only as she passed the mob in which he was standing. We need not say, that a feeling in itself so irrational and ridiculous, and carried to the most extravagant excess, cannot possibly be converted into any source of interest to general readers. If human being ever did exist with so absurd a sentiment as that which influenced the hero of this tale, he richly deserved every evil that could befall him.—All the incidents of this story are drawn from the French revolution, the scenes of which, some century hence, will, in all probability,

be the most fertile of all resources to the novel writers of every description; but we doubt if that event is yet far enough removed from our own times for the writers of fiction to make it their resort for the materials of tales in either prose or verse.

Much of this story appears to us to be little more than a very elegant version, or transposition of the columns of the newspapers and periodical works of London at the period of the French revolution. The fête given by the French body guard to the regiment of Flanders at Versailles, the storming of the palace by the mob, the escape of the queen from her bed-chamber, are strictly of this description. But even in this story there are numerous passages of great beauty; the characters of the Irish priest and of the Irish servant are admirably drawn, and evince that the author possesses a rich fund of humour, and a power of delineating character.

Having been so unsparing in our censures, it is but justice to add, that the perusal of these volumes cannot fail to raise the author high in the esteem of the sound and judicious critic, for he has made the utmost that it was possible to make of his materials, and this perhaps is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon any writer.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE RECEPTION OF TELEMACHUS AND MENTOR IN THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

A LARGE engraving of this subject (about two feet in length and of proportionate height) is just now publishing by Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, of Chesham, from a picture painted in the year 1772, by the late BENJAMIN WEST, President of the Royal Academy. The plate was left in an unfinished state among the effects of the late Mr. WOOLLETT, and has lately been completed—the landscape by MIDDEMAN, and the figures by ROBINSON.

Perhaps this is, on the whole, the best of the composed historical landscapes of the late president. There is one, now exhibiting at his gallery, in Newman-street, that will compete with it for that honour—namely, his

"Subsidence of the Waters of the great Deluge," but, at least, of his historical landscapes of profane subjects, his Calypso receiving Telemachus on the shores of her island, may be regarded as the best.

The general luxuriance and sylvan grandeur of the scene; with its noble forest trees and cavernous rocks, festooned with gadding vine; its distant promontory involved in gloom, and its flower-enamelled fore-ground, all betoken an island of romantic solitude, suited to the residence of a beautiful goddess and her attendant train; while the surging waves breaking on the shore; the stranded Greek ship, with its riven sails and antique rostra, and the stormy clouds driving

toward the horizon, effectually carry back the spectator's mind to the perilous situation from whence Telemachus and the disguised Minerva have recently escaped.

The disguised goddess looks as she ought; wary, venerable, and leaning, in the assumed character of a philosophical old man, on a staff; but Telemachus is somewhat deficient in youthful beauty, for the hero of Fenelon; and looks rather too much like Mister Smith, or Mister Jones, performing the part of the son of Ulysses. Nevertheless the goddess Calypso* herself, stands forward like a heroine, grand and compassionate, and gives him majestic welcome. The attendant nymphs, meanwhile, perform their subordinate parts with sufficient gracefulness: the dancers with agility; the rest with due decorum toward their superior, and sisterly attention toward each other: yet we must add that the heads of some of them are somewhat too common and unelevated in character and expression, for the inhabitants of a terrestrial elysium: too much like those of ordinary opera girls: but some of their attitudes are antique and Poussinesque, particularly that of the nymph, who, with the air of a Bacchante, throws aloft the tambourine as she dances.

The sun, victorious over the tempest, although his orb is hidden behind a cloud, is about 30° above the horizon. The time represented is consequently about two hours before sun-set, and we are reminded of that beautiful stanza of our delightful poet:—

"A beam of tranquillity smiles in the west;
The storms of the morning pursue us no more;
And the billows that welcome the moment of rest,
Still heave as remembering ills that are o'er."

But the above remark on the place of the sun was made with a more critical view. It leads and obliges us to notice an error in the president's philosophy of perspective, which is but too manifest, and at which we cannot but feel some sur-

prise. He has not reflected that the sun, being in itself so much larger than our planet, those of his rays which fall upon the earth are always parallel; or are so from the refrangibility of our atmosphere. Instead of attending to this, Mr. West has treated the source of light in his picture as if it had been a torch, pharos, or other beacon, not above an hundred yards from the shore, and has accordingly projected the cast shadows from Mentor and Telemachus in one direction, and those of Calypso and her nymphs in another, just as they would fall if the illuminating cause were small and central.

And now, concerning the parts performed by the Engravers, or translators of Mr. West's original. Both of those living artists, whose names appear to the work in conjunction with that of Woollett, have laboured under considerable disadvantage. Woollett's name stands so deservedly high in the estimation of the majority, that it is probable the least meritorious parts of the present work will be set down to the account of Mr. Middiman and Mr. Robinson; whereas they are in reality the authors of the best parts. We are enabled to say this from having carefully inspected an impression of the plate in the state in which it was handed to these latter gentlemen. It had been wrought upon, since Woollett's death, by some inferior hand, which had reduced it to a state of blackness and vulgarity, from which it was no easy matter to redeem it.

We happen to know, too, that notwithstanding the plate bears the name of Woollett, there is scarcely a line from his masterly hand, excepting the etching of the figures, in the whole performance. The landscape was etched at the house and under the eye of Woollett, but by Mr. Emes, who subsequently engraved the large plate of the destruction of the floating batteries before Gibraltar, from the much-admired picture by Jefferies. We do not mean to disparage Mr. Emes; but to tell truth, and to restore him his due. This latter work, which has been long before the public, shews his stock of

The Examiner of January 2d. has very properly mentioned, "the elevated air, the courteously inviting and superior grace of Calypso."
E. M. January, 1825.

merit; yet, considerable as his merit was, he was obliged, from want of patronage, to quit his art of engraving (not choosing, like some others, to convert it to a trade) and died a silversmith in Paternoster-row.

Engravings upon the large scale of that which is now before us, are tedious in their production, and therefore it not unfrequently happens that the artists who may be engaged on them, die during their progress, and dealers, ever intent on their own pecuniary interest, make the most of the names which those artists leave behind them. But, on these points, the truth should not be dissembled, and the present writer has more than once, twice, or thrice, seen Mr. Enes when actually engaged on this plate of Calypso and Telemachus, during his pupillage under Woollett.

In another engraving of a classical subject (that of Dido and Æneas seeking shelter during the storm) which, like the present, Woollett left in an unfinished state, and which has been completed since his decease, there exists considerable dissonance between the style of the figures and that of the landscape. The former, which the graver of Bartolozzi was employed to finish, are in the print, of that soft, sweet, and delicate texture, which this artist appears, on all

occasions where his figures were of small dimensions, to have thought congenial with feminine and infantile beauty; but they are, in consequence, dull and unimpressive, amid the course and somewhat *outré* ruggedness of line which distinguishes the landscapes, but more especially the boles of the trees and the rocks by which the delicate figures are surrounded; and are as discordant with the whole, as specks of miniature painting would be on the canvas of Wilson or Turner. It is not so here; the prevalence of juster principles, and a good mutual understanding between the engravers of the figures and of the landscape, has preserved that unity of parts which the professor Barry was used to term the *totality* of a work of art; yet, without trenching upon those local varieties, which, in the engraver's art, are necessary to the characteristic expression of the various objects which enter into the composition, on which his talents may be employed. This is, in other words, to say that the figures are here well harmonized with the landscape; the difficulties which in the present case opposed themselves to the accomplishment of this purpose, being successfully borne down by the steady and consecutive prowess of the two generals concerned. [*To be continued.*]

MR. C. M. WESTMACOTT'S CATALOGUE AND LETTER,

(Continued from our last.)

THE words which in Mr. C. M. Westmacott's long paper, follow those which we quoted last, are—

"To have produced a correct catalogue or work of reference for the artist and amateur, but the very extent of my pretensions, but
Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude
And not pay HOMAGE to thy POTENT TOE
Shall be a morsel for the dogs!

Thereby insinuating that *homage* was what was wanted. Homage! from a man of whose person, or whose employment past or present, we knew nothing? Homage from Mr. C. W. Westmacott? Homage from a coarse and detected adulator! Homage from a literary fungus! Homage from the wooden prop of a book stall! The insinuation is, that we reported of his work worse than we really thought of it, because we received not this homage. How stupid, and how weak! Let this person be assured that we no

more desired his homage than those Grandees upon whom he has so ungrammatically, so idly, so ridiculously and so shamelessly, lavished it.

But, if "to have produced a correct catalogue or work of reference for the artist and amateur, was the very extent of his pretensions" why is he not satisfied with our report, that his book would prove a useful pocket companion to such visitors of the metropolitan collections as may desire information concerning the names of the artists and the subjects of their several works, with which those collections are adorned?" and why, if this had been the extent of his pretensions, should he have repeatedly pretended that his catalogue was "HISTORICAL and CRITICAL?"

Again, our adversary is so shallow here, as to take offence, or affect to take offence, at having a reviewer that is wiser than himself. No great boast,

God knows; but had we been otherwise, we had been very, very unfit for our office. To reproach us with knowing too much; or, with not affecting to undervalue our own attainments, is in effect to blame those who selected us, and put Mr. C. M. Westmacott's catalogue into our hands. If he should rejoin, that an appeal will still lie against those who so selected us, and against what we have written of his work, to the tribunal of public opinion: and, if he should add that he has a right to get the public, if he can, to join with him in reprehending us and those by whom we are chosen. We grant it; and feel not the least dread or apprehensiveness concerning what the public award will be; especially while our adversary continues to be so washer-womanish as to treat that public with delicate allusions to dogs' meat and our potent toe.

But, in so granting, we are not quite such fools as he would have us to be, when he requires us upon pain of forfeiting *his* good word, to submit our pages to those wearisome repetitions of his ribaldry, to which his wishes would subject our readers, and of which we now arrive at another specimen.

"He confesses he has not looked at *every article*, OR EVEN visited the several galleries to *see* that the Pictures, Sculptors, and Artists are *rightly* named. The old dotard! could he have decided *rightly* if he *had* done so? but not having either the necessary *industry* for a *pick fault* nor even a *smattering* knowledge of the galleries on which he writes; he *supposes*—Aye *suppose* is the phrase—it is in these respects a *careful compilation*, although he does not condescend to tell his readers from *what works it was compiled*. The decrepit seer! the false oracle! thus to *suppose* away a writer's reputation, with the most *impudent falsehoods*, when every authority consulted is HONESTLY AVOWED."

The beginning of this paragraph ludicrously assumes that we *might* have looked at every article in every gallery, without visiting those galleries; and insinuates that no person could be privileged to write of Mr. C. M. Westmacott's catalogue, but who had thus earned his title. The short answer to this is, that we *have found*

and exposed faults in his catalogue which to all but Mr. Westmacott himself, must be sufficiently gross and glaring; and that, not being able to controvert, deny, or disprove, those gross and glaring faults, he would now vainly and absurdly try to persuade his readers that an event could not have happened, after it *has* happened. So poor an opinion has he of their discernment, or so darkened is his own.

Mr. C. M. Westmacott is fond of decking himself out in the peacock's feathers of poetical quotation. We will give him a little touch in his own way, from Horace, ere we proceed to expose further the quantity of falsehood that is wrapped up in his paragraph above cited.

"When Mænius rail'd at Novius, How! says one,
Dost know thyself, or think thy faults unknown?"

Aye, but (says Mænius) *I forgive my own.*

This is a foolish and a wicked love,
And such as sharpest satire should reprove."

And now for Mr. C. M. Westmacott's *honest* avowal, of "every authority consulted," which appears to be one of his sorest places, for in his succeeding pages he reiterates that his catalogue is entirely original; and all directly in the teeth of our former exposure of his plagiarisms. Our readers have seen, notwithstanding the dust which this galloping hero kicks up with so much confident hope of blinding them, and probably will remember, our former statement that whole sentences are taken, sometimes indeed with a feeble attempt at disguise "from Mr. Thomas Hope's volume of Interior Domestic Decoration;" we chose to designate his volume by that name, because it merits it; but lest our man of stratagem should here be seeking shelter under an ambiguity, we have now to state, that the above gentleman has modestly published the book under the unassuming title of "Household Furniture." To that volume we appeal. It will be quite enough. That single volume will satisfy every candid reader whether Mr. Westmacott's avowal *be* honest, and WHO is guilty of "the most impudent falsehoods." If any of the readers of the European, should not have the

book at their elbow, let them cast their eyes over the following quotations from Mr. Hope's "Heuschold Furniture," and "Mr. Westmacott's Catalogue," when the source from which the latter gentleman derived his information, will be pretty clearly perceivable.

WESTMACOTT'S CATALOGUE.

Egyptian or Black room (page 214.) "The ornaments that adorn the walls of this little Canopus, are taken from Egyptian scrolls of Papyrus, and those of the ceiling from various mummy cases, and the prevailing colours both of the furniture and ornaments, are that pale yellow and bluish green which hold so conspicuous a rank among the Egyptian pigments, skillfully relieved by the occasional introduction of masses of black and gold."

HOPE'S HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

Hope (p. 26.) "The ornaments that adorn the walls of this little Canopus, are partly taken from Egyptian scrolls of Papyrus; those that embellish the ceiling from Egyptian mummy cases; and the prevailing colours of both, as well as of the furniture, are, that pale yellow, and that bluish green, which hold so conspicuous a rank among the Egyptian pigments; here and there relieved by masses of black and of gold."

The reader at once perceives by these extracts, that instead of that honest avowal which he professes, Mr. Westmacott has endeavoured to disguise his plagiarisms by *correcting* Mr. Hope: and that his alterations are every where for the worse: every where rendering the sense either vague, or unfaithful to the facts.

Flaxman's *Cephalus and Aurora*. Westmacott. (p. 217.)

"Aurora visiting Cephalus on mount Ida; the design has been rendered in some degree analogous to those personages and to the face of nature at the moment when the first of the two, the goddess of the morn, is supposed to announce the break of day. Round the bottom of the room still reign the emblems of night. In the rail of a black marble table are introduced medallions of the god of sleep, and the goddess of night. The bird consecrated to the latter deity is seen perched on the pillars of a black marble chimney piece, whose broad frieze is studded with the emblems of night."

Hope. (p. 25.) "The central object in this room is a fine marble group executed by Mr. Flaxman representing Aurora visiting Cephalus on mount Ida. The

whole surrounding decoration has been rendered in some degree analogous to these personages and to the face of nature at the moment when the first of the two, the goddess of the morn, is supposed to announce approaching day. Round the bottom of the room still reign the emblems of night. In the rail of a black marble table, are introduced medallions of the god of sleep, and of the goddess of night. The bird consecrated to the latter deity perches on the pillars of a black marble chimney piece, whose broad frieze is studded with golden stars."

"The Closet or Boudoir, is fitted up for the reception of a few Egyptian, Hindoo, and Chinese idols and curiosities. The sides of this Lararium are formed of pillars, and the top, of laths of bamboo, from which is suspended a cotton drape in the manner of a tent. The mantel-piece is designed in the manner of an Egyptian portico, which being placed against a back-ground, of looking-glass, appears insulated. On the steps of this architectural ornament are placed idols, and in the niches bas-reliefs."—Westmacott, p. 219.

"Closet or boudoir fitted up for the reception of a few Egyptian, Hindoo, and Chinese idols and curiosities. The sides of this Lararium are formed of pillars, and the top, of laths of bamboo. Over these hangs a cotton drape in the form of a tent. One end of this tabernacle is open, and displays a mantel-piece in the shape of an Egyptian portico, which by being placed against a back-ground of looking-glass appears entirely insulated. On the steps of this portico are placed idols, and in its surface are inserted bas-reliefs."—Hope, p. 28.

These examples will probably suffice. Much more of literary "picking and stealing," both from this book and others, might else be pointed out; but this will suffice, to shew the unblushing effrontery of an impostor, who in the teeth of these truths, affects to call us impudent liars for causing them to be uttered. The temerity of this man is on a par with his destitution of original talent, and his insensibility. He will spare his own undoing. But enough of this;—He will be in no hurry to re-assert that we "suppose away a writer's reputation with the most impudent falsehoods when every authority consulted is HONESTLY AVOWED;" nor, on such pretexts, to pronounce us to be a false oracle or decrepit seer. Both of these words are insidiously, and improperly, employed; for both imply foretelling: but here no oracular faculty of foretelling is in question, but the veracity of after-telling.—By the

way, by a decrepit seer, may be meant a person with weak eyes. If so,—how odd, that such a person should be able to spy out so many imperfections in Mr. Westmacott's redoubtable Catalogue. What is the natural and obvious inference here? Why—If a decrepit seer has been able to discover such fulsome flatteries, and such palpable incompetence, and to detect such fallacious pretensions to originality and to critical acumen, as we have pointed out in our past and present numbers—that a sharp-sighted critic must have detected still more?

But, hey-day!—How is this? Does the Examiner condescend to notice with no unfavourable regard, any of our hero's tricks? Probably, however, it has not yet found out his fibbings.—We just now (Dec. 28.) observe by that weekly journal, that this hero has been playing off what is termed a *hoax*. We are not surprised at this. A hoax is supposed to be a facetious or slang word; but the facetiousness is mere mask; and slang words are never used to any virtuous purposes.

Mr. C. M. W. exults, in the above newspaper, over what is called the success of this unworthy stratagem. We see nothing in this but the crowing of an ignorant, conceited, and deceptive dunghill cock: nay, worse; for where-in does his exultation differ from that of a successful poacher or swindler. Justice, however, may yet—indeed, may easily—overtake him.

The summary of the story is this; Mr. C. M. W. sends a paper or papers to the magazine known by the name of Blackwood's, written by *whom* does not appear, but the Editor receives it with approbation; and, supposing it to be neither plagiarism, nor gift from any third person—in short, *not knowing* Mr. C. M. Westmacott, supposes it to be written by the individual who sent it, and accordingly rewards and retains him; or, at least, handsomely sends him what has been termed “a retaining fee.” In the course of a short time however, the said Editor discovers his new correspondent's insufficiency

finds out that the staple commodity,—the mass of what his chapman has to sell, is of very inferior quality to the sample, and consequently declines further purchases. What is there in *this* for Mr. C. M. W. to exult about? O,—but there is something to resent. This finding out is not to be borne, or

pardoned; and if the tenour of his straight-forward efforts be not good enough for Mr. Blackwood's readers, he has crookednesses in store. And then comes the hoax. Fearless of the society for the suppression of swindlers, he can now assume a fictitious character, and under that new disguise, can send a Review (unfavourable as it should seem) of Mr. C. M. Westmacott's Catalogue, the same which we have bestowed, perhaps, too much notice on. What are his feelings and motives here? Does he not appear to argue with himself thus?—If they don't insert this insidious paper of mine, cannot I easily make the reason seem to be, because the Editor of Blackwood is wiser than the Critic of the European, and too sensible of the transcendent merits of the Catalogue, to fall into any unfavourable opinion of it? Whereas, if they do insert it I can produce to the public, *private letters*,—letters sent under seal, not intended for the public eye, and written under an unexperienced and erroneous impression: and by this fox-like doubling, I can raise a laugh at the expense of Blackwood and his Editor.

Thus, like a black-leg who has the craft and the opportunity to hedge his bets, Mr. C. M. W. fancies he cannot lose, whatever may be the result; that is to say, whether Blackwood inserts his paper or not. But the rope which at present tethers the literary Jack-ass (not Hobby-horse) that he bestrides, may be destined to hang the poacher. Beside—“Spring Guns are set in these Grounds.” While the poaching plagiary is thus clewing the “cud of sweet and bitter fancy,” the Editors of Blackwood are doing their duty. The insidious paper is inserted for, comparing the pretended Review with the Catalogue in question, they find the unfavourable remarks but too justly deserved; and, whether knowing or suspecting the author or not, they do their duty to the public, by inserting it, fearless of ulterior consequences to themselves.

If such has been their conduct, what is Mr. Westmacott in fact, and as the matter concerns the public? What is he in the result of this transaction, but executor of his own wrong? He gets his momentary laugh; but like all these who laugh at the expense of principle, he finally suffers for it. Shall we “destroy his web of sophis-

try in vain?" Gods knows! but the whole texture of it, as it respects the public—(What is it better than literary swindling? for we hold ourselves bound to make good the epithets we have used above.) The Editor of Blackwood, readily (and good naturedly as far as appears from the Examiner) discounts Mr. C. M. W.'s first bill, without scrupulous enquiry into the character of the acceptor and indorser: afterward come others, which he discovers to be *not good*, and he consequently declines future connection; but the tenacity of Mr. C. M. W. will not allow of this disconnection. He can now adopt the commonest of swindling tricks—that of cloaking himself with a new character, and having recourse to the ordinary stratagem of a fresh issue of paper.

The Review of his work which Blackwood seems to have printed, though unfavourable, is probably not, on the whole, unjust, nor improper for insertion. The thought crosses our mind here, that perhaps (among this man's crookednesses) it may be copied, or partly so, from our own. We must look at it ere we write again. Mr. Blackwood will get a new reader; for it so happens that living as we do "in life's low vale remote," and out of the fashionable reading world, we have not yet seen a single number of his Magazine.

But without this reading, it is pretty

evident that the Editor of Blackwood has steadily done his duty as far as regards Mr. C. M. W. Assuming that the first article *sent* was worthy of insertion and of such commendation as it received, the Editor could not then, and cannot now, be rationally blamed for inserting it. The articles which the Catalogue compiler subsequently wrote, were inferior and unworthy of insertion. The Editor wisely rejected them. The last article was in reprobation of his own catalogue. The Editor saw that the reprobation was deserved, and inserted it. Again he did right. In fact, an Editor can never fail in his duty upon these occasions, who looks conscientiously and with sound judgment at *WHAT IS WRITTEN*, and not at *WHO WRITES*. And here lies the great, the radical, the irreconcilable difference, between Mr. C. M. W. and ourselves. He is whelmed in the heresy of regarding *who writes*, and that only. If an *anonymous* writing come in his way, it is still the same. His bad habit prevails; and instead of looking at *what is written*, which alone concerns him, he keeps *groping* after the author, idly fancying that to discover, is to disconcert him, and to be privileged to crow from his own dunghill. The sound public reasons therefore, for reviews being published anonymously, he does not comprehend, or he would respect them. If, indeed, he were capable of that sentiment.

THE DRAMA.

MR. KEAN'S APPEARANCE AT DRURY LANE.

' EVERY one must have heard before now of Mr. Kean's appearance, on the 24th instant, at the above theatre, in the character of Richard. Not since the celebrated O. P. row, was there any thing witnessed at a British playhouse that might be compared with the present for intolerable bustle and confusion. "At a very early hour in the evening, all the doors of the house were besieged by a crowd anxious to witness the appearance of Mr. Kean. Most of the persons assembled, we noticed, had a purpose in view, and that was to have some fun. Some of them were evidently partisans of this gentleman, exclaiming, "We'll carry him through." "The public will support him." "He shan't be crushed."

"What's his private life to us?"

"He's a good actor, and that's what we go to see him for." If there were any opponents of Mr. Kean present, they wisely held their tongues; at least in that part of the crowd where we, for a full hour, were swayed to and fro by the waves, helpless, like a dismasted ship, our arms pinned to our sides, our feet trod into the mire, our breath almost squeezed out, elbowed, and elbowing others, and struggling as it were for existence. We mention these minute particulars, to show what people submit to out of curiosity; for others must have suffered as well as ourselves, and among those others were several females. Before we reached the pit door, one of them indeed had fainted,

and was extracted from the crowd with great difficulty. A young child also was from necessity removed, and with some trouble placed in safety. A great number of persons were refused admittance, and the outer doors of the entrance which leads to the pit were closed, while a multitude outside were still eagerly pressing forward in hopes to get within. Long after the door-keepers and money-takers announced that every place in the pit was occupied, great numbers paid for places and pressed in, so as to force into the pit almost double the number of people it is capable of conveniently holding. All the seats near the doors were doubly and trebly occupied, the people standing on the backs of the seats, supporting one another, till the last rested against the boxes, forming a dense mass of two tiers of human beings. All the boxes and galleries were equally crowded; many persons thought themselves fortunate in obtaining a peep through the little glass windows in the box doors, and through partial openings of them many begged earnestly to be permitted to lend their voices to the uproar. Never, certainly, did we see any theatre so crowded; and those who could not find places, seemed resolved to compensate for their disappointment by adding to the noise and riot. Before the play began, every part of the house, except one or two private boxes, was full to excess; and before Mr. Kean made his appearance, the adverse parties seemed to measure their strength, and prepared their throats for battle. We noticed, at a very early period, that there was a sort of organization preserved; and some persons were silent, or made a loud noise, as they were instructed by signals. The same system existed in the boxes, and waving of hands or handkerchiefs set a great number of tongues in motion. With such a crowd there was of course nothing but noise and commotion. Before Mr. Kean made his appearance in the second scene, Mr. Younge, who has some resemblance to Mr. Kean, was apparently mistaken for him, but received no more of the attention of the audience after his prototype made his appearance. On Mr. Kean coming on the stage, in the second scene, the tumult became uncontrollable, and was in one instance

carried to the highest pitch. "Off, off," and some hisses were heard; but the majority of the voices appeared to cry, "Bravo, bravo! go on, Kean!" "Kean for ever!" and almost the whole of the audience in the pit rose and waved their hats, and nothing could be distinguished but loud and tumultuous applause. From this time till the end of the play, scarcely a word could be heard. We gathered the meaning of one sentence uttered by Mrs. West as *Queen Elizabeth*, and of two or three sentences pronounced by Mr. Wallack, as *Earl of Richmond*; once, and once only, we heard Mr. Kean's voice, but all the rest was dumb show—a mere pantomime without the fun of the Clown and of Pantaloon. Mr. Kean came forward on one or two occasions to address the audience, but he could not obtain a hearing. "Where's your morality, KEAN?" "Little breeches," "Go and take care of Mother Cox," "Off, off," and "Bravo," and "Go on, KEAN," "No connivance," and shouts and noises of all kinds, which the two parties made to drown the vociferations of each other, prevented him even from proceeding so far as to speak. From the beginning to the end there was a continual uproar, which swelled into a fine chorus as *Richard* fell dead on the stage. At the close of the play, the persons in the pit again rose and waved their hats, and shouted "Kean for ever!" as if they had gained a great triumph. Though the noise was very great, and every part of the house seemed to send forth its thousand tongues, and though the confusion was considerable, we did not see any violent quarrels, nor hear of any serious accident. There were some calls of "turn him out," and one gentleman in the boxes made himself obnoxious by throwing things into the pit. One lady was handed from the pit into the boxes in a fainting state, and a little squabble ensued between those who thought they had a right to follow her and the gentlemen in the box where she had taken refuge. Some persons also in the character of gentlemen exchanged cards, on account of each disliking the party the other espoused; but we have reason to believe the names given were *noms de guerre*. One gentleman in the pit, who was rather vociferous against Mr. Kean, and who was

therefore attacked by several other persons, defended his proceedings by saying "he did not want to encourage vice." His opponents said, sneeringly, they supposed he belonged to the Society for the Suppression of Vice; and they wished to form a Society for the Suppression of Vindictiveness. Some other persons, who were hissing, were called cornutos, like Alderman Cox, and were told "they came there to protect their very numerous fraternity." It was some-

what amusing to notice the sort of persons who were most vociferous; young men of fashion in the boxes, who made good use of their hunting halloos, and young tradesmen and apprentices in the pit, who went only for the sake of the disturbance; the friends of Kean, the friends of the Manager, and a few white-headed men scattered about the boxes, who seemed the staunchest supporters of the morality and suppression of vice side of the question.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT is to meet for the dispatch of business on the 3rd of February. One of the leading features of the royal speech, at the opening of the session, and one of the points of earliest discussion, will probably be the recognition of South American independence by this country. It appears that on the 1st of January, Mr. Canning communicated to all the foreign ministers, that the cabinet of his Britannic Majesty had come to the resolution of acknowledging the independence of Mexico and Colombia, and that commissioners would be sent to those states, charged with full power to conclude treaties of commerce between them and this country, founded on that recognition. Mr. Warde and Colonel Campbell embarked at Plymouth a few days afterwards for Colombia and Mexico; the former to act in conjunction with Mr. Morier, and the latter with Colonel Hamilton, at Bogotá, in negotiating with the respective governments. Report states that Sir Charles Stuart is on the point of proceeding on a special embassy to Lisbon, with the view of obtaining from Portugal the recognition of the independence of Brazil. It is added that should the Portuguese court be found averse to such a measure, England will conclude a separate treaty of commerce with Brazil, on the basis of a declaration of independence, without the intervention of the mother country.—The king of the Netherlands has formally announced his intention of following the example of this country, by recognising the independence of the South American states; and it is believed by some that even the French government entertains a similar incli-

nation. It is evident, however, that one of the parties in France is decidedly hostile to this important measure. *L'Etoile* observes, "that the recognition of England cannot confer any new rights on the insurgent colonies, and do that which alone could be effected by the parent states;" and further, "we do not see what interest England can have in it, since this would be, on her part, not only to declare herself against Spain, but also against the principles which govern the policy of all the Cabinets of Europe." The perspicuity of this writer is not great; and we apprehend that, in the present instance, his attempts at reasoning will prove but of little avail.

Another favourable point upon which, in all probability, his Majesty's speech on the opening of Parliament will touch, is the improved and improving state of the revenue. It appears that, notwithstanding the large remission of duties, which took place in the course of the last twelve months, the public income of the year has not only covered the amount of these remissions, but has presented an actual increase, compared with the revenue of the preceding year, of £1,067,691; the amount for the year ending January 5, 1824, having been, £49,478,401; that for the year, ending January 5, 1825, £50,546,092. The increase on the last quarter alone, compared with the corresponding quarter of the preceding year, was £146,000.

Report states that it is the intention of ministers, in the course of the approaching session, to propose the abolition of the present corn laws; to permit the free importation of corn

on payment of a certain duty; to reduce the importation duty on all wines; to place French and other wines, Capes excepted, on an equal footing, paying a duty of only five shillings a gallon; and to take into the hands of government the management of all turnpike-roads throughout the kingdom.

These measures, if in reality meditated, are not likely to be mentioned in his Majesty's speech. There is one subject, however, of overwhelming importance, which, we conceive, must force itself on the attention of his Majesty, of ministers, of parliament, and of the whole nation. It can scarcely be necessary to say that we allude to Ireland; that country is unquestionably in a most alarming state. The catholic association is daily and hourly producing incalculable mischief. It has extended its baneful influence even to England; and the catholic rent, as it is termed, is now collected weekly, to a considerable amount amongst the laborious and impoverished rabble of St. Giles's. The Jesuits are forming a new establishment, upon a large scale, in the very heart of Ireland. An estate of 1200 acres, near Cashel, and including a whole parish, was recently purchased by a popish priest, for the sum of £21,500; and it is averred that the purchase money was received from France.—At a late meeting of the Dublin catholic association, Mr. O'Connell, the leader of his faction, thus expressed himself:—

"Nations have been driven mad by oppression—he hoped that Ireland would never be driven to resort to that system pursued by the Greeks and South Americans, to obtain their rights—he trusted in God they would never be so driven. He hoped, that Ireland would be restored to her rights; but if that day should arrive—if she were driven mad by persecution, he wished that a new Bolivar may be found—may arise—that the spirit of the Greeks, and of the South Americans, may animate the people of Ireland."

For this language Mr. O'Connell was held to bail, and bills of indictment were preferred against him; but the bills were ignored by the grand jury from deficiency of evidence, in consequence, it is said, of two of the witnesses, reporters, having forfeited their recognizances, of one hundred pounds each,
E. M. January, 1825.

rather than appear. It is not a little remarkable, that, nearly about the same time, bills of indictment were preferred against Sir Harcourt Lees, the great champion of protestantism and Orangeism, for a libel alleged to have been published in the *Correspondent* newspaper.—It is said to be the intention of the catholic association to apply for permission to send their leading orators, Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel, to plead their cause at the bar of the two houses of Parliament.

We now pass over to the Continent. The sittings of the French legislature were opened on the 22nd of December. His Majesty, Charles X., in his opening speech, spoke of the foreign relations of the kingdom as decidedly pacific, and of the internal relations as altogether flourishing. The prolonged occupation of Spain by a part of the French Army, was stated to arise from a desire to maintain that peace which so happily prevailed throughout Europe. The speech was received with acclamations of "*Vive le Roi!*" and, upon every question hitherto discussed in the chambers, the majority in favour of ministers has been overpowering.

It appears that the last French troops quitted Madrid on the 20th of December; two Swiss regiments, not amounting to more than 3,000 men, were the only foreign troops which then remained. The King and the respective members of the royal family frequently appeared in public, and the state of affairs in the capital was perfectly tranquil. It is to be observed, however, that a line of military posts is maintained from Irun to Vittoria; detachments having been placed at Irun, Astiraga, Tolosa, and Vittoria. Ferdinand VII. persists in his determination not to consent to even a partial recognition of the loans raised by the Cortes. On the other hand, he has hitherto refused to re-establish the Inquisition.

Some weeks ago it was rumoured that Sir Gregor MacGregor, of Poyais, notoriety, had been invited to Madrid for the purpose of being appointed to the command of the armies intended to be raised in Spain for the conquest of the South American States. Without being in full possession of the secret—at least in its details—we can venture to assert that should Mac

Gregor proceed to Madrid—an event by no means improbable—his object will appear to be of a nature very different from that which has been alleged.

The slave trade, it appears, has been abolished in Mexico. The Royalist General, Canterac, is said to have sustained a third defeat, with the loss of 6,000 men, on the plains of Xauxa. Bolivar's loss in the action is stated at 4,000.

Towards the close of the year, the Government of the United States issued proposals for a new loan of 5,000,000 of dollars, at four and a half per cent.; with the view, it would appear, of converting the six per cent. stock into one of four and a half per cent., and of paying off the seven per cent. old stock, principal and interest. The American President's speech, delivered on the 7th of December, was wholly of a pacific character. The only feature of novelty which it presented was the announcement of a treaty of commerce having been concluded between the United States and the new Republic of Colombia. The receipts into the treasury last year exceeded the expenditure by 3,000,000 of dollars; the public debt, which, in 1817, was 123,491,965 dollars, had been reduced to 79,000,000 dollars; and 10,000,000 had been set apart as a sinking fund for its farther reduction. From the peculiar result of the votes for the new President, the appointment of that magistrate would devolve on the House of Representatives.

The news from India bears little of a decided character. Affairs of posts according to the latest advices, were

continually occurring, and prodigies of valour were from time to time achieved by the British troops. The enemy, however, with which they had to contend, was extremely obstinate and determined.

The aspect of affairs in the West Indies, is favourable. At the opening of the House of Assembly, in Jamaica, the members were cordial and unanimous in their approbation of the Governor's speech. In their address, they say, "We consider it indeed a most providential blessing, that your Grace has continued the guardian of our interests through a period of much peril, and we sincerely pray that you may long continue our protector." An insurrection which had taken place in Montego Bay, was subdued by the military; it does not appear to have been of a serious character, but several of the rebels were killed.

The sable Emperor of Hayti is represented as making very formidable preparations to resist any hostile attempt which may be made on the part of France. Martial law has been proclaimed throughout the country, and even foreigners are compelled to bear arms.

Ferdinand IV. king of Naples and Sicily, died on the fourth of January, and has been succeeded by his son Francis I., who had been some time in exile for the part which he took in the late revolution at Naples.

The evacuation of the principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, &c. has been notified by the Russian minister at Paris to the ambassadors of all European powers. The Greeks enjoy a succession of minor naval victories.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Shortly will be published, by the Command of, and dedicated by Permission, to His Most Gracious Majesty, Views and Illustrations of His Majesty's Palace at Brighton, by John Nash, Esq., private architect to the King, &c. &c. &c. The work will consist of picturesque views, highly finished in colours, as fac-similes of the original drawings by Augustus Pugin, of the entire building and principal offices, taken from the gardens; also views of the chief apartments, as completed, with their furniture and decorations.

The whole will be illustrated by plans and sections, accompanied by de-

scriptions, explanatory of the building, the relative situation and appropriation of the apartments, and of their splendid furniture. Conditions.—First: the work will be finished in the first style of elegance, and only two hundred and fifty copies printed, after which the plates will be destroyed.—Second, to contain twenty-three large folio, and six small engravings, highly coloured and mounted to imitate the drawings; accompanied with as many highly finished outlines, and descriptive letter-press; so that each copy will possess a double set of plates.

In the press, and to be published in one

volume 8vo., Sermons, Expositions, and Addresses at the Holy Communion, by the late Rev. Alexander Waugh, A. M. minister of the Scots church in Miles-lane, London. A short memoir of the author will be prefixed.

Dr. P. M. Latham has in the press, an account of the disease lately prevalent at the General Penitentiary, 8vo.

In the ensuing spring, will be published the sixth quarto volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England, which will contain the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

This day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 16s. 6d., Castle Harcourt, or, the Days of King Richard the Third, a tale of 1483, by L. F. Winter, Esq. Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London, where may be had, published this winter: Saragossa, a romance, by E. A. Archer, 4 vols. 11. 4s.; Priest of Rubery, a tale, by the late Wm. Parnell, Esq. M. P. 5s. 6d.; Robber Chieftain, a romance, by Nelta Stephens, 4 vols. 11. 2s.; Burton, a novel by the author of Legends of Scotland, 3 vols. 18s.; Grandeur and Meanness, by Mary Charlton, 3 vols. 1. 1s.; Runnede, or the Days of King John, by L. S. Stanhope, 3 vols. 18s..

This day is published, in three vols. 12mo. price 16s. 6d. The Mystery Developed, a novel, by Mr. M'Dermot, author of a Critical Dissertation on Taste, &c. printed for A. K. Newman and Co. London, where may be had, lately published, Fatal Revenge, by the Rev. C. Matarin, 4 vols. second edition, 11. 4s.; Wild Irish Boy, by the same author, 4 vols. second edition, 11. 2s.; St. Clair of the Isles, by Elizabeth Helme, 4 vols. third edition, 11.; Festival of Mora, a romance, by L. S. Stanhope, 4 vols. second edition, 11. 4s.; Father as He Should Be, by Mrs. Hoffman, 4 vols. second edition, 11. 4s.; Theodore Cyphon, or the Jew, by G. Walker, 3 vols. second edition, 16s. 6d.; Winter in London, by T. Surr, 3 vols. thirteenth edition, 15s.; Splendid Misery, by the same author, 3 vols. fifth edition, 15s.

As the Rev. J. Morrison, author of "Lectures on the Reciprocal Obligations of Life," is preparing for publication a "History of the Cameronians," he will feel particularly obliged for any assistance which may be rendered to him, by the friends and admirers of Scottish literature, in this most difficult undertaking.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To James Deykin, and William Henry Deykin, of Birmingham, in the County of Warwick, Button Makers, for their new invented improvement in the manufacture of certain military, naval, and other uniform, and livery buttons.—23rd December.—2 months.

To Daniel Stafford, of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, Gentleman, for his invention of a certain improvements on Carriages.—24th December.—6 months.

To Samuel Denison of Leeds, in the County of York, Whitesmith, and John Harris of Leeds aforesaid, Paper Mould Maker, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery, for the purpose of making wove and laid paper.—1st January.—6 months.

John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the County of Devon, Lace Manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, for making lace net, commonly called bobbin net.—1st January.—6 months.

To Pierce Erard, of Great Marlborough Street, in the County of Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, in consequence of communications made to him by a certain Foreigner, residing abroad, for an invention of certain improvements on Pianofortes.—5th January.—6 months.

To Alexander Tilloch, of Islington, in the County of Middlesex, Doctor of Laws, for his invention, or discovery of an improvement, or improvements in the Steam Engine, or in the apparatus connected therewith, and also applicable to other useful purposes.—11th January.—6 months.

To William Shelton Burnett of London-street in the city of London, merchant, for his invention of a new method of lessening the drift of ships at sea, and better protecting them in gales of wind.—11th January.—6 months.

To Jonathan Andrew, Gilbert Tarlton, and Joseph Shepley, all of Crumpsall near Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, cotton spinners, for their invention of certain improvements in the construction of a machine used for Throstle and Water spinning of thread or yarn whether the said thread or yarn be fabricated from cotton, flax, silk, wool, or any other fibrous substance, or mixture of substances, whatsoever, which said improved machine is so constructed as to perform the operations of sizing or twisting in, or otherwise removing the superfluous fibres, from the said thread or yarn, and is also applicable to the purpose of preparing a roving for the same.—11th January.—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—The Cotton market is quiet; the sales are considerable, without the slightest variation in the prices.

COFFEE.—The public sale of Coffee yesterday went off with much spirit; the Jamaica descriptions sold freely at prices 2s. per cwt. higher; the Demerara and Berbice at an irregular improvement of 6s. and 10s. per cwt.; the business done by private contract has also been extensive.

There were two extensive public sales of St. Domingo Coffee this month; the whole of the sound, in the first sale, withdrawn at 60s., no offers; the other, good ordinary, sold 58s. 6d. a 59s. Foreign Coffee is not higher than in our last; the qualities which are advanced are those used for home consumption; and, as we before stated, Jamaica is 2s., Demerara and Berbice 6s. and 10s. higher.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades has lately been steady, and the good and fine Sugars are becoming so scarce, and the importers hold with such firmness, that the buyers are obliged to submit to still higher prices; but though the market still looks improving, it is not so decidedly so as to occasion any alteration in the quoted currency; no Jamaica Browns offer under 58s., the others 50s.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market, after the extensive business lately reported, has become quiet; but the advance in the prices is maintained, particularly for proof Lewards, which are scarce, and the nearest quotation 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 6d.; the finer descriptions of Jamaica are not held with the previous firmness, they may be bought on

lower terms. Brandy is firm; extensive buyers of the best marks at 3s., but no parcels can be bought under 3s. 1d. Geneva still 1s. 1½d. a 2s.

HEMP and TALLOW.—Hemp is steady at 42l. In tallow there is little variation in prices, but a considerable business doing at 40s. a 40s. 6d.

SPICES.—Nutmegs are more inquired after, 5s. 2d. a 5s. 4d.; all other Spices are heavy, and rather lower.

DYEWOODS.—There has been a great revival in the demand for Dyewoods within the last few days; the prices are considerably higher; Jamaica Logwood, 8l. a 8l. 5s.; Cuba Fustic, 10l. 10s. a 11l.

FRUIT.—There has been a very lively demand for Denias, in bask 'ts, from 38s. to 40s.; none remains in the Importer's hands. Valentias are rather a dull sale at present. Pulled Turkey Figs, in drums, have been in great request, and the purchases made by private contract were extensive, at an advance of full 3s. to 5s. Flat Figs are not so saleable; in the other descriptions of Turkey Fruit there has been a good deal done privately at last week's prices.

IRISH PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork are without variation. Bacon is lower. Butters are rather higher this week, but the mild weather checks the market.

INDIGO.—The India sale opened at an advance of 1s. 3d. a 2s. on the fine and good, and is higher on the Oude, compared with the October prices; and the market to-day is again 6d. advance on the opening prices.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1824, TO TUESDAY, JAN. 25, 1825, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Harry Biggs, of Blandford Forum-Dorsetshire, mercer and draper.
Giles Prodgens, Edward Prodgens, and J. Prodgens, of Ludlow, bankers.
Thomas Wilson Boulton, Spencer-street, Goswell-street-road, coach proprietor, from Feb. 1 to Feb. 22.
Luke Chambers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit-merchant.

James Hedley and Thomas Foster Wills, Sunderland, ship-owners.
Nicholas May, Albion-terrace, Stepney, brick-maker, from Jan. 1 to Jan. 22.
William Porten, Bradford, Wiltshire, clothier.
John Simpson, Brazil-house, Kingston-upon-Hull, oil-merchant.
Thomas Hudson, Whitehaven, Cumberland, mercer.

BANKRUPTS.

William Aspinall, now or late of Sutcliffe, Wood-bottom, Yorkshire, stone-merchant, of Wigglesworth and Rishdale, Gray's-inn-square.
Edward Arnold, Upper York-street, Bryanstone-square, baker. (Mr. Harding, London-wall.

Martin Arnsby, Staverton-row, Walworth-road, baker. (Robinson, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly.
Claudio Arcangelo, Gloucester-terrace, Bethnal-Green, feather-merchant. (Laws and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place.

- Jabez Rayley, Ipswich, ship builder (Nelson, Barnard's-inn.)
- Joseph Beck, Derby, tea-dealer. (Tilson and Preston, Coleman street)
- Ann Brian, Richmond, Surrey, haberdasher. (Tanner, New Basinghall street)
- George Brimmer, Strand lane, and Prince's-street, Drury-lane, stationer (Brooks and Grane, John-street Bedford row)
- Paul Bowen, Bungay, linen-draper. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street.)
- George Benson, Bowling-green-place, Kennington, builder (Norton, Old Broad-street)
- John Biden, Cheapside, button-merchant (Sherwin, Great James street, Bedford row)
- Samuel Barnard, Sidney-place, Southampton-street, Cambridge-work, working-jeweller (Richardson, Walbrook)
- John Brotherton, Liverpool, tailor (Adlington, Gregory and Faulkner, Bedford row)
- George Bramwell, Stockport, Cheshire, chymist. (Wilson, Gievile-street, Hatton-garden)
- Thomas Burslem and Philip Cella, Abchurch-lane, wine-merchants (Smyth, Red Lion-square.)
- Henry Barrow, Thavies inn, Holborn, jeweler (Coates, Pump court, Temple.)
- Richard Cooper, Noble street, Falcon square, coal merchant (Mahony, Chambers-chambers, Quality-court, Chancery lane)
- Thomas Clark, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, lighterman (Bromley, Copt-hall-court, Thro-morton street)
- James Pundleton Campbell, Brick lane, Spital-fields, grocer. (Bousfield, Chatham place, Blackfriars)
- John Cield, Bedford-court, Covent-garden, woollen-draper. Tanner, New Basinghall-street.
- William Coates, Kidderminster and Bewdley, Worcestershire, draper. (Gates and Hardwick, Cateaton-street)
- Thomas Walkinton Cooke, Stratford, brewer. (Marson and son, Church-row, Newington-butts)
- John Dickinson, Dea-bury, Yorkshire, draper. (Markinson, Temple)
- John Durham, Catharine-street, Strand, cabinet-maker. (Pearby, Salisbury square, Fleet street)
- John Dolbel, Lambeth road, Surrey, merchant. (Jones, Threadneedle-street)
- Joseph Hewitt, Weymouth mews, New Cavendish square, Portland place, horse-dealer. (Gray, Lyon-pl ace, Kingsland-road.)
- John Fawcett and Patric K White, late of Mile-lane, bottle merchants. (Barker, Nicholas-lane, Lombard street.)
- Horn Giles, London road, Southwark, butcher. (Chester, Melhu-place, Westminster-road.)
- George Golding, Swan-yard, Knight's-bridge, livery-stable-keeper. (Sharp, Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-road.)
- James and James Gerrish, Frome-Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.)
- John Gurth, jun., Shad-Thames, Southwark, corn-factor. (Pacey, Three Crown-square, Southwark)
- Samuel Gregory, Manchester, calico-printer. (Adlington, Giegory and Faulkner, Bedford-row)
- Richard James Greetham, late of Liverpool, ship-chandler. (Chester, Staple-inn.)
- John Giles, and George Dennis, Bow street, 'at-Garden, victuallers' (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand)
- Joseph Harman, Great Surrey street, Southwark, stove-manufacturer (Bartlett and Biddome, Nicholas lane, Lombard-street.)
- Robert Howe, Haymarket, jobinaster. (Timbiell and Roberts, Macclesfield-street, Soho.)
- William Jones, Birnondsey-street, Bermondsey, and Rival-street, Southwark, fellmonger (Radhunter, Bermondsey-street, Southwark)
- John Jones, Hillingdon, Middlesex, linen-draper. (Hurst, Milk-street, Cheapside.)
- John Larkin, Cannon street road, shopkeeper. (Horsley, Nassau-place, Commercial-road.)
- William Paul Milk, Dorset-street, Manchester square, carver and gilder (Foid, Great Queen-street, Westminster)
- James Nicks, (Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, upholsterer (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle street)
- George Percodd, Southover, Sussex, miller. (Gymer, Lewes, Sussex)
- Alexander Andrew Paris, Long-acre, printer. (Hurt's, Bridge street, Blackfriars.)
- William Rogers, Upton, Essex, victualler. (Kvist and Riven, Haydon square.)
- William Rowe, Plymouth, jeweller. (Sole, Gray's-inn-square.)
- Peter Smith, Mevagissey, Cornwall, grocer. (Coode, Verulam buildings, Gray's inn.)
- John Shawcross, Manchester, innholder. (Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-in-square.)
- Thomas Smith, Uttroeter, Staffordshire, tanner (Barber, Fetter-lane)
- William Sargent, Fleet-market, spirit-merchant (Rodgers, Bucklersbury.)
- Thomas Triaman, Waterloo terrace, Waterloo-road, print-seller. (Price, bt. John's-square, Clerkenwell)
- Richard Hayward Unsworth, Podder's-acre, Lambeth, coal-merchant. (Wigley, Clement's inn.)
- John Weelands, Durham, draper (Wilson, Greville street, Hatton garden)
- Henry Woolcroft, Wharf, Paddington, stone-mason (Shuter, Milbank-street.)
- Benjamin Wilkinson, Leicester, draper (Wigsworth and Rid-dale, Gray's-inn-square.)
- Francis Willett, Holborn-bridge, druggist, (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office.)

DIVIDENDS.

- Abbot S. New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, merchant, January 29.
- Abbey, T Pocklington, Yorkshire, ironmonger, February 11.
- Burford, K Chpton, merchant, January 18.
- Banks, W Clapham, Yorkshire, woollen draper, January 24
- Bownas, J. Liverpool, merchant, January 24
- Berry, W. Alvington, Devonshire, tanner, January 25.
- Beaufoy J Meinden, Warwickshire, draper, February 2.
- Burby, J Coventry, ribbon manufacturer, February 1.
- Brammal, G Sheffield, merchant, January 29.
- Benson, James Richard, of Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, merchant.
- Beale, W and J H. Wraith, Southwark, hat makers, February 1.
- Barnard, J. G. Skinner Street, Snowhill, printer, February 3.
- Browne, J. and J. Greyson, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, and Liverpool, upholsterers, February 12
- Bristol, C late of Bristol, grocer, February 17.
- Bulmer, S Oxford Street, woollen draper, February 15
- Cooke, W Burnley, Lancashire, iron merchant, February 1.
- Crooke, H Burnley, Lancashire, cotton spinner, February 3.
- Cogge, T Haymarket, glassman, January 29.
- Cathie, I. T. Bolling, and C Fell, Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, cotton spinners, February 8.
- Caulfield, R. Monkton, Pembrokeshire, auctioneer, February 15.
- Critchley, J. Manchester, spirit merchant, February 12.
- Cannon, J. Liverpool, merchant, February 12.
- Courtborpe, T. Rotherhithe, Surrey, boat builder, February 19.

- Davies, J. Hereford, victualler, February 3.
 Duff, G. Gloucester, draper, January 28.
 Dixon, H. I. C. Lavater, and I. K. Casey, Liverpool, merchants, February 2.
 Diekenon, R. Hexham, Northumberland, stationer, February 7.
 Dewe, B. T. Lechlade, Gloucestershire, mercer, February 10.
 Earl, J. jun., and T. Lee, jun., Birmit gham, merchants, January 29.
 Evans, R. Grimley, Worcestershire, coal dealer, February 16.
 Finch, R. and I. Krushaw, Oxfordshire, glove manufacturers, January 25.
 Flower, T. and I. Mainwaring, Chichester- rents, Chancery lane, jewellers, January 25.
 Goodwin, R. Lamb's Conduit Street, silk mer- cer, January 18.
 Greaves, I. Sheffield, merchant, January 26.
 Grove, G. and H. Wilkinson, Liverpool, iron- monger, January 25.
 Gibson, J. and S. Foster, Wardrobe place, Doctors' Commons, dealer in Lace, Ja- nuary 29.
 Gravenor, W. Bristol, sugar refiner, Fe- bruary 28.
 Hobson, R. Maidstone, haberdasher, January 15.
 Hole, H. Norwich, draper, February 12.
 Haskew, J. Cockhill, Ratcliffe, tobacco manu- facturer, January 15.
 Hopps, T. jun., Fishergate, Yorkshire, corn- factor, January 27.
 Ivatts, J. Gerard's hall, Basing-lane, wine merchants, March 1.
 King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer, Ja- nuary 12.
 Kershaw, J. and W., Halifax, merchants, Ja- nuary 22.
 Kent, R. Bicester, Oxfordshire, draper, Ja- nuary 22.
 Kerslake W. Exeter, tin-plate workers, Fe- bruary 11.
 Leigh J. Stringston, tanner, January 25.
 Leigh, T. Manchester, plumber, February 7.
 Lloyd, G. Cumberland-street, and Stingo lane, St. Mary-le-bone, brewer, February 6.
 Lee, P. C. and W. Ballard, Hammersmith, linen drapers, March 19.
 Marsh, W. J. H. Stracey, and G. E. Graham, Berners-street, bankers, January 22.
 McCarthy, D. Shadwell, coal merchant, Ja- nuary 18.
 Morgan, J. J. Commercial road, East, car- penter, January 18.
 M' Rae, Liverpool, grocer, January 27.
 Moore, J. sen., Burnley, Lancashire, cotton spinner, February 2.
 Matthews, J. Coventry, ribbon manufacturer, February 1.
 Marshall, P. Scarborough, York, grocer, Fe- bruary 4.
 Newhouse, R. Huddersfield, plumber, Ja- nuary 24.
 Newbold, W. Bouverie-street, January 29.
 Narraway, J. Bristol, fellmonger, February 11.
 Otley, G. New Bond-street, January 29.
 Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers, Ja- nuary 15.
 Park, J. Liverpool, druggist, January 13.
 Pickard, W. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, lime burners, February 4.
 Prince, S. Chester, bread baker, February 22.
 Pinck, J. Chichester, linen draper, January 29.
 Pigram, J. and T. R., Maidstone, grocers, Ja- nuary 29.
 Rodd, J. Portsmouth, common brewer, Ja- nuary 18.
 Rogers, S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 28.
 Stephenson, C. N. Liverpool, linen draper, Ja- nuary 15.
 Shirthose, J. Hanley, Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire, manufacturer of earthenware, February 3.
 Salter, J. and J. S. Foster, Kingston, brewers, January 29.
 Scot, O. Manchester Buildings, Cannon Row, Westminster, army and navy agent, Fe- bruary 19.
 Tonsaint, C. Castle-street, Leicester Square, plumber, January 15.
 Townsend R. and S., Nottingham, cutlers, Ja- nuary 20.
 Timbrell, A. Old South Sea House, merchant, January 22.
 Thomas, R. Rochdale, hat manufacturer, Ja- nuary 27.
 Thompson, J. Norwich, merchant, January 28.
 Troughton, B. Coventry, banker, February 1.
 Trim, A. Davenham, Cheshire, currier, Fe- bruary 4.
 Welsford, W. Tower hill, merchant, Ja- nuary 15.
 Whiddon, J. Exeter, grocer, January 15.
 Whitehouse, T. Westbromwich, Staffordshire, miner, January 28.
 Webster, J. Bath, Somersetshire, currier, Fe- bruary 7.
 Warneford, F. Wakefield, tea dealer, Fe- bruary 12.
 Yeoman, B. Keyford Frome, Somersetshire, baker, January 15.
 Young, J. Bristol, woollen draper, February 16.
 Zimmer, J. Welbeck-street, Cavendish Square, merchant, February 12.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- Jan. 2. The lady of Captain James Scott, Chel- tenham, of his Majesty's ship Harlequin, of a daughter.
 4. The lady of Lieutenant Colonel Burgoyne, R. E. Chatham, of a daughter.
 16. The lady of Sir W. K. Rouse Broughton, Bart. M. P. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

- Jan. 5. Mr. John Sabine, of Bury St. Edmund's, to Adelaide Hisham, younger daughter of the late William Hisham Esq., of Sa- lem, Massachusetts.
 15. J. Ruffy, Esq. late of Madeira, to Caroline, relict of the late Robert Symonds, Esq. of Brixton-hill.

17. Captain Charles Hense, late 18th Hussars, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of T. Chamber, Esq. of Nottingham-place.
 22. John Richard Birnie, of Acton-green, Esq. to Harriet, only daughter of William Jones, Esq., of North End, Fulham.

DEATHS.

- Jan. 6. John Sirewright, Esq. of Tavistock square.
 7. George Howel, Esq. of Cote, Gloucestershire, late of Spanish Town, Jamaica.
 14. Jane, relict of Mr. John Robinson, of Pa- ternoster-row, bookseller.
 14. The Lady of J. H. Allen, Esq. M. P. for Pembroke.
 20. Right Honourable Lord Herbert Windsor Stuart, son of the late and uncle of the present Marquis of Bute.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per Share. £. s. d.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.		Per Share. £. s. d.	Div. per Ann. £. s. d.
Canals.			Bridges.		
Ashton and Oldham	295	6	Hammersmith	14	—
Barnsley	320	12 & bds.	Deptford Creek	35	—
Basingstoke	19	—	Southwark	13	10
Birmingham (1-8th s't.)	320	12 10	Vauxhall	47	1
Bolton and Bury	160	5	Waterloo	6	15
Brecknock & Abergavenny	170	8	Water-works.		
Bridgewater and Taunton	79	—	Chelsea	—	—
Carlisle	—	—	Colche	—	—
Cheimer and Blackwater	105	5	East London	125	5 10
Chesterfield	120	6 10	Grand Junction	70	3
Coventry	1300	44 & bds.	Kent	44	—
Crinan	2	10	Liverpool Bootle	140	—
Cromford	500	14	London Bridge	66	2 10
Croydon	4	10	Manchester and Salford	49	—
Derby	225	8	Portsmouth and Farington	4	—
Dudley	88	3 10	Do. New	85	1 10
Ellesmere and Chester	101½	3 10	Portsea Island	4	—
Kreweash	—	58	South London	90	—
Forth and Clyde	600	20	West Middlesex	67	2 10
Glamorganshire	—	13 12 8	York Buildings	35	1 10
Gloucester and Berkeley O.S.	—	—	Insurance.		
Grand Junction	250	10 & 20s. b.	Alliance British and Foreign	19	—
Grand Surrey	55	2	Ditto Marine	3	pr
Grand Union	31	—	Palladium	—	½ pr
Grand Western	16	—	Albion	60	2 10
Grantham	190	10	Atlas	9	9
Hercford and Gloucester	—	—	Bath	575	40
Huddersfield	36	1	Beacon	—	par
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Birmingham Fire	430	20
Kennet and Avon	26	1	British	60	3
Kensington	—	—	Do. Commercial Life	5	5
Lancaster	46	1	County	55	2 10
Leeds and Liverpool	375	15	Ditto Annuity	10	10
Leicester	352	14	Eagle	4	15
Leicester and Northn.	106	4	European	20	15
Loughborough	4600	200	Ditto New	—	—
Melton Mowbray	255	11	Globe	180	7
Mersey and Irwell	—	35	Guardian	22	10
Monkland	2200	110	Hope	130	6
Mounouthshire	235	10	Imperial Fire	12	10
Montgomeryshire	72	2 10	Ditto Life	12	10
North Walsham and Dilham	14	—	Kent Fire	78	—
Neath	400	15	Ditto Life	12	—
Nottingham	300	12	Law Life	24	1
Nutbrook	—	—	London Fire	24	1
Oakham	80	3	London Ship	24	1 10
Oxford	850	22 & bds.	Norwich Union	68	18
Peak Forest	195	5	Provident	22	10
Portsmouth and Arundel	18	—	Rock	315	10
Regent's	56	—	Royal Exchange	220	8 10
Rochdale	115	4	San Fire	27	10
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	San Life	44	1
Shropshire	195	8	Union	—	—
Somerset Coal	—	10	Literary Institutions.		
Do. Lock Fund	12	10	London	35	—
Stafford and Worcester	900	40	Russel	9	—
Stourbridge	230	12	Metropolitan	—	par
Stratford on Avon	40	1	Gas Lights.		
Stroudwater	430	31 10	Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	72	3 10
Swansea	250	11	Ditto New	165	8 7
Tavistock	120	—	City Gas Light Company	90	4 10
Thames and Medway	32	—	Ditto New	56	2 8
Thames and Severn, New	33	1 10	Imperial	13	15pr
Trent and Mersey	2150	75 & 5 bon.	Phoenix or South London	8	pm
Warwick and Birmingham	300	11	General United Gas Comp.	3	pm
Warwick and Napton	260	11	British	45	2
Wey and Arun	—	1	Bradford	50	—
Wilts and Berks	8	—	Brentford	17	10
Wisbeach	45	—	Bath Gas	17	10
Worcester and Birmingham	40	1	Barnsley	74	10
Wyrley and Easington	156	6	Birmingham	74	pr
Docks.			Ditto Staffordshire	23	—
London	109	4 10	Brighton Gas	13	12
West India	231	10	Do. New	23	1 6
East India	140	8	Ditto	—	—
Commercial	84	3 10	Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
Bristol	90	2 10	Burnley Gas	—	—
East Country	23	—	Belfast	—	—

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of December, to the 26th Jan. 1825.

Day.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Red.	N4Pr.C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols. for act.
25	Holiday										
26		97½			101½					54 56p	96 52
27											
28		94½ 5		101½	101½ ½		23 2 15-16		97p	54 57p	95½ 6
29		95 4½		101½	101½ ½		22 15-16 3		97p	54 56p	96 5½
30	229½ ½	95½ 4½		101½	101½ ½		23		97p	54 58p	96 5½
31	229½ 30										
1		95 4½			100½ 101		25 2 15-16		99 98p	57 60p	95½ 1
2	229½ ½	94½ ½		101	100½ 101		22½		100 99p	58 60p	95½ 1
3	229½ ½	94½ ½			101½ 101		23 2 15-16		100 102p	59 62p	95½ 1
4		94½ ½			101½ 101		23		104p	62p	95½ 1
5		94½ ½			101½ 101		22 15-16 3		103p	62p	95½ 1
6		94½ ½			101½ 101		22 15-16 3		104 101p	60 64p	95½ 1
7	229½ 30	94½ ½		101	101 100½		22½ 3		101 98p	60 54p	95½ 1
8	230	94½ ½		101	101 100½		22 15-16 3		99 98p	58 55p	95½ 1
9	229½ 30	94½ ½			100½ 101½		22 15-16 3		99 101p	59 63p	95½ 1
10	229½ 30	94½ ½		101½	100½ 101½		22 15-16 3		103 102p	62 66p	95½ 1
11	229½ 30	94½ ½		101	101½ 101		22 15-16 3		102p	62 67p	95½ 1
12	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	101 100½		22 15-16 3		103 102p	65 68p	95½ 1
13	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
14	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
15	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
16	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
17	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
18	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
19	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
20	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
21	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
22	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
23	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1
24	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		102 100p	65 68p	95½ 1
25	229½ 30	94½ ½		100½	100½ 101		22 15-16 3		100 102p	65 67p	95½ 1

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 19th of December, 1824, to the 20th of January, 1825.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

D- ember.	Moon.	Rain Gauge.	Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygrn.		Winds.		Atmo. Variations.						
			9 A.M.	Max. Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	S. P.M.	10 P.M.				
20	●		52	53	36	29	35	29	55	94	90	W	WSW	Rain	Rain	Fine	
21	●		46	52	49	29	38	29	22	84	95	WSW	WSW	Show.	Show.	Show	
22	●		51	52	34	28	94	28	99	89	82	WSW	N NW	Rain	Rain	Clou.	
23	●		32	35	49	36	29	65	29	89	9	76	NW	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
24	●		20	38	10	43	29	40	29	70	80	86	W	W	Rain	Clou.	
25	●		53	53	43	29	40	29	66	37	88	W	W				
26	●		45	49	40	29	82	30	06	74	80	W	WSW	Fine	Fine	Clou.	
27	●		52	53	49	29	81	29	73	91	93	WSW	SW	Clou.	Sleet	Rain	
28	●		51	52	37	29	68	29	76	92	93	SW	NNE	—	Show	Fine	
29	●		38	40	45	29	98	30	13	91	90	NNE	SSW	Fine	Fine	Foggy	
30	●		50	52	47	30	04	30	20	96	94	SW	WSW	Rain	Rain	Fine	
31	●		49	55	50	30	07	34	05	87	84	WSW	SW	Clou.]	Sleet	Clou.	
1	●		53	51	38	30	03	29	82	85	88	W	SW	Fair	Fine	Fine	
2	●		44	44	45	29	86	30	00	94	79	W	SW	Fine	Show.		
3	●		48	48	49	30	22	30	03	84	90	WSW	WSW	Fine	Fine	Show.	
4	●		52	47	35	29	81	30	05	94	87	W	NE	Clou.	Show.	Clou.	
5	●		37	38	33	30	42	30	48	80	81	NE	N	Fair	Clou.	Fine	
6	●		34	41	40	30	54	30	47	86	90	WNW	SW	T.Fog	Fine		
7	●		13	44	38	30	40	30	34	92	92	W	NW	Clou.	Rain		
8	●		39	39	35	30	57	40	64	88	89	N	NNW	Fine			
9	●		37	42	40	30	72	30	72	90	92	NW	NNW	Fog	Clou.		
10	●		41	43	36	30	70	30	67	84	86	N	NNW	Clou.	Fine		
11	●		38	42	33	30	60	30	56	83	88	NW	NNW	Fine	Clou.		
12	●		35	42	36	30	56	30	50	94	84	W	NW	Foggy	Fine		
13	●		37	40	46	30	43	30	35	85	85	NNW	WSW	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.	
14	●		41	43	42	30	23	30	23	89	84	W	SW				
15	●		48	44	34	30	12	30	01	85	81	WSW	S	—	Fine	Fine	
16	●		45	46	47	29	76	29	47	92	95	WSW	S	Rain	Rain	Rain	
17	●		15	38	45	40	29	76	29	89	90	W	SW	Foggy	Fine	Fine	
18	●		47	48	34	29	37	29	30	93	85	SSW	WSW	Rain	Rain		
19	●		12	35	38	29	33	29	40	90	82	W	W	Fine	Clou.		

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of December, was 2 inch. and 71 100ths

Shackell and Arrowsmith, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.



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Henry Fuseli

1791 - 1868, English Romantic painter, sculptor, and writer on art.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY, 1825 :

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1825

ENRICHISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Memoir of Henry Fuseli, Esq. R. A &c	101
Tales of My Study: or, Collections of a Stay at Home	104
The Gipsy's Prophecy	105
Lightly through the Mystic Dance— Hindustanee Air	109
Alice Denby	110
The Poet's Hope	112
Sketches of French Minnors—No II. The Cemetery of Pere la Chaise	113
Woman's Prerogative	116
Letters from the West	117
Crown Huist.—Epigram from the German	122
A Song in Honor of Love.—How to see the Wind	123
Frederic Anwyll	124
Airy Nothings	127
A Night Piece	128
On a distant view of London	129
Luther's Ring	131
Oh! Come to the Window	136
The Baronial Festival A Fragment from Welsh History	137
Asim, my Lover.—The Muses	138
LONDON REVIEW.	
Rothelan; a Romance of the English Histories	164
Universal Stenography; or, a New, Easy, and Practical System of Short-hand	169

Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R. A., with testimo- nials to his Genius, &c	171
Australia, with other Poems	172
The Scrap Book; a Collection of Amusing Pieces in Prose and Verse, &c	173
A short Extract from the Life of General Munt	174
The London Stage	175

FINE ARTS.

The Shipwreck of Telemachus and Mentor on the Island of Calypso, after West	176
Apology	178
Lithography	179
Etching after Mr. G. S. Newton	180

THE DRAMA.

Remarks on Mr. Kean	181
View of Public Affairs	183
Literary Intelligence	186
List of Patents	187
Commercial Report	188
Bankrupts	189
Dividend	189
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	190
Prices of Shares in Canal, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Com- panies	191
Price of Stocks	192
Meteorological Journal	193

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

IN the Memoir of the Reverend Francis Wrangham, are many clerical and other defects, which, in now apologizing for them, we would particularize, but that we fear they are too glaring to have escaped observation, and that we are unwilling to comment long on the incapacity of the person who, during the Editor's unforeseen and inevitable absence, was entrusted with the composing of that article. Our especial regret that the character thus honoured so little by its delineation in our pages, happens to be one so amiable and exalted as that of the Archdeacon of Cleveland, is, however, something alleviated by the reflection that his fame is seated on too solid an eminence to be shaken by the rude homage of its most blundering votary.

Salvator has not been misinformed as to our wish of giving encouragement to a few talented individuals, who can favour us occasionally with scientific essays. We have not received W. T.'s article.—The letter of Amicus, &c. does not suit *our* columns.—The poetry of A. H.—P. T. O.—Eliza—and W. P. is returned. We have received C. M.'s contribution. When W. favoured us with his Spanish Tale, he was doubtless not aware that we had seen at least three fourths of it twenty times in print before. It is left at our Publisher's for the author, accompanied by those articles which we have already stated to be inadmissible.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co., Paternoster-row, or T. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow-street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number has been printed.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND
LONDON REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1825.

MEMOIR OF HENRY FUSELI, ESQ. R. A. &c.

PERHAPS there are few men of consummate abilities, who have any anxiety that a knowledge of the petty incidents in their private life should be transmitted, with their works, to posterity; and who would not rather, were it left at their own option, decline being introduced to the notice of that world which is to "live after them," through any other medium than that of their own deserts. *Erect monumentum are perennius!*—Exclaims one of this sterling stamp; "I have carved my own monument, behold it in my deeds! I have written my own epitaph, go read it in my works." And such an epitaph, whether inscribed with the sword, the pencil, or the pen, is as legible a one, as honourable, and full as credible, as any other. But the biographer has a certain duty assigned to him, and all the dignified modesty of true genius will not furnish him with an excuse that future generations would accept for omitting to gratify their curiosity; so laudable as it is, when prompted by a desire to know *more* good, of one that is thought well of already. It is true there is another sort of inquisitiveness with regard to the domestic traits of popular characters; an inquisitiveness awakened by the levelling spirit of envy, in minds which unable to follow the soarings of genius, delight in prying about to discover some tie, still connecting it to that earth, on which they themselves grovel without hope of elevation.

Yet the better motive of the two is surely the more common one; and accordingly the enquiry that it suggests ought to be answered: and, though, with respect to the illustrious and venerable subject of this memoir, but few facilities of compiling it have been afforded by those who were most able to lighten the task, yet we trust that the following imperfect sketch will be no unwelcome accompaniment, though scarce a worthy one, to the faithful portrait of H. FUSELI, Esq. with which our present number is embellished.

He was born at Zurich in Switzerland, in the year 1742; and his father, though himself a very eminent portrait and landscape painter, seems to have intended his son for the church. Now John Caspar Fuessli (for that is the true family name) had been singularly successful in his professional efforts, so much so, that, early in life, he was made painter to the court of Rastadt, and obtained no common share of emolument and reputation, by his labours both as an artist, and as a writer on his art; therefore, why it was that he destined his son Henry,—(who from childhood had shewn indisputable proofs of a taste for his paternal art,) *why* he destined him to a way of life so widely removed from his own, which had led him to competence and renown, is not easily accountable. Certain it is, however, that young Fuseli was, for that purpose, educated, in the first

instance, at a school in or near his birth-place, where Lavater was his school fellow; and afterwards at Berlin, under the tuition of professor Sulzer. Here he is said to have imbibed an intense love of poetry, in which he subsequently made some highly approved essays; but never in any other than his country's language. The writings of Klopstock, Wieland, and one or two besides who were basking in the fullest blaze of their glory, just at the time when Germany was honoured with the stay of our hero there, were the first incentives to his "muse's flame." His play-mate and townsman, the celebrated Lavater, accompanied him in a tour he made through the country; but their journeyings appear not to have been of any great duration, for young Fuseli was at least eighteen, when he left home for Berlin; and, before he was of age, Sir Robert Smith, then ambassador there, prevailed on him to visit England, as a kind of literary agent for promoting a free exchange of *belles lettres* between us and the continent;—a caterer for it, at the then overflowing board of British literature. Not long had he been in London, when he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who discerned his kindred spirit, and repeatedly begged from him little unfinished sketches, which Fuseli, without yet having any distinct views as to his future occupation, would occasionally produce. Mr. Coutts (now deceased), the late Mr. Cadell, and Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Church Yard, were among the most intimate of his acquaintances; and, through the interest of these highly respectable connections, he obtained the situation of tutor to a nobleman's son, whom he subsequently attended in an excursion to Paris. At the expiration of three or four years, after his arrival in this metropolis, he quitted it for Italy, in company with the poet Armstrong, whom he had known for some time previously; and now it was that he seriously resolved on devoting his whole time to the study of painting. The vessel in which our two adventurers embarked was bound for Leghorn, but driven ashore at Genoa, and thence they proceeded to Rome. Here it was that he commenced his acquaintance with the inimitable works of Michael Angelo, of whose exquisite skill he has ever since been

an enthusiastic admirer. Nor, yet, did the compositions of painters less renowned, though scarcely inferior in merit, escape his impartial eye; so that, on his return to England in 1778, his connoisseurship was almost without appeal; and, indeed, shortly after that period, his own performances had risen into such repute, that in the historical line he had no rival but West. During his continuance at the "world's great capital," which was for seven or eight years, (in which time he associated much with Canova, and was made a member of St. Luke's Academy,) his "*Oedipus*, his two daughters," saw the light, and was transmitted to this country for exhibition. Moreover, it was at about the same time, that he suggested the original idea of the Shakspeare Gallery. When he again repaired hither, his professional character rose rapidly and unintermittingly, and soon became established beyond fear of declension; for between the years 1790 and 1800, appeared his "*Milton Gallery*," a series of paintings upon subjects taken exclusively from the works of our divinely bard. They were exhibited collectively; and the applause they received was equally honourable to the taste of the nation, and to the talents of Mr. Fuseli. Not a piece but had its own peculiarly striking merit: though some few were distinguished by a superiority over the rest too evident to escape particular notice. Perhaps, of all the forty-seven that composed the "*Gallery*," *The Lazar House* was the most masterly effort. From the poets' appalling, but somewhat sickening description, our judicious artist wisely obliterated all that spoke too grossly of human weaknesses; and retained in the transcript he gave on canvass, those maladies alone, which residing but in the mind, admit of most *ethereality* in their embodiment, and require not that the human form divine be distorted or curtailed of its fair proportion, in order to convey the desired resemblance. "*Spasms*," "*epilepsia*," "*fiere catarrhs*," and "*ulcers*," are left for the engraver of pathological embellishments to a book of surgery or a dissecting-room; but "*demoniac Phrensy*" is seen starting from his iron bed,—still entangled in the coarse rug, and still cumbered with the chain that failed to secure him there. His wife, wearied out with the long and thankless toil of watching him,

has nevertheless made a last effort, in the hope of saving him from self-destruction; but her strength had all been wasted, her courage had been scared away by the scowls of him she loved, and she now sinks at his feet unnerved in mind and body, and with little more spirit or consciousness than yonder child that lies half lifeless just fallen from the sterile breast of its dying mother. This latter scene is a beautiful episode of the painter's introduction. It is, to be sure, an interpolation in the text of Milton; but it is one of the few amendments, which, (in spite of Dr. Johnson) may be made without any "token of a rent." But who that has once beheld "moon struck Madness" can ever forget the livid glare breaking out from her eyes, each of which seems to concentrate, in its one little spark, all the shower of maddening light we see poured from above, and filtered through her brain? A child is vainly striving to win a glance from her; but, she knows not even of its presence; and, yet, the forlorn little innocent has a livid lustre on its upturned forehead, that seems caught from the flashing features of its parent! In the centre of the background is "Despair," tending, or only burdening, the couch of "gaunt Marasmus;"—"moping Melancholy" droops, fixed, though fibreless, in the foreground to the right; and over them, like a fly-scene, or proscenium of clouds or black jutting rocks, to complete the dismal spectacle,—over them, the gloom-winged, the bat-like form of "Death," hovers, and "his dart

"Shakes but delays to strike, though
oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good and
final hope."
"Sight & reform, what heart of rock
could long "dry-eyed behold?"

We could no more than be Milton.—The imagery is too real. Strange, that no prince has ever won this masterpiece out of its author's hands! but there it is at present.—The "nursery of Shakspeare" is one of Fuseli's most interesting productions; but, either Shakspeare or Fuseli must himself describe it;—for among the grouse are Falstaff, and Macbeth's Queen; and *they*, though one of them is half drunk, and the other sleeping, have words of *their own*—words, too, as legible on the canvas as on the

immortal page.' But, to proceed with our narrative,—about 1798, when Barry succeeded from the professorship of painting, at Somerset-House, Mr. Fuseli was appointed in his room; but, in 1804, being appointed Keeper of the Academy, he,—in consequence of a standing order that no person shall, at the same time hold two different appointments in the Academy,—was under the necessity of laying down the Professorship. However, on the death of Opie who had succeeded him, he was unanimously re-elected to the office; and, though the order alluded to remained still in force, the Keepership was still preserved to him, and he holds it at this day. His lectures on painting were delivered in 1801, and published in the course of the same year.—They contain many severe strictures upon the production of men whom not many would have dared to molest in their enjoyment of a long and exalted reputation. But we believe that even the most rigid of his fellow-connoisseurs in the art, will not thoroughly acquit him of fastidiousness. In 1765, he gave to the world his "Reflections on Painting and Sculpture among the Greeks;" and an "Essay on Grace in the Works of Art, translated from Winkelmann." To this, in 1805, he added a new and considerably enlarged edition of Pilkington's *Lives of the Painters*; and, so lately as in 1817, there appeared in the annual exhibition at Somerset-House, a head of Perseus, which Mr. Fuseli had finished in his 72nd year. Let us conclude this notice of a most excellent artist and worthy man, by reminding those Englishmen who are pursuing the same study, and whom the foregoing relation may kindle into a certain degree of pride that they can number him amongst the ornaments of their own country,—let us remind them, that Mr. Fuseli supplies another of the many instances of foreign talent being fostered by British patronage till it has outstripped all British competition; for West, also,—he of the *Pale Horse*,—(we did not mean to identify him with Death, yet what else is he now?)—the great West drew his first breath in other air than ours; and the germ of his genius sprang up in another soil, however assisted in development, and accelerated in growth by having been transplanted to our..

TALES OF MY STUDY;

COLLECTIONS OF A STAY AT HOME.

BY ALFRED DOMICILE—No II.

"I will tell you the beginning, and if it please you, you shall see the end, for the best is yet to do, and here where you are, I am coming to perform it."

As You Like It

I know that *some of you*, ever excellent readers, will not turn away at seeing Alfred Domicile again; I hope *all of you* are as willing to peruse his second story as he is to tell it. You will own that I have not, like some garrulous tale bearers, given you no breathing time between the stages of the long journey which I hope the European, you, and I have to travel together; and therefore after a couple of months absence I really expect you will welcome me with acclamation into my study again, and, like honest Sancho upon those of the renowned Quixote, look kindly upon the wonders it will emit. The Lottery has given its last sigh, Charles of France is seated firmly on his throne, Protestants will not find a bill against Mr O'Connell, Catholics are defending Sir Harcourt Lees, *Mrs Puola* is gone out of people's heads, Albion has done for *Kean*, and yet the *Coswam* is not likely I hope to get into the shrouds. Radicalism is in its grave, and there is nothing new under the sun but the stories of Geoffry Crayon, and Alfred Domicile.

It was during the threatened invasion of England about 150, or 6 that my father's regiment of volunteers—part of the noble 500,000 men (I am accurate in the number,) that stood forward to assist the regular army in defence of our hearth and our altars—were stationed at Poole, in Dorsetshire. The labour of this fishing town is difficult to navigate, and if one miss a due calculation of the tide, it not unfrequently occurs, that a sunnuck and a close cabin are the substitutes for a down bed, and the comforts of "sweet home." It was the eve with a party of us at the time mentioned—we were grounded, on our

return from an afternoon sail, at the mouth of the river, and exactly opposite Brownsea, a romantic little island, upon which stands a titely castle bearing the name of the spot, and which was erected by the family of Sturt, a house of some consequence in the west.

Well, here were a ship's crew of merry soldiers, and cheerful ladies, cabined in an ark fixed, firm as adamant, to the shoals of the deep, whilst the bonny bright moon above, and the dancing, shadowy wave around us, scented by their smiles to decide our imprisonment. But we thought of the old song of the hero of Quebec, and recollecting, his

"Wanderers, why

Should we be melancholy boys?"

determined upon a very rational recipe for cheating time of some of its malevolence, namely, the recitation of some tale or legend which had not previously been known to the majority of the party. There was, as may be supposed, some difficulty to get a volunteer, for though the foe, and the innate loyalty of Englishmen, had created so many thousand in the field, there were at that period very few "walking gentlemen" upon the "high ways and by-ways" of the great deeps. However there was a merry lieutenant on board who obviated all difficulties, by offering to stand in the gap between bashfulness, and want of recollection, which many pleaded, and to tell an anecdote in keeping with our present situation, inasmuch as its incidents referred to the very castle of Brownsea before us. We were all delighted with the proposal, and silence soon asserted her empire, only to be broken by—

THE LIEUTENANT'S TALE.

The scene of my narration is laid in that tall and stately tower yonder, whose shadows, in the moonbeam, and upon the waters, seem almost to reach the ship in which we ride. It is now about three years since when I formed part of the company invited to partake of the Christmas hospitality of its proprietor, and we were sufficiently cheerful and gratified for a while, when the following adventure, even yet but partly developed, threw a portion of surmise and distrust, upon the hitherto unruffled current of our amusements.

On the evening succeeding Christmasday, Miss W——, one of the brightest adornments of Brownsea, retired as usual to her sleeping apartments, which were a little removed from those of her friends.—But she never had much fear, and the protection of a very large Newfoundland dog, her faithful and constant chamberlain, completely set at rest any apprehensions she might otherwise have felt at the solitariness of her chamber, and death must first have silenced *Baron* before injury could have become acquainted with her.

Previously to addressing herself to sleep, Miss W—— closed the blinds of the window, and conceiving herself secure, retired to her couch, where the balm for hurt minds dropped upon her eye-brows, and she was “steeped in forgetfulness.” It might be about the mid-watch that the lady awoke from one of those horrid visions, which make night occasionally terrible, and was startled by the evident alteration in appearance of the state of her chamber. The shutters, before barred, were now unclosed, and the moon, full in her strength, but robed in clouds,—her winter’s panoply—appeared lording it o’er past darkness, and threw her cold and dancing shadows upon the drapey of her bed. Miss W—— was too dismayed to call, to move, or to use any efforts to procure assistance; fear had commenced its work, and

terror was triumphant; she clung in breathless apprehension to her pillow awaiting an accumulation of danger, and it came, or a semblance of it, for a rush (to her in that pause of dread) as of mighty winds; a crash as of a felled forest, succeeded; there was a moan, and a struggle as of a thing in agony, or anger, and—she fainted.

In the morning my relation was pale and shivering—her robes stained with gore, and her faithful dog also—blood-marked, resting upon her cold bosom, as if instinctively recalling warmth, and licking her lily face, as though he knew the roses were to be recalled—and they were recalled, for she lives a beautiful flower still!

The state of the room told part of the story, and dissolved much of the mystery, for a huge dressing-glass which stood between the bed and the window, was shattered to atoms, and, evidently,—by the scars on his head, and pieces of glass attached,—by the infuriated animal. He had been aroused by some noise in the night, and had made a dash at the window (the only mode of egress—he guarding the door) heedless of the obstacle that interposed. The consequences were natural—the terror of his mistress, the demolition of the mirror—the wounds upon himself,—the gore upon her.

The withdrawing of the shutters is still in mystery, but circumstances subsequently occurred casting suspicion upon a portion of the establishment; so that there were those that could equally, though not so honourably, have elucidated that circumstance. It was by *all* admitted that the dog had preserved the property, if not the life of his benefactress.

Our lieutenant’s was but a brief tale, but it answered the purpose intended, by inducing his comrades to favour us with longer ones. I can only add that time passed so pleasantly with us, that we almost regretted to hear the pilot singing out to us that the tide had risen and lifted us from the shallows, and that we now might entertain hope of eating our morning meal upon dry land.

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY, AN ANECDOTE.

It was the Kermesse, or annual village fête, and Hells-mouth, the magistrate's dwelling, was filled with guests. The old people were seated at the table, smoking their pipes and quaffing their *l*, while the young ones swarmed about the room, amusing themselves with lively domestic sports. The doors and windows were made fast, for the evening had closed in, and the host imagined that the absent guests were scared by the frost, or the stormy wind, which howled without, beating about the masses of snow, and threatening to carry away the thatched roofs of the cottages.

Late in the evening there was a knocking at the door and window shutters. "There is Robert," said the host, "I thought he would not be missing," at the same time he called his daughter Roscaway from the game, to open the door. "Jump along!" cried he, in a threatening tone, as she loitered on what perversely. "How do I know who it is, father?" said the maiden, half crying, but her father led her to the room door—"you know very well that it is your bridegroom," said he "and you shall let him in this instant." Roscaway, hanging her head, but soon returned tripping gaily into the room, and leading in her venerable grandfather, Wiltmann. "Welcome, godfather, welcome!" exclaimed the mistress, with a friendly shake of the hand—"we kept you a long while at the door, the obstinate husband would not go down to let you in, would he well?" "It is hardly known who it was!" said the girl, with an arch smile, as she kissed the old man's hand. "Ah, what do you think, godfather, we thought it was her lover, Robert, and she would not open the door to him, but I'll soon teach her."

"What is Robert then not yet come?" "Hark ye, I held him for a cold-hearted lover! You must not chide the girl for not liking him overmuch. Here am I, an old fellow with seventy years upon my back, and yet I have managed to find my way hither, fearing neither the storm, nor the ghosts in the old castle, which I was forced to pass."

"They say there have been more people made fools of yonder lately," said one of the guests.

"True, I have heard the story," said the magistrate. "Have you seen any of these strange sights, godfather?"

"I must tell you," rejoined Wiltmann, "that I have but little faith in these things, it is generally the imagination, or fraud, which deceives us; however, whether incredulous or not, we all feel, at night, a certain awe and apprehension on passing places which are reputed to be haunted; and, boast as we will of our courage, it is apt, on those occasions, to play us false. But after all, our fears are childish, for what injury can an upright man receive from an apparition,—a thing of air, if any thing at all? So might as I pass by the old castle, there was a dismal howling and whistling within its crumbling walls, no doubt it was the wind, and although I was convinced it could be nothing more, yet I could not help shuddering at the noises, and an icy chill ran over me. I looked fearfully around, the wind blew the snow flakes against my face, and I felt, in the dark, that I had got into a thicket, this convinced me that I had lost my way, because I knew that there were no bushes along the road. In this dilemma I thought it most prudent to stand still, until the moon, peeping out from behind the clouds, showed me that I was in the middle of the old castle court. I had some difficulty in making my way out again, but thank God! excepting a little fright, I have escaped unhurt."

"You may count yourself lucky, neighbour Wiltmann," said another of the guests. "It is never over-safe to be in such old ruinous buildings. One might tell many a story of them. How did it happen to the Baron Von Birkusfeld? You were present, I think, when Robert related it."

Wiltmann could not recollect, and the rest, who had heard the story, being of opinion that it would bear twice telling, the other began. "The baron had once ridden into the city, and stayed so late that it was night before he had half reached home. Well, the

way led past an old dilapidated chapel ; on approaching this chapel he perceived a light in one of the windows ; the baron did not want for courage, and so he dismounted, in order to see what it could mean. Crossing what was formerly the place of interment, he clearly saw three corpse-like figures ascend out of the earth, in their winding sheets, and advance towards him. You may talk of men's courage and their disbelief in ghosts, but, methinks few would willingly put either to such a test as this. The baron sprang upon his horse, gave him the spur, and galloped away as fast as his heart could carry him. But, however, he had scarcely recovered from his fright when he beheld the three ghosts at a little distance before him ; in vain he turns his horse first on one side of the road, and then on the other ; his escort does not quit him until he enters his castle court, and his servants bring out lights to receive him.

"At first the baron could not relate the incident to his noble lady, however much she entreated to know the cause of his pale, ghastly appearance, and wild looks ; but when he was about to retire to rest, the servants were alarmed by his cries for help, and on their running to him, he told them what had happened at the chapel, and that the three terrifying forms had just appeared to him again. This time, however, they had scratched the mould from their hands, and thrown it into his eyes, so as nearly to blind him. All now agreed that the apparition of the three ghosts to their master could signify nothing less than that he would soon close his eyes, and be committed to the earth. And so it happened : for in three days the Baron died, and no medicine could save him. The three ghosts, therefore, betokened the three days."

Waltmann listened attentively to the story ; when it was concluded he said, "I have not heard your tale of the baron from Robert, but I recollect having read it, while at school, in a curious old book. There, however, it was told of a Spanish nobleman, and the ghosts did not presignify the number of days, for the nobleman did not die until the seventh. This it always is with stories of this kind ; every narrator adds something to them."

"Now you see, father," cried Rose, "that Robert does tell untruths. You

would never believe me, now you have it from godfather himself."

"Well, well," rejoined Waltmann, in a friendly tone, "if you have nothing worse than that to say of Robert, you may let it pass. You call him half a scholar ; those who are wholly so, are much worse."

"No, no," cried Rose angrily, "don't you persuade me to that too ! I won't have Robert, come what will."

Father Hellsmuth waxed wroth, and persisted the more in his purpose. The guests endeavoured to appease him, and many who did not appear to be very well disposed towards Robert, enlisted under Rose's banner. Waltmann represented seriously to the father, that compulsion in affairs of that nature never did good ; that a parent had no right to dispose of his child like his live and dead farming stock, or the produce of his fields. However, the magistrate was immovable ; he would hear nothing against Robert ; he had a pretty property, which seemed to increase as by some especial blessing ; moreover he was known far and near, and nobody could tell what he might not become one day, particularly in time of war. "Add to this," continued he, "a gipsy has prophesied that he will one day fill a high station. Now, although nobody can accuse me of being over credulous or superstitious in these matters, yet I must confess that I have known many of old mother Setter's predictions come true. Did she not prophesy that there would be a fire in the village—and was not farmer Grubler's house burnt to the ground shortly afterwards ? However, whether we believe in these prophecies or not, is little to the purpose, for Robert is now one of the best matches in the village, and there is not a girl in it, except my obstinate hussey, who would not be proud to have him."

The guests were far from agreeing with their credulous host ; not a few of them had all along suspected the old gipsy herself of setting fire to Grubler's premises, and thus fulfilling her own prediction ; however, none ventured to declare their suspicions aloud on that point, because their host was a personage of too great importance to be contradicted with impunity. The godfather, nevertheless, would not give up the point, and they argued about it some time ; Rose wept, and

the wickedness of the party was destroyed.

On a sudden Waltmann missed a bundle, which he thought he had brought with him; every place was searched, but it was no where to be found. The old man became uneasy. "It contains the whole of the Martinmas dues," said he; "I would fain have requested you, neighbour Hellsnuth, to deliver it to-morrow, to the receiver: If it is not here, I must have lost it by the old castle, that's certain."

The venerable old man wanted to return thither to seek it, but they all detained him, representing to him the folly of a man of his years going out in so stormy a night. "Have it, I must," said he; "I could not replace the loss—and I recollect that I must have dropped it near the round tower, for there I was obliged to use both hands, to make my way through the bushes. I must certainly have let it fall then, in my haste and terror."

"No, you shall not go!" cried Rose, as the old man reached his hat and stick. "It is not far, I will run and fetch it myself." Waltmann would not permit this. The guests put on grave looks, and thought it was madness to venture at night into a place of such ill repute. Rose laughed at their fears: "What is there to be afraid of?" said she. "I have often ran across the church-yard at night, and as godfather says, what harm can a ghost do to anybody, who has a clear conscience." With that she took the lantern and hurried out.

Most of the guests now extolled the courage of the high-spirited girl, but some few of them, on the contrary, censured her rashness, which, in their opinion, amounted almost to crime. Waltmann was moved by the maiden's good-nature, and again argued, seriously and warmly, with her father, about her marriage with Robert, insisting strongly that he ought not to force her inclination. "Felix," he said, "was a smart lad, who had every body's good opinion and would certainly make his way in the world; and as it was clear that the girl loved him, it would be rendering her miserable for life to force her to marry the other."

Hellsnuth agreed in his commendations of Felix, but said that he had given his promise to Robert; moreover, Felix was very poor, and the forest service in that part of the coun-

try so bad, that a batchelor could scarcely support himself creditably, much less a man with a wife and children.

"Felix is a favorite of mine," said one of the guests, and I should have been one to rejoice, heartily, if he had been successful in discovering the perpetrators of the great robbery. Five hundred dollars would have set him up in the world; that will now fall to the surveyors of the roads."

"Have they got the thieves then?" asked Waltmann.

"The surveyors, a short time ago brought in two strangers, who are suspected, and indeed almost convicted, only they will not confess their guilt."

"Felix took a great deal of trouble about it," rejoined Waltmann, "and I am sorry for him. Well, perhaps he will be more lucky in something else."

Just at this instant, Felix entered. He looked round for Rose, and at length enquired shyly after her. Her long absence had not been noticed by the company.

"I hope nothing can have happened to her," said Waltmann, rising. Before Felix had received an intelligible answer to his anxious enquiries, a violent knocking was heard at the door. One of the young people hastened to open it, when Rose rushed in pale and breathless, the picture of terror, and sank down senseless on the floor.

The wind had extinguished her light before she had taken three steps, nevertheless, the courageous girl pursued her way by the scanty light of the moon. Fortunately she found the spot described by Waltmann. She perceived the lost bundle amongst the bushes, and was stooping to disentangle it, when she thought she heard the sound of heavy footsteps. She shuddered, and all the stories which she had heard of ghosts in the old castle, rose up in her recollection, filling her imagination with frightful apparitions. The noise approached, and she perceived distinctly in the moon shine, two dark figures carrying a corpse. The wind blew off a handkerchief with which the body was slightly covered, and she saw large bleeding wounds in the head and breast. Almost bereft of her senses, she seized the handkerchief, and, impelled by terror, flew back to her father's dwelling.

The magistrate and his guests had elicited thus much from the maiden's

broken and unconnected stories, and busied themselves now with interpreting the strange and ominous apparition; the general conclusion was that it betokened great mortality among the inhabitants through the plague, or some other pestilential disorder. But Felix took his gun—"Shame on you," said the youth, "these are not ghosts, but robbers and murderers. Who is no coward come along with me."

Not one of them all had the heart to accompany the courageous Felix, except the venerable grandfather, whose assistance he positively refused to accept. He set out alone for the old castle, and found the ruffians still employed in burying the corpse. "Hold!" cried he with a powerful voice, presenting his gun at the same instant. "Stir not a foot." The murderers were panic struck; one of them attempted to escape, and as he did not stop, after being repeatedly challenged to do so, Felix fired upon him. A loud shriek from the wounded man struck terror into the heart of the other; he begged for mercy, promising to confess all, and followed the intrepid huntsman to the magistrate's.

In the interim most of the inhabitants had collected at Hellsmouth house, and Rose was called upon to repeat the marvellous story of the apparition again and again. Then came Felix with his prisoner, to give a decisive blow to their superstitious credulity. The murderer was desired to name his accomplice, but the first shock being over, he strove to give the affair a

favorable turn and refused. Soon afterwards, however, some passengers brought in a wounded man, whom they had found in a state of insensibility on the high road. Conceive the astonishment of all when he was led in, and proved to be Robert! He did not attempt to deny his guilt, and the handkerchief which Rose had seized in her fright, instead of the bundle, gave positive evidence against him, for it bore the name of the merchant who had been robbed, and who had offered the reward before mentioned, for the discovery of the delinquents.

All the supernatural sights and noises in the ruins of the old castle were now clearly explained, for upon inquiry and examination, it proved, that the robbers had long made use of the ill-famed spot, as a place of concealment for their plunder and of interment for their victims.

Felix not only received the promised reward of five hundred dollars, but the two suspected travellers, whose innocence was thus, by his means, established, made him so handsome a present, that he was soon permitted to lead his beloved Rose to the altar.

The gipsy's prophecy, made, in all probability, by one well acquainted with the robber's mode of life, was fulfilled in Robert with a precision that seldom characterises the accomplishment of their pretended predictions—he was exalted to the gallows.

S.

LIGHTLY THROUGH THE MYSTIC DANCE.

HINDOSTANNIC AIR.

LIGHTLY through the mystic dance,

The Alma's gentle foot is hieing;

Now her bashful steps advance,

And now again they're flying.

Meek in coming, fond in flight,

Know ye which the more adorning?

Know ye which hath fairest light,—

The smile of eve, or morning?

Free as storm, when airy skies

Blow back the fleecy robes that bound her,

On she moves, with blushing eyes,

And scarce a cloud around her.

Mark her now,—while o'er her close

The folds again, like eve returning,

Eve who tells, though now she goes,

Of other hours for burning.

B.

ALICE DENRY.

" I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt—
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest hook—the rose."
MIDDLETON.

" It was all one
That I should love a bright particular star;
And think to wed her: she is so above me,
In her bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted,—not in her sphere."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

IN the more secluded districts of the kingdom, and especially in North Wales, society is not altogether composed of that frigid and artificial formality which it necessarily assumes in crowded towns and cities. In the pastoral districts of Wales this formality is prevented by a bond of natural union which connects the peasant to the wealthy land-holder by a reciprocity of clanish feeling, and which had its mutual relation with all the intermediate gradations. The *pentulu*, or head of the family—be he a Vaughan, a Montague, or a Wynn—as the descendant of a long and princely line of ancestors, is regarded, not merely as a man of wealth and honours, and pre-eminence among his own people, but as a petty monarch, who must redress the injuries, espouse the just quarrels, and vindicate the disputed rights of his devoted subjects. It was the will and duty of his forefathers to do this, and he is expected to inherit the responsibility and toil, as well as the wealth and honor of his progenitors.

This feeling of mutual dependence has contributed much to the loyalty and patriotism of the Cambro-British—and to the internal peace and comfort which they now enjoy. Experience has taught them, that the ancient Bardic motto—" *Rhyddid, Cudwedd, Cyrellgarwch*," (Liberty, Firmness, and Friendship,) is best preserved by a strong and compact union in the bonds of peace and good-will; and however much they may be despised for their simplicity, they can never be censured for their disloyalty.

Power is, doubtless, a dangerous and fascinating gift; but in wise and good hands how much does it tend to the benefit and happiness of mankind! This is particularly the case when its possession is a matter of hereditary right, rather than the result of fortuitous, or even of a consecutive series of fortunate events. In the latter instance it is too often abused, and becomes a terrible curse,—while in the former it casts a halo glory over all within its influence, and becomes, indeed, a virtue and a blessing.

The existence of the mutual dependence, already referred to, is very great in Wales. The hereditary possessor of wealth and power—himself as much a sovereign in his own dominion, as the mightiest monarch on his throne—is careful of the wants, and attentive to the comforts of his people, and they, in return, are his faithful, devoted, and willing servants. The empty blandishments of the world have no charms for him; nor have its ephemeral pleasures any allurements; for like the gallant knight of Pengwern, when invited by Henry the Seventh to share the honours of his court, for services rendered at Bosworth Field—the Welsh "laird" would meekly reply—"Sire, I love to dwell among mine own people!"

In addition to this hereditary reciprocity of condition, there is another cause, also, for the fostering of those *clanish* feelings: and that is the relationship which exists in its several degrees among the natives, from the highest to the lowest. In Wales, where pride of ancestry is not yet

quite extinct, these connections of kindred—no matter how few and faint the degree may be, nor how much the ties of consanguinity may be diluted or adulterated by a baser intermixture—are cherished with a pertinacity bordering upon enthusiasm; and the feeling is good and honourable, inasmuch as it conduces to the preservation of a mutual regard and a reciprocal dependence throughout every branch of the community.

In what is termed the world, it is widely different, and it is only when we are young, and innocent, and happy, that we desire to indulge in those fine and delightful impulses, which spring from natural and instinctive causes. As we advance in years so do we advance in experience and worldly wisdom: that is, we become cautious, distrustful, and suspicious. Our feelings are influenced by circumstances altogether artificial. Those exalting impulses which characterized our youth, are repressed, because discretion tells us they are improper; or, what is the same thing, impolitic. If we mean to live in this world, we must of necessity conform to its usages and customs—and nature has not much to do in the regulation of either. Yet it is some consolation to look back to those times, when uninfluenced by example, and unshackled by custom, our youthful hearts beat only in unison with such feelings as arose from impulses purely unsophisticated. Who does not remember with delight the period, when, emerging into manhood, the mind received its impressions from sources widely different from those, which the suggestions of worldly prudence and calculating caution have since established? Then, if the heart fixed its affections upon an object worthy of its love, the propriety of revelling in the happiness of such an attachment would never present itself to mar the prospective bliss, it was quite sufficient that such an object existed, its worldly rank was a matter of no importance. Are not the forms of rank and precedence too much insisted upon for the actual happiness of mankind? In the present artificial and frigid state of society, some attention to these points is doubtless necessary; but it is a question whether they are not too often carried to a very absurd and preposterous ex-

tent, particularly by many of those who have hereditary honors to emblazon on their escutcheon. Far be it from me to disparage the exaltation of those who have risen in the world by their own talents and exertions; it is, I think, a proud thing to say, that many of the highest luminaries of our Church and Bar have thus towered above their fellows: yet, it is no less true, as a general rule, that individuals thus circumstanced, are not remarkable for that suavity of deportment, which ought to characterize, and which always does characterize the truly great. The consciousness of their own merit—for no one can easily rise thus without very superior merit—renders them supercilious and haughty. Ought it not rather to make them gracious and condescending?

The actions of those who mingle with the world are too frequently influenced by motives of interest rather than of mutual accommodation; and, although we may have once been disciples of nature, our intercourse with society will soon seduce us from her paths. How often does it happen, that the attachments of early life, originating in a reciprocity of sentiment, and founded entirely upon a mutual regard, how often, I say, do they dissolve into airy nothingness, and yield to what are termed the dictates of prudence? It was my own case; it is the case with thousands; but no time nor vicissitude can ever blot out the remembrance of early love. Even now, and many years have since passed by, the minutest circumstance connected with my first courtship are indelibly impressed upon my memory. My fair charmer was quite a girl,—and I, indeed, was little more than a boy. I was old enough to love, however; and so in truth was Eliza; and we *did* love with all the ardour and purity of unaffected truth. We were natives of the same village, but Eliza lived with her mother, about a mile from the hamlet; and I can yet well remember the first time I dared to talk to her of love. I see her sweet innocent face blushing with emotion. I feel the tremulous pressure of her soft hand, and I hear her gentle whisper of fond and affectionate approval. I used to go up to the cottage of an evening, and while away an hour or two in the most

delightful manner imaginable; and once I surprised Eliza alone, for her mother had gone to visit a sick neighbour. It was then that I obtained *the first kiss!* and who can ever forget the bliss of such a prize? On another occasion, I had been fishing among the hills, and called at the cottage on my way home. It was a lovely evening in July, and the sun had just set with more than usual splendour. Eliza was again alone in the garden, a single blackbird was carolling in gladness his hymn of gratitude, and there was a balmy freshness in the air, which harmonized well with my feelings. We entered the bower, where Eliza left me, and I fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awake by a soft and sweet pres-

sure on my cheek. I looked up, and saw Eliza's bright eyes, smiling over her wearied lover. Oh! these were days the remembrance of which, neither good nor ill, security nor peril, happiness nor woe, can ever obliterate! But I went forth into the world: our attachment was called childish, and destroyed; Eliza became the wife of another; and time smoothed down my disappointed hopes into placidity, but never, never can it cast into oblivion the remembrance of those days of love and happiness. But

"Now to my tale a tale of long past years,
Of pain, and joys, strong faith, and
love's bewitching tears."

[To be continued.

THE POET'S HOPE.

How many an hour I've whiled away
In seeking, for the deathless lyre,
Some radiant and soul-breathing lay
That might preserve the hues of fire
Which gild and burn my brain and breast,
Long after *both* in cold earth rest!
And, though the fairest autumn even
Hath not upon its rainbow wing,
Such fair and countless dyes of heaven,—
Whether from leaf or fruit they spring,
Or from those high cloud-woven bowers
That still o'erlook the summer-flowers,—
As on my soul have shed their charms
For a bright moment, and then past
Off, like the tempest-ray that warms
A night scene into day, and fast
Reigns each blossom,—if not quite
To darkness,—to its own sole light.
Yet, still, amidst the motley train
Flitting before my fancy's eye,
I've found *some* lovely forms remain
In their own sweet identity,
Until, at last, my tongue could tell
That they *were* loved—though not *how well*.
And though my tale of thoughts which are
Themselves but ghosts of spirits laid,—
Dim portraiture of friends afar,—
Be but the shadow of a shade,
It may, perchance, be seen upon
This earth when I am "out o' the sun."
And it *may*, too, fall softening o'er,
Mary, the visions of thy youth!
Oh! should it e'er be ask'd why wore
Thy beamy face a gloom, 'twould smooth
Ev'n my *surf*-pillow, were it said—
"Tis for a poet-friend that's dead."

B.

SKETCHES OF FRENCH MANNERS.

No. II.

THE CEMETERY OF PERE LA CHAISE.

"What a house in Paris?" said I, to a friend lately returned from the French capital. "Oh," said he, "I saw every thing worth seeing, or that a person could wish to visit—I went to the *Tuileries*, the *Champs Elysées*, the *Catacombes*, the *Institute*, the *Libraries*, *Montmartre*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, *St. Cloud*, *Versailles*, and, I believe, that's all." "Indeed?" said I, "did you not see *Pere la Chaise*?" "No; I was told it was a burial ground, and I had no idea *de m'attrister* in the city of pleasure by visiting the gloomy mansions of the dead."—How many of our travelled readers will not confess that they have been prevented by the same feeling from enjoying by far the most remarkable scene in Paris, or I may add, in Europe? With us, a cemetery is the extremity of wretchedness in taste, and the inscriptions but the extravagance of vanity. Whoever is desirous of seeing taste and feeling combined in funeral commemoration, let him hasten to *Pere la Chaise*, and he may rest assured that it will ever after remain in his mind as one of those scenes in which memory delights to repose.

To the west of Paris, immediately beyond the *Barriery*, spreads out a range of hills from *Montmartre* to *Vincennes*, covered with orchards, public gardens, vineyards, and villages. At the extremity of this range, towards the noisy *Faubourg St. Antoine*, is situated the celebrated cemetery of *Mont Louis*, or *Pere la Chaise*. One cannot but regret that this scene of repose, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, should be called by the name of the sanguinary confessor of Louis the Fourteenth, the hero of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the *dragonnades*, and *negodes* that have "damned to everlasting fame" the infamous *Maintenon* and her minions. Crimes were expiated in the middle ages by donations to the priests, and the founding of churches. In the fighting war against the infidel, in presence of similar feelings, Louis the Fourteenth did penance for his sins.

E. M. February, 1826.

by tyrannising over his subjects and by the atrocious persecution of the Huguenots. Upon the spot now consecrated to the dead, once rose the splendid mansion of the confessor of kings. Amongst the many changes effected by the Revolution, none was more imperiously called for by respect for public health than the removal of burial grounds without the city. The *Catacombes* received the mouldering remains that had been accumulating in the churches since the days of *Clovis* and *Charlemagne*; and *Pere la Chaise* on *Mont St. Louis*, the base of *Montmartre*, and the plain of *Vaugrard*, were appointed to receive the Parisian dead of future generations. Each of these extensive cemeteries is highly worthy of a stranger's attention: at present we confine ourselves to that of *Pere la Chaise*.

This immense burial ground covers nearly seventy acres, at the foot, along the declivity, and on the summit of the hill, surrounded by a lofty wall. Before passing the gate, we see on all sides the workmanship of statuary and other artificers of the monuments of the dead. Marble lies at our feet in unexampled profusion; and this we might be prepared to see. But we could scarcely expect gardens flourishing round the walls, to supply the relatives of those interred with flowers, shrubs, and trees, to commemorate their affection. On entering the city of the dead, you seem at once transported into a wilderness of monuments, trees, and flowers. Though the base of the hill, which first meets our view, is not distinguished for splendid monuments, yet even the simplest burial place is inclosed by an iron or wooden railing, and the space within covered with flowers and verdure, or shadowed by trees of melancholy association. Each spot is kept in the utmost beauty and order by the gardeners of the establishment, and the friends of the deceased religiously preserve his memory by tending the flowers that spring over his grave. No one who has ever witnessed this interesting sight, will affirm, however

strong his prejudices against the frivolity of the Parisians, that they are destitute of the warmest feelings of affection and benevolence. At dawn of day, parents may be seen bedewing with their tears the tombs of their children, wives praying over their husbands, tending with anxious care the frail memorials of their affection—and then hastening off to escape the stranger's gaze, or to avoid the approaching hearse that too forcibly recalls the anguish of the past. Such scenes, reader, thou mayest often witness, if thou repairest hither at an early hour, before the vain curiosity of the stranger, or the customary rites of the dead, break in upon the solitude of the mourner. Let not thy curiosity intrude upon their hallowed tears!—let not thy youthful vivacity mingle the noisy thoughtlessness of youth with the gloom of sorrow!

Even this spot, the base of the hill, may be called interesting from the simple beauty of the decorations, and the grateful odours and pleasant hues of the vegetable world that seems to awaken our powerful emotions at the darkness of death. We pause as we survey the memorials of a sister or a wife remembered by grateful affection—we reflect on the uncertainty of life, and all its pleasures, and yet the gloominess of dissolution is illumined by the scattered monuments around that tell of the secrets of the living. Were these seeming regrets but the vain, the sculptured offerings of pride, I should but point them out to the scorn of my readers, or laugh at the vain attempt at honours beyond the grave! But the regrets expressed seem the offspring of affection;—even the monuments of the great ones of the earth are more remarkable in displaying the virtues of the deceased, than in heralding their titles and decorations. Where no flowers bloomed, where no cypresses waved their sombre branches over the narrow bed, there might you judge that a stranger had been mingled with the dust of a foreign land. Yet many are the memorials of the power of death over the youth of every country, from the Vistula to the Tægus, from the Mediterranean to China—beyond the western man,—suddenly snatched away from the tumultuous pleasures of a licentious capital! Let

the survivors learn from their example, and beware!

After passing through hosts of monuments, urns, and altars, we reach the ancient tombs that have been brought hither from the most distant points of the French territory. The most remarkable of these is the Gothic tomb of *Abelard and Heloise*, whose story has been conserved in every European tongue. Though separated in their lives, “in their deaths they were not divided.” Who pities not the fond devotion of Heloise,—who despises not the querulous temper and selfish disposition of Abelard, in spite of all his learning and renown? The tomb that enclosed the remains of the lovers was brought to Paris after the Revolution, long remained in the *Musée des Monuments Français*, and was at last finally transferred to the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Pursuing our visit to the curiosities of the place, along the wall that separates us from a luxuriant orchard, we come upon tombs decorated in every variety of taste,—and on inspecting the inscription beneath the figure of a lady, kneeling before an altar surmounted by an urn, we read with heart-felt emotion—*Mon amour pour mon enfant a pu seul me tenir à la vie*—“My love for my child alone binds me to life,”—we eagerly hasten to the other side of the monument, when we see the name of the heroic “*Count de LaBédoyère*,” shot in the plain of Chancellie, in August, 1815, by the tender-hearted Louis. Peace to the persecuted and the persecutor, they have both gone to their account.

Let us now leave the level ground, and ascend the declivity along the side of which rise those splendid monuments that are visible from the opposite extremities of the capital. We now come to statues of the most beautiful workmanship, and all the decorations that art can lend for the commemoration of the dead. At intervals, a narrow path winds round the hill for the convenience of carriages, and the ground is formed into terraces, that look like hanging gardens, interspersed with columns and statues. Near the edge of the hill, where it bends down towards the *Barrière des Fèvres*, is a small level spot of two or three hundred feet diameter, round which are clustered the monuments of

marshals and illustrious statesmen. A marble obelisk, of exquisite taste, indicates the tomb of the hero of Arcola, of "the favourite son of victory," (*le fils chere de la victoire*) of Marshal *Marengo*. Within a few yards are the monuments of many of his most distinguished companions in arms, who never led on the Eagle but to victory. The most aged of these was Marshal *Kellerman*, the veteran of the Revolution, who passed the last twenty years of his life far from the tumult of arms—*Requiescat in pace!* That is the vault in which I saw deposited (August, 1823) the remains of the brave but neglected Davoust, the hero of Hamburg, and one of the illustrious trio to whom the French army looked forward as their chiefs when Napoleon should be no more. Here assembled *none* out of the twelve marshals of France to pay respect to the memory of the departed hero—here *Jourdain* pronounced a funeral oration commemorative of the life and valiant actous of the deceased—here *Soult* stood a monument of withered greatness, scowling looks of defiance on the beholders, as if they triumphed over the downfall of his brethren—here *Mortier*, *Victor*, and *Angeriau* shone in all the trappings of military pride, and looked calmly on the scene, as if conscious that they should always preserve their loyalty to the throne, whatever changes might occur in the revolutions of dynasty! The young generals who distinguished themselves so proudly in the latter years of Napoleon's career, have either disappeared from the scene, or employ their ardent zeal in defending the rights of the people. But death has made strange havoc in the ranks both of young and of veteran conquerors. But half a dozen years ago, and not one of these monuments was erected—not one vault could boast a Marshal of France. The downfall of Napoleon seems to have shortened the days as well as destroyed the fortunes of his most distinguished followers. No one felt the caprices of fortune more deeply than Marshal Davoust. But yet how fortunate was he in comparison with his neighbour in death—"the bravest of the brave," the hero of *La Moskwa*—Marshal *Ney*! Large and unpainted iron rails surround his grave, an unsculptured stone covers

his remains, and nought but the flowers strewn by strangers on the spot, can point out to the traveller the last home of the veteran warrior. The prejudices raised against him by malice and misrepresentation have disappeared before the light of truth, and Europe considers him as the victim sacrificed by the holy purpus of legitimacy to his mean-spirited revenge for his discomfiture, and to his dread of his future influence over the French army.

A splendid monument to the memory of Count Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, the orator of the Empire, rather quaintly expresses the fact of his decease on the very day of his return from exile, by saying that "the same day saw the termination of his misfortunes, his exile, and his life." This reminds us of the Pausan conceit on *Rose*, (*Mademoiselle Rose*), "*Rose, elle a vecu ce que vient les roses, l'espace d'un jour*" [For similar specimens of perverted taste, see the monuments in Westminster Abbey.] In the very centre of the cemetery, but not on the brow of the hill, are situated the burial vaults of distinguished families. A massive temple is at this spot always constructed over the vault, so that the whole prospect along this terrace seems a host of elegant temples of diversified shape and size, according to the skill or caprice of the architect. Amidst them we copy one structure surrounded by cypresses, that merits our respect and veneration. On one side is drawn the figure of a Nilometer—it is the tomb of the veteran *Monge*, so long illustrious in science. It was erected to his memory by the lights of modern science, by his pupils of the Polytechnic School. Far above this range of tombs, rises a host of princely temples for the great ones of the earth. The most beautiful of these is one situated on the very summit of the hill, and visible from the Pantheon and the *Invalids*. Two or three years since, a Russian princess ordered this splendid mans on to be erected by the best architect, and adorned by the most eminent sculptors—and scarcely was it completed when she was inclosed within its walls!

We have now reached the summit of Mont Louis, and see at our feet the bustling city of Paris, with its spires,

palaces, and palaces, as distinctly as if they were within the bounds of the cemetery. On one side lie the beautiful forest and frowning *Dongou* of Vincennes, where Louis XI. employed his fit instrument of cruelty, Olivier le Diable, to torment his obnoxious nobility long before the Bastille became known in history for many a "nameless deed." Still nearer are the ruins of the Bastille itself, and immediately beyond it lies the *Arsenal*, immortalized by the residence of the virtuous Sully. Before us stretches out the beautiful bridge of Austerlitz, and beyond the Seine; amidst this

wilderness of stone, appears the green oasis of the *Jardin des Plantes*. But the bustle in the plain below disturbs the serenity of contemplation inspired by the variegated prospect before us—the vehicles of death are now pouring their contents within these extensive walls—let us bid adieu to the memorials of the great in science, war, and the arts—let us hasten to the very vestibule of science herself, and solace ourselves amidst the pleasant arbours and delightful vegetation which the *Jardin des Plantes* offers with such never-ending variety.

Paris, July 8th, 1824.

WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE

"He will not be commanded!" —MICHAEL

MR. EDITOR—Your Magazine is read by the discerning and enlightened, and to the discerning and enlightened I humbly address myself, hoping that they will take into consideration the statement of an individual, an individual of the male species, who alarmed at the rising growth of female power and prerogative, petitions to know where man's obedience ends, and whether we have any claim upon woman's respect—

"The petitioner humbly sheweth—that in the course of common conversation the other day he was fully contradicted by a young lady, whose reply was again contradicted by the petitioner, who was accused of 'rudeness for daring to contradict a lady.' That when he reverently remonstrated in support of his claims to be heard, he was further told to 'hold his tongue.' The petitioner decidedly objects to this latter piece of eloquence, and disliking unbridled power in more senses than one, he begs to know whether the reply in question be not an allowable extension of prerogative?"

In truth, Mr. Editor, I am as obedient as the armed head in Macbeth; will not be commanded" by any man—or woman either, Sir." There are certain courtesies due from

circumstance to women, which are very generally, I think, paid them by the opposite sex, and frequently they are entitled to such attention, but I fear these petty gallantries are in many instances carried too far, and are productive of ill. From such continued usage to the honied tones of flattery, they become offended by the honesty of truth.

Women appear to trust to their sex rather than to their merit, and seem to forget that it is only in proportion to their practice of effeminacy, that our attentions should be proffered more or less. What I would more particularly infer is this: that their being simply of the feminine gender, when there is an absence of its charming accompaniments, is insufficient in itself to entitle them to our extraordinary regard. There is something too, extremely annoying in suffering chasement from a weapon of our own making and gift. I do not like that determination of exerting to the utmost the power which we put into their hands. It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but tyrannous to use it like a giant.

What over-achments do some women make upon our department! Effeminacy in a certain class of males, balances the evil in some measure,

but does not justify the "bandies," (despicable race) another time—but a word or two to viagoes, patronesses of, "the fancy" and blue stockings.

Ladies,

"Our obedience is proffered with a proviso, that you make no unlawful intrusions upon our customs—But if you will claim the post of a general at the head of his army, you must stand his chance of being shot. If you will assume

"The whip, the cap, the masculine 'cure,' in which you roughen to the sense, And all the winning softness of your sex is lost."

If you will persist in "ricing the pining staid," and such unbecoming feats.—In short, if you will share the rougher enjoyment of man, you must subject yourself to many inconveniences, or settle the point (to do the business thoroughly) by sword and pistol. But "do not so," practice

the effeminate virtues, and do not meddle with horses, dogs, Euclid, politics, or the dead languages—

"To rougher man ambition's task resign, 'Tis theirs in senates and in courts to move,

One only care your gentle breast should move, The important business of your life is love."

Practice the effeminate virtues—delicacy will always insure corresponding behavior on our part, your tenderness and feeling it will be our cue never to hurt, your timidity will always procure you our protection, (for you are loveliest in your fears) your modesty will ever insure our respect, a combination of these charms, our love. Soothe tears, and entreaties, will never fail, but I will not be otherwise controlled. "What upon compulsion? No, not upon compulsion" G.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

New-York, May 2, 1824.

We arrived here after a stormy passage of forty-seven days. When off the Western Islands we felt the equinoctial gales pretty severely; but, though great sickness and discomfort prevailed amongst the passengers, thanks to the strength of our vessel, and the captain's skill, we met with no material accident. I was fortunate enough to escape the sickness that confined the greater part of our company to their cabs, but cannot say that I fared much better for the exemption, on account of the confused and uncomfortable state of the deck, refreshed occasionally with heavy seas that sent the non-invalids, like so many drowned rats, down again into the cabin, there to encounter the goodly sights, and odoriferous smells, that a vessel crowded with passengers usually presents. But of the horrors of "the middle passage" I shall say no more—as I do not altogether agree with Virgil's hero about the pleasant retrospect of past dangers, and think *hinc* would have said a "wiser thing" if he had made it, *hinc olim mentibus non juvabo*. What pleasures some people can find

at sea, whether they be pleasures of anticipation or of reflection, or of actual entity, I cannot discover—but *chacun à son goût*. At the same time, God forbid that I should calumniate the ship that conveyed me; it was one of "the New-York and Liverpool packets," perhaps the finest vessel that ever traversed the ocean. After coming in sight of Long Island on the fifth week of our voyage, we met with provoking calms that called up all the oaths and irritability that our company could muster. There is no saying to what extremes the "sicken-ing pang of hope deferred" might have impelled some of our most impetuous spirits, had a cheerer not appeared on the forty-sixth day from our departure, in the shape of a puritanic looking pilot, mounting the deck, (with a cigar in his mouth,) and assuring us all that our pilgrimage would be at an end. The same evening we anchored off the light-house at Sandy Hook; and were again under weigh at two o'clock in the morning; the passengers were all busily employed in settling their differences; or scrubbing off the discom-

forts accumulated during the voyage, while the packet ship was rapidly moving forward between the beautiful shores and islands of the bay of New York.

New York is finely situated at the southern extremity of the island of Manhattan, which being at this place not more than half a mile broad, the city is almost entirely surrounded by shipping. For two miles on each side of the city, along the North and East rivers, extends a crowded forest of masts, that surpass in beauty and effect every prospect of the kind I have yet seen. Though the ports of London and Liverpool are superior to this in many respects, they are much more frittered away into docks and interior harbours, and can no where present the same unbroken vista of commercial activity. We landed at seven in the morning, and hastened to the *Washington Hall* hotel. This, the *first house* we set foot in, in the New World, was equal in external appearance to any hotel in England; and the apartments within we found splendid, the service unexceptionable, and the accommodations excellent. As I am by nature and education a *gourmand*, you will expect me to mention what cheer the yankees gave us, *c'est juste*. In half an hour after our arrival I sat down to breakfast along with my brother and two other *compagnons de voyage*. Tea and coffee, three or four kinds of fish, eggs, ham, steaks, oysters, sausages, hot cakes, of all descriptions, most excellent bread, formed but a *part* of our *multifarious* repast! I need not say that we did ample justice to the table of *Washington Hall*. Such a breakfast! it will "make water in your mouth," (as the Frenchman said,) when you think of it! You imagine all this satisfaction to arise from the novelty of a comfortable meal on shore after being for weeks confined on ship-board? Not at all. The novelty of the first morning might give a greater zest to our appetites, but with every succeeding breakfast, (and every other meal, too, I may add,) we have been almost equally well pleased. You may rely on it, that I will upset the whole domestic economy of your breakfast on my return. Away with your sickly, flimsy, insipid egg and toast—old maidenish English breakfast! "They order these things better

in France, but best of all in America.

Our hotel is situated at the upper end of *Broadway*, the finest street in the city, and, indeed, one of the finest streets I have ever seen. It is not so long nor so broad as the Boulevards of Paris, but, like them, is planted with trees, and is the grand scene of display. The houses in the city are of brick, many of them resembling the antique buildings of Utrecht and Rotterdam; but in the principal streets they are generally very neat and handsome, with the sides of the doors and windows of white marble, and presenting altogether a very gay appearance. The city itself is as bustling as Liverpool, and, indeed, you meet with few things that could make you suppose yourself out of Old England. The first thing that struck me as a peculiarity was the great number of *black* in the streets, some driving chaises and hackney coaches, others running about with parcels and letters; but of them cleanly, some even handsomely dressed, and all with an appearance of health, comfort, and good living in their sleek and full-blown faces. The negro women seemed remarkable for their height and complexion. The children swarmed in the alleys like so many ants. Tell Miss —, who is so full of *negro-mania*, that if she were here she might have as many of these sable "angels" as she pleased for the asking; but alas! she would have a hard task to teach them industry, honesty, or even civility. Tell her that they are a sad race, man, woman, and boy. Another peculiarity that struck me on the day of my arrival, (and to which I am not yet altogether reconciled) is the saving of labour accomplished by the sage foresight of the city police. I had heard that the Americans were a very clever calculating people; but I scarcely imagined that they looked to some things so *nice*ly. The Norfolk farmers have flocks of geese (or ducks, I forget which) to keep their turnip fields clear of caterpillars. The *jackals* of the East carry off the dead men, or dead cats, that encumber the cities by night, and, profiting by the example, the citizens of New-York maintain a *system* of *hogs* to keep their streets free from filth, fever, and pollution! These scavengers (or as

they are here called "*American citizens*," i. e., being free of the city) are generally of most enormous size, and often give rise to ludicrous scenes, sometimes even to dangerous accidents. My brother was a practical instance of the first. In crossing Broadway two days ago one of these animals, at full gallop, (the hogs here are a frisky, galloping race, described in Sir John Sinclair's "*Specus et Genera Pecorum*") ran betwixt his legs, hoisted him up for a second, (*à cheval sur un cochon* as the Parisians would term it) and ended by leaving him prostrate in the mud! This hoggish liberty seems likewise to prevail in Philadelphia, for I have been told that a venerable French physician of that city was lately walking with his wife in one of the principal streets, when an "American citizen," running away from some dogs, threw him down with such violence that he died in a few days! This accident was mentioned in all the newspapers.

I dare say I shall like the Americans vastly well when I get acquainted with them, and for that *laissez moi faire* as the economists say: but in the mean time I must tell you my *first impressions*. The men whom I meet in the streets are generally tall, thin, good looking, but rather thoughtful or care-worn, well, but not neatly, dressed, with slouching handkerchief-like straw hats, unless when they have shabby black ones, and a lounging, indolent, Asiatic way of walking, very different from the rapid English business step. The ladies, and there is plenty of them all day in Broadway, and all the evening at the promenade called the *Battery*; the ladies are very handsome, with a certain *je ne sçais quoi* about their faces, indicative of peevishness, and a very considerable love of dress, or rather of undress,—for, like the bard of the Seasons, they dearly love *transparencies*, and seem to think that—

"Loveless

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorn'd the most."

Do think not I: *monsieur passons par-là*. They are very good stagers, better, I think, than the London or Parisian ladies; but this may possibly arise from the novelty of my ready cheeks and John Bull look. There is to be seen plenty of Englishmen here, yet somehow or other, they retain so lit-

tle of their pricing appearance that it is difficult to distinguish them as countrymen, unless it be in their constitutional attachment to porter and port-wine, while the sly Yankees wisely prefer Claret and Mâdera. Speaking of wines, my rambling association of ideas call up a noted dealer in "strong drinks" whom it has been my good fortune to meet with. "There is no saying what we may all come to," said a jolly red-nosed tun-bellied Gascon to me last night, while assisting him to try the bouquet of some excellent *chateaux margot* he had just received:—"Who would have thought that I, a *seigneur de village*, should be reduced in my old age to live amongst barrels and bottles, shippers, skippers, and negroes! *parmi la lie du peuple*," said the Gascon. On hearing his story, (which had nothing striking) I told him he ought to esteem himself very fortunate in having got his head into a safe corner, though it were a wine-cellar, instead of being promoted *à la lanterne*, (or to the guillotine, from which elevation nothing but a precipitate flight, (or as he nierrily termed it "*French leave*") had saved him after all. His countrymen are very numerous in all the branches of business that supply the necessities, delicacies, and luxuries of the animal frame, but are too fond of the "tangible" to have any thing to do with the incorporeal "stores" of mental food. Many of them have emigrated from St Domingo, and all maintain West India fellowship and hospitality. Like all your thoroughly travelled men, they retain a sprinkling of the habits—the *table habits* of the countries which they have traversed. For instance, they substitute the fish soup for *vermouelle*, *terragins* instead of the white fish (homiesco referent!) of the ponds—cat fish instead of soles *du beurre noir*—oyster-pies instead of *tourtes à godiveau*—sweet potatoes instead of the veritable *pommes de terre*, and innumerable creole delicacies, the names of which I can neither remember nor translate. You see—"comme on app'end en voyageant!" though these demi-creoles have a deal of the "odds and ends" of all nations about them, the Frenchman still predominates in their character; of course they are kind, hospitable, fond of fun and frolic, and,

indeed, of every thing good—"soberly." I got acquainted with some half-dozen of these '*bon enfans*' within forty-eight hours after my arrival. It does not seem to be so easy a matter to get acquainted with the natives, with their German phlegm and English reserve. *Après*, why do the more reserved and suspicious people in Europe, I don't mean the Spaniards, assume such a "self-denying" motto as *Honi soit qui mal y pense*? The New Yorkers seem to have little turn for enjoyment. They have, it is true, some tea-gardens and other places of resort round the city, and at the delightful village of Brooklyn in Long Island; but the gaiety does not exceed that of a quakers' meeting, if one may judge by the apathy and seriousness of demeanour assumed by all classes, sexes, and ages. The very boys look as demure as if they had come "to the years of discretion," and the girls—but I must not judge of manners till I have further experience of the people, for, as my friend the jolly Gascon sapiently remarked,—"*unexpérience chéris (leaches) foolish*."

The custom-house officers here are a very superior class of men to what they are in Europe. Being well paid they have no temptation to accept bribes, and in their whole deportment towards strangers they are exceedingly courteous. The officer to whom I presented the permit for the landing of my trunks, was a very respectable gentlemanly looking man. The examination consisted in unlocking the trunks, and locking them again, for he did not handle a single article. I wish the Dover officers were equally *complaisant*; but it would be only '*renovare dolorem*' (as Partridge says) to think of the greasy dogs. Peace, patience, and good fortune to those who fall into their hands! Whilst on the wharfs the great number of ragged men lounging about attracted my notice, and I soon found, by the external signs stamped on their faces by the hand of nature, that they were emigrants from "the old country"—from that peaceful and plentiful country called Ireland. With national foresight, they had arrived unprovided with money or friends, and they were consequently on the point of starvation, as their numbers were vastly greater than the demand for labour.

Some are daily going off to the work-carrying on at the *Great Western Canal*: but there remain too many behind to be supported by the city charities, or by the friendly assistance of their countrymen, who have generously exerted themselves in their behalf. No class of emigrants is exposed to so many difficulties as the Irish, for they are generally ignorant of any trade—rude and illiterate; and the partialities of the Americans are not at all in their favour. "The low Irish" seems as common a term here as in England. When the emigrant from Erin succeeds in making a little money, his first thought, his supreme ambition, is to take a "spirit store," that is, a grog shop where he can enjoy his beloved *jamme*: and his no less beloved *potteen* amidst a congenial crew of countrymen and negroes! The English and Scotch are a superior class by their habits and education: they are acquainted with some business that may support them in the land of their refuge; they have money in reserve for their future undertakings, friends to assist and direct them; and as soon as they find little prospect of success amongst such a crowd of competitors, they hasten to the back settlements of New York, or cross the Alleghany mountains to the new states on the Ohio. Their industry, perseverance, and precaution, soon place them in the enjoyment of all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries, of life; and if regret does at times visit them and the partners of their bosoms, when they reflect on the absent friends, or pleasant scenes of the country of their birth, they look to their little ones, for whose future comfort they have crossed the mighty ocean, and reconcile themselves to their lot.

My letters of introduction procured the usual invitation; and I have reason to be gratified at the kindness and attention I have uniformly experienced. Instead of disliking the English, as I had been told, I thought they treated the English who were present with distinguished attention. Not a word was uttered, or an allusion made, indicative of national irritation or animosity. The dinner parties I have seen have been remarkable for nothing but solemn stillness, unbending reserve on the part of the ladies, silence on the part of the

C ROOM HOURS

BRING me the man that hath a sigh
 For he is to eul his own,
 I and cores wh'at on for /, and cry
 " Their charm is mine done."

I'll tell him, in the freshening air
 Of morn' or softer even,
 To Cry in sl'own top, and leave him there
 Out with a glowing heaven,—

Fields—aye! and fore to—at his feet,
 In every shade of green,
 No sight nor sound shall mar the sweet
 Illusion of the scene,

For he may reach me the break,
 Which first the heaven would caught us,
 And see me, like a spectre, sink
 In the glen path which brought us

Then, while the breeze with tangles breath
 Blending not even the sigh
 Of wood or grove, so far beneath,
 Sings its own melody

Over a fairy land whose list
 Hills are so soft in hue,
 'Tis doubtful when the glance hath part
 On to the world of blue

While beams and hues from all else rush
 On him, though nature lies
 Still, as a fair face when the truth
 Is facing its wild eye,—

If then he feel not that a little
 Of bliss the one imparts,
 I live, without the falling one
 That we have once wealth the heart

And laugh not to find men so void
 Of sense, as proudly *live*
 Those beauties which to be enjoy'd
 Ask but that you admire,

Why—let him clear, at one bold bound,
 The peak's precipitate side,
 And find the only spot of ground,
 Where he'll rest satisfied

B.

EPIGRAM.—FROM THE GERMAN.

To the dogs with the physic—my house with the fair,
 So Myia come hither, and Doctor turn out,
 She's the type of pure joy, and thou of dull care,
 And created to put all your maxims to rout:—
 We can't *live* without woman so sweet is her power,
 But we all without physic can *die* any hour.

J. F. S.

A SONG IN HONOR OF LOVE.

The poet's lay, the poet's lay
Is sweetest when it tells of love,
The minstrel's song is ne'er so gay
As when it speaks of youthful love.

The poet's dream, the poet's dream
Hath nothing brighter in it than love,
The meteor's curse, the meteor's gleam
Are not so wildly wild as love.

Bard never liv'd but tun'd his lyre
To themes of love, to themes of love,
And minstrel notes ne'er breath'd such fire
As when they spoke the thoughts of love.

Bard ne'er shall live, but days his pen
Deep in the ink to write of love,
Nor minstrel hush the censure men,
But sing of love, but sing of love.

CHORUS

Bard eloquent, stout in tone
For yet held beauty dear;
Beauty's eye and beauty's cheek
Heard of sweet heart's break,
An immortal love,
All else above,
Can make the conqueror's home beat—
See, —he knows of beauty's feet,
An immortal love, &c &c

I love you now,
On your proud brow,
Immortal wreaths hath I laid,
And Sappho's love
With gods above
One rank'd the Lesbian maid

CHORUS

Bard eloquent, &c &c

HOW TO SLL THE WIND

He who has felt, upon a hedgehog's back,
While his umbrella and great coat were hanging
Up in the hall, a north wind in his teeth,
And the big hail about his blue ears banging,
Will learn the difference 'twixt a cloud that's gone
By, with its load, and one that's coming on. B

FREDERICK ANWYL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62)

CHAPTER IV

"Yet I awoke in the brink of resolution,
Nor in a fit of spleen, still hot anger—
A momentary tumult in the blood—
Doubt which will bring long repentant
days

And nights of horrible meditation,
And leave me up a wretched town,
When all the rest is with it—

TOMAS POWELL MOSES VOYLES

"You have been at Oswestry, and I may recollect a large, and rather gloomy looking mansion, about two hundred yards to the right of the road leading to that town from the little village of Chul. There was I born, and there were the days of my childhood passed, in careless happiness, and unthinking life. I was an only child, and well do I remember such interesting circumstances connected with my earlier and happier years. My father was an indulgent parent—by far too fond and forgiving with a youth of my fiery temper, and many a time has he permitted me to do that, which a wiser man would have forbidden. However, my boyhood passed on in happiness; and I was maturing into manhood, when my father died, and my mother soon followed her husband to the grave, leaving her orphan boy, to the rude buffeting of the world, before he had attained his eighteenth year.

"I was an unusually fond of my parents, and did not bear my loss with much fortitude, but the grief of youth is as fleeting as the summer shower, and I soon found that my heart grew light again. A distant relation had been nominated as my guardian, and, with little concurrence, I entered into the army about a twelvemonth after the death of my parent, having purchased an ensign's commission in the — regiment. I remember well the day, on which I quitted, for the first time, the peaceful seclusion of my native hill, to mingle with the careless and busy world. It was a wet and gloomy evening, and I performed my journey to Liverpool, where my regiment was then quartered, on horseback, accompanied only by

Frank Davies, one of the most worthy and faithful of my father's domestics.

"I reached Liverpool in safety, and was soon initiated into the duties and pleasures of my situation. A new and most dazzling world now opened before me. The gay and licentious manners of my brother officers were but too congenial to my own pampered feelings; and soon, very soon was Reginald Vaughan a confirmed and an irrevocable sensualist. I do not say, however, that I became selfish or unfeeling, for I certainly was neither; but I was blind to all sense of morality and virtue, and plunged deeply into the excesses, which particularly characterized the men of the — regiment.

"Among my brother officers were a young Welchman, with whom I used more particularly to associate; the name of the one was Mostyn, and that of the other Trevor. You start, Frederick! and with reason. This Trevor is the same who now enjoys the rich domains of Crathern, and the father of your Catherine. They were both pleasant companions enough, but poor Mostyn was at first my favourite. He was a generous spirit of confiding affection in him, with such a hearty flow of good-humour, that all loved and respected him, for his character formed a striking exception—and, I believe, the only exception—to that cursed spirit of demoralizing debauchery which prevailed so much amongst us. Often has poor Edward endeavoured to convince me of the unworthiness, and even of the wickedness, of my customary pursuits and pastimes, and as often have I laughed at his sanctified scruples, as I called them, and ridiculed his more mild and steady virtues. I have since felt that it would indeed have been a blessing to me, if I had listened more attentively to his affectionate precepts. But let that pass. I have reaped the bitter fruit of my folly, and happy should I be, were it to me alone, that its evil consequences were confined!

"Trevor was of a very different character. He was as gay and as

thoughtless as any of us, and proud and selfish in the extreme. There was in his heart, a cool, cold-blooded attachment to self, which made the happiness and interests of others entirely subservient to it and so well had Talbot Trevor studied the art of deceiving, that while he was secretly plotting your destruction, he was, to all appearance, your best, your bosom friend. I am not ashamed to say I have been his dupé, but I shall never think that I am now his victim.

"I had not been long at Liverpool, before we received an intimation, that in a short time we should most probably embark for India. This, to me, was pleasing intelligence, because my appetite had become palled with European luxury, and I longed for some of the more gorgeous and stimulating delights of the east, and I heard with the utmost gratification, that we were soon to enter the fame and temperate climes of our native country for the hot and fierce sun-burnt of India. Previously to our departure, my two friends and myself charmed a fortnight of three or four weeks to visit once more, and, perhaps for the last time, the scene of our youth. They, too, had kindred and friends to part with, but I had none who cared for me. We arranged that we should first revisit my estate, near Oswestry, and then proceed with Mostyn to his mother's, and, last of all, with Frederick Cavetore and we set out on our journey.

"We reached Oswestry at due time, but remained there only a few days before we proceeded to Flungollen, on which beautiful spot Mrs. Mostyn resided. So I received us most cordially, and we spent a fortnight a week with this most hospitable and amiable woman. Edward was the only child which now remained to solace her declining years. Two lovely daughters had she followed to the grave, while they were yet in the very fragrance and tenderness of youth, and how her only son was about to embark for a deadly climate, and to peril his life in the field of battle. But he did not repine. 'There is a hand above,' she would say, 'which will shield my boy from danger; and if it shall please Him who gave him, to take him from me, it is not for me to murmur at the decree.'—There was a placid resign-

nation in the good widow's manner when she bade her son farewell, which showed that her mind was familiar with sorrow, and well disciplined in the school of affliction. The tear, indeed, trickled down her face, as she kissed the cheek and brow of her son, but she blessed him with a firm voice; and, although her eye was moist, and her cheek pale, her manner was composed and perfectly tranquil.

"From Flungollen we proceeded to Cavetore, and were received by the old baronet with all the profuse and unostentatious hospitality of a wealthy Welshman. But there was another individual, who welcomed us to Cavetore with more joy than the worthy Baron himself,—and this was his daughter Elizabeth. She was younger than her brother, and more beautiful than he. But this was not merely personal beauty—it was the artless and winning loveliness of an intellect and beautiful being, and I found, before I had been in her presence many minutes, that, however repulsive I had hitherto been of female charm, my heart was not invulnerable to the bewitching attractions of Elizabeth Trevor. She loved her brother with all the tender affection of an only sister, and, regardless of the presence of Mostyn and myself, she threw herself into his arms, and welcomed him to his paternal halls with a flood of happy tears. But a deep blue haze paled her brow and bosom, as she threw herself from his embrace, and encountered the gaze of her 'old friend,' Edward Mostyn. Her sparkling vivacity and joy seemed suddenly quenched, and she received his salutation with all the timidity of virgin bashfulness, and I perceived that my friend was equally embarrassed, although his eyes sparkled with delight. To any one more experienced than myself, the cause of this mutual embarrassment would have been sufficiently obvious, but I saw in Elizabeth's manner nothing beyond the engaging timidity of maidenly modesty, which did not in the least diminish the attraction of those charms, which nature had so abundantly lavished upon her, and as for the perplexity of my friend, I attributed that to the general bashfulness of his disposition.

"The more I saw of this lovely

girl, the more I became fascinated with her; and I looked forward to my approaching departure with feelings very different from those with which I first bailed the intelligence of our embarkation. I had now become attached to Wales by a tie, which, I imagined, could never be broken; and while I thought of my separation from Elizabeth, the only consolation that I could obtain, was the cheering consciousness of being able to think of her by day, and to dream of her by night, till we should meet again; and the discouraging suspicion that her heart might already be engaged never once entered my mind. But the pleasing illusion into which I had plunged was soon to be destroyed, and in a manner which I least of all anticipated.

"Mostyn and I had been walking in the garden one evening, when, after some more general conversation, my friend addressed me somewhat abruptly with—'My dear Vaughan, I have a favour to beg of you, which you must not refuse; will you promise to grant it?'

" 'What is it?' I asked.

" 'Oh, a mere trifle,' he replied; 'it is merely to—' and here he stopped, as if afraid to proceed further with his solicitation.

" Looking steadfastly at him, I perceived that he was violently agitated; and the light familiar tone of voice in which he had just spoken to me, did not at all accord with his present emotion.

" 'Good God, Mostyn!' I exclaimed—'you are ill, let us return to the house.'

" 'No, no—I am better now: but how shall I entrust you with my secret? I do not distrust your friendship, Reginald; I only fear the result of my application.'

" 'Nay, if that be all,' I answered, 'be under no apprehension: if I can serve you in any way, tell me, Edward, and I need not say how happy I shall be to do so.'

" 'Well then, I will tell you. You may have observed, perhaps, that Elizabeth Trevor loves me, and that I love her, (here my heart began to palpitate quickly, and I felt the blood rushing in violence to my temples) we have loved each other from our infancy; but her father and brother would never sanction an attachment

by which a daughter of their ancient and honourable house would become united to a descendant of an obscure, but equally honourable family. I have, therefore, prevailed upon Elizabeth to accompany me this night to a neighbouring chapel, where I have already arranged with the clergyman, who is to marry us. She will be accompanied by her own maid, and I wish that you would witness our nuptials. Elizabeth does not like this clandestine mode of proceeding, and it was long ere I could prevail upon her to consent to it: but we have no alternative, and all is now arranged. Say, dear Reginald, will you witness our nuptials?'

" If a thunderbolt from heaven had fallen at my feet, it could not have amazed me more than did this intelligence. My faculties were actually benumbed with astonishment; and I have no very perfect recollection of what followed. I have, however, some distant and indistinct remembrance of a midnight marriage—of a pale and almost fainting, yet most beautiful female form—of the gloomy and uncertain light of the nuptial torches—and, above all, of the heavy and death-like sob, which concluded this hasty and mysterious ceremony. What occurred immediately afterwards, I know not; for I was laid upon the bed of sickness, under the influence of a raging fever. Long did I languish under its violence; but I at length recovered, and in time to join my regiment previous to its embarkation.

" During my illness, Mostyn's attentions to me were unremitting, and he scarcely ever left my bedside. Nor did Elizabeth withhold her tender assiduity; and when I became convalescent, I found that my unhappy passion for the amiable wife of my friend had gained additional strength from her kind attention to me. The fever which had raged in my blood had not dispelled the brilliant day-dream of my soul, and I still hoped that Elizabeth Trevor might be mine. But why do I dwell on this unhappy theme? Oh! that I could for ever drown in oblivion all recollections attached to it!

" The time of our embarkation at length arrived, and we sailed from Plymouth for Calcutta in a government transport. Our voyage was expeditious and pleasant; and we

of the agony which Edward would experience at the loss of such a letter; and I naturally enough imagined that nobody knew it was in my possession.

"After dinner I walked out with Trevor, having drunk more wine than usual, for the purpose of overpowering the discordant emotions which agitated my mind. We had walked till it was nearly night, and were returning homewards, when we perceived at a short distance before us, a person advancing towards us. We did not at first discover who it was, for it was nearly dark, and we paid no attention to his progress. As he advanced, however, I saw that it was Mostyn, and my conscience immediately suggested the purport of his approach. I said that I had taken more wine than usual that day, and I experienced from its effects, that impatience of control which so often leads to contention. I was determined, therefore, to pick a quarrel with Edward, and I awaited his approach with anxious eagerness.

"He came up to me, and making me a polite bow, countenously requested that his letter might be returned, if Mr. Vaughan had *quite* finished it. *perusal*. Now I detest flattery, and nothing could enrage me more, so that my blood, already heated with intemperance, was quickly kindled. I replied passionately that I knew not what he meant, and stoutly denied all knowledge of the letter. He said, with his usual characteristic coolness, told me calmly that he knew I had the letter, and would thank me to return it. I provoked him, and then, by his silence. I was determined the fact, and threatened to publish the accusation by a public exposure of his conduct. At this, a faint smile came over his features, and then, with more civility than I ever before witnessed, he replied—'Mr. Vaughan—you are deceiving yourself and your profession, by persisting in these falsehoods. You have the letter, Sir! and I must upon its instant surrender!' He approached nearer to me as he spoke, for the purpose I suppose of enforcing his demand. I stepped back, and the next minute Mostyn was at my feet, weltering in his blood, which flowed from a wound in his side, into which I had manly plunged my sword!"

The recollection of this horrible occurrence blanched the warthy cheek of the Wanderer; and the terrors of a guilty conscience smote him with such agony, that the perspiration bedewed his forehead and temples like drops of rain; and his hardy frame trembled like the aspen leaf in autumn. Having somewhat recovered his composure, he proceeded with his narrative.—

"I fled into the woods, and lived with the wild beasts, and the wild Indians, for three long and most miserable years. My sleep was disturbed by the horrible death groan of poor Mostyn, and his pale and corpse-like features wandered continually before my eyes. I can never wear away the terrors of a murderer's conscience, nor can I ever forget the music of remorse. From now— a long and gloomy year has past on— even now I am startled by the sound of Edward's dying moan, and haunted by the calm reproachful, pitying look with which he regarded me, as he lay bleeding at my feet.

"At the end of three years, an opportunity occurred, which enabled me to leave India, and I once more found myself on my native shores. On my arrival I knew my return to England, but I was in vain my first country, where were no joys for me, to welcome me to a gloomy scene of detestations of dirt and joy. All was still and sad, and the wind whistled round me, as if I had no place where I could shelter my life from the fury of the tempest.

"I had returned to Wales, and found my paternal property enjoyed by a stranger, to whom I had hired not only my just subsistence. I then went on to Cestrebor, hoping to catch one creature of his, whom I still loved with all the fond and partiality of an abandoned child. But the creature I found was not. The land of death had struck her in mercy, and laid her mortal remains where grief and misery could reach them no more. Her father was dead, and her proud and wicked brother was enjoying his ancestral wealth in careless security. He was married, and had two children, and I passed him as he walked to church with his young and loving wife. He started as I met his view, looked steadily at me, and then

spurned me from his path, and passed on. But I did not think that he knew me. The hot sunshine of India, with the fierce storms of that sultry climate, and the horrible privations which I had endured in my concealment in the woods, had changed those features, which were once as fair as thine; so that I thought, that ever my most inveterate enemy would not have recognized me. But I was mistaken. On the next day I was apprehended not as a murderer, but as a vagrant—and carried before Sir Talbot, who received me with one of those insidious smiles, which always preceded some work of malice or mischief. He motioned to the attendants to withdraw, and we were alone.

"Welcome to England, Mr. Vaughan," said he to me. "I did not calculate upon the pleasure of seeing you again, after your valiant exploit at Cicutta. Know you not that the dreadful doom of a murderer hangs over you?"

"I did not reply. From the first moment of my apprehension, I had made up my mind to suffer for my crime, and was determined to preserve a sullen silence, more from innate stubbornness than with a hope of benefiting myself. I knew there was no hope of mercy from such a wretch as Sir Talbot. I revolved the stormy passions of my heart had become quenched and crushed by the overpowering accumulation of my sufferings. Life was a burthen to me, and I cared not how soon, or by what means, it might cease; I therefore returned not Sir Talbot's greeting, but remained sullenly silent and motionless. He seemed surprised, as well as displeased with my silence, and proceeded—

"What! will not Reginald Vaughan return the salutation of his old friend Talbot? Surely so long an absence might merit a warmer greeting."

"Still I replied not, and the baronet became irritated—

"Come, come, Reginald," he continued—endeavouring to conceal his rising choler under the semblance of affected familiarity—"why will you not speak to me, to your old friend, and, lowering his voice, 'to the only witness of your crime. Come, be not so churlish with me, I have not forgotten former times, and you

E. M. February, 1825.

and not suspect that I shall injure you."

"But he spoke in vain, I was too well prepared to break my resolution, and I remained stubbornly silent.

"Obstinate fool!" he passionately exclaimed, after a short pause, "You will not speak to me? then you shall have enough of silence! If ever you mention one word of me, or of any of my family, kindred, or friends, and if ever you are seen in this part of the country again, you know your doom!—a murderer need not be told of the nature of his punishment. Go, proud heart! I outcast—we have met once, but beware that we do not meet again, and, calling to a domestic, he directed him to turn the poor fellow out, as he was only a homeless beggar—and I found myself thrust thus unceremoniously out of a house, where, five years ago, I had basked in the beams of Elizabeth's beauty, and by a menial who had once welcomed me to the mansion of his master with all the cringing obsequiousness of a slave and I survived it all!"

"I did not heed Sir Talbot's menacing, and although he must know that I frequent these hills, I have never received any intimation of the threatened vengeance. But I have had strong temptation to rid the world of such a monster, and several times has he been so near me, that the muzzle of my pistol would have almost touched his breast. Once he was walking alone in the woods behind Caertrivor, little dreaming that I was within reach of him. I had my pistol with me, for I never go unarmed, and had drawn one from the pouch for the purpose of shooting my victim. Already had I presented it, when a beautiful creature came bounding along the path in childish glee towards Sir Talbot, and addressed him with all the fond endearment of a daughter. I then looked upon death in many shapes, I had strangled the hungry wolf as he had crossed my path, I had crushed the venomous serpent as he sprung to sting me, and I had leaped to the earth the Indian as he rushed to slay me in the forest, but I could not murder in the presence of so fair and innocent a being, and turned away in terror.

"I have told my tale, and have nothing now to solace or to cheer

"I look forward without hope, and my existence is so miserable, that I seek to forget myself in the company of those wretches who are not disturbed by the eternal torments, which are as a demon to me. How long I shall continue to linger thus in misery I cannot tell, but my short span may soon be closed. I have often thought," continued this extraordinary man, "that we have less controul over our fate than we ought to have, and that some evil destiny dogs us through life and pursues us to perdition. But do you, Frédéric, I beseech you, take counsel from my words, and warning from my conduct. Remember that one rash and intemperate action may involve you for ever in a series of calamities, which no subsequent sorrow or repentance can ever expiate, and that it may render you even like me, a miserable, heartbroken, and abandoned creature!"

The Wanderer ceased his narrative, to which I had listened throughout with the most intense interest, and if I had already looked upon him with awe, I regarded him now with a double portion of interest. I cannot well account for the powerful influence which he possessed over my feelings, nor is it necessary, perhaps, that I should, but I never listened with more attention to the words of any person than I did to those of this extraordinary man. There was a fascination in his demeanor, which positively enchained my mind. I had not the power of exercising my faculties, so completely was I awed and captivated with the Wanderer. But when he persuaded me to return to Caerfrevor I peremptorily refused to do so, for my pride, fool that I was, would not permit me to humble myself before Sir Talbot Trevor.

The grey dawn of morning had already appeared in the east, before our interview was at an end, and the Chief then conducted me to a small anti-room, where a rude couch, formed of leaves and dried grass, constituted an unwelcome support to my tired and aching limbs. I slept long and soundly, so soundly, indeed, that it was considerably past mid day before I awoke; and when I did awake, I found the Wanderer sitting by the side of my couch. He had been watching me for some time, he said, and enjoying the

soundness of my slumbers; and now that I was awake he would confer with me as to the best method of leaving the neighbourhood, such was my firm determination of proceeding on my way towards London.

"Three of our people," he said, "will set out for Shrewsbury this evening; and by submitting to a little fatigue, you can accompany them with perfect safety. They go as pedlars, and their assumed vocation will ensure them a pleasing welcome at all the farm-houses on the road. In the mean time, let me provide for your present necessities, take this purse," and he put into my hands a leather pouch, seemingly well filled with money, "it will suffice for awhile, nay, I must have no refusal it is honestly obtained, and cannot be devoted to a better purpose than to the succour of the unfortunate. You will reach Shrewsbury to-morrow evening, then you may part with your companions, who will proceed to execute their several commissions, while you will repair to the house of an old and very convenient friend of mine, who will give you the necessary instructions respecting your future progress. This letter will explain to him all that is necessary, and I have ventured to christen you anew. I have not called you Frédéric Anwyll, but Owen Quiver, by which name alone you must, of course, be known to Shoren Roberts. Your conductors will see you safe under his protection; and if you still persist in your determination of visiting London, expect to see me there in two or three months after this. And now it will be necessary that you take some refreshment, as the day wanes, and in less than an hour our pedlars will be stirring."

So saying, he led me into the room where we sat the preceding night, and placed before me a savoury mess of pottage. Having finished my meal, I proceeded to equip myself for my journey. My dress clothes were packed up in a bundle, and their place supplied by a pair of blue woollen trousers cut at the knees, a ragged coat, and a dirty kerseymere waistcoat, which, with a hat that wanted a portion of the rim, rendered me a very personable pedlar. Thus accoutred, and mounted upon an ass, I quitted the ruined castle of Rhirwaedog, on my way to the town of Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER V.

This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
 ran on the greenward: nothing she
 does or seems

But smacks of something greater than
 herself.

Too noble for this place.

SHAKESPEARE.

What makes young hearts leap light and
 gay?

What thaws the frost of dotage grey?

What charms in hermitage and town?

'Tis love, which warms the world anon

'Tis love, in lovers' trysts to go

As 'twixt midnight through winter's
 snow,

And hail, as Heaven's divinest star,

The bright light that shines afar.

ALICE CORNINGHAM.

We reached Shrewsbury without any adventure worthy of narration, and I parted from my companions, who had behaved to me with the most distant respect during our journey, and went on my way, with my bundle in my hand, toward the habitation of Mr. Shoren Roberts.

This important and interesting personage resided in a street, which, if I remember rightly, was called Poole-street, it was by the side of the Severn, at the western extremity of the town, and not far from the Welsh Bridge. I found the house without difficulty, for the proprietor seemed to be well known in the neighbourhood, and, knocking at the door, waited with some anxiety for the appearance of my new acquaintance. The door was opened, not, however, by Shoren Roberts, but by a beautiful black-eyed girl, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who started and changed colour at the repulsive and ragged object before her, for night was approaching, and I was still habited in my travelling habiliments.

"What is your will, young man," she asked, having recovered in some measure from her surprise, "and why do you disturb quiet folks at such unreasonable hours?" My father, I trow, will be ill-pleased with your company."

I presented my credentials, in answer to this uncourteous salutation, saying at the same time, that I came from Merionethshire with a letter to Mr. Roberts, from Reginald Vaughan; but if my presence was really intrusive I would willingly seek some other

lodging. This declaration, however, effected a rapid revolution in the behaviour of this Saxon damsel, she immediately invited me into the house, and desiring me to follow her to her father, tripped along a dark narrow passage, and ushered me into a gloomy low roofed apartment, where at its farthest extremity, I found Shoren Roberts deeply engaged with a ponderous roman volume.

Mr. Roberts was a very strange looking personage. His exceedingly diminutive state, to which his head bore a most huge proportion, was not at all improved by the uncouth fashion and coarse quality of his clothes: nor were his hard, stingy, money scraping features much assisted in the way of ornament by a pair of large black horn spectacles. He was a perfect personification of avarice, and I augured any thing but a favourable reception from an object so little fascinating. He regarded me, as I entered, with a sharp scrutinizing glance, and received his daughter's communication with a churlish grunt. He took the letter, however, somewhat eagerly, and having read it, addressed me with,

"Well, young man, and so you are acquainted with my good friend, Mr. Vaughan, and are not a beggarly gipsy-coy, as your unseemly apparel would testify. And how did you leave my old friend, Mr. Oliver?"

"You mistake, Sir, my name is—"

"Oliver, to be sure," interrupted Shoren, "Owen Oliver. Do not fear to trust me with your name. I know my business too well to babble about it. Besides Reginald has told me all about you; that you are going to London, and that you are to stay with me as long as you please. Reginald agreeing by this letter, to defray all the expences of your board, so you need not fear to trust me with your name at least, Mr. Oliver."

I had forgotten my arrangement with the Wanderer in this particular, and was glad to find that I had not inadvertently divulged my real name to Mr. Roberts. I acquiesced, therefore, in the folly of withholding from him my name, and acknowledged that it was Oliver.

"If you mean to make a friend of me, Mr. Oliver," said he, "you will not hide these trifles from me. I cannot bear deceit, and it never sits well upon young shoulders." You had bet-

"I will make all those ready," he continued. "and dress yourself more like a Christian. Ellen will show you to your chamber, and you will find supper ready in an hour."

Ellen accordingly conducted me to a small room, the window of which looked out towards the Severn, and I found in it a bed, a table, and two or three chairs. The walls were hung with dark red cloth, in which the moth had made most woful devastation, and the floor was of black and well-polished oak. The bed, however, was a comfortable one, and the linen exceedingly fine and clean.

"This is our best room, sir," said Ellen, as she opened the door for me, "and we call it Reginald's room, for he always sleeps here when he comes to town;" and with a look of mingled curiosity and respect, my pretty attendant left me to myself, and I proceeded forthwith to equip myself in my usual dress.

As I drew my coat from the bundle which I had brought with me, the purse, or rather the leather bag, which the Wanderer had given me, fell on the floor, and to my surprise, I found that it contained money, in gold and silver coins, to a much larger amount than I had ever suspected. I was at first irresolute as to the propriety of keeping all this wealth, but with the determination of repaying it at some future and more fortunate period, and calculating, for once in my life, wisely, upon the necessity I might have for it when in London, I resolved to retain the whole; and taking a few pieces of silver and a guinea or two from the bag, I deposited the remainder under my pillow.

Having completed my equipment, I proceeded to join my host; and, after encountering many stumbling blocks in the passage, reached in perfect safety the apartment into which I had been originally ushered. I found Shoren Roberts waiting with impatience for his evening meal, while his pretty dark-eyed daughter was bustling about to prepare a more than usually sumptuous supper in honour of my guest. I was a little surprised at all this preparation, because I had conceived from the appearance of my host, that no ordinary occurrence would have induced him to change his customary mode of living—and it required no very wonderful

discrimination to see that this was of the most liberal character. However, I have since ascertained that it was by Reginald's express commands that I was thus respectfully treated. "Mr. Oliver," said he, "is the son of a gentleman, and my friend. Treat him, therefore, with kindness and courtesy, and, in every respect, as you would treat me."—So that a substantial supper of boiled capons, eggs, and ale,—not forgetting a dish of dumplings, prepared by the fair hand of Ellen herself—was to be attributed entirely to the careful solicitude of Reginald Vaughan, rather than to the hospitable feeling on the part of Mr. Shoren Roberts.

Appearance has a wonderful influence upon mankind: and I found, now that I had become somewhat more *christianized*—as my host termed it, that I was considered a much greater personage than when I stood in that very room, only an hour ago, habited like a gipsy-boy; although, at the same time, Mr. Roberts must have known that I was only in disguise. Ellen, too, looked on me with a kinder glance, and I found that I became an object of particular attention to this kind and artless girl. Perhaps I felt her courtesy more vividly from my friendless—and, I may say, forlorn condition; for certain it is, that all the little nameless assiduities which woman knows so well how to exercise—more especially towards a stranger—were bestowed upon me by Ellen, and with a tender eagerness which proved their sincerity, and failed not to impress me with a very favourable idea of my fair entertainer. Let it not, however, be imagined, that I was vain enough to suppose, that any more powerful motive than mere civility and goodness of heart had prompted all this attention on the part of Ellen. I attributed it, and the event proved that I was right, to that innate desire of pleasing, which is so conspicuous in an amiable-minded woman; and to that general spirit of universal benevolence, which teaches her to sympathise in the sorrows, and to share the joys of a fellow-creature.

As I felt considerably fatigued with my journey, I retired early to bed; and for the first time since I left home, I experienced that dreadful depression of spirits, which has at length undermined my strength, and worn

me down to the very last stage of mortal existence. It was then, in the silence and solitude of my chamber, that I reflected for the first time upon the rash step which I had taken, and it was then that the form of my beloved Catherine appeared to my imagination,—not glowing with health and happiness, as I had seen her hitherto,—but bowed down with sorrow,—pining in hopeless wretchedness, and lamenting, but not upbraiding, my heartless, unfeeling, and unkind desertion. Many a scene of former happiness rose up before me, and in my tender word—almost unheeded amidst the common occurrences of life—now recurred to my recollection with all the painful intensity of departed happiness. My temples throbbed almost audibly—my brain seemed on fire,—and I felt that horrible constriction about the heart, which is so familiar to those who have sorrowed deeply. Suddenly the remembrance of my interview with Catherine in the garden came into my mind, and I passionately pressed to my lips the beautiful lock of hair, which hung round my neck suspended by a ribbon. It was then that I experienced that soothing influence, which a recollection of that most blissful scene always poured upon my troubled spirit, and I wept bitterly as I thought of Catherine's tender trembling and confusion as she listened to my passionate confession, and as she told me with all the sincerity of maidenly affection, her true and lasting love for me. The words of the Wanderer, too, vibrated upon my ear:—"Remember that one rash and intemperate action may involve you for ever in a series of calamities, which no subsequent sorrow or repentance can ever expiate, and that it may render you—even like me—a miserable, heart-broken, and abandoned creature!"—And I felt that I was, indeed, an outcast, and that I had for ever emptied upon myself, a deep corroding, and consuming misery.

But exhausted nature must be recruited, and worn out with weeping I at length sunk into a gentle slumber; but my mind was still actively engaged. At one moment, I was wandering carelessly about the woods round Caertrevor with Catherine by my side, at another, I was in the

grand hall of the wedding Castle with Reginald Vanehan; then again at Caertrevor with the stern and unbending baronet. At last a soft and most melodious strain of music reached me, as I thought, and I was suddenly transported into the drawing-room at Caertrevor, with the same gay company as I saw there on that memorable evening which I love to think of. Catherine was at her harp, and with a wild, unical joyousness, she played all my favourite airs, and I—oh what a mockery was this!—was as gay of heart, and as merry as they! But this bright scene vanished—all was dark, and Catherine and I only remained. The sound of the harp died away, and a rich voice broke through the thick gloom in one of those beautifully tender airs which are sung among the mountain-peasants of Merionethshire.

But I dreamt no longer. I had gradually awoke, and although I was still in Shorn Roberts's scantily furnished bed-room, yet I heard the music at a distance, and could plainly distinguish the words of the song. Presently the singer ceased, and then commenced his strain again to the air of "*Ventre Given*," a song I had often heard, as it was a great favourite with all the young mountaineers. The air is exceedingly simple and pretty, and the words, which I then heard, seemed composed for the occasion. They are as follows.

SONG.

The Summer's rays dawn,
Ellen dear;

Doth sweetly gild the lawn,
Ellen dear;

The lark's first song enhances
Aurora's gentle glances,
As brightly Sol advances,

Ellen dear.

'Tis Nature's bloom of youth,
Ellen dear,

Her guileless look of truth,
Ellen dear;

Young Zephyr now discloses,
His light wing on sweet roses,
Where all night he reposes,

Ellen dear.

Then bid the slumbers fly,

Ellen dear,
That seal thy bright black eye,

Ellen dear
To see the Sun shine early,
Come rove yon mountain cheerly,
With him that loves thee dearly,
Ellen dear!

Again the singer ceased, and I heard the sweet voice of Ellen Roberts in conversation with some one beneath the window.

"Hush! hush! David dear," said the damsel; "You will wake the strange gentleman who is sleeping in the back bed-room. My father, too, I fear will hear you. I cannot come to you this morning, David; indeed I cannot."

"Nay, say not so, my sweet Ellen," said the swain; "be not so cruel. I have been waiting here since sun-rise for one glance of your bright eye, and for one sweet kiss of your ruby lips: and, Ellen dear, were you so very much engaged with this strange gentleman, that you could not come to me last evening, as you promised?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed I was, David: and father was so cross and so pettish, that he would not let me stir out after nightfall. But do not stay here, dear David. If the stranger should tell my father that you have been here; what will become of me?"

"Never fear, Ellen. The stranger, I hear, is a young man—a handsome young man, Ellen; and if he has ever loved fair lady, will he tell tales of true lovers, think you? Oh! no, he will scorn to do that. But if you really wish me away, say but the word, and I will go: but you must first promise to meet me this evening on the Quarry at eight o'clock; promise this, dear Ellen, and I will part contented."

"I will promise, then, and I will be under the old lime tree by the hour you have named."

"Farewell, then, dearest Ellen, I shall expect you at eight."

"Farewell! dear David," responded Ellen; and the plashing of oars intimated that the happy David had parted from his mistress, no doubt full of the pleasing anticipation of the promised interview.

I felt a good deal interested in the welfare of these affectionate lovers. From what I had heard, I was very sure that they loved each other sincerely; and it was equally evident that the crabbed father was averse to their attachment. I had a very great desire, therefore, to befriend their suit, and no small wish to become acquainted with Mr. David, whom I had pictured to myself as a spirited, warm-hearted, gallant young fellow.

I lay ruminating upon the best method of effecting my purpose in this respect, when the clock of a neighbouring church struck seven, and I arose from my bed, not much refreshed with my short and unquiet slumber. Having dressed myself, I sought the common sitting room of the house, and found Ellen there alone, busily engaged in arranging the furniture. She greeted me with a civil courtesy, and enquired kindly if I had rested well and comfortably.

"Quite so," I answered, "thanks to your kind care, Ellen. I am I to thank for the fine music that I heard on the river this morning? I knew not that your Severn boatmen were such sweet songsters."

"Music, Sir!" echoed the poor girl, "I—I—I—heard no music, Sir," and a deep blush overspread her pretty features as she stammered her reply.

"Did you not, Ellen?" I maliciously continued; "and yet the singer sang sweetly, too; and some one was afraid he would wake the *strange gentleman*, who might in that case hear more than was intended for his ear. But I may be mistaken Ellen:—or it might have been a dream—a—"

"Sir! Mr. Oliver!" exclaimed the agitated girl in a hurried and confused manner; and then, bursting into tears, she said, "O Sir! you were awake then, and heard all! but do not—do not tell my father!"

"I, tell your father, Ellen! No, no,—fear not. I am not one who will tell tales of true lovers: so dry up your tears, and tell me why your father will not countenance the attention of your lover. Come make me your confidant, Ellen—I can keep a secret, and may be of service to you in this matter."

Ellen seemed somewhat surprised at my impertinence, but I could see that she was not very much displeased. After a pause she said, "Oh, Sir! if I dared trust you,—but what will David say?"

"Do not mind that," I returned, "I will make your peace with David; and you must introduce me to him this evening, Ellen, on the Quarry. Remember, I know all. You are to be under the old lime tree at eight: is it not so?"

Ellen blushed and hung down her head. "Well then," she said, after a pause, "as you know so much, I will

tell you the rest," and she then informed me, that David and she had loved each other since they were children; that David's father, who was a lieutenant in the army, had been wounded in the field, and had retired upon a pension, that his affairs had, some time ago, become embarrassed, and that he was now in prison at the suit of her own father, for a sum somewhat exceeding a hundred pounds; and that David, who had hired himself as a clerk in a large woollen factory in the town, was endeavouring to make up the sum, and had, in the course of the last two years, succeeded in saving more than half, deducting, at the same time, as much as could be spared from the pension by which his father and mother were supported. "My father," continued Ellen, "has often told me not to think of David, who is so poor, and so proud but I love him too well ever to forget him, and we hope, when Mr. Middleton's debt is paid, that something may turn out to our advantage; and that my father will not look with such contempt upon poor David and his family.

My mind, I have said, was sensitive; and like all other sensitive minds, is easily influenced by accidental circumstances. On the night before, my spirits were weighed down with misery and despair, but now the adventure I have related had turned my thoughts into another channel, and entirely dispelled the gloom which hovered over me. I thought now only of these faithful lovers, and of the possibility of befriending their cause. I had become deeply interested in their happiness, and I am not ashamed to confess that this sudden solicitude was in a great measure excited by the artless beauty of Ellen Roberts. I knew what it was to love, and I could easily picture to myself the horrible torture of a hopeless attachment. I waded, therefore, with no inconsiderable anxiety for the approach of evening, happy in the mere expectation of being able to forward the guileless wishes of Ellen and her lover.

The appointed hour at length arrived, and Ellen set out on her expedition, leaving me to follow at my leisure, that she might prepare for my introduction to David Middleton. Every body who has visited Shrewsbury, must have enjoyed an evening walk

in that beautiful promenade called the Quarry; and many have doubtless observed a large and luxuriant lime tree, which, unlike that species of tree in general, shoots out its branches in a variety of contorted and grotesque forms. This was a favourite trysting tree with all grateful lovers,—for, like the mulberry tree which was dyed with the blood of the beautiful Thais, this also had imbibed its peculiar luxuriance from the ashes of a hapless and lovelorn virgin: so, at least, said tradition, and few were unwilling to believe the fact. It was under this tree then, that Ellen met her lover; and although unseen by either, I witnessed their meeting, and saw the bright smile of delight which beamed over the face of David as he pressed the hand of the blushing girl and led her gently down the Quarry.

They presently returned, and advanced towards me. David, to whom Ellen had related all that had passed, held out his hand to me (as he drew near, and grasped mine fervently as he thanked me for my kind solicitude, and then, with all the unreserved and confiding freedom of youth, we became intimate in an instant. We walked up and down the Quarry till long after night-fall, and before we parted, we had arranged, to our mutual satisfaction, respecting the release of David's father. The affectionate son had already amassed nearly seventy pounds, and I was to lend him the remainder (for he would receive it upon no other terms) to be repaid by instalments, and the next day was to be the last of Mr Middleton's imprisonment. What a happy evening was this to me! I had entered with so much ardour into the plan of these fond and faithful lovers, that the favourable result was almost as gratifying to me as it could be to them, and I experienced to the full that blessed gratification which follows the performance of a good and benevolent action. My spirits were light and elastic, and when I looked upon Ellen's happy face, I could not but rejoice that I had been in some degree instrumental to her happiness. I thought of Catherine, it is true, but I thought of her only, as with one of her angelic smiles she witnessed with proud delight the benevolence of her lover—and her presence and approbation were only wanting to render this the happiest day of my life.

But if merely the commencement of this adventure could impart so much pleasure, what must its most happy termination have done ! Thirty years have passed by since the time of which I am now speaking ; but amidst all the misery and gloom and despair of this long, long period—the memory of that event has beamed upon me, and dispelled for awhile the oppressive darkness of my mind. I have thought of it again and again,—and although almost maddened with mental agony—although my heart has long since become scared with affliction, and all my prospects of earthly happiness blighted—yet amidst all my sadness, I have felt convinced that there were at least two individuals who sometimes thought of Frederic Anwyll, and offered up prayers for his happiness : and this, indeed, has been a comfort and a consolation to me.

Well : Mr. Middleton was liberated ; and I was for once happy. So, too, were Ellen and David ; and shall I be derided for saying that I shed a tear of ungovernable pleasure as the grateful father grasped me by the hand, and implored a blessing upon the head of his benefactor. Some may deem me weak and silly, and some romantic and sentimental, but the deep delight of that most happy moment will afford ample atonement for all the jeers of unsympathising indifference. I felt that I had conferred indescribable happiness upon an amiable family—and I was gratified. Nor was my gratification diminished, when, some two or three years afterwards, I heard by chance that David and Ellen were married, and that Mr. Middleton had, through the interest of some friends, procured a situation of comfortable competency.

I did not remain at Shrewsbury long after this visit. Travelling was in those days a matter of much greater moment and deliberation than it is now, and I was glad to embrace the first opportunity which offered of journeying to London. Some friends of Mr. Roberts were going thither, and as all journeys of any extent in that part of the country were performed either on horseback or in postchaises, we chose the former plan, and set off in a party of six. David Middleton and his father spent the last evening with me at Shrewsbury ; and the former, to whom I had become really

attached, insisted upon accompanying me part of the way on the morrow—a determination too agreeable to myself to occasion any very violent opposition on my part.

The affections of youth are ductile, and easily influenced. The heart, before it experiences the bitterness of confidence abused, and friendship misapplied, is open to all favourable and pleasing impressions. Untouched by treachery and unwounded by the artifices of those who prey upon the kind-hearted and the credulous—it reposes its confidence without apprehension of evil to follow—and loves to share with others the kindly offices of good will and affection. So it was with me, and my short residence at Shrewsbury had lasted long enough to occasion no trifling regret at parting with the two or three individuals which that short residence had introduced to me. But I felt more concern at parting with Ellen Roberts than with any one else, and I believe I may venture to say, that she did not witness, with any very great complacency, the departure of one, whom she had learnt to esteem from seeing only the brighter part of his character. If I am not mistaken, even Shoren himself would rather that I had tarried with him a while longer,—whether from motives of lucre, or from pure hospitality, I knew not ;—but there was certainly an appearance of kindness in his manner to me at parting, which led me to imagine it may be, somewhat presumptuously—that he was more than usually moved.

“ Good-bye, Mr. Oliver,” said he, as he shook me somewhat heartily by the hand—“ Good-bye.—Remember if ever you come to Shrewsbury again, Shoren Roberts will be glad to see you. I do not say so out of compliment, Mr. Oliver, but because I *shall* be glad to see you,”—and so saying, he held the stirrup while I mounted, and again shook me by the hand. I was the more pleased with this, because it was unexpected, and because it implied, as I thought, an unconscious influence on my part over the rigid and grovelling mind of my host.

But Ellen’s conduct pleased me still more. Just as I was going to set off, she drew me on one side, and with many apologies for the liberty she was about to take, solicited my acceptance of a handsome ring, containing

a portion of her lover's hair, wreathed with some of her own, in remembrance of their gratitude for my kindness. "We thought," she said "that you would like some memorial of those to whom you have been so kind,—for we may never see each other again; and this will remind you, perhaps, of those who will never forget you. Wear it, then, for David's sake and mine; and when you look upon it, think of those whom you have made so happy, and so grateful."

I took the ring highly pleased with this proof of their gratitude, and pressing a parting kiss upon the sweet lips of Ellen Roberts, I mounted my horse, rode on with David to the Talbot, where I had arranged to meet my fellow-travellers, and was speedily on my way to the mighty metropolis of England.

CHAPTER VI.

The rain-bow's lovely in the Eastern cloud,
The rose is beautiful on the tender thorn;

Sweet is the evening ray from purple shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the morn;
Sweeter than all the beauties that adorn
The female form in youth and maiden bloom!

Oh! why should passion ever man's unborn
To work the sweetest flower of nature's doom,
And cast o'er all her joy a veil of cheerless gloom!

Oh! fragile flower! that blossoms but to fade;
One slip recovery or recall defies;
Thou walkest the dizzy verge with steps unstead,
Fair as the habitants of yonder skies!
Like them thou fallest never more to rise!
Oh! fragile flower! for thee my heart's in pain!

Haply a world is hid from mortal eyes,
Where thou mayst smile in purity again.
And shine in virgin bloom that ever will remain.

Quoted in *Hogg's Winter Evening Tales*.

Those who have, like myself, visited London for the first time, at a period when their thoughts and feelings were glowing with all the intensity of dawning manhood, can easily picture to themselves the emotions which I felt, as I drew near to that immense and confused mass of buildings, which compose the "Great City." My young

imagination had created many strange and splendid phantasies respecting the pomp, wealth, and magnificence of the capital; and although I was not prepared to tread upon gold and precious stones, yet I expected to behold a splendour nearly equal to that so gorgeously described as formerly appertaining to the rich and luxurious cities of the Eastern World. But independently of these immoderate expectations, my mind was excited by the hope perhaps I should say, by the pre-entiment of discovering my parents. This had occasionally buoyed up my spirits in a greater or less degree ever since my rash departure from Caertrvor; and as we rode gently along Oxford-street, I gazed on the thick accumulation of buildings on my right, and on the green fields which momentarily appeared through the openings between the scattered houses on the left with an emotion altogether inseparable from the encouraging anticipation; and it was not till we had reached Holborn that the bustle and uproar which prevailed, made any sensible impression upon me.

Our destination was the Bull and Mouth inn, in Bull and Mouth-tree, a house much frequented in those days by all travellers from the north-western parts of the country, and about half an hour after we entered London, we rode into the yard of that ancient and most respectable inn. I should have mentioned, that before I left Shrewsbury, Mr. Roberts had favoured me with a recommendation to his own sister, who was a widow, and who kept a small hosier's shop in Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road.

"She is a quiet body," said Shoren, "only too good-tempered; and she will board and lodge you very comfortably, and what is better, very reasonably."

One of my first objects therefore, was to seek Mrs. Wright—for so was the good widow called—and to deliver her brother's letter to her. On the second day after my arrival, then, I set out on my excursion to Goodge-street, and after many turnings and circum-ambulations, I reached the house, and found Mrs. Wright "mortal busy," as she expressed it, with a shop full of customers. She ushered me, however, into the little parlour behind the shop, and entrusting the disposal of her commodities to her

adventure. Maria was by my side, and we were alone—far, far from our native hills, and I experienced that sort of bewildering apprehension which so often occurs in dreams.

Maria perceived my uneasiness, and in a wild and hurried manner said to me—

“Frederic Anwyl, I have sinned too deeply to be ever forgiven, and I am now—although too late—awake to all the miseries of my most unhappy condition. When we saw each other last, Frederic, I was happy and gay, and careless of sorrow but now I have left my home, my kind friends, and my poor father, to follow one whom I madly love, and whom I thought dearer to me than all. Need I tell you who this one is?”

She paused abruptly, as if awaiting my reply. The horrible reality now flashed upon my memory, and I pronounced instinctively the name of—*Talbot Trevor*!

Maria smiled in bitter mockery as I named him, and then continued—“Yes, Frederick—it was, it is—Talbot Trevor. You knew I loved him, all knew it, and in an unhappy moment I weakly consented to accompany him to London. Nay—hear me, Frederic, are you utterly condemn me. He talked of marriage, and of its impossibility in Wales, under the eye, as it were, of his austere father. In London, he said, we could be married without difficulty, and when once we were united, no earthly power could ever disunite us. You know what it is to love, Frederic, and you have felt the overpowering influence of passion, but you cannot know the intensity of woman’s affection. I listened to his persuasion, at first with anger and disdain, but at last, I consented—and we are here!”

“And married?”

“Oh, no, no!” she hastily replied, and burst into tears.

It was as I had suspected, and Talbot was a villain. To gratify his own selfish and infernal passions, he had entailed endless misery upon an amiable girl, who, with all the unsuspecting confidence of sincere and ardent love, had trusted to his honour, and to his genuine affection. But she knew not how utterly devoid of all honour, virtue, and feeling was the proud and selfish heart of Talbot Trevor. She knew not how his fan-

ish spirit delighted to render others wretched to pamper his own detestable propensities. She thought that his heart was as honourable as his person and manners were engaging and accomplished; and, in an evil hour she deserted her home—that home which was a heaven to her!—her affectionate and loving father, and the dear, dear friends of her infancy and youth! Oh! if I thought my feeble voice would go forth into the world, how gladly, and how fervently would I caution confiding females from relying too implicitly upon the protestations of that “monster, man.” My life has been passed in sorrow, till affliction has become as familiar and as acceptable to me, as pleasure is to youth. I have not roved in courtly spheres, amongst the joyous and the thoughtless, the heartless and the gay. My path has been one of gloom and melancholy, and during my ceaseless wanderings, I have encountered many a scene of heart-rending woe and misery. But none have equalled those which spring from the weakness of woman on the one hand, and the deliberate deceit and villainy of man on the other. I have seen the best and highest virtues, the brightest charms, and frequently the most lovely accomplishment, defiled and polluted by all the disgusting vices of human nature. To many, the wretched victims of successful villainy seem radiant with bold and unblushing incrimination; but this is the hollowness of deceit. Like the tabled apples of antiquity, they may appear unravined in all the charms of cheerfulness and joy, but all within is bitterness, and ashes, and while a smile may be playing upon their features, their heart is aching at the very core!

“As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.”

But I am a nameless man, and all I can hope for from the disclosure of my sufferings, is, that the pitying reader will drop a tear of commiseration over my misfortunes, and sometimes think of me, as of one, whose evil destiny forbade him to be happy.

Bitterly did Maria Morris weep as she concluded her confession, and I did not listen unmoved to the brief detail of her misfortunes, nor did I offer to console her. I knew, even then, that tears are nature's balm for a wounded spirit, and I could see that none needed that balm more cogently than the unhappy and beautiful creature before me.

When her agitation had somewhat subsided, I ventured to talk to her of home, of that home which was so dear to us, and which we had both so rashly and so heedlessly deserted. Maria had not been in London more than a month, and it was nearly three months since I had quitted Wales. It was with no trifling emotion, therefore, that I listened to her relation. I have already said, that Maria was on a visit with us when I left Caertrevor, and so was her excellent father. She was with Catherine when my flight was made known to her, and that beloved girl received the intelligence with her characteristic tenderness. She said nothing, but with a short and suppressed groan, full senseless into the arms of her friend, and when she recovered, no word of chiding or reproach passed her lips. She spoke of me to Maria, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' as one more deserving of pity than of censure, and loved me still with all the sincerity of unchanging love, and with all the fervency of female fondness. Her gentle spirit, wounded as it was by my unkind desertion, delighted to dwell upon all those minute occurrences in which I had borne a part, and although she thought of me with all the tenderness of undoubting love, still the playful buoyancy of her disposition was clouded by sadness, and became a prey to silent and uncomplaining sorrow. "As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is piercing in its vitals," so did Catherine hide from the world the pangs of her wounded affection. "With her the desire of the heart had failed—the great charm of existence had faded away, and she buried her anguish in the recesses of her bosom, and there let it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace." Her health had suffered so much from the consuming influence of sorrow, that her father talked of bringing her to London, for

the benefit of medical advice, as well as of change of scene, for although he did not seem to suspect the true cause of her malady, still he was willing to follow Mr. Williams's advice, who recommended by all means that she should leave Caertrevor before the winter, and seek a milder climate, and a situation where the gaiety of the season might tend to divert her attention, and amuse her mind. London, therefore, was the destination talked of before Maria left Wales, but she could not inform me whether this plan had been put into execution, as she had not yet heard from Talbot any further intelligence relating to it.

The evening was considerably advanced, and I was still sitting, with Maria, altogether heedless of returning to my own lodging, when a smart knocking at the door interrupted our conversation.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Maria, considerably agitated, "that is Talbot's knock—and it he sees you here, what will become of us? I hear his voice on the stairs—for heaven's sake Frederic leave this room, and remain in the next till he is gone." She opened the door of an adjoining chamber as she spoke, and I passively obeyed her injunction, and she closed the door upon me.

I had but just time to leave the sitting-room before Talbot entered it, and as the rooms opened into each other and were only separated by a thin wainscot, I heard every thing that passed, and I soon ascertained that this remorseful profligate had come to torment his victim with the brutal insults of a drunkard. The last words which he spoke were, "My father and Catherine are in town, Maria, and I shall not be able to see you often now. Catherine, I confound her, is sick of the pip, from sitting for that hot-headed fool, Frederic, and they mean to be here all the winter. But cut me if I'll stay with them!"

He stopped suddenly—and then after a pause exclaimed—"Hollo! what the devil is the matter with you, Maria. In tears, and before me? Surely I ought to experience a better welcome, but I suppose, now that you are comfortably settled, you will presume upon my good nature, I did not look for these unnecessary and unbecoming airs, Madam!"

"Ah, Talbot! what mean you?"

I have been thinking of home, and the remembrance of former days has made me melancholy.—

"Home, indeed? not a word of it, I'll be sworn," said the jailer, "you are always thinking of home now, like a mother's school girl which, by the way, is a very bad compliment to me, and a very ungrateful one to one who has done so much for you, and who is willing to do so much more. I wish you would think a little less of home, and a little more of me: if you loved me with sincerity, I am sure you would not let this—"

"If I loved you, I'd be sworn to have I not given you ample proof of my love? Have I not left a happy home, a kind father, and loving friends, to follow you into a strange land?—and is not this a sufficient proof of sincere and undying love? If I love you, I'd be sworn! Oh! this is indeed cruel!"

"Pshaw! I hate this whining and whimpering. You are as bad as Catherine, who does nothing but pine and sigh for that base-born beggar, whom my father was fool enough to pamper like one of his own children, but the snake has stung him at last. I wish to God you would meet—"

I heard no more. It was the very beginning, I had with the greatest difficulty just met my mother, and my whole time was now occupied with my mother, then, which I could not controul, I burst into the presence of the astonished jailer, and with one blow I left him to the ground. He rose in an instant, and grasping me by the collar, attempted to throw me down, but I was more than a match for him, and had just shaken him from me, when an elderly female, attracted by the noise of our scuffle, entered the room, and bade us be more peaceable, as she suffered no drunken row in her house. My blood was too much heated to obey her injunctions, and I was proceeding to chastise Mr. Jailor, when I had again overthrown, when I was suddenly seized from behind, and found myself in the secure custody of two watchmen, who, without any ceremony, led me away captive, and deposited me in the common receiving-room of the watch house of St. Mary-le-bone.

CHAPTER VII

Let thy heart, let hold the leaven of merit,
Whom Innocence hears, it could never up-
braid.

Sink a pious victim to the gaping tomb,
While all, but he, with grief surveyed
her doom,

Woe he undid used to feel, whose eye
saw

Compassion never melted with a tear

PETER PINDAR'S MISCELLANEA

The keeper of the Mary-le-bone watchhouse was, at that time, a spare thin man, who had formerly been a tailor, but who, meeting with misfortunes in his business, had procured, through the interest of some friend, the curable chair which he held Mr. Jackson (or, as he was called) was not at all calculated for the bustling and bustling office of watch house keeper. He was altogether a man of peace, without one spark of dignity or valour about him, and the more arduous duties of his calling devolved, therefore, upon his wife, who possessed all the unflinching firmness and rapacity which ought to have appertained to her gentle helpmate.

It was before this boxom lady that I was brought by the watchmen, and which my youth, and my misfortunes, or the injustice of my apprehension, could not cure in her mind, I know not, but she seemed to me that kindness and attention, which so well becomes women, and which it is so gratifying to receive at her hands. She led me by the hand into her own parlour, and invited me to partake of a substantial supper, which was smoking on the table. But I was in no humour to avail myself of her hospitality, and although she did all she could to soothe and console me, I considered her solicitude importunate, and received her condolence with civility. But she bore with my impatience, and shewing me into a room which was far more comfortably furnished than I expected, informed me that I might, for a trifle, convey it for the night, instead of mixing with the other prisoners. How the word acted on my ear—and the horrid sensation which it communicated was by no means dispelled by the intelligence, that, as a regular charge had been entered against me, I must necessarily be taken before a magistrate in the morning, and then

if no one appeared to assist me, I should be liberated but the very idea of being dragged through the streets, exposed to the public gaze and derision of the unfeeling rabble, was horrible in the extreme, and I passed the night in continual torture, my mind continually agitated by every conflicting emotion.

The morning dawned, and the rich daylight looked down near. I left the window in a great measure with two objects, but rather gentle than forcible, and an unwillingly open door, which a charge of soldiers had been preferred. We reached our destination in less than a quarter of an hour, and it is impossible to describe the mental agony which I endured, as I stood before Mr. C. at the Public Office in Great Marlborough Street. But the first word which this gentle man spoke to me, calmed my fears, and gave me courage to answer with firmness the few questions which he put to me. There was a mild benevolence in Mr. C.'s manner, which rendered him respected even by the very criminal whom he was compelled to condemn, and I felt most forcibly the oppressive situation which he elevated to me, which was certainly a most evident advantage.

"Young man, suffer," said in future the haunt of the prodigal in the day. Remember that a man's deviation from the paths of rectitude and virtue may lead to evils, which can neither be remedied nor averted, —and above all avoid bad company. Let not the unexpecting confidence of youth lead you to temptation and error,—and for the sake of your parents—if you have any—bear in mind that you live for other and better purposes than the indomitable indulgence of passions, which can but be controlled, and which you should endeavour to curb by every means in your power. I see that I do not speak in vain, and I am gratified to find that you have listened so attentively to my words. God grant that they may answer the ends for which they were uttered, for I would rather hear the exclamation of one repentant sinner, than the inquiries of a hundred virtuous individuals.

With my mind disturbed by a variety

of contending emotions, I quitted Marlborough Street, and hastened home to find Mrs. Wright full of surprise on my account. This good woman, who I became so attached to, that had I been her son I could not have expected a greater degree of affectionate solicitude from her, and she received me with so much sympathy that I had no doubt of the sincerity of her affection. I should have been a most grateful being, indeed, if I felt that her position at least of regard and gratitude for her numberless sacrifices to me, and without any limitation, I related to her the whole of my adventures with Maria, suppressing only such facts as concerned Catherine and her father in relation to my father. I told her of my father's death, but I did not tell her who I felt was, nor did I disclose my connection with his family. I had a particular motive in making her fully acquainted with poor Maria's condition, as I was anxious to avail myself of her assistance in extricating her from her unhappy situation, and my confidence was not misplaced for I found in her a cousin, who did not need advice was eventually I could tell her of it to me. In this respect, she advised me to proceed with uttmost secrecy to Maria's father, and I followed her. I said nothing more, and returned to her home. "If she will not do that," continued this benevolent woman, "bring her here, Mr. Oliver, so shall I live with her, and we will try to comfort and counsel her, for she must needs be in want of both kindness and consolation, who has lost so kind a father, and I propose home, to be abused and misled by men in unprincipled villainy."

In conformity with this counsel, I set out for Maria's father, and I did this the more readily, because I was above all things anxious to ascertain from him, what my father and Catherine were to be found, and I doubted not but that she could inform me.

It was nearly five o'clock before I reached the house, for I had never once in my life felt the name of the street, nor could I recollect it, so that I spent much time in wandering about searching for an object, which I could not readily describe. At length, however, I succeeded in find-

ing the house, and knocking at the door, was somewhat surprised to receive no reply to my summons. I knocked again and again, till the whole street resounded with the clamour; but still I received no answer; and it was not till a person from the next door called out to me, that there was nobody in the house, that I found it completely closed, and discovered that it was not occupied. I was not, I knew, mistaken in the house, and directing my enquiries to the person who had spoken to me, I learnt that the inhabitants had left it early in the morning, and all that I could ascertain respecting them, was that they had gone in two post-chaises, soon after day-break, but in what direction nobody seemed to know. This was an event which I had never anticipated, and I was exceedingly vexed with the disappointment, but I had no remedy, and was compelled to leave to chance the discovery of Maria's retreat.

On my return home, fatigued with walking, and fretted with vexation, I entered a coffee-house in a small street, and ordered tea. A newspaper was on the table before me, and taking it up, I cast my eyes hastily over its contents, scarcely conscious of their import. It was an evening paper; and in a column under the title of "*Police Report*," the following paragraph rivetted my attention:

"MARLBOROUGH STREET—This morning a young man was brought before the sitting magistrate, Mr. C., charged with creating a disturbance in the house of the notorious *Mis W— of E— street*; but as nobody appeared against him, he was discharged after a suitable admonition from the worthy magistrate. He seemed considerably affected with his situation, and was evidently unaccustomed to such occurrences."

That this alluded to myself, I had no doubt; and I am not ashamed to say, that I felt a renewal of torture at the perusal of the paragraph. But the sensation which it created was speedily removed by a few words in the same paper, which at once turned the current of my feelings into another, and far more pleasing channel. Under the head of "*Fashionable Arrivals*," I read as follows:

"From his at in Menontheine,

Sir Talbot Trevor, bart. at his house in Hanover-square."

I snatched up my hat, and rushing out of the house, ran with all my speed to Hanover-square, which was in the immediate neighbourhood.

Having ascertained Sir Talbot's number, I stood before the house which contained my beloved Catherine. My mind had been so tumultuously agitated, that it was sometime before I recovered even a moderate degree of composure: and when I became somewhat more collected, I was fully conscious of my unhappy situation. I was almost within reach of Catherine, but I dared not appear before her: and if ever I lamented my rash departure from Caertrevor it was at that tantalizing moment. The evening was beautifully fine, and although it was autumn, the air was mild and temperate: there was a bright moon, too, which shone full upon the house. The drawing room shutters were not closed, and as I stood by the railings of the square, gazing intently at the house, I thought I saw the form of my beloved pass along between the candles and the windows. Not was I mistaken, for the same advanced to one of the windows, and throwing open the sash, stepped out upon the balcony, accompanied by a lady, whom I recognized as Mrs. Oakley, an old and attached friend of the family. And, oh! how sadly changed was that form since I had seen it last! The light of the moon, as it fell upon her fragile figure, enabled me to see the destructive ravages which sorrow had effected; and my heart smote me as I gazed upon the emaciated, but still beautiful form of Catherine Trevor. But there was to me a charm in all that fading loveliness, which was infinitely more attractive to me, than the redolence of health and happiness,—and this, too, notwithstanding an innate consciousness of having been the cruel cause of such a change. I felt at that moment, that I was gazing upon a being by far too pure and beautiful for this earth,—and feeling this,—my whole soul was wrapt in a delicious phantasy, which I shall never enjoy again.

—O! woman,—what havoc does love make with thee! Thy confiding heart,—ever susceptible of ten-

darkness and affliction,—deplete with love and gentleness—and unable wholly to suppress its feelings of sensibility and delight—yields itself unresistingly to the sweet controul of a passion, which eventually fetters it in a chain that no earthly power can sever. And then canst not tell thy love. Man—who cannot feel a thousandth part of the intensity of thy affection—may disclose to the whole world if he pleases, the woman whom he has *honoured* (for so will many term it) with his esteem and affection; but thou must love in secret—in secrecy, and oftentimes in smothered sorrow. Thy passion—however pure, intense, and overpowering—must be concealed and unobtrusive; and if even a single glance should unconsciously escape like a spark from a volcano—to betray the flame which burns within, the obloquy of the world is thy portion, and its scorn and censure thy unmerited meed. “How many bright eyes grow dim,” to borrow the words of a delightful modern writer, “how many soft cheeks grow pale, how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying in its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cover and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end, and she neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—dry sorrow, drinks her blood,—until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her after a little while—and you will find friendship weeping over her untimely grave

and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to ‘darkness and the worm.’ You will be told of some wintry chill—some casual indisposition—that laid her low;—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.”

As Catherine advanced to the balcony, I instinctively sprang forward; but her melodious voice arrested my progress, and I remained standing just under the balcony.

“What a beautiful evening it is,” she said, “and how serene and quiet we are here, almost as much as if we were still at sea even. I had imagined that London was such a noisy and bustling place, and had no room for tranquillity here.”

“Did you not ever go in my dear,” said I, in companion, “you will catch cold, I fear, by exposing yourself to the evening air.”

“Oh no, do not fear my dear madam, I feel the gentle breeze so cool and refreshing, that I could stand all night and enjoy it. My father will have a fine night for his return.”

“So he will, dear,” interrupted Mrs. Oakley, “but I think it would be better for you not to expose yourself so much to the cold. Come, what say you to a game of Piquet?”

“Not to-night, dear madam, I do not feel well enough to cope with you, but I will go in, as you wish it, and try if I can wile away an hour or two with my harp.”

“Well, do so, my dear, and I will go on with my work,” was the answer.

The ladies then retired from the balcony, but the harp was left in its close to the window, which was still open, and Catherine set down to play. She was so near the window that I could not only hear the music of the harp, but distinctively distinguish her voice, and my heart panted with painful rapidity when the symphony to “*Ar hyd y nos*” reached my ear, as I stood beneath the balcony. This was followed by the song already mentioned, and I listened with breathless suspense to the melodious cadence of

Catherine's voice, as with all the tenderness of unsubdued affection she seemed to chide me gently for my absence. While she was yet singing, I heard the sound of horse's feet, and in a moment afterwards Sir Talbot rode up to the door. He dismounted, and entered the house, and I saw his affectionate daughter welcome his return with looks of fond and filial endearment. His windows were now closed, all within was hidden from my sight, and I felt that the bright glimpse of joy which I had just beheld upon me, was transitory and illusive, and was once more plunged into the deep gloom of despair.

I do not rightly recollect how long I lingered near the house that evening, but I can well remember that the streets were deserted and I silent as I headed my way homeward, and that everywhere seemed happy and at rest except my lot, and I was indeed most miserable.

Upon my arrival in Goodge street, I found Mr. Wright sitting up for me, and with all the anxious solicitude of a mother, she commenced inquiring the result of my visit, and lamented—I am sure with sincerity—the ill success of my journey. It was to this alone that she attributed the terrible depression of spirits under which I laboured, and I did not undervalue her maternal ministrations, which in such a case was in her power, and I procured upon me to drink a glass (or two) of mulled wine, she bade me to sit up, and I felt me, not as she thought, to sleep—only to the horrible torments of a feverish and bleeding heart. But the measure of my woe was not yet full. I had, indeed, seen Catherine, heard her voice, and almost felt on my flushed cheek her balmy breathing, and this too without being able to catch one glance of her blue eyes, or to tell her, that although it might seem that I had cruelly deserted her, my whole soul was replete with love for her, but a greater affliction even than this was in reserve for me, and at no very distant period. But I will not anticipate.

My mind had been so agitated by the events which I have just detailed, that on the following morning I found myself too ill to leave my bed. My temples throbbed, my heart palpitated, and my whole frame was suffering, under the influence of a violent fever, which rapidly increased to such a de-

gree, that I became delirious and almost unmanageable. It would have been better, perhaps, for me, if I had never risen from that bed of sickness and of suffering, but Providence willed otherwise; and by the kind attention and skill of a neighbouring medical practitioner, in three weeks I was once more restored to health, and to the perfect consciousness of my forlorn and unhappy condition.

So soon as I was able to crawl as this November square, I regularly repaired thither in the dusky gloom of twilight, (for I was afraid to venture in the broad glare of day) and I would linger about the house, till all seemed quiet within. Once, and I think it was the third night after my recovery I found Sir Talbot's carriage at the door, and I had scarcely arrived at the house before the door was thrown open and the steps of the carriage let down. I drew as near as I could, and waited with anxiety for the approach of the party. The lady whom I have already mentioned, was the first who appeared, and she was hurried into the carriage by Sir Talbot, then came Catherine, leaning on her brother's arm, and, notwithstanding her almost unearthly delicacy, looking as evenly as ever. I instinctively pranged to assist her, but Talbot told me, probably, for some rude interference, pushed me from him, and handing his sister into the carriage, he followed with his father, and they drove off. I shall never forget the pang which I felt, when I heard the footman desire the coachman to drive to Sir William Lyons, in Portland-place.

Upon my return from one of these visitings, about a fortnight after my recovery, I found a letter addressed to me, in a hand-writing which I thought was somewhat familiar to me; but I could not remember where or when I had seen it before. Upon opening it, however, I discovered that it was from Maria Morris, to whom I now recollected I had not only disclosed my residence, but my assumed name. I was surprised, and almost pleased with the contents; that is, I was pleased inasmuch as I was now enabled to afford Maria that protection and assistance, which her inhuman seducer denied. "I am so miserable," wrote the poor girl, "that I know not what to do. I cannot cease to love

me, nay, I am sure he hates me, and I can never be happy with him now. He has just left me in anger, and has cursed me in his rage, calling me what I dare not name. You, Frederic, are the only person whom I know in this large town, and upon your generosity and friendship do I throw my self. Do not cast me from you then, but for the sake of my poor father, who loved you as his child; for the sake of Catherine Trevor, have pity upon me, and do not let me plead in vain." She then earnestly besought me to procure for her some humble and obscure lodging, where she might sojourn for awhile, until an event occurred, which she anticipated with anxiety, and which she regarded with a mingled emotion of gladness and despair: for the period was not far distant when she was about to become a mother.

As Mrs. Wright was already acquainted with Maria's story, I consulted with her as to the best mode of complying with her request, and my kind hostess offered, with my concurrence, to receive her into her own house, and to do all she could to comfort the poor young creature. This plan was readily acceded to on my part, and we arranged that Maria should pass for my sister, and that she

should, in consequence, assume the name of Oliver. In a few days, therefore, Maria was with us, and a gleam of joy beamed on my misery, as I congratulated myself upon Maria's redemption from the power of such a heartless villain as Falbot Trevor. But this was only a transitory satisfaction, for I soon perceived that my poor friend was labouring under the influence of a malady, which I knew had no cure—for her heart was bruised and nearly broken.

She was, indeed, most wofully altered. the animated energy of her spirit was quenched in melancholy; and those brilliant and fascinating charms which she once displayed, to the delight and admiration of every one, had sunk into a settled gloom, which no effort on our part could dissipate, or even brighten. Still was she grateful, most grateful for our attentions to her, and she would thank us for the most trifling kindness with tearful emotion, and reward our assiduites with her fervent prayers: and surely such prayers as she poured forth in her affliction were not unheeded, for they were the better effusions of a contrite and humbled heart.

[To be continued.]

AIRY NOTHINGS.

THE sunniest gleams that on the soul
With heav'n's own glory, burst,
Rise in the brain all-armed and whole,
As Pallas, at the first

Yet are fair shapes thus nobly born
So coy, they will not stay
The second gaze,—like startled fawn,
Just seen, and sped away,

And one as well might hope *that* fleet
And wayward thing would stand,
While its quick eye, light form and feet,
Were traced by limner's hand.

As that such gay-wing'd thoughts, now sprung
From a dark withering frame,
Could linger till the wondering tongue
Had giv'n them, ev'n a name.

Why *should* they? rainbows soon no more
Would charm, if ever glowing;
Be brightest dreams, then, briefest o'er,—
Their bliss is in their going. B.

A NIGHT PIECE

NIGHT, I do love thee, and,—as born of thee,
 Or thou hadst charm for poet's breast, and won
 All what mine hath —this soul can joyous see
 Thee move o'er heavens when day's clear sun is gone.
 And thou art then far sight to look upon,
 While all thy stars bright sparkle in mid sky,
 As yucca o'er that it now then lust years run.
 And thy large moon is glaring broad on high,
 To light that gloom through which of old thy path doth lie.

But yet to me thou art more welcome far,
 When storms conflict with thee, and the moon doth hide
 Her from the wayfaring pilgrim, and no star
 Is seen in all the heavens above, beside
 One lonely one amid the gloomy void,
 That sendeth forth at times its glimmering ray,
 And show'th those clouded forms which rapid ride
 Through the dark space o'er head, and seem as they
 Were foes rebellious there, that war with heaven would lay.

Night, then thou bringest thoughts with thee that swell
 The bard awake to sublime reverie,
 Who now abroad, as though beneath thy spell,
 Would pour his soul to heaven-born poesy,
 Or list the storm, thy own wild minstrelsy,
 Break on his musings, with that dismal tone,
 Which tells a spirit in it, if such be,
 While far amid the wide, bleak waste alone,
 Is heard the screech-owl's scream, as on the dark winds blown.

And it is then that she whose hapless love
 Still brings her nightly trouble, would repair
 In secret to the tomb of him who strove
 In youth to join his life with her's, till there
 Arose obstruction cruel, and despair
 Sunk one in death—O, I could tell a tale,
 Once told me in my youth, of maiden fair,
 Who early loved, but had been left to wail
 Too soon his fate for whom her soul first love did feel.

And she would ever anxious wait till light
 Of day was flown, and man had gone to rest,
 And then at her lone casement all the night
 Would mourning sit, as one whose love-lorn breast
 Knew greater pain than ever maid oppressed.
 And the fleet clouds she loved to mark, as through
 The troublous heavens by the night storm pressed,
 And the broad moon was grateful to her view,
 When darkened half o'er head, or with the winds it flew.

But it were long to tell her mournful tale :—
 One night she 'scaped her watch—it was the hour
 Her soul loved most—dead silence did prevail,
 And the moon had climbed her topmost tower
 Above in heaven. 'Twas known she'd sought before

Thus off at lonely time abroad to roam,
As fain, by all unheard, her grief to pour;
And now ere morning on the world doth come,
Th' learned that late the hapless one had fled her home.

But search was vain; and many a night and day
Had now rolled by, and yet no maid returned.
'Twas said she'd fallen in the woods a prey
To savage kind, or else afar off journeyed
To some lone place, where nightly still she mourned—
But even now these thoughts were ever fled,
When to his tomb for whom she all had spurned,
One day a corse, that youth's own sire, was led
To claim therein a tenement beside the dead.

The door fell open—as nor lock nor bar
Had held it—and the mourners gain the ground
Designed for burial in the dark vault far,—
But lo they shudder! and from all around
Quick bursts a general murmur of deep sound;
For there that faithful, hapless maiden, cold
Beside her own true lover's corse, they found.
She came to die near him. * * * * This was I told
While yet a boy, and then it was a tale of old.

M. P. K.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF LONDON.

CITY of the wealthy!
City of the wise!
Yonder, still and stealthy,
Thy turrets kiss the skies.

In the last evening rays,
I look down upon thy dome,
And I think upon the days
When it shadow'd o'er my home.

While the steps of my tir'd feet,
Noon and night were toiling there,
Through the chill or scorching street,
In winter's damp or summer's glare.

With, on either side, a wall
Half excluding sky and sun,
And, above a smoky pall,
To complete the gloom begun;

When the crush of thy rough crowd,—
When the roar of wheels and voices,
Mingling, dissonant and loud,
With the murmur of far noises.

When the pressure and the din
Were so close around, *about* me,
That I could not fly within,
From the madding things without me.

On a Distant View of London.

I have cursed thee, noble city,
 With thy spires and paved ways,
 And have pray'd heav'n, of its pity,
 To release me from thy maze.

But now the blue heavens cover thee,
 Nor hold them off doest thou,
 And the sun is fading over thee—
I cannot curse thee now

With thy wonders o'er my head,
 Far away my heart would flee;
 Now, their wonderment is fled,
 But the scene is full of thee.

Full of thee and of the kindness
 That thou holdest for me yet
 Though my eyes may weep to blindness,
 Ere the love return that's set

Yes, there *are* beneath yon cloud
 Where lingers the pale gloaming,
 Like a death light on a shroud,
 Some whose hearts I've still a home in.

But they turn not tow'ards my brow,—
 Or their smiles are all unseen,
 For many a stone and bough
 Swelleth enviously between

Hew the greenwoods to the ground,
 Strike the buildings to their base,
 Let no brick or branch be found,
 To keep loving face from face

It is done—there's nought before them,
 Yet the vision comes not nigh!
 Ev'ry gnat that flitteth o'er them
 Is more visible than I

Is my memory to their mind
 As my form is to their view?
 But the night-shades round me wind,
 London, adieu! adieu!

I see and them my blessing greets,
 All freshness to thy waters!
 Ever peace be in thy streets!
 Ever beauty with thy daughters!—

Home's home, however lowly,—
 Save to me and all who wend,
 Sadly, wearily, and slowly,
 To a home without a friend.

LUTHER'S RING.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 425.

It needed no great length of time for a mind so gentle and tractable as that which, in Justus Hergott, was united to true greatness and intrepidity of soul, to accommodate itself to any change of habits and society. His talents and assiduity soon rendered him the favourite of the Rector, and Magister Paul Vogel, who, prizing the government of the heart beyond the cultivation of the understanding, presently recommended him as a pattern to all his fellow students; while at the same time his good nature and urbanity gained him the good will of the junior boys, as his bodily strength, his love of justice, and his almost manly firmness, secured him the esteem of his seniors.

The old library of the Monastery, enriched by the generosity of the Elector Moritz, the long dusky cloisters, and the lofty convent church itself, in which many honorable and memorable monuments erected their gloomy piles in solemn grandeur, became his favourite places of resort, when the hours of his study were over. Accustomed to regularity and method in his amusements, no less than his studies, the strict discipline of the college was not irksome to him. One only darkened his path; this one was the primanus, whose cell he shared, and who, by a gloomy reserve, peculiar to himself, clouded the bright heaven of Justus's happiness.

Oetwin von Altenburgh was the name of this eccentric youth. Descended from one of the most ancient families of the Empire, that even claimed kindred to the imperial house, the young nobleman bore the pride of ancestry strikingly portrayed in his otherwise noble countenance; with an almost misanthropic coldness his lack-lustre eye peer'd from beneath his knit and beetling brow; while his straight flaxen hair, combed over his forehead, gave an expression of insipidity and boyishness to his whole head. His figure was meagre, though tall and well-proportioned, and would bear no comparison with Justus's manly and well-compacted frame. Not far from Porta lay the rich possession

of his house, and the sumptuous castle towering over the village of Alenrich, which had received its name as the favourite one of his ancestors.

Justus submitted without repining to the arrangement which brought him into close and unavoidable contact with this young and haughty misanthrope, and the more repulsive and sententious the younker's conduct towards him, the greater was the assiduity with which he strove to gain his good-will. Our young noble was slovenly and careless; Justus made it his business every morning, without demur, or waste of words, to put their little cell in order, adjusting his partner's clothes, books and papers, which were usually scattered about, and feeding his favourite starling, which hung in the alcove of the little casement window. Often, too, when Oetevin was puzzling himself with a classical theme, Justus, an early proficient in that kind of exercise, would give him what he had written, with a modest request that he would correct it, thus assisting his senior out of his difficulty without wounding his pride.

Confidence is awakened by confidence, and as Oetevin became every day more sensible of the delicate and friendly attentions of his new colleague, his haughty demeanour gradually softened into a condescending familiarity, and a secret partiality for Justus grew more and more apparent in his conduct.

There was one mysterious circumstance however in Oetevin's behaviour which Justus could not fathom. His mind seemed a prey to perpetual disquietude, which grew upon him daily, giving him no respite or intermission; he often gazed with a vacant eye upon the floor, or out of the little window, and during the lectures on divinity, especially, his countenance underwent frequent changes, and often expressed opposition, at least, to the doctrines held forth. In addition to this, Justus several times remarked that Oetevin would leave their sleeping cell—for large dormitories were not then in use, and the outer doors only were strictly closed at sun-set—with

noiseless steps, often returning late in the night, and then throwing himself carelessly on his couch. Justus pitied the youth, for he took the flights to be walks of stolen attachment, having observed a young rosy cheeked wench, the servant of the rent collector, directing significant glances towards the haughty noble. He abstained, however, from any interference, knowing that an unsolicited adviser generally does but excite animosity; and Octevin had not yet given him the privileges of a friend.

As he was one day engaged, as usual, in reducing to order the scattered books belonging to Octevin, he chanced to lay his hand upon one that he had never before seen there. On opening it, he was shocked to find it one of the most virulent publications of the day, viz.: *The Controversy of the famous Doctor Mayer (von Eck so called) against Lutheranism, treating of the sale of Indulgences, and the infallibility of Peter's successors in the papal chair*; there was also a copy of the Bull of Excommunication issued by Leo X., and a well finished and neatly carved figure of the Virgin Mary. He shuddered to behold this work, the utter detestation of all Protestants, in his very sleeping room, and he was undecided what to do with it, for the office of informer was too contemptible in his eyes to be thought of for a moment; he was equally at a loss to conceive how such a book could get into Octevin's possession. He recollected, however, that he had been warned by the Rector, on his entering the college, against the wiles and seductions of the papists and their emissaries, many of whom were reported to be living in the vicinity of Pforta; he called to mind many circumstances that he had noticed, and which now seemed to indicate a suspicious degree of intimacy between Octevin and the lazy over-fed porter, and that the latter had often let drop a contemptuous sneer at his own undissembled pretty. He remembered moreover a conversation amongst the scholars concerning the Ghost of an old Cistercian monk, said to wander at night in the cloisters; that many pretended to have seen the said apparition, especially on Fridays, and that since then none of the younger students would venture out of their cells in the dark.

There seemed to be a connection and a consistency between these various circumstances, which he resolved to make it his business, if possible, to bring to light, hoping, by courage and circumspection, to be the means of extricating the unhappy youth from the net, in which he appeared to be entangled.

Something struck him, too, as very remarkable when he once more examined the little figure before alluded to. Its features were not such as pious artists were wont to associate with the idea of the Virgin mother. This lovely face, with the full laughing eye, and the softly swelling ruby lips, was well known to him:—Yes, it was Celestina, the slain hutsess; and oddly did the ancient costume become her.

Justus fell into a train of deep musing upon the strange collocation of so many mysteries, but the most prominent feeling in his mind was, that of a remote, unacknowledged jealousy, and he could hardly persuade himself to replace the figure:—he did so, however, together with the book.

The next day was Wednesday, and, after dinner, the jovial Callaborater Schönberger, invited the young people to take their accustomed stroll among the hills. Brisk as a herd of young deer, the younger students collected round their favorite teacher, scrambling for the place of honor, by his side; meanwhile the seniors, arranged in pairs, had proceeded up the mountain path which conducts the wanderer without exertion, and under the grateful shade of umbrageous beech trees, to the summit of the Knebenberg. An open space, carpeted with short grass, formed the *Palæstra* of the youthful party. The game was quickly organized; the balloon, expedited from below, ascended majestically the mountain side, and was met with lusty cuffs from the boys above, while their loud and joyous huzzas accompanied its progress. Another party, having provided themselves with hoops bound with oak twigs and wild flowers, arranged themselves in a large circle for the lively and picturesque hoop-dance.

At the very extremity of the hoop was seen our friend Justus, slowly ascending the hill, still busied with himself—for emotions of a singular and perfectly novel kind reigned in his

breast—he fancied that his discovery of the popish figure was a token from heaven, that called him, even in his almost monastical seclusion, to the performance of a peculiar and extraordinary duty. His education under his uncle, had stamped him in some sort for an enthusiast, and he inherited from his parents a strong contempt for the world, as well as a firm belief in the immediate interposition of Providence in the fate of some of his chosen servants. Since the discovery of the figure, his thoughts had been constantly wandering to the subject of the lovely Celestina, and as he approached the Jaeger-house, he slackened his pace and loitered before the neat edifice distinguished by the hunting trophies that decorated its gable. It was closed. All within was still as death; a beautiful snow-white pointer excepted, which he had seen at the maiden's side, and which now came running across the court-yard, wagging his tail, and giving every token of delight; he gave her a pat for her mistress's sake, and thus encouraged she followed confidently, at his heels, as he pursued his walk.

With a brow yet more clouded than before, Justus at length reached the social party, but he felt no relish for the sport, and so hurrying off towards the grove of thickly planted oaks, he seated himself upon some venerable and gigantic roots, and taking out his sketch-book, began to transfer the delightful scene to paper, but with tardy strokes of the pencil, often interrupted by fits of absence on his part, and frequently disturbed by the caresses of his four-footed friend, who with her cold nose rested on his lap, nudged him from time to time, and then looked up in his face with an expression of fondness and good-nature.

"What wilt thou, happy beast? if" said the youth, addressing his mute companion, "her soft hand caresses thee, and oft shares with thee the evening meal—Oh couldst thou but speak and tell me if the tender cares of domestic life be dearer to her than the rough and masculine employment in which I saw her engaged—if she be mild and tender as her eye; and if her heart harmonize with the gentle accents that issue from her rosy lips." "Answer then, Hyacinth," exclaimed a voice behind the oak, breaking in upon the youth's soliloquy; "answer

E. M. February, 1825.

the impertinent questioner, who troubled himself with things that do not in the least concern him." Justus started to behold the huntress at his side. She shewed herself this time quite altered from the last: her hunting-dress was exchanged for a simple robe of white and green stripes, and her silken tresses, which had before wantonly on her neck, were now gathered into a knot upon the top of her head. Her snowy neck was concealed by a kerchief of rival color, laid in a thousand little folds, and confined in front by a kind of black stomacher. Her little straw hat, shaped like a bee-hive, hung negligently suspended from her arm by a green ribbon. In this dress the maiden was dearer to him than before. "Listeners you know," said he, in the same tone of gaiety, "Do not always" said she, interrupting him, "hear ill of themselves." So saying, and avoiding the too boisterous caresses of Hyacinth, she took a seat close beside him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "But tell me," she resumed, taking his sketch-book and spreading it on her lap, "by what power of magic, you can, at the same moment, declaim so poetically, and draw so beautifully?" "The words are the signature to the drawing," answered Justus with significance and feeling. "See there now," rejoined the maiden, "you not only steal away from us the lovely landscape, but the living creature in it, must also follow your magic wand. If the story were true about the enchanted waxen figure, which the young damsel was compelled to follow over moor and mountain, I might be afraid for myself: for, if I mistake not, there bounds the stag—the tall figure represents my cousin, and the half-finished female in the bush"—"Oh, had I seen that being then, as I have to-day seen her, I should, with more alacrity and pleasure, have drawn a different picture," said Justus, interrupting her and laying his hand upon her bare, elastic arm, while his cheeks glowed with blushes. "And yet I like to see myself better so—yes, rather in that amazonian costume, than as the painter from Naumberg represented me, for he shrouded my bold and ill-featured countenance in the sacred habit of the Holy Virgin, which I thought a great sin, and I could not rest at night from drawing and thinking of it." Jus-

tus's curiosity was on the tick. "And I who had the picture!" What do I know, mount that!" she, resuming her spirituality, cried to—"M. nundian, who is formerly Abbot at Memleben, and my true cousin, the Roman, would have it so, and I had nothing to do but to sit still and obey—but if you will permit me, come some morning to the Teller house, represent me preparing my cousin breakfast, or feeding the poultry in the yard, or at the table, stirring the soup, or spitting the cushion, or with my spindle in my hand and the prayer book before me, and one of the of the occupation I should like best to be painted by you!" "And in what I keep the portrait for myself?" asked Justus, in a tone of earnestness and gravity. "And for whom else?" returned Celestina. "But you are a singular man, and take every thing so earnestly all at once, no one would not expect from one of your years and natural gaiety." Yet even while she was thus speaking, her airy spirit seemed oppressed by some very serious thought. Her eyes were steadfastly fixed on his hand, which still rested on her arm, and in a tone quite different, and which betrayed a secret smile, she said—"What a beautiful ring you have upon your finger! for whose sake do you wear it? Doubtless for some rich and beautiful lady in Leipzig!" The broad gold rim recounts her virtues, and the rich flame-coloured stone, very well typify the ardour of passion, as well as the torments of separation from the betrothed! Justus drew the ring from his finger, and held it close to her inspection. "You are right," he answer'd slowly, "it is a token of fidelity, it is also a sacred memorial, a talisman against sin and temptation, for it must burn the sinner's hand like a coal out of the everlasting fire. It is the ring which Luther gave his Catherine on their wedding day. See, on the inside are the initials; there the date, the 15th of June, 1525, and round it various allegorical figures delicately wrought, referring to our Saviour's passion—so many types of the many severe trials of affliction that nothing but the faith in Christ could enable the revered pair to support. The pious wife gave it to my mother, as a valued pledge of friendship and gratitude; my mother gave it to me as a warning token, as

an amulet against temptation, as a sacred relic to oppose to the evil spirit, and I!" He stopped! The maiden's face glowed with a lovelier crimson, her eye resumed their life and lustre, and a timid smile deepened the dimples in her cheeks. "And you?" said she, half aloud, stopping at the same instant to stroke Hyacinth. "And I," continued Justus, with a firm and manly voice—"I hope one day to fix a significant and cherished token on the hand of a maiden, who, pure in mind and heart, like the first possessor of it, shall consent to tread with me the rough and dubious path, and who, as she did to the man of God—shall bring constancy, fidelity, and holy joy into the homely household of my parents.—Let us try now (the time, the ring will fit you!)" So saying, he took her delicate hand in his, and gently placed the ring on her finger. The maiden hung her head abashed, and he put his arm round her waist and softly pressed her eyelid with his burning lips, while she, overcome by the pure feelings of her heart, was ready to sink into his open arms,—when they were roused from their ecstasy by the sound of footsteps and loud voices near them.—They had scarcely time to collect themselves, to open the sketch book, and to assume a more distant posture, before the intruders came up.

It was the Ranger and the lady's guardian, Andreas, formerly Abbot of the deserted monastery at Memleben, attended by the Jæger. They halted with astonishment before the youthful pair, now looking at each other, now regarding the delinquents. Justus cast but one look at the Ex-abbot, but it was met by such a hostile glance from his imperious searching eye, that he felt confounded and half afraid of him. Celestina, however, with the presence of mind which seldom deserts the fair sex on similar occasions, resumed an air of composure, and stood prepared to answer their interrogatories. And when the Forester demanded with undisguised displeasure why she had loitered there, instead of going on before to order the supper as he desired her, she made answer somewhat pertly, "Why cousin, don't you recollect the youth? After having well nigh killed him, it was surely no more than decent civility to enquire after his health, and you may see

yourself how beautifully he transfers our hills and woods to paper by his magic art, so that it is impossible for a female to pass by him without stopping a little to indulge her sex's failing. But fear not, I will soon retrieve the lost time, and you shall not wait long for your repast." So saying, and nodding farewell to Justus, she bounded away, driving her white favorite before her. "That is the identical little gentleman, who marches along the high road with the Bible under his arm, and on whose account my skull was so near getting acquainted with the broad swords of the Cuirassiers at Koesse," said the Jaeger. The abbot darted a yet more furious look at our young friend; he muttered something about heretic blood, and all three passed on without any sort of salutation. Sylvester, however, who followed last along the narrow path, gave him a parting scowl from out his malicious, brow-shaded eye, that struck like a musket shot, and which might be thus interpreted. "If I but catch thee alone in the coppice, I will soon settle accounts with thee." Justus felt like one awakening from a dream. The rapid succession of events which had so thickly crowded upon him, affecting him so variously, left his mind confused and bewildered; his brain was dizzy, and he pressed both his hands forcibly against his brow for a long time, before his recollection perfectly returned. He felt how remarkable the day had been to him. Powerful emotions had broken in upon the placid tenor of his life, and yet he felt pleased and happy. One brief moment had made a total change; even the face of nature was altered; the fields, the trees, the flowers looked more lovely and smiled more cheerfully upon him. He himself was altered; was quite another being; this truth he felt most deeply in his heart. He packed his drawing materials together, and was preparing to rejoin his companions, when he accidentally espied a green ribbon which the frolicsome Hyacinth had probably disengaged from her mistress's bonnet, lying at his feet. He eagerly picked up the delicate trophy, pressed it to his lips, and then concealed it next his glowing breast; at the same instant he missed his ring from his finger, and he collected in how singular a manner it had been estranged from him, he cast a thoughtful look upwards to the blue

heavens, and ejaculated, "Is that also thy token?"

Meanwhile the three hostile pedestrians pursued their way down the oak-covered dome towards the Jaeger-house. "Who is that youth?" demanded the Abbot as soon as they were out of his hearing. "A school-boy, born at Leipsic, and educated at Erfurt; an *erste*, a peaceful diligent lad, who seldom passes Pflofta's walls, and to whom, as our lusty and trusty porter informed me, his cell and the pinianus-garden are a world," answered the Ranger. "From Erfurt! that thistle-garden of heresy! The figure of Adonis; something noble and interesting in his countenance, just as I can imagine of St. Paul; and his eye glowing, expressive of a Joseph's glance! These are the worst, the most persevering, the most eloquent! Guard my Celestina Aetler." "Oh fear nothing on that score, your reverence," replied the cousin haughty. "Celestina's mind is artless and discreet, although the education that you please to give her, to render her expert at falconry and the chase, may have made her somewhat bold and confident for her years. And for the youth, one sentence of Seneca is dearer to him than the whole race of womankind, from Eve down to the gardener's plump and amorous Meta."

"Well, yell, it may be so, yet I recommend you to note his name down in the memorandum-book, and also to draw the attention of father Urban towards him. These enthusiasts and poets have generally a plentiful share of levity and fickleness of mind, and are as easily incited to one thing as another, if one but rightly seizes and work upon their feelings. Probably this stray sheep may also be recovered, and the Holy Spirit tells me he is no ordinary one, and will well reward our pains. But how is it with the younger von Altenburg?" "He is fast in brother Urban's magic snares, and faster yet in Celestina's silken net. As our spy, the gate-keeper allows him free egress at all seasons, he generally passes an hour with us every day, under the pretext of initiating himself into the business of our calling, but Celestina is the magnet that attracts him, and that fixes his heart while his senses are busied with things appertaining to the chase. The Madonna too, and the books have also had their

influence. He is since become more melancholy ; perhaps he has some boyish peccadilloes upon his conscience that he knows not how to get rid of in his Lutheranism, and for which he would gladly purchase absolution." "Be assured, Conrad, the church's weal depends much on this youth ;" rejoined Andreas confidently ; "his family is one of the oldest in the country, united to the royal house by friendship and by blood ; rich too, and a pattern to all Saxony. A union between Octevin and Celestina promises myself and all of us new glory and new security. The old baton sits fixed in his chair by an inveterate gout ; 'tis true he favors Luther's doctrine, yet what is he but a mass of corruption, rotting in the path ? His sister, Jutta, governs at the burgh, and she has always been at heart a Catholic, even as the Chaplain there changed his hood only—not his faith. Oh I behold a glorious time approach—the lily flourishes anew and fairer, nourished by blood ! Triumph and vengeance are at hand ! I behold the strayed flocks return by thousands—the heretic cities fall and crumble into dust ;—I see the graves of these false prophets, these leaders of apostacy, torn open, and their vile carcases exposed to shame and execration ; see the apostate traitors burning on the blazing piles—torches lighted to the glory of the mighty King of kings ! The day of the sickle is before us.—The three protectors of heresy are dead, or the same as dead, for the emperor will never release John Fre-

deric from his hold. The Elector, Moritz, though to the world a Protestant, doth secretly befriend our church, for through it he won the goodly Saxony ; and he has even now undertaken the subjugation of rebel Magdeburg. Nor does he humble himself about his father-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who, in spite of the treaty of Halle, is still at Donauwörth, in Spanish keeping. These are plain and glorious tokens in the heaven of our church. The nation is debauched by heresy : the nobles and the gentry, pampering their carnal appetites, oppress and trample on the peasants ; the public, therefore has, long prayed for the restoration of monastic government. O ! I foresee that we shall soon be re-instated in our holy places, now profaned, and in the possession of our stolen riches ! But every Catholic must help. Every apostate soul recovered is a treasure, that we must deliver as our mite into the lap of the church, and the Reverend Bishop, Julius Pflug, in Naumberg, pays in gold, and keeps his promises. Let us then be courageous in the holy work, and valiant in the blessed battle ! Who perishes in the fight, dies as a martyr, revered by the world, blessed by the holy Pontiff, and rewarded with the eternal crown of glory in the heavens."

By this time they had reached their destination, and with a feeling of exultation and triumph, they seated themselves to the dainty meal prepared by the fair hands of Celestina:

OH! COME TO THE WINDOW.

Oh ! come to the window, my lady-love !
There's nothing to fear from me ;
No ladder have I to mount above,
I wish but a glimpse of thee.
(*Aside*) If she will but open, and list my lay,
I'll pledge my lute and sword,
That I reach her feet by an easier way
Than the steps of a slippery cord.

Oh ! lady, that cheek has the only blush
That fades not under the moon ;
But ah ! thou'lt flit as twilight's flush !
Nay, leave me not, lady, so soon.
(*Aside*) Her casement is dark, but the next one gleams,
And a shadow glides over the stairs,
And the lamp, though her hand is o'er it, beams
On the key that her girdle wears. B.

THE BARONIAL FESTIVAL

A FRAGMENT FROM WELSH HISTORY.

"Turn we to other tunes,
Far in the Druid land a feast was spread,
Midst the rock altars of the warrior's hall,
And ancient battle-rhymes
Were chaunted to the harp the yellow mead
Went flowing round, and tales of martial deed,
And lusty songs of Britain's elder times."

THE PILGRIM

"The feast was spread the sparkling bowl went round,
And to the assembled throng the minstrel's harp'd
The song of other days. Suddenly they heard
The horn's loud blast."

SOUTHEY

THE treacherous imprisonment of *Groffydd ab Cynan*, Prince of Wales, in the Castle of Chester, at the latter end of the eleventh century, subjected the Welsh to a series of calamities, which terminated in the most severe and oppressive slavery. The incursions of *Hugh Lupus*, the brave, but ferocious Earl of Chester, cut the natives of North Wales into ignominious bondage, and rendered the whole line of the Welsh border tributary to England so that there was, indeed, peace—but it was the reproachful peace of slavery. Those chieftains, who had fought under the standard of their over-ruled, retired in gloomy and discontented disgust to their castles and domains, there to await with impatient anxiety, the disenthralment of their king, and the return of glory to their country.

Among the best and bravest of these patriotic spirits was *Roderic ab Meredith*, Lord of *Talacharn*, in Denbighshire. He was a distinguished favourite with his sovereign. No less for his sagacity in council, than for his courage in the field. Few, indeed, of the Welsh nobility, possessed greater influence than the Lord of *Talacharn*; for independent of his high and princely lineage—for he was a collateral descendant from the royal house of Wales—there was a sincere loyalty, and a hearty spirit of independence about him, which, added to his profuse hospitality and great wealth, rendered him very con-

spicuous, and a very powerful noble man.

It was at the castle of Lord Roderic that a festival was held, in honour of his lovely daughter, the peerless *Eleanor*, who had arrived at the age of womanhood, having just completed her eighteenth year. Beautiful as light was *Eleanor* of *Talacharn*, and having lost her mother, while she was yet an infant, all the kinder feelings of the old lord were directed towards her, and with a tenderness of affection, not very accordant with the apparent roughness of Roderic's usual demeanour. But *Eleanor* was his only child and he loved her with all the fond solicitude of paternal affection.

The preparations for that lordly festival were such as became the wealthy Welsh lion, and round the banquet board at *Talacharn* were ranged many a brave noble, and many a gallant knight. Nor was there lack of bright eyes and snowy bosoms, for all the beauty of Powysland was shining under the roof of Roderic ab Meredith.

The repast was worthy of the donor. The substantial oak tables groaned under the weight of the viands, while a profusion of malmsey, mead, ale, and metheglin, infused a deeper glow into the dark brows of the warriors, and raised a brighter blush upon the fair cheeks of the maidens.

"The youthful heart throbb'd gladly,
and bright smile."

Play'd meteor-like, upon a hundred
cheeks
As if contagiously —
And music, like a syren, wean'd the heart
From every grovelling and contentious
thought—
From every cue "

The guests were ranged, as much as possible, according to the antiquity of their families, or to their degree of eminence in the state. The baron himself presided. On his right hand sat Eleanor, and on his left, a fine, high-spirited, but somewhat savage-looking man, whose dark lowering eye betokened a gloomy and troubled spirit. He was the Lord Orvain of Oswestry, and his dark, swarthy, and scowling brows exhibited a striking contrast to the open, but embrowned, and very handsome features of a young man, who sat by the side of Eleanor, and who in the happy heedlessness of buoyant youth, gave utterance to his joyous feelings in an unrestrained stream of glee and merriment. It was not difficult to discover the cause of all this joyousness. The bright look of love, which occasionally beamed from a rich black eye upon the beautiful Eleanor, told very strongly how much of it was dependent upon her personal charms. Nor did she regard it with unconcern, she seemed perfectly conscious of her power; for ladies in those distant days were not blind to their own beauty—and distributed her smile and her courtesy to all around, by no means omitting to bestow a double portion upon her grateful lover, Talbot of Trearon.

And well did Talbot deserve it. Deprived in childhood of both his parents, he became an inmate at Talacharn, and his extensive domains were entrusted to the good baron, (the bosom friend of Talbot's father) until he was old enough to take possession of his own wealth. This period had already arrived. But a large castle is not the liveliest habitation for a young and unshackled chieftain. Talbot still spent the greater portion of his time at the castle of Tala-

charn, where he was a universal favourite.

The remainder of the company was composed of the nobility, knight-hood, and viceroyalty of Powysland. Below the pillars* sat the officers of the baron's household, with several of the attendants of the guests, and in a recess on one side, sat the three bards of Talacharn,—Old Howel Emlon, Modred Vychan, and Maelgwyn Irevor. The first mentioned, was a venerable, grey-haired man, whose snow white beard descended in patriarchal simplicity over his azure vest. He was the baron's chief bard, and his powers had been directed more to the instruction, than to the delight of his countrymen, and there was a mildness in the old man's manner, which accorded well with his venerable appearance, and with the sacred character of his office. But although eighty summers had shed their sun-shine on his head, the fire of the poet still glowed strongly within him, at the recollection of the battles which he had witnessed between his countrymen and the English, and his aged eyes would gleam with a brighter glow, when he sang of the exploits of Roderick Meredith. But the storm of four centuries had not passed over him with gentleness. Six goodly sons had he lost in war, and no one now, of all his numerous lineage, remained to solace his declining years, or lay his grey hairs in the silent tomb. But Eleanor was kind to the childless old man. She loved and revered him as the instructor of her youth, as the cherished friend of her father, and Howel was as happy in his old age as his domestic misfortunes could allow him to be.

The other bards were of a very different character and temperament. They were both much younger than the chief bard, for Maelgwyn Irevor had not yet numbered twenty years, and Modred Vychan was only two years his senior, and both were *ouyd-dion*, or noviciates. It is not easy to quench the joyous spirit of youth by the imposition of rigid rules and

* In the old Welsh castles, the pillars divided the banquet hall into two sections, the upper one being allotted to persons of the first rank, and the lower to the inferior members of the household. A similar division was observed in Scotland, although here the salt pointed out the line of distinction.

severe duties, and Maelgwyn, although the sacred character of the bardic office necessarily imposed some restraint upon his conduct, was as merry,—aye, and as jovial too, as any of his uninitiated and less refined countrymen. There was a roguish sparkle in his dark hazel eye, which evinced that the bard was so new to a gallant, and his brown and very handsome features rendered him, most probably, a great favourite with the damsels of the castle. Maelgwyn, in good truth, was a sprightly fellow, and it gleamed more clearly his successor Dafydd ab Gwylim (the British Ovid), than the more grave and ascetic of the elder bards. Although it cannot be said, that, like that celebrated Amorist (Dafydd, to wit) he was ever guilty of making an acquaintance with twenty four mistresses at one and the same time and place, and of being bold enough to meet them all!

Modred was of a much graver disposition than his more lively associate. A deep attachment to poetry—and to the highest attributes of poetry—rendered him somewhat of an enthusiast, and there was a penetrating gravity in his look, which shewed that his buds' thoughts were not of this earth, that is that they were not fixed upon the every day occurrences and customary passions of frail humanity. He was the best of all, and however his, and the difficult times do not tell clearly by the ravages which they made upon the young, but he had received the blessing of a buoyant life, and he had received the blessing of the life of a bard which he could claim.

"A waste of life," said he, "is a waste of life."
His was to be a life of freedom.
There were no walls that could gather him in.
And in the end, he was a free man.
And in the end, he was a free man.
Was told, then, out that evening, that
he was free.

Flashes of mind and passion, and his eye
burned with the lightning of his brain,
and then
He spoke more proudly—

This devotion to poetry, indeed, seemed to have absorbed every ordinary feeling of his soul, and it was his prime delight to pour forth the glowing conceptions of his spirit in all their rich and unadorned exuberance. Such was Modred Vychan, who knew and felt that he was of no common mould.

The bard, it has been already said, occupied a recess on one side of the banqueting hall, and, being elevated considerably above the floor, were at some distance from the gay throng beneath and could converse together unheard by the company.

The Lord Owen of Oswestry, meantime, said Modred to his younger companion. "Look in a gloomy mood to day. He damps the pleasure of this festive scene, like a black cloud in a summer sky. See how the Lady Eleanor shrinks beneath his scowl!

"Aye," replied Maelgwyn, "like a dove cooing, before a kite. But mark that blush! Oh, oh! the proud Lord of Oswestry can whisper soft things into simple woman's ear as gently and as sweetly as any gay knight. Who knows, Modred bach,* but we may be here an ere long with all this goodly company, and many more, to him! woe of Talacharn, Baron of Oswestry!"

"I see, my son, said, interrupted the chief bard, "name not such a name. Eleanor—my gentle Eleanor to wit with such a spirit! Oh! my son, these dim eyes have seen what they shall never look upon more. They witnessed the nuptials of Maelgwyn Meredith with Gruffydd ab Owain, and he was of the blood of that proud Laron. The lady pined away in a useless sorrow, and the knight was slain in foreign lands, and there was no issue left. Know you not an ancient prophecy?—If the Blood of the House of Talacharn mingle with the Blood of the House of Oswestry—evil will follow!—Oil and water will sooner unite together than

* Bach means literally "little," but it is usually used as a term of endearment.

* "Ow Gwaed Teulu Talacharn, a cymmeru, ewo Gwaed Teulu Iro-Oswallt, dryllioni a ddaw!"

the Houses of Talbott and Oswestry."

"Aye, but, good Howel, what becomes of old prophecies and ancient sayings, when lodge—love, a fair name, and a rich inheritance are in the case? I trow they will not be thought of, and if they are, think you the Baron of Oswestry is the man to tremble at such phantasms? Now, if I were the Lady Eleanor I would love young Talbot of Tregaron before them all, for he has a brave and generous heart, sparkling black eyes, and a rich inheritance, and I know he loves the lady dearly."

"He does, in truth, the noble-hearted boy!—and so does Eleanor love him.—Have they not been reared together?—But—hush!—here comes a knight with a message from our lord."

The message was briefly told—
"Lord Roderic greets his friend Howel, and desires from him and his brother bards a song"—The bard bowed his head in acquiescence, and the knight withdrew. Silence being obtained, Modred and Maelgwyn sung the following song to the symphony of the chief bard—

THE HIRLAS, OR DRINKING HORN.

Fill high the blue HIRLAS, that shines
Like the wave,

When the sun-beams are bright on
The spray of the sea; it is
And hear then the rich foaming mead to
The brave,

The dragons of battles, the sons of the
free!

To those from a horse-pear, in the shock
Of the fight,

A beam, like Heaven's lightning,
Flash'd o'er the field, —

To those who came rushing as storms in
their might,

Who have hither'd the helmet, and
cloven the shield;

The sound of whose strife was like oceans
afar,

When lances were red from the harvest
of war.

Fill high the blue HIRLAS! O, cup-
bearers, fill!

For the lords of the field in their festi-
val hour,

And let the mead foam like the waves
of the sea,

That burst o'er the rock in the surge
of its power:

Praise, praise to the mighty—all high
the smooth horn

Of honour and mirth—for the centinel
in war;

And round let the golden-tipped HIRLAS
be borne

To the heroes defenders of Gwynedd's
fair shore,

Who rushed to the field, where the glory
was won,

As eagles that soar from their cliffs to
the sun

Fill higher the HIRLAS! forgetting not
those

Who shar'd the bright draught in the
days that are fled!

Though cold on their mountains the
silent repose,

Their lot shall be lovely—renown to
the dead!

While harps in the hall of the feast shall
be sung,

While royal *Egyr's* with snow shall
be crown'd,

So long by the bard shall their battles be
sung,

And the heart of the hero shall burn at
the sound.

The free winds of *Maelfort* shall swell
with their name,

And Roderic's rich HIRLAS be filled to
their fame

This having been performed, and having elicited all the applause due to its merits, the bards were, according to the ancient usage, each to give proof of his skill in music, Howel, as the chief, having the privilege of priority. The old bard as he ran his fingers lightly over the strings of his instrument, seemed to forget that he was present at the banquet board of his patron, and, like a genuine child of song transported himself to the "days of the times of old" as he chaunted the heroic exploits of his patron's ancestors. At first he sung in a low, and somewhat monotonous tone; but as he proceeded, his voice became stronger, his eyes sparkled brighter, and he gave utterance to his conceptions with all the energy of true inspiration. Delightful, indeed, must it have been to have seen that venerable man carried away by his en-

London.

Part of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, according to the modern division.

thousand and awaking emotions, he
 easily controlled in the heats of his
 passion. On one moment, he sang
 with all the plaintiveness of a lover
 at adieu, the din of war—the cry of
 victory—the yell of carnage—and the
 agony of defeat—swelled the strings
 of his instrument; and the unresist-
 ible ardour of the listening warriors
 told how effective was the strain which
 Howel pouted forth, with all the
 wildness and energy of his art. The
 following translation will afford some
 idea of the conclusion of the aged
 bard's performance: it alludes to a
 battle, in which the Lord Roderic dis-
 played unusual courage.

The bard's flint pipe is Roderic's right,
 Matchless in the dreadful fight
 The proudly chief no treasure hoards,
 Nor yields to insults on his boards.

The vessels of the torrent bore
 Three legions from the hostile shore;
 One from green Erin, arm'd with foes,
 And one from Lochlin's banks arose.
 The barthen'd flood gleam'd far away,
 A third with Normans pass'd the sea,
 While terror rode in awful state,
 And shook the gory locks of Fate.

Dire tumult breath'd his direful breath,
 And clamour dinn'd the deed of death;
 Confusion deep, with lurid eye,
 Felt sad dismay before the dragon-
 progeny.

Pre-eminence and rank were o'er,
 Dismay and ruin ran before,
 While conflict stained the field with
 ' gush of human gore.

Carnage gnash'd at cannone dire,
 The waving banner gleam'd with fire,
 And, found the front of Meleor, shook
 in ire.

Slaughter fell at Slaughter's steel,
 And gave the hungry hawks a meal;
 Pursuit on quick pursuit ceased,
 And plunge on plunge benumb'd the
 flood.

Many, surcharged with crimson dye,
 Bled at the sight and hid her eyes,
 Nor ebb'd—The pallid leatherer turg,
 While high the blood-stain'd chief his
 falchion flung.

From Lloegna's fight and bloody jar,
 To all her sons destroy'd in war,

And all that virtue can afford,
 In unknown tongues shall Roderic
 praise be told,
 And distant times shall view his valiant
 worth enrolled.

But the sound of Howel's harp be-
 came weaker and weaker. His spirit
 —exerted as it had been by the im-
 petuosity of his feelings—began to
 droop, and, completely exhausted, the
 bard sunk back in his seat, and fell to
 the ground. But there was one bright
 eye among that goodly company
 that anxiously watched his declining
 energies, and Eleanor was imme-
 diately by his side, cooling his throbbing
 temples with water, and, sup-
 porting his aged head on her own
 fair bosom. Howel soon revived, and,
 after a draught of wine, administered
 to him by the tremulous hand of his
 lovely supporter, he regained his ac-
 customed composure, and his wonted
 strength. He kissed the white fore-
 head of his fair physician, and invoked
 a blessing upon her youthful head:
 she blushed and returned to her seat
 at the table.

It was now Modred Vychem's turn
 to sing; and he sang with much
 feeling several stanzas of a poem,
 which he had composed when
 scarcely beyond the bounds of child-
 hood. Unfortunately only two stanzas
 of this plaintive composition have
 been preserved, and they have been
 translated by a poetess, whose muse
 has, on many occasions, been ren-
 dered tributary to the best interests of
 the principality.

Where are they, those Green Fairy
 Islands, reposing
 In twilight and beauty on ocean's calm
 breast?

What spirit the things which are hidden
 disclosing,
 Shall point the bright way to the
 dwelling of rest?

Oh! lovely they rose on the dawn of
 past ages,
 The mighty have sought them, un-
 daunted in faith.

"The Green Islands of the Ocean," were supposed to be the abode of the
 Fair Family, or souls of the virtuous dead, who could not enter the Christian
 heaven, but were permitted to enjoy the pleasures of their own GAVAN, a dis-
 inglished British chieftain of the twelfth century, went on a voyage with his family
 to discover these islands, but they were never heard of afterwards.
 E. M. February, 1825.

But the land hath been read for her warriors and ages,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

Where are they, the high minded children of glory,
Who steer'd for their distant green spots on the wave?

To the minds of the ocean they left their wild story,
In the fields of their country they found not a grave!

Perchance they repose, where the summer-breeze gathers,
From the flowers of each vale Immortality's breath;

But their steps shall be ne'er on the hills of their fathers,
For the guide to those realms of the blessed—is death!

Many a warrior's eye glistened with tears as Modred attuned his lay to the plaintive tune which conveyed his words to his auditors, and the youthful bard received from the tearful eyes of the maidens more than a sufficient meed for his exertions.

Maelgwyn's performance was characteristic of himself—light, airy, and joyous, and a very proper sequel to the more moving melodies of his brethren. It most completely dispelled the gloom which shrouded the eyes of the damsels, and revived that hilarity in the company which the plaintive music of Modred had somewhat suppressed.

The evening had considerably advanced, and still the hall of Roderic ab Meredith echoed to the mirth of the revellers: the malmsey and the mead had wrought their potent influence over every heart, and all sense of slavery and subjection to a detested enemy was banished from every bosom. Loud, therefore, rang the banquet-hall with the clamorous glee of the guests, and the songs of the bards pealed occasionally through the din, like the meaning of the winds of a stormy night. But the shrill blast of a bugle-horn, heard from without, imposed a sudden and death-like silence over all. Again the blast pealed forth, and Roderic started from his seat. "By the soul of St. David!" exclaimed the baron, "that is a noble note! Ho! where loiter the wardens? Caradog! Howel! Griffith!—see to the out-rigates!" and, even as he spoke, two armed warriors, with closed vizors, entered the banquet-hall. One was a stout and strongly

formed man, apparently about forty years of age; the other—and he followed as if he were an attendant esquire—appeared considerably younger, was more slightly formed, and of exceedingly tall stature. Both advanced towards the upper end of the hall.

"Welcome to Talacharn! Most welcome!" cried Roderic, as they approached. "But, say, who are ye that come thus late to our revels?"

The stranger spoke not, but the eldest replied by lifting up his vizor, and displaying to the astonished company the well-known features of their prince! "Holy Saint Cadvan!" exclaimed the baron, "our most gracious prince!" and with one accord all shouted "Long live Gruffydd ab Cynan!" and knelt at the feet of their liberated sovereign.

"Rise, my friends, rise, my gallant comrades!" said the prince, as he received their homage, "and thank my brave deliverer for his valour. Alone, and unaided, he gained access to my dungeon; and while my drunken guards slept under the influence of methueglin, he bore me on his shoulders from enthrallment. Stand forward, Kenetic, and receive the thanks of these brave men!"

Kenetic advanced, and taking off his helmet, greeted the baron of Talacharn with friendly warmth, for he was well known to the old lord, and to many others present, and he received from the assembled warriors those congratulations which are so gratifying to a gallant spirit.

After the bustle, which the prince's sudden appearance had excited, had somewhat subsided, and after the monarch and his deliverer had recruited their strength by partaking of the good cheer of the castle, the Welshmen prepared to deliberate upon the best mode of proceeding with regard to the reinstatement of their sovereign in all his former power. All, or nearly all, the bravest and wisest warriors of Powysland were present in the council, and well did they weigh and scrutinize each feasible plan of success. One common spirit of asserting their freedom animated all, and influenced their counsel, but the extensive power, which the English had established in Wales, compelled them to act with vigilance and caution. and it was at length arranged that the

prince's delivery should be immediately proclaimed to his subjects, as his escape from Chester castle could not be concealed. The king was to proceed forthwith to his palace at Mathraval, there to await those succours which his faithful adherents should collect. He, therefore, prepared to depart from Talacharn, accompanied only by the gallant Kenneric, and about a hundred of the vassals of Roderic and Meredith. The grey light of morning had already dawned upon the frowning turrets of Talacharn, before Gruffydd,

Prince of Wales, rode over the outer-staw-bridge. Joy was in every heart, and the prince, as his escort gathered round him, felt once more the might of sovereignty; and turning to Roderic and the other chieftains, exclaimed, as he rode forth at the head of his little troop, "Farewell, my friends, farewell! We will meet again in all our ancient power,—and that right speedily.—On—for Mathraval!" And with the sound of drum and trumpet he departed from the castle of Talacharn.

AZIM, MY LOVER.—ORIENTAL AIR.

AZIM, my lover,
Came down from the mountain,
While morning blew over
The night-risen fountain.
He fain would be telling
The tale of his sorrow,
But cool airs were swelling,—
I fled, with "good morrow."
The limbs of a maiden
All fresh from their sleep,
No tale that might sadden,
From fleeting will keep

But now the broad palm-leaves
Are silent as death,
And heaven's hot calm leaves
Me panting for breath.
The fruits are unshaken,
Unruffled the flowers,
No song-bird can waken
In these glowing bowers.
I've no power of roaming
From under this bough,
Should Azim be coming,
I *must* hear him now. B.

THE MUSES.

THE *nice* fair maids are pretty like the *million*;
Many a long hour you court them all in vain;
But leave them, and they strike up a cotillion,
The tricksey spirits—in your startled brain.
And lead you such "a devil of a dance,"
As ne'er could the most freakish feet of France.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT FULCRUM QUID TURPI, QUID UTILE, QUID NON

Rothelan; a Romance of the English Histories. By the Author of *Annals of the Parish*. Rangan Gilhaire, &c. &c. 3 vols. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London. 1824.

THIS, according to Mr. Galt, whom every body knows to be the author of the works mentioned in his title page, is another "*Spirit of the Book*," only of a very different book to that which created some interest in the world on an unfortunate public occasion, over which we hope time and charity have thrown a cloak of pardon or oblivion. *Fonthill*, the veritable wonder, or to use a more modern version of that word, the undoubted "*Lion*," of 1822 and 1823, is the source upon which our author has chosen to draw for the foundation of his newest Romance. He says that "among the many marvellous, matchless, and magnificent missals and manuscripts which lately adorned the gorgeous hermitage of Fonthill, *The Book of Beauty* was neither shown nor offered for sale." Perhaps we could explain the cause of this mystery; but our task for the present is restricted to the work itself, of the literary merits of which some idea may be formed by comparing the emaciated anatomy of our translation with the glowing and vigorous beauty of the original text.

From this unique and scarce volume, we are to suppose the principal flowers of the tale to have been gathered; but some experience in the running of book-making teaches us to confess that we more than opine that this *Beckfordian* wonder is but an invention of the chronicler; a masquerade habit beneath which he can play, with the more impunity, his pranks of authorship, which consist in giving us tales wrapped up in a superabundance of uncouth phraseology and antiquated similitudes; or a shield against the arrows of criticism, to which he may otherwise be a little amenable, for having filled half his book with "*History of England*" details of the events which agitated this country, Scotland, and France during the glorious eras of

Edward the Third and the hero of Cressy; details which, though brilliant in their proper frame, here only appear tiresome repetitions, and ill-assorted appendages, to the picture which illustrates the other views of Mr. Galt's semi-historical, semi-fanciful picture.

The story, though much interrupted in its continuity by these historical digressions, is not devoid of considerable interest, though not very marvellously endowed with ingenuity.

A short extract, from the commencement, in the author's own words, will assist our enquiry.

"Among the English barons who fell in the Scottish war, during the minority of Edward the Third, was Edmund de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan. This nobleman, it appears by *The Book*, had, a few years before, during a visit which he paid to Italy, married an illustrious Florentine lady, whom he brought with him to England. At the time when he went to the army in Scotland he left her, with their only child, an infant boy, in Crosby-House, London, under the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby.

"Sir Amias, during the life of his brother, always treated the unfortunate Italian lady with the greatest respect, allowed his own lady to regard her as a sister; and nothing ever escaped from him tending in any degree to intimate that he entertained the slightest doubt of her being his brother's wife. But as soon as the disastrous news of the battle, in which Lord Edmund fell, reached London, he at once altered his conduct,—denied the legitimacy of his nephew, and took possession of the honours and manners of Rothelan as his rightful inheritance."—pp. 7 and 8.

From this time the Lady Albertina, that is the widow's name, and her son, the infant Lord Rothelan, are deserted and in jeopardy, and the volumes, with the exceptions we have mentioned, are made up, with the details of the dangers and privations they undergo in avoiding and opposing the machinations of Sir Amias, and in obtaining and proving their rights and their inheritance. After being driven from Crosby-House, her child having been stolen from her, the

lady,—a previous train of events making her and her cause known to him,—meets with a warm friend in the person of one of that class of people who, at the time of the narrative, were almost universally stigmatised as unjust in principle, and unfeeling in mind. But in Adonijah, the Jew we find a character which amply vindicates the compassion of his faith, and the goodness of some of the tribe of Abraham. The scenes in which he is engaged are indisputably the most interesting, and are by much the cleverer portions of the author's book. The desire to do unto others as we would be done by, is admirably contrasted with the ruling passion of his profession, namely, the putting money in his purse, but virtue with him is ever triumphant over iniquity, and we very soon forget to tremble lest the money bag should produce arguments more potent than the riches of a good conscience. We extract part of one of the excellent situations in which the Jew is placed. We must picture that he has become the purchaser of a casket of jewels belonging to Lady Albertina, and the produce of which she had hoped would have provided her with the means of taking a journey to Florence, the only way to obtain proof of her honour and her son's legitimacy. Adonijah is now ushered to her presence.

"What is your pleasure with me?" I would have said, with yourself," replied Adonijah, glancing his eye towards the door which led to the inner apartment, and which was still open.

The lady turned round, closed the door, and then requiring him to take a seat, sat down herself. Adonijah, however, instead of doing so, laid his hand on his breast, and bowed with profound humility in thankfulness for the countenance with which he was treated instead of going to a chair, he looked warily behind, and then taking the casket from under his cloak, he went close to her and said in a whisper—

"Mind me, there was an honest man, a priest, who brought in this to make me buy, and he said to me that the jewels were your jewels,—is it as he has said?"

"The Lady Albertina, at the first glance recognised the casket, and was disconcerted as much by that circumstance as by the eagerness with which the Jew looked at her while he held it in his left hand, putting the lid with his right as he spoke.

"Yes the jewels were mine, I entrusted them to the care of a friar for sale, and he has brought me the money which he received for them."

"I have given him too many monies," said Adonijah, "the jewels are very bad,—very, very,—they are as the stones of the rivers, bad and worth no more than all."

"The lady naturally concluded that the Jew, being dissatisfied with his bargain, had come to require the return of the money, and she was at once disappointed and embarrassed. "I am sorry," said she, "that they have proved of so little value, but indeed I require the money, and cannot return it all." "I will not have the jewels," replied Adonijah, "you shall take them again, and you will give me your bond for the monies."

"The lady looked at him for some time without making any answer, and appeared as if she did not rightly understand what he had said. "You will," resumed Adonijah, holding out the casket, "take back your jewels, and keep them, or sell them to another man, but I will not take them for my monies; for I will have your bond." "But," replied the lady, taking the casket from him and looking upon his face, "I have no security to give you."

"Will not Sir Amias be so much as silent?" said the Jew, looking at her inquiringly, "he is a good man, all men are good things of Sir Amias de Cresty, there is not such another Christian man for soft words as in all the land of England—surely he will do this small grace to content so gentle a lady." The lady sighed, for a moment she cast her eyes on the ground, and then again looking up, said firmly,—"I do not choose to ask Sir Amias, but I will return you half the monies,—surely the casket is worth the other half and more in itself."

"I tell you," replied Adonijah, raising him into an erect posture, and speaking with a free voice, "that I will not have the jewels, and I will have a bond for my monies."

"The lady remained for a short time silent, and a tear oozing upon her cheek, she wiped it away, "I am friendless and a stranger in this country," said she, "and I cannot comply with your request."

"Am not I your friend, lady, when I will take your bond for the monies, and give you back the jewels that you may sell them again?—I will take your own bond, lady."

"This was expressed with such a mild and conciliatory accent, that the Lady Albertina looked at him with amazement, and, rising from her chair, said,—"How is it that I should be so indebted to a stranger?"

"'Because,' replied Adonijah, 'there is loveliness in your countenance, and I will give many monies to make it glad.'

"'But Sir Amias is alike the enemy of me and of my unfortunate child.'

"'Sir Amias is a great man,' resumed the Jew thoughtfully, 'and Adonijah is a very small thing that curs snarl at,—aye, and bite too, without the compunction of any humanities, yet, sweet lady, be not afraid Sir Amias owes monies, and he is therefore a slave I will get Christian men to buy my bonds, for the law gives them parlements to do things which neither I nor my brethren may do.'

"'But what am I to you? and how is it that you should take so much interest in the misfortunes of a stranger?'

"'When you see the rose looking out from the bud,' replied the Jew, 'does it not give you pleasures? When you hear the songs of the morning, do they not make you glad? When you see the waters sparkling in the sun, are you not joyful? Is not the fragrance of plants in the evening as the thought of Eden and the pomegranate gardens of Solomon? Do not the stars shine to your spirit with a holiness finer than their light? And when the moon comes forth with her silence and her solemnities, is not the soul filled to overflowing with inexpressible delights? But neither the rose, nor the songs of the morning, nor the fragrance of the evening, nor the holiness of the stars, nor the solemnity of the moon, bring with them to me such plenty of contents as in making happiness with mine own hand. You marvel, lady, to hear me so speak; but though I am a Jew,—a despised Jew,—and almost an old man, yet it hath pleased God to give me a kind heart, and with it the eye of the breast, that which delighteth in excellence, whether it be of outward loveliness, or of the inward harmonies of good thoughts.'—Vol. I pp 110, &c

By the ingenuity, and the indefatigable exertions of this compassionate and worthy man, the young Rothelan is recovered to his mother, and taken into the service of the Lord Mowbray as his page, but he is discovered by Sir Amias de Crosby, and on his march with his patron to oppose the Scots is again stolen by that knight's emissaries, and by them subsequently sold "as a prisoner that would probably be profitably ransomed, to an Irish captain, one, Gabriel de Glour of Falsade," a sort of roving auxiliary to the Scottish cause. Under him Rothelan receives his military educa-

tion, but there is nothing very instructive nor very interesting in the portion of the book that details them, with the exception of a rather clever chapter, in which Gabriel de Glour sells the rich dress of young Rothelan to Shebak, the Jew brother of Adonijah, an incidence which subsequently becomes of some importance in the narrative.

Like our author, we must now leap some years of the hero's life, and let him, as he does, now appear in the prime of youthful manhood. After being taken prisoner with Gabriel de Glour, and other Scots, at the battle of Nevil's Cross, he is brought to London, and is in the ranks of those that march in the triumph and swell the display of the conquerors. He meets his mother at the house of Adonijah, is treated with a show of kindness and fair promises by Sir Amias de Crosby, but just as he seems inclined to fall into the snares of the deceitful one, the promptitude and courage of the Jew are again his protection, and he is hurried off to join the forces then under King Edward, closely beleaguering the almost starving garrison of Calais,—an account of its celebrated surrender, and Queen Philippa's intercession for its devoted burghers, here form a prominent point in our author's "Romance of English Histories." In the meantime, and at home, Sir Amias is summoned at the instigation of Adonijah, before William of Wickham, then Chancellor of England, and is by the skill of that celebrated personage, drawn into an involuntary confession of his guilt. The whole scene is skilfully managed, and decidedly one of the cleverest portions of the work. The lady of Sir Amias now also assumes some importance in the scene of this romance; the love she bears her husband, and the pure respect she pays to honour, struggle for the ascendancy, and as the means of sacrificing unto both, of saving her Lord, and doing no injustice to Rothelan, she proposes that her daughter Beatrice should be thrown in the way of the latter, in the hope that a reciprocal affection might be inspired between them, so that an honourable alliance may follow, connecting the fortunes and power of Rothelan and Crosby in one stem. The knight,

who had long suffered under these compunctious visitings of conscience, that are as clouds, or ugly visions, to the bad man's career, is at first inclined to embrace eagerly this compromising hope of his lady, but those vacillations of conduct so natural to him soon return, and the contraries of his character are again exhibited in the determination to which he arrives of maintaining his bad pre-eminence, and in continuing to battle for the wrong. It is at this period that a summons to attend the King in Council shakes his house of sand, and overwhelms him with apprehensions lest his views had been detected, and was, in the words of the author, "as if all he had so cherished, the very wealth itself, for which he had sacrificed his honour and peace of mind, were actually wrenched from his grasp." But he weathers even this storm, and through his mind, like a bark upon a turbulent sea, veers between life and destruction, yet shipwreck is for awhile avoided. At length the ship, in which were the witnesses of Rothelan's honour and birth, arrives; the following extracts, abbreviated from the very powerful description of its fate, will best explain how.

"The Lady Albertina, with Rothelan and Adonijah, were among the first who hastened to greet her arrival, and they stood together at a window to see her pass to the moorings at London Bridge.

"'It is strange,' said the lady, and what can it portend, that none of the boats go close to her, but all you see suddenly suspend their oars as they approach her?"

"'She hath had a hard voyage,' rejoined Rothelan, 'look how dishevelled she is in the cordage. Some of her top sails too are hanging in rags; and I can see, as it were, strips of green' moving down the seams of the others. They have surely been long unbandied.'

"Adonijah continued looking towards the ship, and appeared thoughtful and touched with care, as he said: 'Her voyage hath been very long all the way from the land of Egypt; but she was in July as she came, and her course hath been in the sunny days, and with the gracious gales of the summer; yet is she like a thing of antiquity, for those signs of waste and decay are as if oblivion were on board. They have not come of the winds nor of the waves.'

"'The crowd on the shores added the lady, 'grows silent as she passes.' 'There

are many persons on board,' said Rothelan.

"'Yes,' replied Adonijah, 'but only the man at the helm hath for some time moved, all the others are in idleness—still, still. A cold fear is crawling on my bones, to see so many persons, and every one monumental.'

"'Some of those who are looking over the side,' said Rothelan, 'partaking in some degree of the Jew's dread, 'drop their heads upon their breasts, and take no heed of any object. Look at those on the deck; they sit as if they were indeed marble, resting on their elbows, like effigies on a tomb.'

"'Merciful heaven!' cried the Lady Albertina, 'what horror does she bring?'

"Rothelan darted from his mother's side, and ran towards the spot, to which, instead of holding onward to the moorings, it was evident the vessel was steering to take the ground.

"'Stop,' exclaimed Rothelan, as the crowd were every where hurrying from the scene, 'stop and tell me what is the cause of all this.' But they would not stop. He also addressed himself to others with no better success. 'Turn back, come back,' every one said to him, as he rushed against the stream of the crowd.

"At length he found himself alone. He paused for a moment; as yet he saw nothing to alarm, but only the man at the helm, who the instant that the ship touched the ground, had leaped on shore, and was coming towards him.

"Rothelan ran forward to meet him, in order to inquire how it was that all on board appeared so motionless, but scarcely had he advanced ten paces, when casting his eyes forward, he saw that each of those who were leaning over the vessel's side, and resting on the deck, were dead men, from whose hideous anatomy, the skin had peeled and the flesh had fallen. They had all died of the plague."—Vol. 2 pp 204-5, &c.

Although there is here some exaggeration, and also evident improbabilities in this account, the scene is nevertheless of considerable power, and its extraordinary character well and vividly depicted. The history of the great plague and its horrible effects which follow the description of this arrival of "the slow black ship," discover in Mr. Galt the possession of much poetic genius and dramatic capability; we have, however, no space for further extracts, and must briefly come to the conclusion of our analysis.

Among the victims to the malign

nancy of that pest, which possessed itself of all the armouries of death, were the good Lady de Crosby and the gentle Beatrice—whilst Sir Amias went murmuring every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die. The Chronicler now leaps again over the boundaries and wonders of many years, and the act of Sir Amias' tragedy of wrong now rapidly approaches to consummation, and the curtain is about to drop, as the Jew would say, upon his ambitious and his vanities. One Hubert Neville, the ready instrument of his early crimes, returns suddenly and unexpectedly from a bondage of many years, penitent, and with a resolution of making expiation, by a confession of the ills he had caused. Hans-lap also, angered that his patron had not on some occasions dealt more confidentially with him, prepares to act upon the principle of "charity begins at home," and the wretched Sir Amias, finding his good name blighted, his crimes set in the note-book of the world, his deceptions discovered, and his effronteries despised—unable, too, longer to endure the "ills he had," in a moment of reckless desperation falls upon his own sword, and "flies to others which he knew not of." The "widow" is restored to her fair fame, the "orphan" obtains his inheritance, and the Jew is taken to the bosom of his fathers, bequeathing, ere he shuts his eyes upon the world, much monies and many blessings upon those he had so ardently, so disinterestedly, and so nobly cherished and protected.

In the early part of this article we expressed our dislike of that portion of the work which may be termed entirely digressive from the fortunes of the family of Rothelan; we do, therefore, but justice to Mr. Galt, in admitting, that where those fortunes employ his pen, he has succeeded in creating an interest to a very considerable extent; and yet, as far as the hero is concerned, but little of this arises; for his long scholarship in forage, soldiership, and petty border achievements, with Sir Gabriel de Glour, produces nothing we could wish to remember. It is in those scenes Adonijah and Sir Amias de Crosby, and sometimes Ralph Hans-lap, a character of some novelty, though of doubtful consistency, are engaged, that the pages of Rothelan

may be said to be "well-graced;" our "eyes are fully bent" upon much that is not of akin to them.

There is nothing, besides Adonijah in the point of character that will exist beyond the day—there are no Micah Balwidders, nor ladies of Grippy, nor Betty Bottles, nor Annaples o' DumbLane—Sir Amias is the old cruel uncle—of the "Children in the Wood" style, or a Richard the Third, stepping deeper and deeper in woe to maintain his crime-obtained ambition—Rothelan but of secondary importance—and the Lady Crosby and her daughters were sketches, which the Author, it may be, conceived well at first, but distrusted the power of his pencil to attempt the filling up. How very lame is the inconsistent love story of the Lady Blanche with Rothelan after the clever little bit of a like version in which the pure-minded Beatrice is the heroine. But Adonijah will be remembered, for a little he will be a favourite; it is natural for human nature to love those that sympathise with its woes and its misfortunes, and when that one is of a race that the world, the prejudiced part of it, cast its rancour and spite upon, the affection will be stronger. The popularity of Mr. Galt's hero will arise from these causes, and Adonijah will exist in our memories, for that, with much of the cunning and character of his tribe, he can yet practice the affections and the behaviour of a man with the duties and the humanities of a Christian.

There are three other tales in the work of considerable interest—these we bequeath unutilized to the perusal of those who, like ourselves, deem such companionship delightful with the wassel bowls and the blazing hearths of the season—and we now, accordingly once more take leave of an indefatigable author, by assuring him that, although we might very readily have dispensed with many of his chapters employed on "The English Histories," so pleased are we with these devoted to the "traits and trials" of Rothelan, that we are content, without railing, to endure the "weary and stale" banquet of the one course, to feast upon the profitable and pleasant—again to quote our favourite the Jew—"harmonies and pleasures" of the other.

Universal Stenography; or, a New, Easy, and Practical System of Short-hand; by William Harding. 12mo. pp. 36. London, 1824.

which these impudent impostors profess to teach it.

Mr. Harding puffs himself and his work off in an immoderate manner, and remembering, we suppose, the *laudari a laudato*, he does not scruple to bestow his praises upon an advertising teacher of the art.

THE critic's office is at no time a very thankful one, but he is placed in more than ordinary danger, when the task is imposed upon him of reviewing a work, which, ere it goes to press, has received the highest commendations from his contemporaries. If, under these circumstances, he should condemn the work, he is naturally accused of arrogance in venturing to differ from so many brother critics, and a whole hornets' nest is raised about his ears. If, on the contrary, his conscience prompts him to commend the work, the ground of praise is already occupied, and he must say what has been already said, or he must display a critical acumen in discovering qualities which have escaped all preceding reviewers.

Mr. Harding's work is crude, undigested, imperfect, and incomplete; it contains nothing that we can discover that is not to be found in preceding works upon the same subject. His matter is badly arranged, his precepts are expressed without elegance or art, and sometimes contain violations of syntax, and faults against the most common rules of composition. Some of the information contained in this volume must, we are confident, be new to every body, thus, the author tells us, that "the English language (alphabet) consists of twenty-six letters," that Stenography, as practised by the Romans, "was not founded upon any established principles," &c.

We have all these difficulties to contend with in the present instance, for the work before us not only contains commendatory extracts from six periodical publications, but it also contains a letter from some redoubtable stenographer vowing vengeance against some unfortunate wight of a critic, who has ventured to pronounce this production of Mr. Harding to be a very bad one.

But the work in question is totally useless, for it is, by the author's own confession, a mere modification of Mr. Taylor's system, and which has already been modified by Dr. Mavor with complete success.

This terrific letter on the one hand, and the host of pincerys on the other, are calculated to alarm us, but, notwithstanding our tremor, we cannot desert our post of honour, and betray our duty to the public, we must, therefore, pronounce Mr. Harding's Stenography to be, not what he professes it to be, "new, easy, and practical," but, on the contrary, incomplete, imperfect, and useless.

The two systems of Stenography that divide the markets are Major's and Gurney's. Of the latter system, we should say that it is rather incomplete than imperfect. As far as the system goes, it is excellent, but the author being a man of no education, was ignorant of the analysis and etymology of words, and hence have arisen all the deficiencies of his system. These defects have been supplied by Dr. Mavor, whose work has nearly superseded the necessity of future publications.

There is no fraud practised in London so impudent and barefaced as the professions made to the public by teachers of Stenography. We have a set of men in different parts of the metropolis who advertise and placard their assurances of teaching this art in some half a dozen lessons, and in the space of a few weeks. This is, in the very nature of things, an absolute impossibility. The art requires no comprehension, but merely practice, and it is perfectly impossible to acquire it for any practical purposes, even in twenty times the period in which it is taught.

It would perplex the most ingenious artist or scholar to invent an art less adapted to its objects than our present system of writing. There is little concordance between the sounds of the voice and the characters intended to represent them. Some simple sounds are expressed by more than one character, others have no character at all to represent them, some letters express four different sounds; some disjunctives express even seven; so that it is utterly impossible to read our language except by rote, like a parrot. To this defect must be added the

uncertain and multifarious laws of the primary, the secondary, and terminational accents, with the capricious effects of accentuation upon the penultimate and antepenultimate syllables, and after these obstacles are overcome, we have to study the effects of quantity upon unaccented syllables, with some thousand anomalies which have arisen from caprice, accident, pedantry, ignorance, or from a deference to etymology. For these reasons, orthography is an extremely difficult study, and requires a very peculiar disposition and capacity to attain it, it is a science perhaps as little studied as any without exception, even the best of philologists being content to rely implicitly upon the dicta of Sheridan, Nares, or Walker.

If, to the difficulties we have been enumerating, we add the needlessly long and complex forms of the characters in the alphabet, we shall see the necessity both of approximating orthography to the sounds of words, and of simplifying the forms of the alphabetical characters. The attainment of a consummation so devoutly to be wished may depend upon the accidental contingency of some able scholar devoting himself to this object, but until that desideratum be accomplished, the greatest benefits that could be conferred on students of both eyes, and of every description, would be to introduce an easy system of short-hand.

All writers upon this subject have devoted their attention to Stenography as an art to be used in taking down speeches, but rapidity and legibility are in the inverse ratio to each other, and the art which is applicable to such a purpose requires so much study to decipher, that it is totally useless to the generality of students, or to the purposes of literature. Thus a rapid system must exclude intersyllabic vowels, but, these excluded, the art is useless in representing foreign, obsolete, unusual, technical, and scientific terms. It is obvious, therefore, that a system, to be extensively adopted, must contain, as far as vowels are concerned, two alphabets, or must lose the benefit of representing prepository and terminational vowels by the dot, or comma, which are inapplicable in the middle of a word. It is this deficiency alone which renders Dr. Ma-

the system of such diminished utility for the study.

A system of Stenography for the purposes of literature should be adapted to the analysis of the human voice. Thus it ought to have thirty-six characters fourteen to represent vowel sounds, and twenty-two to represent the sounds of the consonants. Thus every elementary sound of the human voice would have its specific and distinct characters. These characters should be as simple as possible, and words should be spelt as they are pronounced, omitting all vowel and diphthongal sounds in words of easy perusal.

To this alphabet, should be added arbitrary figures for all prepository and terminational additions to the roots of words, and thus would be constituted a system of writing which would answer every purpose of literature, or science, which would in every study save an infinity of labour, and in time, perhaps, supersede the ordinary method of writing. We believe that a system upon these principles is now preparing, by a gentleman who has had some experience of short hand, both in its application to reporting, and to the pursuits of literature.

But it might be highly useful if the conductors of seminars, and if tutors of every description, were to make their scholars practise the use of arbitrary characters for the prepositions and terminations of compound words. How immense would be the saving of time now occupied in useless transcribing, which, if saved from this mechanical employment, might be used in the acquisition of invaluable knowledge.

A dot, or two dots, placed longitudinally, perpendicularly, or diagonally; a comma inclining to the right or left, or two commas inclining either way, and placed in the same manner as the dots, or, a stroke placed longitudinally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, inclining to the right or left; or a curve with the convex side upwards, downwards, or to the right or left, or an o, or full circle, would form all the marks by which characters for prepository and terminational syllables or words could be selected. These must be applied to the ends or beginnings of words, not joined to the words, and placed at the top, middle, or bottom

of the line. The propositions to be adopted by him, which we abbreviated would be, abs, ebs, and no more will be acceptable to ante, con, contra, contri, counter, circum, dis, diu, disen, discom, hyper, hypo, magis, multi, omni, pre, preter, post, re, recom, recor, salis, super, trans, extra. The termination would be, able, ible, flict, full, ference, less, ness, ment, cion, fion, sion, with the preceding vowel, fion, cion, sion, with the preceding vowel, ings, stract, strict, struct, and ward.

The scholar might adopt any number of these, according to his capacity, inclination, or necessity, remembering that they are to be adopted by degrees, and slowly, but that every such adoption will, in the course of his life, save him much time and trouble. It is this saving of labour that will often induce a person to acquire knowledge that he otherwise would not have acquired, and to do many useful things which he would not otherwise have done.

The application of these data is easy to the meanest capacity, and their great utility and facility of application may have the effect of removing the mischievous prejudices which many persons have entertained against learning short hand, from the labour of wading through a whole system, or from the frauds practised upon them by the impostors who pretend to teach the art with such marvellous rapidity.

Some Account of the Life of Richard Wilson, Esq. R. A. with testimonials to his Genius and Memory, and Remarks on his Landscapes. To which are added, various Observations respecting the pleasure and advantages to be derived from the Study of Nature and the Fine Arts. Collected and arranged by T. Wright, Esq. 4to London.

THE work before us, besides containing a long and interesting life of Wilson, embellished with an elegantly executed portrait of that celebrated landscape painter, is stocked with so much useful anecdote and information, connected with the Fine Arts, that we must suppose it to be already in the possession of all who feel any share of interest in the pursuit of these polite studies. Our space will allow us to give but two or three anecdotes of this great painter, of whom, it is regretted, too little has been known, but we shall accompany them with some particulars respecting the palette, and

the student and professor of his art.

"As every anecdote respecting so distinguished a character cannot but be interesting, I shall mention a circumstance relating to him, as I received it from Miss Garmons of Colomondis. In the grounds belonging to this place, at some distance from the house, was a large stone, to which Wilson, in the latter part of his life, often resorted, it being a favourite seat with this great observer of nature. During his rambles, it was frequently his custom to be attended by a Newfoundland dog, and it so happened, that one day, accompanied by his faithful companion, the aged painter slipped from the stone upon which he had been seated, and unable to recover himself, would, in all likelihood, have perished on the spot, had not timely assistance arrived. The sagacious animal, seeing the situation of his master, ran howling to the house, and soliciting the attention of the servants with significant looks, pulling at the same time the skirts of their clothes with his teeth, directed them to the spot, and thus was the means of rescuing his helpless master from a situation of considerable danger.

"In a small publication, printed at Manchester, entitled 'Carey's Thoughts,' may be found the following anecdotes. 'Wilson was liberal to his brother artists, and revered the powers of Wright of Derby highly, with whom he was intimate. The latter artist estimated highly the abilities of Wilson, and whenever he was in London, rarely failed to visit his great, but amiable rival. In conversing familiarly one day, upon the subject of their art, Wright proposed to exchange one of his pictures for one of Wilson's, the latter assented with the easy consciousness of his own particular excellence, as distinguished from the particular excellence of his friend, 'With all my heart, Wright,—I'll give you *air*, and you'll give me *fire*.' It is known that in aerial effect Wilson considered himself above every rival, and the proposal of Wright may be supposed to imply, on his part, an ingenuous acknowledgment of Wilson's superiority in this particular. I have never heard that Wilson imitated Wright, but we know that Wright, avowedly, imitated Wilson; and, in such instances, reached his glow and aerial effect to admiration.' It is also related, as from unquestionable authority, that when Wilson was painting the *Cryx* and *Alcyons*, he consulted the broken surface, and rich hue of a large decayed cheese, for ideas of form and colour. It is said, also, that

Gainsborough modelled a landscape of moss, clay, stones, pieces of coal and tin, from which he fancied that he derived assistance.

"A late traveller, in his description of the waterfall of Terni, in Italy, mentions the following anecdote of Wilson: 'The cascade,' he observes, 'has often been described, but, perhaps, no description can give a more lively idea of the impression which the first sight of it makes upon the spectator, than the exclamation of Wilson the painter, overheard by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who happened to be on the spot. Wilson stood for a moment in speechless admiration, and then broke out with, 'Well done water, by G—!'"

"One day, while Wilson was sketching on Hampstead Heath, at rather a late hour in the afternoon, he was accosted by a couple of fellows of very suspicious appearance, who, in a rough and threatening manner, asked him what he was about, to this demand Wilson, who had little doubt of their intention of robbing him, very coolly replied, that he was making drawings for the support of his wife and family. 'And how much,' demanded one of the men, 'can you get for such drawings?'—'I sell them at a shilling a piece,' answered Wilson. This reply, from a person having but a shilling apiece, and who, at the moment, was but shabbily dressed, elicited the foolish to walk away, without further molestation. Thus, the artist, by his presence of mind, and ingenuity, saved himself from what might possibly, under other circumstances, have proved to him a very serious affair.

"Respecting the palette, and the process adopted by Wilson, some particulars have been communicated to me by a friend, derived, as he informs me, from a very authentic source. According to this statement, the colours used by Wilson were white, Naples yellow, vermilion, light ochre, burnt ochre, dark or Roman ochre, lake, yellow lake, lamp black, Prussian blue, ultramarine, burnt terra di Siena.

"Wilson dead-coloured in a very broad simple manner, giving a faint idea of the effect and colour intended, but without any very bright light or strong dark, quite flat, and no banding whatever, the shadows on the foreground thin and clear; all tint prevailing.

"When perfectly dry, he went over it a second time, brightening every part with colour and deepening the shadows, but still brown, free, loose, and flat, and left in a state for finishing; the half tint laid in with a high light. The third time, he altered what was necessary in the masses of tint, adding all the necessary sharpness and banding to the different objects, and then gave the finish to his picture.

"His great object was to bring up all the parts of his picture together, and not to finish one part before another, so that his picture should not, as the painters term it, run away with him, and that while working in one part, he should introduce that colour into other parts where it suited, or to lower the tone fit to make it suit, so that the different parts might keep company with each other.

"His air tint was blue, burnt ochre, and light red, sometimes a little vermilion, and in other cases, he made his air tint of the lakes and blue, with the lakes he made his glazing tints on the foreground very rich and warm, and of their full force, but all this was moderated by the tints which he laid on the glazing. If any part was hard, he restored it by scumbling the air tint, suited to the distance of the part over it, and then added the finishing touches, a sharpness, to prevent its being smoky or mean. *Magnolia*, or nupellup, of linseed oil and mastic varnish, in which the latter predominated, was his usual vehicle, and an over-shell saved him to contain it. He dead-coloured with Prussian blue, but always finished the sky and distance with ultramarine, for it was his opinion that no other blue could give the beautiful effect of air.

"For the chief of the above particulars respecting the colours and the process used by Wilson, I stand indebted to my much valued friend and fellow traveller, Sir William Pilkington, Bart., a lover of the art, possessing at the same time refinement of taste, and a practical knowledge such as few amateurs can boast. To him they were communicated by a gentleman who received them from the late Mr Pilkington, a pupil of Wilson, an authority not to be disputed.

Australia, with other Poems. By Thomas K. Hervey. Second Edition. London and Edinburgh.

THIS beautiful little volume is from the pen of a young poet, who is coming very rapidly into notice. The principal poem in it, "Australia," has for its subject, those vast tracts of country lately discovered in the Pacific, Indian, and Southern Oceans, so far as they are included between the boundaries marked out by the president De Brosses, and adopted by Pinkerton, for that division of the whole called Australasia. This poem is executed in a very bold and masterly manner, and how far the minor pieces evince an equal share of merit, the following, as being a tolerable specimen of the whole, may perhaps sufficiently testify.

TO A YOUNG LADY.
WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

"FORGET me not—forget me not!
But let these little simple flowers
Remind thee of his lonely lot,
Who loved thee in life's purer hours,
When hearts and hopes were hallowed
things,
Regret broke the lyre he brought;—
Then oh! when shivered all its strings,
Forget me not—forget me not!"

"We met, ere yet the world had come
To wither up the springs of truth,
Amid the holy joys of home,
And in the first warm blush of youth;
We parted, as they never part
Whose tears are doomed to be forgot,—
Oh! by that agony of heart,
Forget me not—forget me not!"

"Thine eye must watch these flowrets fade,
Thy soul its idols melt away,
But oh! when friends and flowers lie
dead,
Love can embalm them in decay;
And, when thy spirit sighs along
The shadowy scenes of hoarded thought,
Oh! listen to its pleading song,—
Forget me not—forget me not!"

*The Scrap Book; A Collection of
Amusing Pieces in Prose and
Verse, with an Introduction, and
occasional Remarks and Contributions.*
By John McDiarmid.
Vol. II. Second Edition Edinburgh and London.

A COMPILER can very often evince as much taste in the discharge of his duty as an original writer can in his. To select a beautiful piece from a work where all is not beautiful, or cull the best from among what is admirable, is a task, though trivial it may appear to some, not to be performed but by him whom nature has endowed with no inconsiderable share of innate genius and talent. That Mr. McDiarmid has sufficiently shewn himself to be an able compiler, cannot now be doubted by any one acquainted with the first volume of the Scrap Book, or the reputation in which it has been held, and that it still continues to hold, as a book of great acquisition to both the scholar and the library. The second volume, however, seems in consequence of its great merits as a compilation, and the flattering reception it has already received, not to promise less for Mr. McDiarmid than its predecessor. The pieces are as useful, descriptive, nar-

ative, colloquial, humorous, and miscellaneous, and from the pens of our most celebrated living prose writers and poets, accompanied by a very considerable share of original matter, from the ingenious editor himself. We shall give a short tale from the latter source, which may be sufficient to prove to our readers, that Mr. McDiarmid is not only calculated to amuse the public as compiler, but also as an author when he pleases to vary his station.

"SCENERY OF THE GLENKENS,
AND SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

"Thousands, we believe, have visited the Glenkens, a district which has been described as the 'Grampians of Gallo-way,' and which is alike celebrated for the wild grandeur of its scenery, and the feudal power and exploits of the noble house of Kenmuir. In summer and autumn this interesting district presents a most inviting prospect, whether to the sportsman or more contemplative visitor, with its fine amphitheatre of hills, amidst which the Scottish eagle still fixes his eyrie, and boundless slopes of the lowliest heather, where even the patient sheep finds but a scanty meal, and of which the black-cock and moorfowl, the plover and curlew, appear to be the sole occupants. In the fore-ground, the spectator has the broad and beautiful expanse of the Ken, here hurrying along with the rapidity of a mountain-stream, and there settling into the quiet tranquillity of an extensive lake, at one place washing the granite base of Laurin, and at another, nourishing the luxuriant reeds near Kenmuir Castle, while the teal and the wild duck, the coot and the heron, enjoy a little world of their own, and hardly seem to look upon man as an enemy. The time-worn towers of the castle, too, peering from an avenue of limes, or more veteran clump of oaks, every one of which might stand for a patriarch among trees, immediately carry the mind back to those unsettled yet romantic times, when a mother frequently prevented her son with his spurs, to remind him that her larder was empty, and when the tower and the donjon-keep, the drawbridge and the warder, supplied all the purposes of a modern police. Nor is it only in summer or autumn that the Glenkens afford a rich treat to the admirers of mountain-scenery. In winter, too, when the new-fallen snow levels all the features of an ordinary landscape, it is delightful to see the farmers and shepherds hobbling with their curing-stones to the neighbouring loch or river, and forgetting all the evils of high rents

and falling markets in an anxiety to distinguish themselves in this wretched sport. And on Sundays, it is still more interesting to see the same individuals gathering round the porch of the parish-church, and kicking, as they enter, the frozen snowballs from their ponderous shoes; while the far-off shepherd, whose compass is the warning bell, is seen manfully climbing the trackless hill, and pausing at intervals to catch another sound of that senseless instrument, which might now plead the never-failing apology of better musicians, and appeal to the hooded bellry as a sufficient excuse for its increased hoarseness. At this season of the year, we are told the situation of a country clergyman is far from being a sinecure; and, in thinly-peopled districts, it is no uncommon circumstance for a pastor to be called on to christen a child probably at the distance of ten or fifteen miles. Upon the necessity of early baptism the Scottish peasantry are well known to cherish peculiar notions; and, connected with this subject, we have an anecdote to relate, which will hardly be credited, although it was communicated to us by a most respectable gentleman, and may be relied on as perfectly authentic.

"A good many years ago, the former incumbent of the parish of Parton being confined to his room, one of his more distant parishioners, who had just received an addition to his family, found himself under the necessity of transporting the young stranger to the residence of the minister. The snow lay thick on the ground at the time, but the on-fall had ceased; the air, although cold, was clear and bracing; the surface of the sticky expanse, which stretched on every side, being slightly touched with frost, acted as a huge reflector to the level beams of the sun, and altogether the weather was remarkably fine for the season. Under these circumstances, the father of the child in question set out for the manse of Parton, accompanied by two female friends, who, to lessen the fatigue of travelling were directed to keep close in the track or *wake* of their brawny guide. To guard against the effects of cold, the little stranger was wrapped in almost as many folds as an Egyptian mummy, and, in the first instance, committed to the care of the elder gossip; but the women at length beginning to appear tired, the father insisted upon relieving them of the child, which he placed calmly under his arm, and covered it with the folds of his plaid; and, being rather of an absent turn of mind, he proceeded at a pace that would have done no discredit to 'Dominie Sampson.' In this way he gained rapidly upon his feeble companions, and in his great anxiety to hurry

the infant soft and easy, actually allowed it to slip through the huge mound of *smokklings* with which it was surrounded. These bucklings, however, still stuck fast under the farmer's arm, and his hands being numbed with cold, he held on his way, never once suspecting that his burden had become lighter. Arrived at the minister's parlour, the mistress of the house kindly proposed to warm the infant until the women arrived, and was proceeding to perform this office, when she all at once exclaimed, 'My God! where is the child?' This exclamation, so sudden and unexpected, threw the whole house into confusion; the minister forgetting his rheumatism, started to his feet like a youth of fifteen, while the honest farmer gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb, looked like a man who had seen an apparition, and discovering that, in place of a healthy babe, he carried only a 'bundle of odds.' The present, however, was not a moment for explanation, and, without saying a single word, he flew out of the house, with the intention of retracing his steps! but he had not proceeded far when he was met by his female friends, who had fortunately picked up their little charge, and which, although blue with cold, was found to have sustained no material injury from being cradled for a few minutes on an element as pure and stainless as its own virgin-breast." It is almost needless to add, that the party returned to the manse in the highest spirits; and that the worthy clergyman, in performing the usual ceremony, failed not to advert to this miraculous deliverance, and to recommend the little innocent to the especial care and protection of that Being who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

A Short Extract from the Life of General Mina, published by himself. —Spanish and English. London.

THE great part which General Mina has of late taken in the world both as a renowned politician and hero, renders a detail of his career, as written by himself, a work capable of exciting no common share of interest. The sketch before us, however, is stated to be but a brief extract from the history of the campaigns of this great man, at which we understand he is at present engaged; we have no doubt, notwithstanding, but the present will be found singularly interesting, and that the continental student will also receive it as a work of great utility, in his study of the Spanish language. But there is one circumstance connected with this book which must

render it as welcome to the mass, by feeling and charity, as its details are agreeable to every lover of freedom; it is, that the produce of its sale is destined for the relief of the unfortunate Spanish refugees. Our readers may be able to form some idea of what General Mina's sufferings and dangers often were, when they have read the following brief detail of his retreat from Nuriá:—

"The retreat from Nuriá in the middle of June would at least have been memorable, had not an unseasonable tempest which occurred on the morning of the 14th, in the highest and most snowy part of Cataluna, raising a terrible hurricane, and destroying all traces of a road, caused the separation of my column, the loss of one-half of it, who were surrounded by great numbers of French troops and of the factious, and made prisoners after an obstinate resistance, and several falls to myself, which hurt my breast considerably, and almost deprived me of the use of one of my legs. Notwithstanding, by dint of marching without halting, for 33 hours, pursued and attacked by ten times my numbers, I was enabled to save the remainder, and to arrive on the 15th, at 12 o'clock at night, at the Seu de Ugel.

"I should have been speedily and inevitably besieged in this fortress, had I not, in order to avoid it, resolved to exchange the disabled men whom I had brought with me for others of the garrison, to leave the place on the 19th at break of day, and notwithstanding all my efforts, to make my way to Barcelona, which I entered on the 5th of July in almost a dying state.

"Deprived at that time of many of my brave companions in arms, who were either killed or made prisoners, and stretched on a bed with very faint hopes of life, I had to contend for four months with the scandalous conduct of those who deputed the command among themselves, believing that I was dead, or the inexorable behaviour of those who disobeyed my orders. I will not at present say with what motive;—with the baseness of a number of those who abandoned their ranks, the infamy of others who caused the fortified places to be given up to the foreigner, with the strength of the enemy without, and his manoeuvres and intrigues within, with the enthusiasm of some and the dejection of others, and finally, with the most urgent and absolute necessities. A few more examples made during these four months, of persons of the higher class, would have been equally just and

salutary: the evil lay in this, that some of these things were concealed from me, or misrepresented to me, on account of the critical state of my health, and at other times it prevented me from doing what I ought.

"Nevertheless, by constancy and firmness in the critical emergencies, the terrible conjunctures in which I was placed, I surmounted every difficulty: I directed the sallies from the city, by land; I caused a debarkation to be made on the beach of Mongat, which would have produced important results, if the fortune of arms had not been already adverse, near Figueras; and I flatter myself, that the public tranquillity, liberty, and national independence, were preserved under my command to the last extremity.

"The forces of which my Army was composed never amounted to 21,000 men. Only to garrison the ten strong places in Cataluna (of which two are of the 1st class) requires 25,000 men; so that keeping some of them with only half the garrison, the greater part with two-thirds, and scarcely one with its full complement, there only remained for me to act in the field with the 6000 men before-mentioned, though they always formed nominally four, five, and even six Divisions. The smallness of these garrisons, on the other hand, did not admit of their making any but very small sallies, the contrary of which would have been convenient in many instances."

The London Stage. Sherwood and Co. London, 1825.

THE typographical elegance and accuracy of this edition of our acting dramas, are equalled only by its astonishing cheapness, which is such, that in many instances, an expenditure of *three pence* will supply the purchaser with twenty pages of first rate dramatic poetry, printed closely and beautifully, upon fair and fine paper, and illustrated with a wood engraving in the first style of the art. When the number contains two pieces, a second embellishment is added; and at the completion of the volume, a fancy title page and copper plate frontispiece are given gratis,—the latter containing several excellent portraits of our chief performers,—so that on the whole, this reprint is, in point of price and value, far preferable to any that this wonderful age of type and metal has produced

THE FINE ARTS.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THETIS, CALYPSO, AND MENTOR ON THE ISLAND OF
(CALYPSO, AFTER WEST.—(*Concluded from our last.*)

The courses of flowing and firmly cut lines, which were called for in the draperies and the shadows of the flesh, Mr. Robinson has ably blended with the stippled-work of the carnation tints; so that the figures, speaking of them in the aggregate, stand forth with as much of bold brightness as is at the same time compatible with the delicacy of female beauty, and with the vigour of style which pervades the landscape; concerning which we shall now offer a few observations.

The clouds which the thunder has spared, as they subside toward the horizon, form a fine broad mass of middle tint, over which the engraver has spread a judicious haze, so as to support and bring forth with adequate éclat, the figures, and that principal breadth of light which falls on the part of the landscape where the waves break on the beach, and gleams across the goddess and her jocund train. The trees are with great judgment blended into this airy haziness, which must have been an arduous task to accomplish, and have required the hand and eye of a veteran artist: for to tone an extended clump of trees, whose foliage was so definite, hard, and partially black, as were those of the present plate, and to convert them into a suitable background to figures of no larger dimensions than those of Calypso and her nymphs, is attended with difficulties which ought to be known, (as well as those of executing certain labours of the violin and piano-forte,) and which few unprofessional eyes can duly appreciate.

The violence of the storm is over; but the heavens are scarcely yet silent, or "the bold winds speechless:" and the trees; the tackle of the stranded ship, and all the more lofty objects of the composition, are still obedient to the blast. In specifying the details of the foliage of these trees, Mr. Enes has been somewhat over precise and particular for the

distance at which the trees are rooted; for the situations and dimensions of the intervening figures, and for the sublimity of the occasion. Among them we distinguish the Weymouth pine, the orange, the mountain ash, and the vine clustering with fruit; which is almost more of particularity than is consistent with the pictorial demands of the occasion, or than we ought to be made acquainted with. Middiman, aware of these circumstances, has done what remained practicable, in the way of softening down and generalising these localities, and of melting away a certain formal obtrusiveness in the mode of growth of their foliage, which is seen in the etching, and which indeed is also to be seen in the original picture.

The execution of the agitated sea, both where the water is liquid and billowy, and where it is broken into surf, will not bear too close a comparison with that of Woollett's "Fishery," or his "Ceyx and Alcyone:" but the defect (to use an ordinary expression) was "bred in the bone." As those who have seen the state in which Mr. Middiman received the plate must know, it was impossible for him to have eradicated it, without *draining* the whole. But the strand is bestrewn with shells, and obviously *wet* with the retiring waters. This last is an admissible touch of nature, developing the observation of an artist, and heightening the poetry of the performance, by shewing how far the tempest had presumed to invade the territory, and had retired before the presence of a daughter of Ocean. We are compelled to add that the genial glow of a Mediterranean climate—of a Greek island, the elysium of a goddess—is wanting in West's original. This is in some degree remedied in the engraving; perhaps as much so as remained practicable after the Stygian darkness which once overshadowed the shores of the president's Ogygia.

APOLOGY.

DISCOVERED from the Examiner's paper of February 6th, that we through misinformation had fallen into a mistake by which we intend the reader should understand that it was a thing *beneath* us, and that our fault is not unfelt by ourselves; we beg leave to repeat here an apology which we thought it right immediately to circulate through the medium of that paper. He who would be backward knowingly to inflict an undeserved injury, will be forward to remove an unintentional one.

London, Feb. 7, 1825

"Mr. Examiner.—The Reviewer of Art in the European Magazine, learning from your paper of yesterday, that he has been misinformed concerning Mr C. M. Westmacott's being the author of the hoax played off on Blackwood's Magazine a few weeks since, deeply regrets the error.

into which he has been led in consequence, and will apologize for the same in the next number of the European, so that all who have read his strictures may be made acquainted with his mistake and his regret; which is the best reparation he can at present think of, since it entirely exonerates Mr. W. from the charges and animadversions that are therein set forth. It appears that Mr. W. is of the hoaxer, and that the reviewer has given too ready credence to the report that he was, for which he takes due shame and discredit to himself."

It is written "A wise man maketh haste to forgive." A man must be quite *orthodox* who does not take the earliest opportunity of apologizing for an error committed under such circumstances of misinformation as the above.

LITHOGRAPHY.

This word *Lithography*, was formerly used—at first in the foreign Encyclopædias, and afterwards in our own, to express technically, the art of the engraver on gems. It was also thus used in the professional treatise of Nathor: and the propriety of this use was never questioned. But, so potent and influential is fashion, that we suppose the word, (*Lithography*) must—now be conceded as its proper designation, to the new art of drawing out printing from stone, although it be less correctly applicable to that art.

Certain prints executed by means of this process, have lately made their appearance from the well skilled hand of Mr. RICHARD LANE. They are chiefly after the pictures of Mr. G. S. NEWTON, and published by Dickenson: though we have seen one which Mr. Lane has drawn immediately from nature and another after GAINSBOROUGH.

They are all exceedingly clever. If genius consists in the power of enlarging the boundaries of an art, they are even entitled to this praise; for we have never before seen those minute delicacies upon which the sentiment and expression of works of imitative art are dependent, so successfully accomplished in this new mode.

F. M. February, 1825.

In general, artists have imitated by means of it, either etched drawings in chalk or lead pencil, or else pen and ink drawings. But Mr. Lane has given to his prints more of the texture of surface of stumped or crayon drawings, carefully wrought and elaborately finished. In his lights and demi-tints he has been far more successful than his lithographical competitors either at home or on the continent. The deeper shadows indeed are comparatively poor and opaque: black without being profound, and inexpressive of space. This we apprehend to be inseparable from the present mode of art; however, we shall not positively affirm so, seeing how much more than others, the artist before us has in most other respects accomplished. To due objection of no trivial moment, the stone printing seems liable; the impressions from the same stone are frequently very unlike each other in point of light and shade.

The first of Mr. Lane's etchings in this way, which we shall notice, is the whole length portrait of SAULH SATORIE, *Sadek-bee*, in a well-chosen attitude, and habited in the very elegant and picturesque costume of Persia, which makes our common Eng-

his dress seem so unfit for all men but soldiers.

This is drawn immediately from *Nature*, and displays considerable taste in the style adopted by the artist, as being analogous to that of the dress itself. The drapery is well cast: silky in its texture, particularly the under vest, which is of somewhat darker colour than the robe. The border ornament, lace, jewellery, &c. are executed with the utmost dexterity of touch: and so is the girdle, and the richly hilted dagger with its sheath. All these have much of miniature merit, and are very exactly expressed, as well as that curling dog skin head dress which is peculiar to Persia.

In the complexion and countenance of *Saith Naturee*, there is much of national character. He looks moreover, as if he could play a deep game at chess. His countenance however, as here rendered, somewhat belies his real character; for this Persian traveller, discovered much of urbanity

and gentlemanly demeanour, whilst he remained in England. All those who were honoured with his society, speak of his amiability.—But we rather think there is a little failure in this part of Mr. Lane's performance, and that in aiming at the expression of near-sightedness, he has imparted to the Persian a sinister look, of which we have no recollection in the original.

But the sofa, and the tasty bit of carpet on which he stands; and, above all, the elegant accompaniment of the Hooka with its refrigerating apparatus of rose-water contained in a glass vase, are most felicitously executed, and are enough to set every inmate of a female boarding school longing for the luxuries of Persia: for the paraphernalia and apparatus are altogether of a lady-like character. As the shadows of this print are not very deep toned, it is less liable than those after the pictures of Mr. Newton, (to which we shall next attend) to the objection which we have mentioned above.

ETCHINGS AFTER MR. G. S. NEWTON'S.

First, there is a pair of half lengths of very pretty girls, treated in a very Sir Joshua like style. Their beauty is of different, and almost opposite, characters; and is the farthest of all things from common place.

One is of a mirthful; the other of a pensive and sentimental cast. They are a sort of *Peccato* and *Il Penseroso*, and might be thus entitled, although not so called by Messrs. Newton and Lane. The former is what the French term *em-bon-point*, with large dark eyes, black and abundant ringlets, bedecked with ribbons, a look of health and hilarity: and a hawk, dressed in its hood and jesses for field sport, perched on her fist, which with her airy dress, gives a free, unreserved, out-of-door look to the heroine. This birdly paraphernalia of former days is not only elegant in itself, but is made the vehicle of the following elegantly 'turned' compliment to the young lady's beauty, taken from an anonymous old ballad,

"A merlin small she held upon her hand,
With hood and jesses gallantly be-
dight,

But little did he neede on hood or bande,
Could he but gaze on her, till safe
was he from flight."

The head comes off from a sky of grey clouds which are very agreeably toned and granulated: more so they could not well have been, had they been executed by the stippling process on copper. Her white sleeve and neck-band too, with its little pendant heart, are beautifully worked up. But her cheerful countenance is the emphasis of the piece.—Here sit embowered.

"Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and smould'ring smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimpled cheek."

The companion to the above, is another young lady of a more serious and sensitive, and perhaps, romantic turn; *seen en profile*, resting her chin on her right hand and arm, and in the act of reading poetry. She is cloaked in dark drapery; sits out of doors in a sylvan country, and in a contemplative attitude, which reminds us of a certain portrait (if we rightly remember, of the beautiful and cele-

brated Mrs. Robinson) by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Good girl: but—nevertheless—the crucifix stands unheeded on her table;

The lady has that unequivocal character of sensibility which so often leads the soul to love. A miniature hangs from her neck: her arms are adorned with pearl armlets: she ponders over the page of Shakspeare, and seems to have arrived at that impressive reflection which is quoted from him, and inscribe beneath the print, and which certainly lets you into the secret of its meaning better than a formal title.

"Ah me! for aught that ever I could
 remem',
 Could ever hear by tale or history.
 The course of true love never did run
 smooth."

If she is not reading this very page, the spectator is thoroughly satisfied, that this sentiment dwells on her mind.—And now we shall say a word or two of the execution of this work.

Rather too much delicacy is here attempted in granulating the carnation tints of the flesh. When carried to this extreme, it does but the more expose the defect which we fear is inherent in this mode of printing from stone drawings: namely, a degree of rottenness, or imperfection of texture. The dark drapery too, is liable to the objection we have already stated—that is to say—a want of what in oil painting is termed transparency. The arms are too large in proportion to the bosom, and for the youthfulness of the fair student: and the right hand is not well drawn. Yet altogether the effect is impressive, and contrived, as we have before observed, much in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The other print after Ma. G. S. NEWTON, is somewhat larger than these (about nine inches in height) and is also of a romantic girl, supported in the sentiment she indulges, by another quotation from Shakspeare.

It is entitled "*a Girl at her Devotions*." The girl is a Catholic, and a

"For thee I pray, for thee I sigh and
 weep."

She is, in short, a sort of *Eloisa at her book*; seated in her easy chair, with a soft feather bed in the back ground.

The print is broad and sufficiently forcible in *chiaro scuro*, the light and shadow being well contrived. There is a great deal of taste in the arrangement of the details; and of a *kind* of taste which strongly reminds us of those distinguished masters Netscher and Metzner. The drapery of the girl and of the silk-covered chair, are admirably wrought: so is that of the bed; and a carpet of all objects, seems the fittest to be expressed in the Lithographic art, on account of a certain soft rottenness of texture, which seems inseparable from the process; and which we could wish did not haunt the deeper shadows—and the flesh tints also to a certain degree—of this interesting little print.

Concerning its minor defects, we may add that *that* which covers the table is too much like sackcloth and ashes; the right wrist is bent to rather too sudden an angle to be agreeable to the owner, and the feet—or rather foot, is a little *outré*. Why, Mr. Haydon would be ready to swear from the arch of her instep, that the girl was an Egyptian Princess! Whereas Mr. Newton can have meant her for no other than a dark-eyed and warm-hearted catholic of the European continent.—However these matters may be, it is quite obvious that she is an imaginative being and capable of ardent attachment, which bears down all trifling imperfections, and gives the sincere and deep-felt sentiment of Mr. Newton's *devotee*.

THEODRIC *

Theodric and other Poems, by Thomas Campbell London, 1824.

THE principal piece in this volume has just merit enough to make us believe, though reluctantly, that it was written by the author of "*Gertrude*," but among the fugitive poetry, with which we escape from *Theodric*, are many exquisite little compositions, some of them, indeed, of the very first order of fine language. The subjoined apostrophe to the Spanish Inquisitors, seems equal to any thing of the kind in *Childe Harold*.

"Go to your bloody rites again; bring back
The hall of horrors, and the assessor's pen,
Recording answers shriek'd upon the rack;
Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;
Preach, perpetrate, damnation in your den;
Then let your altars, ye blasphemers' peal
With thanks to Heaven, that let ye loo e again,
To practice deeds, with torturing fire and steel,
No eye may see — no tongue may question or reveal.
"Yet laugh not, in your carnival of crime,
Too proudly, ye oppressors! Spain was free;
Her soil has felt the footsteps, and her clime
Been winnow'd with the wings of liberty;
And there, ev'n panting, scelter, as they flee,
Thoughts, influences, to live in hearts unborn,
Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
From Persecution, shew her musk off-torn,
And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of scorn."

Indeed it is in his minor pieces that Mr. Campbell pleases us most: *THE LAST MAN* is another happy specimen of his powers.

"All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die.
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!"

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
Thy Ruth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had exp'd in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth, either had no sound nor tread:
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words at length,
That shook the sore leaves from the wood
As if a storm press'd by,
Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tear,
That shall no longer flow!

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will,
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim disowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stars of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to wither;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in your shoes
To watch thy fading fire;
Tost of all wretched agonies,
Behold not me expire,
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thee shalt not quest.
The ecstasies of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death!
Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful woe
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's awful cloud,
The dark'ning universe decay
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

The following is of a different mould
and turn, but is not a discredit to the
author of the foregoing:—

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS
ON HER BIRTH DAY

If any white-wine, and power above
My joys and ills survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day
I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of beauty's magic powers,
That opened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers
My mind had lovely shapes pourtray'd,
But, thought I, earth had none.

And make an fancy's vision fade
Like stars before the sun!

I gazed and felt upon my lips
Th' unfinished accents hang
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture chang'd each pang,
And though as swift as lightning's flash,
Those tranced moments flew,
Yet all the waves of time shall wash
Thence memory from my view,
But dull shall my raptured song,
And glidly shall my eyes
Still bless this day's return, as long
As thou shalt see it rise
Our limits will now admit but the
following, next little tale from the
minor pieces

ADILGITHA

"The oracle's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale ADILGITHA came
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slayer of her name
She wept, delivered from her danger,
But when he knelt to clasp her glove
"Sick not," she cried, "oh! gallant
stranger,
Your hapless ADILGITHA's love.
"For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arm should now have set me free,
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that's dead or false to me.
"Nay! say not that his faith is fainted"
He raised his vizor—at the sight
She fell into his arms as if it said,
It was in her own true knight "

THE DRAMA

THE dramatic events of this month
have been not altogether void of pec-
uliar interest, though it attaches rat-
her to performers than to perform-
ances. Since the legal exhibition of
which Mr. Kean formed so prominent
a feature, he had up to the 31st ulto
been greeted on each night of his
appearing subsequently to that eclat-
ant event, with as noisy, though hardly
as gratifying, a reception as ever an
English actor had met with and on
the evening alluded to the interrup-
tion thus unjustifiably offered him,
throughout one of his most arduous
and affecting characters, that of Sir
Giles Overreach, at length drew forth
from him the following short appeal
to the audience. "Ladies and Gen-
tlemen, I have already made such
concession to an English public as an
English character ought to do. (*loud
applause*) I hope, for the honor of
my country, as I shall, at the expira-

tion of my engagement for twenty
nights, take my leave of you for ever,
(*loud cries of No, No*)—I hope, for
the honor of my country, that this
persecution will never reach foreign
annals" And so he vanished, and
with him, but not only for the night,
we hope, those malignant or meddling
spirits that have haunted him so demon-
iacally. Surely, the award of a court
of justice, does all that justice can
demand; and if the delinquency of
Mr. Kean is not held by law to
deserve the punishment of death, by
what right is it that a party of opi-
nated play-goers may conspire to
take from him the means whereby he
lives. Besides, too, the directing of
public attention to a stage player's
private—his "undress" character, is
paying his profession too high a com-
pliment. We go, or ought to go, to
the theatre for the purpose of seeing
dramas in representation—not men

to disguise; and, whether Mr. Keen, or Mr. Cox be the Overreach it matters not to us.—Notwithstanding that we so object to the interfering of any audience with the domestic business of an actor, yet there are cases when public feeling, however and wheresoever expressed, is of too honorable a kind, to merit our reprobation; and of this kind was the sentiment unanimously declared in favor of the charming Miss Foote on her return to the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, after the release a jury of Englishmen lately awarded to her wrongs. The house was full to the very ceiling; and among the spectators who seemed for the most part, were more than usually select, appeared a great majority of well-dressed females; who, if one may guess, felt a pride in thus paying, by their presence, the respect ever due to an injured one of their own tender sex. Miss Foote herself, was almost overpowered with the enthusiastic applause that hailed her *entrée*; but, in the course of the play, she sufficiently recovered to shew that in the part of Letitia Hardy she has no living equal, either as to grace or vivacity. As usual on such occasions, a few of the most injudicious among the audience, eagerly caught at, and applauded every passage in the dialogue, which could be forced into an application to the circumstances that had thrown such an intense interest over the performance of the night; but of the indiscreet allusions thus conveyed, no other notice was taken than that of Mr. Kemble's advancing at the fall of the curtain a little more forward than the rest of the *corps dramatique*, and—with Miss F. in his hand—giving out the Belle's Stratagem for repetition.

It has above been hinted that during the month of February the Managers of the two great houses have made no very great hits at popularity. Drury Lane has produced a showy play on the story of Thomas Anello, the Venetian fisherman, commonly called Massaniello; but his character, at least the latter part of it, is shown in a much more favourable light than history throws on it. The decorations and *auxiliaries* were splendid and complete to the utmost, but though Keen's powerful talent, well

aided by Mr. Terry's, continues to uphold the piece, it seems hardly to be made of very durable materials. The Oratorio, have begun at this house, but it is too early in the season for us to speak of them otherwise than to observe that their opening promises well. Among the Minor Theatre, which are all of them active in their endeavours to give to the public that limited kind of amusement which is all that can be expected without the walls of the two great houses, the Adelphi has, within the last month, put forth unusual claims to the patronage of the town. Indeed, it is but to mention the names of Miss S. Booth, and that admirable Irishman, Mr. Power, and it will at once be seen that a company in which they are enlisted, and moreover perpetually kept employed, must have no very ordinary means of entertaining an audience. The managers well knowing what their histrionic strength lay, no sooner had set aside the Christmas pantomime, than they re-produced, with considerable alterations and improvements, the farce of "More Blunders than One; or, The Irish Vallet," a most amusing little piece, which had been brought out before the holidays, and might probably have continued its successful career even till now, but for the intervention of that merry season, which John Bull would hardly think duly honoured unless ushered in by Harlequin and Clown. However, in our idea, the ludicrous blunders and eccentricities of Larry Hoolagan, the hero of this excellent production of Mr. Rodwell's, amply compensate for the departure of that motley train. Mr. Power is assuredly the best representative of Irish characters now on the stage, we know not if we can except even Connor. The piece gave full scope to his abilities; and *this* is as high an eulogium as it could receive. A love sick lady is personated to the life by Miss Booth, and her attendant, the sweetheart of Larry Hoolagan, is—in the hands of Miss Parrock,—a personage of no trifling importance. The house is nightly convulsed with laughter from the beginning to the end of the performance, which indeed is quite worthy of the "national boards."

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE commencement of a parliamentary session is always a period of considerable importance—a period which the public look forward to with anxious expectation for development of the feelings and views by which government is actuated respecting affairs of leading interest in the political horizon. Considering, however, that the present is a time of peace, domestic as well as foreign, anxiety has rarely been so strongly, so generally diffused, as it was previously to the opening of the present session,—on the third of February, Ireland was the grand object to which all eyes were directed. An attack of gout unfortunately prevented His Majesty's attendance in person, consequently, the Royal Speech was delivered by commission.

The main points adverted to in this instrument, independently of the state of Ireland, were as follows.—The continued progressive increase of public prosperity—the prospect of yet further increase, from the resources received from all continental princes and states of an unabated desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of peace with this country and each other—the continued improvement in the state of the agricultural interest—the advantage derived from the relief recently given to commerce by the removal of inconvenient restrictions—a recommendation to persevere in the removal of similar restrictions—and a strongly expressed belief, that, notwithstanding the increase of expense arising out of an augmentation in our military establishments consequent on the unprovoked aggression and extravagant pretensions of the Burmese government in India, the flourishing condition and progressive improvement of the revenue was such as to allow of addition of facilities to the national industry, and of a further reduction of the burdens of the people.

The Royal Speech also intimated that measures had been taken for confirming, by the treaty, the commercial relations already existing between this kingdom and those countries of America, which had established their separation from Spain, that

arrangements had been made with the kingdoms of Denmark and Hanover, for improving the commercial intercourse between those states and the United Kingdom; that a treaty had been concluded, though not yet ratified, between this country and Sweden, for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade, that hopes were entertained of a final removal of the difficulties which had hitherto impeded the ratification of a treaty for the same object which had been negotiated last year with the United States of America, and that the negotiations which had been so long carried on through his Britannic Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople, between the Empress of Russia and the Ottoman Porte, had been brought to an amicable issue.

Respecting Ireland, it was with some surprise that we learned from the Royal Speech, that that country was participating in the general prosperity—that industry and commercial enterprise were extending themselves in that part of the United Kingdom—and that the outrages, for the suppression of which extraordinary powers had been conferred to His Majesty, had so far ceased as to warrant the suspension of the exercise of those powers in most of the districts heretofore disturbed. This notice, however, was not without its use, as immediately afterwards, it was expressed that a condition should exist in Ireland which had adopted proceedings unbecomingly with the spirit of the constitution, and calculated, by illegal means, and by exasperating animosities, to endanger the peace of society, and to retard the course of national improvement. His Majesty, in consequence, recommended the immediate application of a remedy to this evil, and a renewal of the inquiries instituted last session, into the state of Ireland.

In the upper House, the address to his majesty was moved by Lord Viscount Dudley and Ward, seconded by Lord Viscount Gort, and unanimously carried; in the Commons, the mover and seconded of the address, which was also agreed to unanimously, were Lord Francis

Levison Gower, and Mr. Alderman Thompson.

On the first night of the Session, the Earl of Liverpool observed that nothing was so great a bar to the growing prosperity of Ireland, as the Catholic Association, that Government was bound to take such steps as would put an end to its proceedings, and that it was his intention to move the renewal of the general enquiries into the state of Ireland. Accordingly, his lordship on the 10th of February, moved for the appointment of a committee, which was agreed to *nem con*; and it is understood that the commissioners will be enabled to make their report about the Easter holidays. In the Commons, on the 5th of the month, Mr. Hume gave notice that on the fourth Thursday in March, he should move for the withdrawing from Ireland the Viceroy and his whole establishment, in order that that country, might have the full benefit of the union.

On the general question of Catholic Emancipation, Mr. Canning, on the first night of the Session, observed that it had got, by no fault of the ministry, into such a situation that it required a total breaking up of the administration before it could succeed.

In pursuance of his Majesty's recommendation, Mr. Goulburn, on the evening of Thursday, February 10, moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws relative to illegal associations in Ireland. This motion produced one of the most animated debates ever remembered. Within limits such as ours, not the faintest sketch of the discussion can be attempted; but it is matter of historical record, that, after *three* adjournments, the motion was carried on the *fourth* night of debate, the House having been engaged more than *six and thirty hours* on the subject; by a majority of 135; the ayes being 278, the Noes 123. It was expected that a call of the House would be enforced on the motion for the second reading on the 21st of the month; but the idea was abandoned, and the question was carried by a majority of 146; ayes 253, Noes 107.

Mr. Brougham on the 18th, had moved that the Roman Catholic petitioners against the bill for putting down illegal associations in Ireland, be heard by counsel at the bar of the

House; but the motion was negatived by a majority of 145—Ayes 89, Noes 422.

Such was the state of the legislative proceedings respecting Ireland at the time of preparing this sheet for the press.

Several other points of comparatively minor importance had been disposed of or were in progress through the lower House. On the 14th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the number of additional men wanted for the army, in consequence of the war in India, exclusively of those required by the East India Company, the expense of which would be defrayed by the Company was 8,000. It may be mentioned that a briefer promotion is expected in the army; that every regiment is to receive two additional companies; that the whole of a regiment is never again to be sent to the colonies or garrisons abroad; but that, if a regiment consist of ten companies, six will be sent; and four, and a field officer remain at home.

On the same evening that the Chancellor of the Exchequer made the communication alluded to respecting the increase of our military establishment, Sir George Clark, on bringing forward the navy estimates, announced that some changes in the victualling of the navy, by the addition of certain articles and the abolition of Banyan days, would somewhat increase the expense, compared with that of last year. It was determined that there should be a reduction in the quantity of ardent spirits allowed to the seamen; but that, to prevent complaint, the saving, amounting to two shillings a man per month, should be added to the pay of the seamen and petty officers. A promotion in the navy is expected on his Majesty's birth day.

Amongst the useful labours of the House of Commons ought to be mentioned the appointment of a select committee, on the motion of Lord Lowther, to enquire into the receipts, management, and expenditure of the different turnpike trusts in the county of Middlesex. An amendment, indeed proposed by Mr. Hume, and agreed to, extended the cognizance of the committee to the counties of Essex, Kent, and Surrey.

The Usury Laws repeal bill was

lost, by a division of 45 against 15, on the motion for its second reading.

In directing our attention for a moment towards France, we cannot refrain from adverting to the *unlimited* character of the Roman Catholic religion, as indicated by the project of a law recently before the Chambers; in conformity with which, the hand, and afterwards the head of a man may be cut off, for a real or presumed insult offered to a consecrated vessel! It will be recollected, that a project of law upon this subject introduced last year, was rejected by the peers, because its enactments were too mild.

It appears that the Duke of Northumberland has been appointed his Majesty's Ambassador extraordinary to the king of France, on the occasion of his most Christian Majesty's approaching coronation. We are glad to find, that, in consequence of some allusions made by a member of the French chamber of deputies, to the proceedings of the English Parliament, respecting the independence of South American colonies, M. De Villele observed, that nothing had occurred, to alter the view which had been taken by the French king of the state of Europe at the commencement of the Session: that the most friendly relations were maintained with all surrounding nations; and that there was no reason to fear that the peace would be broken.

This is the more important, when we consider the high state of irritation into which the Spanish Government has been thrown by our acknowledgment of South American independence. The cabinet of Madrid has presented a note to the English *Charge d'Affaires*, at that court, in which it protests against the steps which Great Britain has taken, or may take, and which might tend to recognize, directly or indirectly, in the American possessions of Spain, any authority but that of Ferdinand VII. It is further stated that M. Rios has arrived in London, on a special mission from the King of Spain, to remonstrate with our Government against the recognition of the South American States. Ferdinand VII. has experienced an alarming attack of illness, occasioned, it is said, by a violent fit of passion into which his Majesty threw himself during the sitting of a council.

K. M. February. 1825.

of State. According to some of the accounts, he was so ill on the 1st of February, that it was thought he had reached his last hour, and that the whole court went over to the heir presumptive of the crown, the infant Don Carlos. The political views and sentiments of this prince are, however, said to be in perfect accordance with those of his reigning brother.

The belief gains ground that Sweden has determined on following the example of England in the recognition of the South American States.

In this country it is understood, that all obstacles to the recognition of the independence of Brazil have been surmounted through the firmness and perseverance of Sir W. A. Court, the English Ambassador at Lisbon. The point was settled in the dismissal of the Portuguese administration, and the formation of a new Cabinet favourable to the views of England. On the arrival of intelligence of the actual recognition by Portugal, Sir C. Steward will proceed as ambassador to the "Imperial Court of Brazil." It is expected, almost as a matter of course, under existing circumstances, that the treaty of commerce between England and Portugal, which expires in the course of the present year, will be renewed with its original clauses and conditions in favour of this country. At present, the influence of France in Portugal may certainly be considered as extinct.

The united provinces of Mexico have passed a decree, amounting virtually, to a naturalization of all foreigners who may choose to retire there, with allotments of land, freedom from taxes, &c.

According to a report of a committee of the House of Assembly at Jamaica, the losses occasioned by the late rebellious conspiracies amount to £15,000; and a depreciation in property has been restrained generally to the extent of £50 per cent. It is expected that an application will be made on the part of the sufferers to the British Parliament for remuneration.—A serious conspiracy amongst the negroes at St. Thomas's, connected with the negroes of the neighbouring islands, has been discovered; and, at Demerara, several attempts have been made to set fire to George Town.

The Turkish Government is represented as raising an immense army

with the view of opening the approaching campaign in such force as to preclude the possibility of any successful resistance on the part of the Greeks. Firmans had been dispatched to all the Pachas throughout Asiatic Turkey, commanding them to raise a force in their respective Pachalicks, and appointing a general rendezvous in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. In the interim, the Turkish trade is much annoyed by Greek cruizers in the Dardanelles.

The only other point that we have to mention is the departure of our land expedition for the Arctic Regions. On the 16th of February, Captain

Franklin, Lieutenant Back, Dr. Richardson, and nine other persons, embarked at Liverpool, on board the *Columbia* packet, for New York, whence they are to proceed to Upper Canada, and then to Fort Chipewican, on their way to the Polar Sea, by the Mackenzie River. On reaching its northern extremity, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back, with part of the expedition, proceed to the westward, in the hope of reaching Behring's Straits: while Dr. Richardson and Mr Kendall, with the other party, proceed to the eastward, tracing the coast of America, if possible, to the Copper Mine River.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The first volume of "the London Stage," just published price half a guinea, contains forty-eight popular Acting Dramas, forty-eight scenic Embellishments, by the first artists, seven portraits of living performers, viz Young, Johnston, Dutton, Braham, Jones, Miss Stephens, and Mrs Davison. All these portraits are from actual sittings, by the courtesy of the parties, expressly for the London Stage, from the pencil of Wageman, and exquisitely engraved on Steel by Fry. The seven portraits may be had separately, price sixpence, being less than one fourth the price usually charged for a single portrait. The London Stage is the cheapest, most compact, and most elegant edition of the Drama ever printed. It is published in weekly numbers, price Threepence, and monthly parts, price one shilling, and comprises the best Acting Pieces, beautifully printed and embellished, at less than half the price of the cheapest editions. This edition of the Drama has not only attracted considerable attention in all parts of England, but has been very favourably noticed, in many Foreign Journals, and in America; and for the beauty of its printing, and its unrivalled cheapness, may be said to form a new era in the annals of publishing. Published for the proprietors, by Sherwood, Jones, and Co Paternoster Row, and sold by all Booksellers.

A third volume of the Tales of old Mr Jefferson is announced for Publication. From the merits and popularity of *Mauvelville*, the second tale, in the preceding volumes the continuation of Jefferson's tales had been long expected.

Monsieur S. Soulie has in the press an invaluable work, entitled "Mémorial des Secrets et des Révolutions du dix Huitième et du Neuvième Siècle." The work is voluminous, and embraces points of the utmost possible interest. With authentic

projectus exhibits an outline of the work which is bold and capacious, and from his known talents, liberal estimates, and personal acquaintance with the great political characters of the last half century, the public may reasonably expect from Monsieur Soulie a work of more than ordinary interest.

Mr. Nicolson's Collection of "The Progresses, Processions, and Public Entertainments of King James the First," will contain (by the kind communications of numerous Literary Friends) many interesting particulars, never before published, of the King's welcome Reception in various Corporation Towns, and of his Entertainment in the hospitable mansions of the Nobility and Gentry whom he honoured by his visits. Complete copies are also reprinted of several Tracts of extreme rarity, not to be separately obtained, but at an enormous expence; among which are all the Masques at Court during the 23 years of that Pacific Monarch's Reign, including those performed by the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and as many of the "London Pageants" of the period as can be met with. Illustrated by Historical, Topographical, Biographical, and Bibliographical Notes, collected during the Researches of not less than half a century. The work is printed uniformly with the "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," and will form three handsome volumes, to be published periodically in separate portions to commence on the 1st of June.

The genders of French nouns systematically arranged by Henrietta Williams, 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

Mr. Mackenzie has in the press, a Narrative of his second Visit to Greece, including Facts and Anecdotes relative to the last days of Lord Byron, with Extracts from his Correspondence. With the Provisional Government, Official Documents, &c. &c. &c. a Second Edition of THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Edward Lee, publican, of Little Thurlrock, in the County of Essex, and George Harrison, brick maker, of the same place, for their new and improved method of making brick, tiles, and other articles, manufactured with brick earth. — 1st Feb. — 6 months for Inrolment.

To John Tins, of the City of Edinburgh, architect, for his invention of a new method of constructing a roasting-jack. — 1st Feb. — 6 months.

To Samuel Crosley, of Cottage-lane, in the City Road, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. for his invention of a certain apparatus for measuring and registering the quantity of liquids passing from one place to another. — 1st Feb. — 6 months.

To Samuel Crosley, of Cottage-lane, in the City Road, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. for his invention of an improvement in the construction of gas regulators, or governors. — 1st Feb. — 6 months.

To Timothy Burtill, of Bankside, in the Parish of St Saviour, Southwark, and John Hill, of Greenwich, in the County of Kent, engineers, for their invention of a locomotive or steam carriage for the conveyance of mail, passengers, and goods. — 3d Feb. — 6 months.

To George Augustus Lamb, of Rye, in the County of Sussex, Doctor of Divinity, for his invention of a new composition of malt and hops. — 10th Feb. — 6 months.

To Richard Hughell the younger, of Leek, in the County of Stafford, silk manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in winding, doubling, spinning, throwing or twisting of silk, wool, cotton, or any other fibrous substance. — 10th Feb. — 6 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the County of Devon, lace manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements on the method or methods of manufacturing silk. — 11th Feb. — 6 months.

To Edward Lees, of Little Thurlrock, in the County of Essex, publican, for his invention of certain improvements in water works, and in the mode of conveying water for the purpose of flooding and draining lands, which said improvements are also applicable to various other useful purposes. — 19th Feb. — 6 months.

To Thomas Mastern, of the Dolphin Brewery, Broad-street Rattleiff, in the County of Middlesex, common brewer, for his invention of an apparatus for bottling wine, beer, and other liquids, with increased economy and dispatch. — 19th Feb. — 6 months.

To Edmund Lloyd, of North End, Fulham, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. for his invention of a new apparatus, from which he purposes to lead fires with coals, and other fuel. — 19th Feb. — 6 months.

To Benjamin Farrow, of Great Tower-street, in the City of London, ironmonger, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in buildings, calculated to render them less likely to be destroyed or injured by fire than heretofore, which he conceives will be of public utility. — 19th Feb. — 6 months.

To Henry Burnett, of Arundel-street, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. in consequence of communications made to him by persons residing abroad, for certain improvements in machinery for a new rotary or endless lever action. — 19th Feb. — 6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON—The briskness in Cotton is very great, and the demand appears still to increase; since the 19th Inst the sales at Liverpool are 25,000 bags; the sales here are 17,000 bags; the general advance in London since Saturday is 1d per lb; the rise in Peraines is 1d. to 1d per lb, and the advance, in place of checking the demand, appears out to have the slightest effect; the buyers are as eager as ever to purchase.

COFFEE.—The few public sales lately brought forward occasion a great briskness in the demand by private contracts; the request has been chiefly for the Foreign qualities, which lately rated low in proportion to the British Plantation. The Domingo ordinary sold at 85s. good 86s; fine ordinary Brasil extensively at 76s.

The public sale this forenoon consisted of 136 casks, 147 bags British Plantation, and 20 casks Foreign. Java and Ceylon

at an advance of 2s. a 2s. good ordinary 88s. fine ordinary 70s. 6d. a 7s. The Demerara at previous prices, the Foreign was fine ordinary colonial Havana, and sold 71s a 7s. The market looks uncommonly firm, during the week the advance in British Plantation Coffee is 2s a 2s; in Foreign is a 2s per cwt.

SUGAR.—The sugar market is still uncommonly strong; we cannot allow our quotations this week, but the buyers of good Sugars have been obliged to submit to higher price, and the market has a very firm appearance; strong working qualities are very scarce, and the holders evince no disposition to sell, they appear confident of realising a much higher currency. In Refined goods there is a further advance of 1s. a 2s. in the prices.

There have been extensive sales of Foreign Sugars; yellow Havannah sold in parcels at 82s. and 39s. white good and

Reeves, J. late of Eaton, Buckinghamshire, (but now a pleiger in the King's Bench prison), tailor. (Jackson, New-mn, Strand).
 Roberts, E. P. H. Holborn, ches-mercer, (Cortet, Millington, and Gilbert, Hilpot Lane, Fenchurch street).
 Shuttleworth, C. of Birmingham, cabinet-maker (Baxton and Heming, Gray's-inn-place).
 Seazer, J. R. Palmer-street, Slapen, plumber, Lewis, Crutcheff-street.
 Slinger, N. P. now or late of Liverpool, haberdasher (Giles and Handwick, Caterton st Sanders, W. Holland-street, and of Banks-ide, Southwark, back-dryer, and manufacturer of mutton-aid (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Fenchurch-street).
 Strahan, B. Chiswick, warehouseman in (Taylor and Row, King's-bench walk).
 Smith, H. Providence, hostler (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch t).
 Savage, W. Ketter-lane, victualler (Fryman and Heathcote, Coleman-street).
 Smyth, G. Southampton-street, Camberwell, grocer (Hagheer Trinity-square).
 Smith, W. W. Holborn-hill, silk-mercer. (Hodgson and Ogden, St Mildred's-court, Poultry).

Stork, J. Mount-street, Hanover square, undertaker of funerals. (Wood, R. h. pond-buildings, Dean-street, Solo).
 Turner, E. late of Chorlton row, Manchester, joiner and builder. (Hurd and J. h. amon, Temple).
 Turner, O. Chancery-lane, stationer (Cope, Wilson street, Gray's-inn-road).
 Toph, E. Hastings, haberdasher (Cian h, Union-court, Broad-street).
 Williams, B. W., Upper Brook street, Gro-venor-square, tailor (Dignam, New-man street, Oxford-street).
 Whitley, J. T. Edmonton, grocer (Phipps, Weaver's hall, Basinghall street).
 Windett, J. Norwich, grocer. (Taylor and Row, King's-bench-walk).
 Willock, R. Lancaster, wine merchant. (Holme, Frampton and Loftus, New-mn).
 Wood, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, silversmith (Hamilton and Allithorne, Tavistock-row, Covent garden).
 Wright, J. Charlotte street, St Pancras, ches-mercer (Kilham, Broad-street, Golden-square).
 Wingate, F. W. Bath, dealer. (Bulfoot, King's-bench walk, Temple).

DIVIDENDS

Annen, J. Church-row, merchant, Feb 19
 Atkinson, Ludgate hill, cabinet-maker, Feb 12
 Baid, J. Cawston, Norfolk, farmer, Feb. 22.
 Brecon, W. and H. Ruidington, Nottingham habshitt, d. r. in h. s.
 Brammell, T. Sheffield, merchant and silsmaker, February 11
 Brumfit, F. I. ed, worsted spinner and carpet manufacturer, March 1
 Berry, F. Bond court, Wallbrook, wine and porter merchant Feb. 26.
 Brown, C. Dundee, ship-swagger, March 5
 Becher, C. C. Louthbury, merchant, Feb 18
 Brommige Huttlesbury, Worcestershire, tailor, March 11
 Biggby, J. Deptford, brewer, March 5.
 Bignell, W. Chichester street, Savage-gardens, wine-merchant, March 13
 Bigness, J. Ipwich, shopkeeper, March 14
 Crisp, W. Bramfield, Suffolk grocer
 Chisley, E. Woolwich, draper, Feb. 26.
 Crutcher, T. W. H. street, near Wellington, Shropshire, grocer and shop-keeper, Feb. 26.
 Chapman, S. Greenwich, linen-draper, Feb. 26.
 Coupland and W. B. Colton, Liverpool, merchants, March 2
 Clark, W. Kingston upon-Hull, seedman, March 8
 Clayton, W. Dock-head, Surrey, grocer, March 12
 Davies, M. Bodisel, Montgomeryshire, farmer, Feb. 21.
 Dean, W. T. and B. Bentham, and J. Baikie, Chatham and Sheerness, bankers
 Devey, W. Christchurch, Surrey, coal merchant Feb. 26.
 Dudley, C. R. Gracechurch-street, merchant, March 1
 Downes, W. Leadenhall-street, colled printer, March 26
 Evelyn, F. and A. Unity-street, Southwark, hat manufacturer, March 5.
 Fry, W. Type street, Fenchurch, Feb 22.
 Foster, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant
 Fielding, J. Moulton in-Canterbury, Berkshire, corn dealer, March 2
 Glover, D. and J. Leeds, merchants
 Green, J. Reddell, Worcester-shire, maltster, March 12
 Giddings, H. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant, March 6.
 Gilling, J. Westbury, Wiltshire, hatter, March 14.
 Gerhardt, H. Savage-gardens, merchant, March 5.
 Harman, S. B. Finsbury-lane, bill-broker, February 6.

Hunt, G. Leicester square, linen-draper, February 26
 Hilder, W. New Wind-or, Berkshire, saddle and harness maker, February 26
 Hooper, C. late of Mission Light Somersetshire, edge-tool maker, February 26
 Holmes, F. Vere-street, Oxford street, merchant, March 6
 Heath, W. F. Cuthbert-court Broad street, merchant, March 7
 Holmes, J. Carlisle, crocer, March 9
 Honeyborne, Moor lane, Rugby-windfold, coal-dealer, March 22
 Harris, T. and J. Price, Bristol, merchant, March 12
 Jackson, W. late of High Holborn, victualler, February 26
 Jerrin, F. Kerton, Suffolk, maltster and merchant, March 14
 Knight, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant, February 26.
 Lane, T. Chandos-street, oil and colurnman, February 19
 Lush, J. and W. High Holborn distillers, February 19
 Lee, J. N. Wigan, Lancashire, linen draper, February 21
 Leall, G. North Sheldie, merchant, March 10
 Millard, J. Chiswick, linen draper, Feb. 26
 Mowington, W. Chesham, Monmouthshire, grocer and shopkeeper, March 2
 M'George, W. Lower Fore-street, Lambeth brewer, February 26.
 Moore, G. jun Lower-road, Deptford, timber-merchant, March 5
 M'Gowan, W. Newark, Nottinghamshire, tea-dealer, March 8
 Martin, F. Barton-upon-Humber, banker, April 12.
 Moonhouse, J. Blooms street, Chelsea, wine-merchant, March 6
 Newell, J. Beaconsfield, draper, Feb. 22.
 Norton, R. jun late of Charlotte-street, Fitzroy square, paper-hanger and stationer, February 26.
 Perkins, H. Fepmain, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant, February 21.
 Parkinson, E. Liverpool, cabinet-maker, February 22.
 Paterhester, W. Rochester, innholder, Feb 26
 Pugh, G. Sheerness, Kent, linen-draper, February 26.
 Pigram, J. Maidstone, grocer, March 6.
 Savory, C. South Oxford, Devonshire, lime-burner, February 26
 Stokes, T. and W. Wals-pool, Montgomeryshire, hammer-manufacturer

**PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, LIME AND
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.**

<i>Canals.</i>	<i>Per Share.</i> £. s. d.	<i>Div. per Ann.</i> £. s. d.	<i>Bridges.</i>	<i>Per Share.</i> £. s. d.	<i>Div. per Ann.</i> £. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	255	6	Hammersmith	19	—
Barnsley	320	12 & bds.	Depton Creek	35	—
Barnstoke	19	—	South Park	15	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh)	350	12 10	Vauxhall	45	1
Bolton and Bury	160	6	Waterloo	7 30	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny	170	8	<i>Water works</i>		
Bridgewater and Taunton	70	—	Holloway	—	—
Canals	—	—	Chelsea	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	105	5	Chelms	—	—
Chesterfield	120	6 10	East London	135	5 10
Coventry	1200	11 & bds.	Grand Junction	80	3
Clifford	2	10	Kent	43	—
Cromford	500	14	Liverpool Dock	110	—
Croydon	5	—	Manchester and Salford	45	—
Derby	225	8	Portsmouth and Falmouth	1	—
Dulley	88	3 10	Do. New	85	1 10
Ellesmere and Chester	101½	3 10	Portsea Island	4	—
Erith	50	5½	South London	95	—
Forth and Clyde	550	20	West Middlesex	75	2 10
Glasgow and White	—	13 12 8	York Buildings	35	1 10
GloUCESTER and Berkeley O S	—	—	<i>Insurance.</i>		
Grand Junction	310	10 & 2 s. d.	Alliance British and Foreign	15	—
Grand Surrey	55	2	Albion	60	2 10
Grand Union	41	—	Atlas	9	9
Grand Western	16	—	Bath	57½	40
Grantham	190	10	Bacon	—	5
Harefield and Gloucester	—	1	Birmingham Fire	430	30
Huddersfield	51	1	British	60	3
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Do Commercial Life	5	5
Kennet and Avon	28	1	County	55	2 10
Kennington	—	1 10	Ditto Annuity	10 10	10
Leicester	48	—	Edinburgh	4 12 6	6
Leeds and Liverpool	500	15	European	20 15	1
Leicester	340	11	Ditto New	180	7
Leicester and North	1600	4	Globe	22 10	—
Loughborough	1600	200	Guarantee	6	6
Melton Mowbray	255	11	Hope	170	5 8
Mersey and Irwell	—	10	Imperial Fire	12 10	—
Monkland	220	10	Ditto Life	75	2 10
Monmouthshire	211	2 10	Kent Fire	—	—
Montgomeryshire	72	—	Ditto Life	1	10
North Walsham and Dillham	16	—	Law Life	21	1
North	400	15	London Fire	21	1
Nottingham	390	12	London Ship	64	1 10
Nottingham	105	6 2	North Union	22 10	15
Ordnance	59	—	Provident	315	10 10
Oxford	900	32 & bds.	Rock	230	8 10
Peak Forest	193	5	Sun Life	27	1
Portsmouth and Arundel	17	—	Union	44	—
Regent's	67	—	<i>Literary Institutions</i>		
Rochdale	120	4	London	35	—
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	Metropol	9	—
Shropshire	195	8	Gas Light.		
Somerset Coal	—	10	Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	70	3 10
Do Lock Fund	12	5 15 per	Ditto New	5	7
Stafford and Worcester	550	40	City Gas Light Company	—	8 2
Stambridge	250	12	Ditto New	56	4 10
Stratford on Avon	40	1	Imperial	14	2 8
Stourwater	450	31 10	Phoenix or South London	6	pr
Swansea	250	17	General United Gas Comp.	10	pr
Tavistock	120	—	British	45	3
Thames and Medway	32	—	Bradford	50	—
Thames and Severn, New	35	1 10	Brentford	17 10	16
Trent and Mersey	3150	75 5 bds.	Bath Gas	17 10	—
Warwick and Birmingham	390	11	Barnsley	17	—
Warwick and Napton	200	11	Birmingham	74	4
Wey and Arun	8	1	Ditto Staffordshire	7½	pr
Wilts and Berks	—	—	Brighton Gas	24	1 4
Wisbeach	48	1	Do. New	23	1 6
Worcester and Birmingham	50	—	Bristol	—	—
Wryley and Easington	150	6	Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
<i>Docks.</i>			Burnley Gas	—	—
London	105	4 10	Belfast	—	—
West India	235	10			
East India	125	8			
Commercial	85	3 10			
Bristol	94	3 10			
East Country	30	10			



Ashington Irving

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

MARCH, 1825 :

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1825.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Memoir of Washington Irving, Esq.	197
Stanzas for Music	201
The Musical Family	202
The Poet's Love	203
To Jeannetta	207
Not Mine	208
Alice Denby	209
Frederic Anwyl	222
O'er a Bright Harp	230
The Countess of Leicester.—Stanzas	237
A Twilight Walk	238
The Mystery—A Stage Coach Adventure	240
From the Greek of Hyperpythagoras	242
Rending Abbey, Berkshire	243
Account of Imprisonments in the Tower of London	245
Expostulation	250
Death Tokens—from the German of A. Apel	251
Ruralizing	260
The Nine --Bion's Third Idyl	261

LONDON REVIEW.

Memoir of Joseph Fouché	264
Confessions of a Gamester	271
Dublin University Prize Poems.—English Life, or Manners at Home	273

FINE ARTS.

His Grace the Duke of Wellington's Public Entry into Madrid	274
Exhibition in Bond-street	275

THE DRAMA.

Oratorios	281
View of Public Affairs	283
Literary Intelligence	285
Bankrupts	286
Dividends	ib.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	ib.
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies	287
Price of Stocks	288
Meteorological Journal	ib.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. Blaquiére,—H. A.D.—J. F. S.—and S. W. S.—are respectively informed, that letters from the Editor are left for them at our Publishers'. The second part of Luther's Ring to commence in our next.

The writer of Feather-bed Reveries will receive his production on applying at our Publishers'.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of many articles which still await our consideration.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row, or T. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow Street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number has been printed.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

MARCH, 1825.

MEMOIR OF WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ

The life of this amiable and accomplished writer seems to have been hitherto little diversified by multiplicity or peculiarity of incident. Yet the following sketch,—unsatisfactory as it may be to those who expect that an author's "way of life" will be found as romantic as his flights of fancy,—still carries with it these particular circumstances of recommendation, namely, that the materials of it are drawn from sources which have not been open to any previous biographer; and, moreover, that we have the best of all authorities for asserting the incorrectness of what has already appeared in print with respect to the private history of Mr. Irving.—Indeed, so copious is the information we have received from those friends of his, to whom he obligingly referred us, himself being at present in Paris, that we shall confine ourselves almost to the very language of our informants; interposing merely a few remarks on the inaccuracy of former statements, and adding, perhaps, a word or two of general criticism.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New York, about the year 1782; and, after going through the usual course of preparatory instruction, he became a student of Columbia College. His earliest writings were produced between his seventeenth and nineteenth years. They were sportive effusions, that appeared, about 1804,

in a New York Journal called the Morning Chronicle, and alluded to the manners and fashions of the times, as well as to the current theatrical performances. These essays were carelessly, but humorously, written, and were copied into the newspapers of other cities; but it was not until the year 1824, that they were presented to the notice of English readers; and the republication of them as by "*The Author of the SKETCH-BOOK*," is justly censurable as a mercenary trick of trade, by which the reputation of a popular author was endangered, for the paltry profit to be derived by bringing forward again his long forgotten puerilities. Nevertheless, the "*Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle*" are by no means so totally deficient in that grace of style, and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguish the maturer compositions of their author, as his youth might lead one to imagine.

In 1805, the studies of Mr. Irving were interrupted by the delicacy of his health. His lungs being thought seriously affected, and a consumption being apprehended, a change of climate was advised. In consequence, he embarked for Bordeaux, where he passed some weeks; and, recovering strength, proceeded to the south of France, and thence to Italy. His health soon returned; yet, he staid some time at Rome and Naples, making also an excursion into Sicily.

Through Switzerland, he re-passed into France; he then came to England, by way of Flanders and Holland; and was restored to his own country, in perfect health, after an absence of two years.

On his return, he resumed the study of the law, which he had before entered upon, though merely to complete his education upon the plan laid down for him by his family. When he had spent some time with an eminent counsellor, he was in due course admitted to the bar. However, the details of the law were not to his taste, and he did not commence practice, but passed several years in literary pursuits, and in excursions among the interesting scenes of his native land.

In 1807, shortly after his travels in Europe, he engaged with two gentlemen, named Paulding and Verplanck, in an occasional publication termed *Salmagundi*, which had great popularity. The main object of it was to ridicule the prevailing follies of the times, after the manner of our *Tatler* and *Spectator*; and among the papers was a series of letters in close imitation of Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, or *Graffigny's Letters of a Peruvian*. The idea that Mr. Irving was not encouraged in America, is quite erroneous; for even his boyish contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were greatly sought after, and *Salmagundi* attained a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the New World. The poetry, which had great spirit, was from the pen of his eldest brother, since dead.

In 1810, he published *Knickerbocker's History of New York*; a humorous and satirical work, in which existing customs and follies were whimsically clothed with the antiquated garb of a former century, and paraded forth as coeval with the old Dutch Dynasty, at the early settlement of the city. The satire extends to the measures of the general government of the country, as well as to the particular usages of the metropolis. This publication was eagerly received. Some slight umbrage was taken by a few descendants of old Dutch families, at the grotesque costume in which their ancestors were attired, or the jocose familiarity with which they were treated. This feeling, however, was both limited and transient. The Dutch burghers in

general were among those most delighted with the work; and many families which are not enumerated there, expressed regret at not finding their names enrolled in *Diedrick's* records. Many of these malcontents have since been afforded the odd kind of satisfaction they desired; witness the recent tales of *Rip Von Winkle*, *Dolph Heyliger*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and the money-digging adventures of *Wolfert Webber*.—These Dutch stories are greeted with peculiar favour by Mr. Irving's own countrymen. During the war which broke out between England and the United States, Mr. Irving was military secretary and aide-de-camp to the Governor of the State of New York, and had an opportunity, in the preparations against an expected invasion of the city, of seeing many of the humorous scenes realised, which he had described in his satirical history of it, during the reign of the old Dutch Governors. The descriptions there given, seemed to have been whimsically prophetic. As the war proceeded, and the navy of America rose high in reputation as in utility, the proprietors of the *Analectic Magazine*, prevailed on our author to enrich their periodical with the biography of the most illustrious naval officers of the country; and he executed his task in a manly and masterly style, so as to answer the patriotic purpose of his employers, and to sustain, or even augment, his own personal fame. It was about 1816 that he wrote his beautiful preface to *Campbell's* poems, and shewed in it, by the warmth and elegance of his tribute to the charms of *another's* muse, how admirably qualified he himself was to conciliate the favor of his *own*.

On the conclusion of the peace in 1815, Mr. Irving's propensity to travel led him into England, and he has ever since continued in Europe. His residence has been principally in England and France, but he has also rambled over the interesting region, and through the romantic scenery of Germany, and the winter of 1822 he passed at Dresden. His writings had preceded him there; and, in consequence, he was received with great hospitality by the inhabitants, and was treated with much kindness by the venerable King and Queen of Saxony. Some articles in different periodical

publications of Europe have been erroneously ascribed to Mr. Irving. We are well assured that he has written nothing of the kind in any European publication; and we cannot but reprobate the disingenuousness of those authors and editors who, knowing the truth, have from motives of vanity or interest forborne to assert it. It is not a sufficient excuse for them, that they have refrained from actually encouraging the deception; for lukewarm indeed must be his love of right, who will not prevent wrong when he may. The danger to which a writer is exposed by having works unjustly attributed to him, is two-fold; it is a two-edged sword, cutting which ever way it strikes. If what is fraudulently placed to his account, be insufficient to uphold the character he has acquired, his credit accordingly suffers, in proportion to the extent of such engagements as his previous undertakings may shew him to have made with the public. On the other hand, if compositions at all superior to his own are reported to issue from his pen, the next work that he acknowledges will of course be judged of by the fictitious standard thus set up, and condemned as not sterling, unless it equal what has thus been erroneously fixed on as its proper value. To this latter disadvantage Mr. Irving is in no especial danger of being subjected; yet the long intervals at which his different works are produced, afford the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his will be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner,—from the circumstance of his having had so much time to rest and recreate his intellectual force. And it is with considerable shrewdness and propriety that it has been observed, how insufficiently a literary name is supported when the possessor of it merely preserves his talents from retrograding, but does not advance them a step. When soil has lain fallow for some time, we naturally look to find the crop so abundant as to compensate for the time lost in producing that exuberance; and similar expectations, under similar circumstances are entertained of the growth of the mind. In the race of life, there is no standing still. One must either press onward like the rest, or the rest will soon press him down and pass over him. And thus it is also in that

world within a world, that wheel within a wheel, the sphere of literature. Let a man display ever so resplendent a genius, and let him feed its beam ever so equally and attentively, yet unless the curious light be perpetually increasing in brilliancy, it will soon fall upon our eyes with the dulness of satiety, and even seem to be fading in the socket. These metaphorical wanderings of ours are perhaps not wholly without an object, and a worthy one; but our dislike to that arrogance of dictation, so common with modern critics, in discussing the merits of any author, however transcendently excellent, restrains us here from further pursuing that inference, which we still trust will be drawn from the observations now concluded. Of the *Sketch-Book*, it is enough to record that it was first opened to the public eye in 1820; and of *Bracebridge-Hall*, that it is a kind of sequel to the *Sketch-Book*, and that it was first given to the world in 1825. What more might be said respecting these two *chef-d'œuvres*, would, no less in a future age than in the present, be as “a tale twice told.” In 1824 appeared the “*Tales of a Traveller*,” which were noticed with some severity at page 251 of our last volume. What is said there, we are sorry for; because (as Vanbruggen said) “it is true,”—at least we still believe it to be so. In extenuation of the faults we then condemned, it may be urged that the author was a much younger man when he wrote those *Tales*, than when they were put in print. The account of them given in the preface, and of the motives for publishing them, we have reason to think is strictly correct. They had been lying, it seems, for many years past, in the trunk or portmanteau of our Traveller; and, strange to say! the most finished piece of the whole work,—the philosophical and pathetic narrative of Buckthorne, appears to have been the longest composed. One of the greatest pleasures we have in re-perusing that beautiful story, is our certainty, that the author must feel an honest, though regretful, wish that he had brought it out in better company.

Mr. Irving's person is of the middle height, and well proportioned. His countenance is handsome and intelligent, with dark hair and eyes, fine teeth, and a very engaging expression

about the mouth. His manners are modest, but easy, his movements have a grace that seems natural to them, and he is animated and eloquent when drawn into conversation. He has a great sensibility to pathos, a keen relish for humour, and a quick perception of the ludicrous; but in his remarks he is very rarely satirical, and never sarcastic, though his writings are so happily distinguished for gentle touches of caricature. His disposition is amiable and affectionate, and his conduct has ever been guided by it to acts of kindness and generosity.—His character furnishes a model of correctness, yet he is full of forbearance and indulgence for the foibles and errors of others. He is now in the prime of life, and his appearance is also youthful for his years.

He is conversant with ancient literature; but his writings are seldom or never interlarded with quotations from the dead languages; a practice which he avoids probably as savouring of affectation. He is deeply read in the sterling old English writers, and no doubt it is from that source he has derived much of the raciness of language and vividness of idea, which diffuse such a charm over his style. He is familiar (in the original tongue) with the most valuable authors in French, Italian, Spanish, and German literature; but he seems to have studied these languages rather for the improvement of his taste, than to make any display of erudition in his writings. His mind has thus become enriched with a most precious and extensive store of knowledge, from which he can at pleasure draw materials for his various publications. One word as to the portrait which we this month present to our readers. It would ill-become us here to eulogize the engraving, but in regard to some other likenesses extant of Mr. Irving, which represent him in a fanciful or an ancient costume, it may be as well to remark, that nothing can be more inappropriate to him than a dress of that kind,—nothing more dissonant from the peculiar tone of his character, —so much as he seems to have no other concern about his external appearance, than to prevent it from being remarkable. There is an obvious and a plausible objection, to portraying in the fashion of a particular age, *any* personage who is to

face posterity; but as there are certain hallowed feelings of admiration for genius which it never can awaken, while breathing and moving amongst us, so also there are certain superficial honours,—such as this of antique array,—with which men ought not to be invested, at least till death has sealed their claim to immortality. The plate embellishing this number of our Magazine, is after a highly approved painting made some years since by a transatlantic artist, and has been corrected in some minor particulars by a more recent sketch from the same skillful hand. Some uninformed, or—what is worse—*half* informed writers, have stated rather incorrectly that Washington Irving was formerly engaged in commerce. The fact is this. Having a deep interest in the estate of some relatives of his, who were unfortunate in their speculations, he quickly repaired hither from the continent, not only to advance his pecuniary claims, but to give the falling firm whatever support it could receive from his personal exertions, at such an overwhelming crisis. And he *did* exert himself, with an alacrity no less admirable than surprising, in a gentleman whose life had hitherto been devoted to the refinements of literature, and whose learned ease had been thus abruptly broken in upon, by the most unromantic species of care, and under the most unprepossessing circumstances. It has been reported, too, that his pencil can fill a Sketch Book as picturesquely as his pen; but, as Mr. Irving is one of the last men in the world to wish for more praise than is his due, we have no hesitation in professing our scepticism as to his having attained any striking proficiency in the “*minic art*.” That he will be successful, to a certain degree, in every thing he attempts, we are little disposed to doubt. But his progress in a study must be proportionate to the term of his application, and so various and engrossing have been his literary and philosophical pursuits, that they can hardly have left him much opportunity for lighter occupations,—that is, for engaging in them with any great ardour or perseverance.

Mr. Irving has been styled “the Goldsmith of the age,” but we would rather call him “the Campbell of prose,” for he has the same triteness

and polish, the same touching pathos, and the same equability, broken only by ascensions to a style of greater elevation. Perhaps the pictures of both these great delineators of poetic nature have too much of cloudless blue and skiey back-ground. But then it is without a single flaw, and the only change of tint is to something brighter or more alluring. Yet the parallel does not hold throughout. Irving's touches, though as minute and elaborate as Campbell's, blend more imperceptibly, and make the general effect more surprising, forasmuch as the immediate causes are less visible. Campbell works in mosaic,—Irving in enamel. The one leads you step by step to the summit of Vathek's heaven-kissing tower; the other wafts you thither like a balloon tossed up by the "hands unseen" of young summer breezes. But the prospect, after all, is the same, whichever way arrived at. The bard of Hoenlinden is an admirable scene-painter;—so is Greenwood of old Drury: but Crayon in

the shifting and arrangement of his scenery, reminds us of "The House that Jack* built." Both are Prosperos, of the same magic power; but the attendant spirits of *one* are palpable in form, while those of the other melt at once into thin air, as often as we stretch forth a hand to seize them.

This ethereal quality in Geoffry Crayon's imaginative creations, must render him eminently capable of trans-fusing into our language the magical beauties of the German novelists; and we have good ground for believing that his portfolio contains many delightful evidences of such a capacity as we attribute to him.

It is whispered that at a late convivial meeting of literati, some one hinted to Mr. Irving his fitness to undertake a translation of the minor tales by the author of *Don Quixote*. Such a version must of necessity be an improvement on the original; and what a high treat might we not expect from the united talents of Irving and Cervantes!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

SWEET is the bloom of my bowers,
And sweet is the breath of their flowers,
But sweeter each feature
Of that fairy creature,
With whom I can pass there so many sweet hours.

Light is the wind of the morn,
And bright are the clouds o'er it drawn,
But lighter, oh! lighter
Her footstep, and brighter
Her eye, when to meet it she bounds o'er the lawn.

Soft is the down of the peach,
And soft is the music of speech,
But softer, oh! softer,
And charming far softer,
The cheeks that I press, and the language they teach.

Blythe is a lark on the wing,
And blythe is the fawn by a spring,
But blyther than either
Are we, for to neither
Could worlds a delight unenjoy'd by us bring.

G. N.

THE MUSICAL FAMILY.

IN an age of harmony like the present, when all who have, or who have not, any pretensions to make their appearance in a musical character, are educated to be first-rate performers; when the gamut is in close attendance on the alphabet, and when Logier's short cut to knowledge bids fair to go hand in hand with the National System in our charity schools, it may appear treasonable in me to breathe an insinuation against the divine art, considered by many as a panacea for all the vexations of life, but instead of being the cure, I may safely say it has been the cause of all mine; and since complaint is ever a relief to the unhappy, I cannot longer refrain from laying open my sorrows to the compassion of the musical and unmusical readers, Mr. Editor, of your valuable magazine.

I am a West Indian merchant, settled for many years in England, and my life had proceeded with uniform smoothness and prosperity, till intelligence of the villainy of the agent of my estates laid me under the necessity of visiting Jamaica in person, to remedy the confusion of my affairs, which were in so complicated a state, and required such incessant watchfulness that I was forced to extend my absence to the term of two years, when I returned, with added wealth, to my wife and my three children. During my absence the letters of my wife had spoken loudly in praise of the great improvement of my offspring in all accomplishments, particularly in that of music, which I was very fond of, without pretending to much skill in it, and this intelligence gave me great pleasure. I remembered that formerly my eldest daughter, even to my unpractised ears, had seemed fearfully to murder the "Dead March in Saul," and my youngest had warbled the Mermaids' "Follow me," in a style very little likely to induce any adventurous admirer of syrens and scallop shells to accept her invitation. I therefore imagined that I should hear these two favourite pieces performed with all due correctness; and in respect to my son, as he had scarcely begun to extract any audible sounds from the flute when I left England, I thought that if I found him

master of the "Garland of Love," the "Rosebud of Summer," and "Auld Lang Syne," I should have no reason to complain of deficiency. Alas! how little did I anticipate the torrent of science and brilliancy which was to burst upon me! After the first meeting with my family was over, I was struck with an air of embarrassment which appeared in all of them when I spoke of going to my study, and which seemed scarcely accounted for by their telling me with much humility that they had converted it into a practising room while I was away. I entered it, merely expecting to find a grand piano-forte added to the usual furniture; but, alas! not a vestige remained of its former appearance; my book shelves were all taken down, my comfortable morocco chairs supplied by seats supported by sphinxes and mermaids, my Turkey carpet removed that it might not obstruct melodious sounds, and the desks, secretaires, and writing-tables supplied by harmonicas, flageolets, Spanish guitars, harp-lutes, and violoncellos. I stood aghast. I could not reconcile it to my ideas of economy or common sense, how three people could have occasion for twenty instruments, unless like the celebrated performers at Sadlers' Wells, they had learned to play with their hands, mouth, and feet at once. I was speedily undeceived however, and informed they were for the benefit of such of their friends as did not bring their own instruments to their weekly concerts; at the same time they condescended to apologise for the protean transformation that my retreat had undergone, and to assure me that all my furniture and books were safely removed to one of the back attics, which I should find at least twice as comfortable, and twenty times as airy. I was unwilling to enter into a dispute the first day of my return, therefore quietly submitted to this innovation on my rights, and began enquiring after some of my old friends and acquaintance; but the replies of my wife and daughters were so short and evasive, that I found they had seen little of them for some time. To compensate, however, for their silence on this head, they began to run over the names of many persons quite unknown to me,

with whom they had lately formed intimacies, and of whom they expressed themselves in rather singular terms of praise. I was told that I should be enchanted with one lady, she had so much compass and pliability; that I should not like another so well, she was deficient in volume and modulation; that a certain gentleman ought to apply himself to Mozart, and let Beethoven alone; and that another would execute Bishop's new ballad to admiration, if he were not guilty of a defective half note in the last but one of the sixteen cadences, with which he generously ornamented it. This language was Persian or Arabic to me. I began to talk of Jamaica, its customs and habits, which I thought might prove entertaining to them, but they scarcely seemed to listen to me: and after a few enquiries about the "Ackee O" of the negroes, and the music of their marches and dances, they retired to practice a trio of Rossini's, for a concert to which they were engaged on the morrow. Left alone with my wife, I endeavoured to reason with her on the absurdity of the mania prevailing in our family: but she was already enlisted on the opposite side, and by dint of various arguments, and my own easiness of temper, persuaded me that our family was going on exactly as it ought to do; and that in a little while my attachment to music would be as strong as their own. I had plenty of opportunities of trying the truth of this assertion, for our house was perpetually filled with morning visitors, come to rehearse for the evening exhibitions, which regularly took place either at our own house, or at that of some of our acquaintance. Always wishing to accommodate myself to the habits of my company, I flattered myself that, by admiring and applauding with rather more energy than I really felt, I might gain the character of a man of great taste, and a skilful judge of music; but, alas! there is a freemasonry among musical people, which I was not aware of, and I could not return the sign. I applauded in the wrong place; looked stupid when I ought to have been enraptured; asked to hear a song which had just been finished, and enquired the name of a lesson of Mozart's which was as familiar to the ears of the learned as Robin Adair or Jessy of Dumbblain to those of the vulgar. In a little while I saw

that I began to be considered as a very ignorant uneducated sort of man, who occupied a place in musical society which might be better filled; and heartily did I wish that it could indeed be filled by another. Oh! the harrowing tedium of a musical evening to one of the uninitiated, the airs and lessons which have been heard fifty times before, and the clockwork murmur of applause at the same passages in them, the "bravo" which hails the singer's escape from a world of graces and cadences sufficient to produce suffocation in any ordinary throat, the hushed unbroken silence, the tiptoe stealing steps if the caudles are impertinent enough to require snuffing in the midst of performance, the reproving frown at the footman if he unfortunately enters with ices and lemonade at a critical moment, and the wave of the hand which sends him rapidly back, often to the destruction of half a dozen o'geat glasses, and to the disappointment of those who require a feast for something more than the ears. Oh! what have I not undergone on these evenings, and for what? not to cover myself with laurels, but to gain a civil sort of contempt; to be told by the lady of the house, after watching my nodding gestures for a quarter of an hour, that she is "fearful I do not like music," and to see her receive my assurance that I am passionately fond of it, with a smile of polite incredulity. Frequently when driven from my own house in the morning by the din of rehearsal, which is much worse than performance, from the private disputes and wranglings which are then unceremoniously carried on, I have sought for peace and quietness in the far more tranquil retreat of Chapel Court, and the other day returned home in tolerable spirits from having succeeded in a trifling speculation in the foreign funds. A musical party was held at our house that night, at which a celebrated public singer was expected to assist, and although I by no means approve the plan of mixing private and public performers, I was really well pleased with the person in question, whose skill, science, and tact, placed the amateurs present in a very disadvantageous light. I was just expressing my admiration (for once with sincerity) of his voice and style, when I overheard my wife whisper to a friend how amazingly fortunate she considered herself in

having been able to procure him for her party at the trifling sum of fifty guineas. I am by no means an avaricious man, but this news had really the effect of an electric shock upon me. What did it avail that I should weave the web of fortune in the morning, if my labour, like that of Penelope, was all to be undone at night; my pleasure for the evening was gone. I could not admire a brilliant shake when I reflected that I paid at least half a crown for it, and every cadence seemed to me to entrap a handful of shillings and sixpences in its tortuous mazes. What provoked me the more, was that a half-guinea concert ticket would have admitted me to hear the same singer, and the same airs in public, and that I paid a hundred times that sum merely for the honour and privilege of seeing him sip my own lemonade, and recline himself upon my own Grecian couch. Although not much disposed to extract amusement from the further events of the evening, I could not help feeling some interest in watching an elderly gentleman who tottered about the rooms, and went down to supper under the weight of a cremona, which he never laid aside for a moment, and which had it been on his back instead of under his arm, would have forcibly reminded me of Sindbad's old man of the mountain. I was on the point of offering to rid him of this incumbrance, when my son whispered to me that he kept it under his eye, because a very particular friend of his in the company, equally musical with himself, would not scruple, he had reason to believe, to take the opportunity of exchanging it for one of inferior value. I sincerely pitied this "very particular friend," for being exposed to such unworthy suspicions; but my feelings did not last long, for I found that although he was scarcely permitted to cast a glance towards the precious cremona, he was allowed to pay undivided attention to his friend's handsome young wife, and was even requested by him to assist her on with her cashmere, and to hand her to the carriage, while he was busily occupied himself in wrapping his treasure in treble folds of green baize, previous to depositing it in its case. Scandal has already begun to whisper that the fair lady stands upon dangerous ground; but whether she stand or fall, I fear that while she continues to warble "Down the burn, Davie," and "We're

a' noddin'," with her present excellence, she will be courted and caressed by my wife and daughters. Their friendship for her is too firmly fixed to be affected by a suit in Doctors' Commons; and could be shaken by nothing less than a cough or sore throat. Time was when they had the honest scruples respecting the character of their associates, which every English woman should possess; but now they weigh the advantages and disadvantages of their visitors in no scale but the chromatic one. If a lady's voice is sufficiently in all, it is no matter how much her reputation may fall below it; and if a gentleman's tones are decidedly bass; it concerns them little if his principles be so too. Such are the most serious of my grievances; but I have many minor ones which are continually tormenting me. One of them is the technical jargon which my daughters and their friends use on every occasion. The other morning, on entering my drawing-room, which was full of company, I heard them all bewailing the case of some unfortunate gentleman of their acquaintance, who had lately "dropped a note." I was so agreeably surprised at finding them discussing any subject in which I could join, that I enquired with much interest where he lost it, if he knew the number, and whether payment was stopped at the bank, when I was saluted with a general burst of laughter; and at length one of my visitors, more civil than the rest, condescended to inform me that the note said to be dropped by the gentleman in question, signified only that his voice had lost some high tones, which compelled him to take his best songs in a lower key. I was so disconcerted by the ignorance that I had betrayed, that I felt in my pocket for my snuff-box, which is my usual consolation in such cases, but I had then left it up stairs. I asked my son if he could lend me one, and he handed to me a superb gold one; on opening which, with the hopes of regaling my nose with Prince's Mixture, my eye was saluted with a variety of springs and wheels, and my ears with the tinkling sound of the Copenhagen Waltz. I must not omit to mention in this place, that on my return home, I found an excellent old family clock exchanged for one going very badly and continually out of order, but which, when it happens to be in

repair, plays a few bars of a celebrated French tune every quarter of an hour, and the whole air at the close of it. How it goes, however, is of very little importance, for punctuality is one of the old fashioned virtues quite discarded by my family; since they have learnt to keep time in their songs and concertos, they have quite neglected it on vulgar occasions, and their example is followed by others of their establishment. My shoes and boots are never brought up to my door in time, for the boy who cleans them is learning to scrape on the violin, and has just got into the overture to Lodoiska; the housekeeper's account book has fallen into sad confusion since she has been assisting my daughters to copy the manuscript songs of Sir Simon Semiquaver, a musical amateur of their acquaintance; and I have very serious thoughts of discharging the upper footman for idleness and neglect; but my daughters tell me they have just brought him to distinguish the class of performers whom he may interrupt by coming into a room, if he has a message to deliver, from those whom it would be high treason to disturb on any less occasion than one of life or death. And I have no right to distrust their opinion of his merits, for I heard him myself yesterday telling the butler that he meant to attend Covent Garden this winter every time that Sinclair performed, adding that his residence in Italy had "made him quite another thing." My wife partakes, as mothers are very apt to do, in the infatuation of her children. I can get her to converse on no subject but music. If I even enquire what is for dinner, I can obtain no satisfaction, although she can tell to a nicety how many covers were stipulated for by the last Italian syren, whose moderate offers were rejected by the miserly manager of the Opera House. She looks coolly on all my old friends; and the other day interrupted one of them in a long discussion on Columbian bonds, to ask when he had seen "Don Giovanni" last, and when he replied that he knew no one of that name, and enquired if he was a Spanish merchant, burst into a fit of laughter, which forced the poor man to make an abrupt retreat, and he has scarcely spoken to me since. My son, some years ago, chose the law as a profession, and seemed disposed to apply to it as-

siduously; but law and music assimilate very badly; and Blackstone's commentaries are a dry study when compared with Moore's melodies. His clients complain that while they are detailing their cases to him, he is humming Italian airs, and that they have scarcely closed his office door before their retreating steps are pursued by the sound of his flute. This, however, is not the worst, he has lately become a passionate admirer of a celebrated female singer. He wears her miniature round his neck, wastes half his mornings in accompanying her on his flute, and attends in the green room every evening she performs; and I have been already wished joy of my future daughter-in-law with sneering irony by my city friends, and with real congratulation by such of my new musical acquaintance as consider "every qualification for making the marriage state happy," comprised in the knowledge of three instruments, and as many different styles of singing. My youngest daughter's health has been gradually falling into a very indifferent state; she unfortunately fancies herself peculiarly calculated for a bravura singer, and the "Soldier tired," and "Monster away," have been of little benefit to delicate lungs, and an early tendency to consumption; this, however, gives her but trivial concern, she seems to think that she is additionally interesting from uniting the character of an invalid with that of an amateur. Buchan is in her hands whenever Artaxerxes is out of them; and I have scarcely paid the guinea to her singing master, before I am called upon to present a similar sum to her physician. She has begun likewise to fancy that a winter in some warmer climate would be of essential service to her. I recommended Torquay to her, but from some of that telegraphic intelligence which I have often wondered at the facility of musical people in obtaining, she has heard that there are no musical families residing there; and notwithstanding its perpetual roses and myrtles, declares that it would be as bad as a Siberian banishment. The south of France she objects to on account of what she is pleased to denominate the flippancy of their style of music; but unluckily she has lately met with a gentleman just returned from Venice, who has given her so delightful an account of

gondolas and serenades, that she imagines a few months in the bewitching climate,

"Where maidens sing sweet barecarolles,
"And echo sings again,"

would restore her thoroughly to health. I ventured to advise her to try for a single winter the dismissal of her singing-master, abstinence from the opera-house, and a reasonable proportion of fleecy hosiery, but she will not listen to me, and I have no resource but submission to her expensive caprice. My eldest daughter gives me still more anxiety. She once was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a young man of good fortune and good sense, but who, she told me, with much gravity, she had reason to fear was "rather lukewarm and deficient in his musical principles." He sustained an alarming shock in her opinion from falling asleep during the representation of Rossini's *Zelmira*, but put the finishing stroke to his disgrace when having accompanied her to the opera of "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*," under a promise of better behaviour, he not only kept awake, but loudly applauded it, indulging at the same time in some obscure hints that "the piece was very true to nature." This was too great an insult to be forgiven. His offended mistress quoted to him the lines beginning "The man who has not music in his soul," (the only lines by the bye I had heard her repeat from her once favourite Shakspeare for many weeks, except when singing some deplorable ditties which she calls "Illustrations of him"); and thus ended all prospect of a most respectable and desirable connexion. I have likewise reason to apprehend that her

resentment was fostered by the accomplished gentleman who condescends to instruct her in singing. I have watched a most ominous interchange of glances lately, and an alarming trembling of the voice in the duet of "*La ci darem*." The Eltrick Shepherd has not mentioned a taste for music in his "*Three Perils of Woman*;" but when I look round on the numerous songsters transplanted from the orchestra and concert room into the families of my musical acquaintance, I begin to tremble at the idea of sharing in neighbours' fare. My daughter, when of age, will have an independent fortune, left her by her godmother, who being no craniologist, had not discovered the organ of folly in the head of her favourite; and I already begin to fear that her sister's projected excursion to Venice will be preceded by one of her own to Scotland; and that it is not without an object in view, that she has lately begun to exchange her scientific strains for the simple airs of "*Ye Banks and Braes*," and "*Green grows the rushes O*." Such is the state of my family affairs, I find it vain to attempt at improving or redressing them, and the only prospect I have of a remedy is, that perhaps, if upon application to Captain Parry and his adventurous crew, they can give me credible information of some newly discovered island, whose frozen rocks have never echoed the sound of music, and whose icicles are guiltless of vibrating to the fervor of a song, I may, on an emergency, emigrate thither, leaving discord and confusion behind me, and rejoicing to have at length found a refuge where I may pass my old age in peace and harmony.

M. A.

THE POET'S LOVE.

It is the doom of those who love, and make

Their love a theme for song, to have it heard

By every ear but her's *for whom* they wake,

And warble, thus, in the night hour of sadness;

To know their raptures many a breast have stirr'd,

Into like paroxysms of doting madness,

And yet could shake not with one softening thrill,

The only bosom they had hopes to fill,

With such fond phrenzy; 'tis their grief and shame,
Still to strike any mark—save that at which they aim.

TO JEANNETTA.

JEANNETTA! though I know not whether,
Haply *thy* bosom, too, hath caught,
In the bright hours we've seen together,
Any of those wild sparks of thought,

Which, on the meeting of young glances,
Or hands or lips, fly out, and either
Kindle—just as the fire-shower chances
To fall,—*both* hearts, or *one*, or *neither*.

Yet, for myself, I own, that, while
Thy fair face never was long from me,
I hung around its lambent smile,
More closely than might well become me.

**Me*, who had worshipp'd, o'er and o'er,
One idol, in my soul's deep shrine,
And ought not to have bow'd before
Another, howso'er divine.

But thou wast likest of the throng,
Likest of all, to her whose beauty
Of soul and feature had, thus long,
Made love of her my holiest duty.

Thou hadst the same confiding meekness
That made my fond heart first unwary,—
The same omnipotence of weakness
That laid me at the feet of Mary.

The same blue eyes, not oft uplifted,
And mild as morn's half-slumbering beam;
The same quick blush, like rose-leaves drifted
Lightly across a silver stream;

And when I caught the timid smile
Peeping from out thy dark brown lashes,
And mark'd thy lip's unconscious wile,
And those faint, pure, yet fervid flashes

Playing about thy dimpled cheek,
Like summer lightnings that oft glide
Harmlessly o'er the hills, and speak
Of warmth too much for heaven to hide,

The sweet similitude call'd forth
Such dear rememberings, that, I own,
I half forgot a portrait's worth
Lies in similitude *alone*.

Yet, surely, if there be a kiss,
Pure as ev'n childhood's lip impresses,
'Tis his who, blind with tears of bliss,
The picture of his love caresses,

As *I* did *thee*: yes, and I've had
My noonday dream and midnight waking,
My clouds of doubt—now dark, now glad,
With Hope's gay sun-beam through them breaking.

And all for *thy* sake! ev'n the pray'r
 Hallowing the approach and flight of rest
 Full oft was breathed for one—though fair—
 Not her whose wonted *name* it blest!

She came, and what wast *thou*? The night
 Her absence o'er me flung was gone;
 Yet hail! for ever, the soft light,
 That shone so cheeringly till morn!

And those soft charms of thine ev'n yet
 On the dim verge of memory gleam;
 Nor *thou*, methinks, wilt *all* forget
 Him who could so adore their beam.

Nor would I have thee; for I know
 How light the sorrows of a breast—
 Though sobs may swell and tears may flow—
 Where love but leaves a *half*-built nest.

And I can hear thee, when the tomb
 Shall at length calm this heart of mine,
 Which, amidst all its thoughts bath room,—
 To the last throb,—for one that's *thine*.

I hear thee, with that farewell sigh,
 We draw for ev'n a grief soon over,
 And eyes, though clear'd, still pearly, cry
 "Well, well, he was not *quite* my lover."

NOT MINE.

SHE hath an eye of charmed beams
 That only *there* shine,
 Yet kindle into loving dreams
 More hearts than mine.
 An eye where dance, like motes that ride
 The long gold ray of even-tide,
 Swarms of gay thoughts, too pure to hide,
 But not *one mine*.

Her hand,—and I *have* felt my fingers
 With her's entwined,—
 Hath something in its touch that lingers
 Long o'er mine;
 A trembling, an impatient, calm;
 As though it could be far more warm,
 If press'd by any welcome palm,
 And not by *mine*.

But then, her look, her air, o' grief
 Is all but divine,
 When sad for misery's relief,—
 Would 'twere for *mine*!
 And may she still the sweetness know,
 Of tears embalming where they flow,
 Still nurse some little soft-wing'd woe,
 But oh! none like *mine*.

ALICE DENBY.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112.)

The eastern extremity of Caernarvonshire comprises an extensive and secluded pastoral district, stretching in a sea of hills towards the fertile lowlands of Derbyshire. The lordship of this wild and distant domain had been vested in the family of the Denbys of Dolymynach since the days of Howel Dda*, by which great and good monarch the lands were granted to the founder of the family, for important services rendered to the state. After many vicissitudes (for even that secluded district was not exempted from the disastrous turmoils which formerly agitated Wales) the Lordship had devolved upon Sir Griffith Denby, a lineal descendant from the first lord;—who, at the age of twenty-four, and about the year 1180 found himself the uncontrolled possessor of a very handsome income, a fine old family mansion, and the best growing ground, without exception, in the whole county of Caernarvon. His alliance was, of course courted by the first families in the principality,—we say of course, because it is well known, that in Wales, the proportion of unmarried females to what are called bachelors, is fearfully in favour of the former, and a marriage was at length, to use an usual phrase, “brought about” between the heir of Dolymynach, and the only daughter of a Flintshire Baronet, by which a considerable accession was gained to the family property, and no trifling addition to its hereditary dignity; both very important objects in the estimation of a true Cambro Briton.

The new lady of Dolymynach was a very proud and ambitious woman. She had been reared with a more than due estimation of the high honour and antiquity of her family, and, in her opinion, to preserve from contamination the blood of that family was by no means sufficient; it was her anxious desire to become

allied to the first houses in the kingdom; and although her darling wish had been disappointed by her alliance with Sir Griffith Denby—for she had herself aspired to a coronet—she resolved that her children (if she had any) bearing, as they must do, the concentrated dignity of both families, should not in the slightest degree derogate from that dignity by any unworthy alliance. There was a masculine hardness in the lady's mind, which accorded well with her overbearing disposition. She was some years older than her husband, over whom she soon gained the most perfect ascendancy, for Sir Griffith was rather of a quiet and yielding disposition; a great lover of peace, and ready to make any sacrifice to obtain it. It was not, therefore, wonderful that the lady ruled the household, and managed all matters to her own entire satisfaction. Proud, however, and fond of power, as she was, she was hospitable to profuseness. Dolymynach was a perfect “liberty hall,” and the lady moved about among her guests with much stately condescension. It is true that the doors of Dolymynach had never yet been shut against the “friends of the family,” and there might have been some secret desire of display in the mode of management there. Be this as it may, Dolymynach, was “a pleasant place to go to”—notwithstanding the dignified conduct of the lady; and very good and very abundant was the cheer which was dispensed there.

There was one new regulation, very rigidly insisted upon by the lady—to which Sir Griffith could never become completely reconciled—and that was, an annual migration to London. It was a practice to which she had always been accustomed, and it was not likely that a woman of her disposition should sacrifice to the dull wishes of a husband, the pleasure which a visit to the metropolis was so

* Howel Dda, (or the good), he it known to the English reader, was one of the best princes which ever swayed the sceptre of the Principality. The laws which were formed under his direction, are still extant, and present a very admirable code of regulations for the good government of the kingdom.

well calculated to afford. So, after some gentle remonstrance on the part of Sir Griffith, it was agreed that the Christmas should be spent in Wales, and the remainder of the winter in London.

The high schemes of aggrandizement which the lady had planned for her children afforded her mind much occupation, and much delightful anticipation,—but they began to wax somewhat less sanguine, when the first year of her marriage passed by without producing, as novel writers say, any living pledges of affection on the part of her husband. Various were the conjectures on this unhappy omission, and some seemed to consider it as a punishment for the pride and presumption of the lady; and all regarded the extinction of the ancient and honourable house of Denby as an event now beyond dubitation. But—as

There is many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip,

thereby preventing the consummation of many happy events, so is there an uncontrollable destiny, which bringeth mighty things to pass even in the very face of pre-conceived impossibility. This was proved by the birth of a daughter at Dolymynach, just two years and four months after the espousal, and great and grand indeed, were the rejoicings among the hills on this fortunate and important occasion. The infant,—who took the name of its mother, and was called Alice,—was a perfect object of adoration,—and it grew up in bright and lovely beauty—the pride of its parents, and the admiration of all beholders; but it was the only branch of that high-born family—neither son nor daughter had the lady beside,—and perhaps she loved the little Alice the more, because she *was* the only fruit which Providence had awarded to the marriage.

About eight years after Sir Griffith's marriage, a distant relation of his, who had married much against the consent of his family, and chosen an object far below her situation in society, returned to reside among her native hills, having lost her husband who was an Englishman, after a long and severe illness. She brought with her a son, a fine boy about nine years of age, and her only remaining child, for she had buried two sweet girls

even while they were yet in the purity and holiness of infancy. Much grief and consuming sorrow had the poor widow endured, for her own near kindred were too proud to administer the smallest consolation to her, and had it not been for the benevolent interference of Sir Griffith Denby, she might have been left to live among strangers, and so wear away the remnant of an unhappy existence in unpitied affliction. Her more immediate relations lived in a more distant part of the country, but Sir Griffith, having heard of her situation, invited her to occupy one of his cottages, and by the attentions which she experienced from him and the lady, she began once more to smile, and to mingle in cheerfulness and joy with society. She was, as was natural enough, extremely fond of her boy, and so, indeed, was every body—not excepting the lady, with whom the little Alfred was a great favourite.

The cottage which Mrs. Burton occupied was about a mile from Dolymynach, so that scarcely a day passed that she did not spend with the lady, while the family were in Wales. This was a great comfort to her in her solitude; for, although she was a woman possessed of many accomplishments, and of a very finely cultivated mind—thereby having many resources of amusement within herself—still the time would have hung heavily on her hands had it not been for the friendship of Sir Griffith and his lady, more especially as she was persuaded to send Alfred to Ruthin School, to receive those benefits in the way of instruction, which he could not obtain in Carmarthenshire; by which she was deprived of the darling solace of her widowed retirement. Mrs. Burton, it is true, felt the absence of her beloved child as poignantly as any mother could feel it, but she possessed a strong, as well as a fine, mind, and was willing at all times to sacrifice her own feelings for the benefit of her boy. It will be seen that this was not the only instance in which she endured a compromise of this sort.

In the mean time, the months and years glided on with their wonted celerity and certainty. Alfred had entered his seventeenth year, and had quitted school. He was a fine open-hearted, spirited lad, and very attentive and affectionate to his dear

mother. The lady and Sir Griffith had become exceedingly fond of him,—he was constantly at Dolymynach, and considered almost as a member of the family. When he first left Ruthen, he was more attached to his mother's humble cottage, where he had a great diversity of occupations. In the first place he was a very enthusiastic horticulturalist, and his small, but beautiful garden, evinced the ardour and utility of his exertions in this respect. Then he was a most desperate sportsman, angling all day in summer, and shooting or hunting with Sir Griffith's hounds, in winter. He was passionately attached also to music, which at one time occupied many of his leisure hours. But there was a charm at Dolymynach, which won him by degrees from following these different pursuits so ardently, and which attached him almost constantly to the mansion. Need we say that this charm existed in the opening beauty of Alice Denby? Had Alfred been a stoic, or one of those dull clods of inanimate and unfeeling clay, which one does occasionally stumble over, he might still have followed his favourite pastimes by his own fire-side, and cared little about Dolymynach and its inmates. But Alfred Burton was a very different person. He was imbued with all the impetuous and warm feelings of a mountaineer, and was so much influenced by these feelings, that his conduct was in many instances wholly governed by them. It is true that these impulses were always honorable, and also strictly upright—but in his intercourse with the world they, nevertheless, subjected him to many inconveniences, which, had he been of a more calculating and crafty nature, he might have safely avoided.

It was some time before Alfred discovered his attachment to Alice Denby, and when he did, it was difficult to say whether hope, joy, or despondency had the greatest influence upon his mind. Knowing, as he did, how strictly pure the lady was, and being perfectly aware of his own humble condition, he dared scarcely whisper to himself the existence of an attachment, which was daily becoming more fervent and less controllable. Besides, however intense his compassion might become, there was one very necessary requisition to enable it

to exist—and that was reciprocity of feeling on the part of Alice. It is true that she was always happy in his company, and that she welcomed his daily visits with undisguised joy, and that she would ride out with him on her own favourite pony, and that she would even accompany him on a summer's evening to the side of the mountain lake, where he was accustomed to angle, and that she had no hesitation in calling him Alfred—nay, sometimes, dear Alfred—with divers other things, constantly happening in the common intercourse of life; but a sister would do as much, and more than this, and he could draw no favourable inference from any of these delightful affabilities. Neither could he derive any very sanguine hopes, with regard to the favourable termination of his wishes. The high condition and great wealth of the object of his secret love—her loveliness and amiable disposition—and her intercourse with the high-born and high-bred of the metropolis, afforded no very great encouragement to the lover's success. Yet hope, which, as Mr. Coleridge beautifully expresses it,

“Draws towards itself
“The flame with which it kindles,”

did not utterly forsake him, and he continued to live on in silence and secrecy.

This hope, however, gradually gathered strength from the casual occurrence of two or three events; and Alfred at length joyfully suspected that Alice had a deeper affection for him than that of a mere friend. It is difficult to control the impulses of a warm heart, and although Alfred Burton was painfully aware of the utter impossibility of any permanent union with Alice Denby, still he did not strive to suppress a passion, which could only afford abundant misery to both. On the contrary, he encouraged it by every means in his power; for it would have required a harder and a colder heart than Alfred Burton's to reject the joys of so delicious a phantasy. The immediate consequence of all this was a declaration of his love to Alice and a similar confession from her. They were both young,—and with all the sanguine hilarity of youth, they trusted only for prospective happiness and glee,—

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to
flow!

But mortal pleasure, what art thou in
truth?—

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash
below!

It may be considered strange, perhaps, that neither Sir Griffith nor the lady had any suspicion of their attachment. The lady, indeed, could not have conceived so horrible an event, and Sir Griffith was too indolent, and too kind-hearted to suspect any thing about it. Mrs. Burton, on the other hand, her suspicions, but, like a wise and prudent woman, she concealed them for the present, even from Alfred himself.

It was now the second summer after Alfred's return from school, and the solicitations which Sir Griffith had been making in his behalf to some powerful friends connected with the India House, had been successful; for he had obtained for his young kinsman an excellent appointment, immediately under the Secretary, to whom Sir Griffith was personally known. It was in August, then, that Alfred Burton prepared to leave Wales for London, and much as he had wished to gain some honourable employment, the separation from his beloved mother, and his no less beloved Alice, was an event which he contemplated with no very placid feelings. Still there was a consolation in the reflection that he should behold the latter in London during at least four months of the year; and the honest pride of relieving his mother from the charge of maintaining him was another consolatory feeling; for although Mrs. Burton's income was sufficient to enable her to live with comfort, still Alfred wished much to add to that comfort, and, at all events, to render his own exertions of some benefit.

Alfred had many misgivings with regard to his love for Alice; not that he doubted the truth or the fervour of her attachment, but she was so far, so very far, above him in point both of rank and fortune, that he could not hope for a favourable termination of his passion. His mind was too honourable, and his principles too firmly founded on virtue and honesty to attempt any enterprise, which might be contrary to the wishes of Sir Griffith

and his lady, and so he was resolved to trust to fortune for a happy result to his fervent hopes.

The evening before his departure, Alfred had sought a favourite glen in the wood which separated his mother's cottage from Dolymynach, to bid it farewell, and to take a last view of a spot which had become endeared to him for many reasons. He had given it the name of the Ring Dove's Glen, and it was here, under the shade of an old and gnarled oak, that he had first dared to talk to Alice of love; and it was here that they had pledged their vows to each other, with no witnesses, but the setting sun and the deep blue sky. It was here also that he had read with his beloved many a tender tale of true love, and many a pathetic story of disappointed hopes and withered happiness. It was, in truth, a beautiful spot, commanding a view of the Snowdonian Alps in one direction, and the swelling sea in another. The antique turrets of Dolymynach were also visible among the trees in the valley below, and the smoke from the cottage could be seen in the still evening, ascending in a waving column into the silent heaven.

It was just before sunset that Alfred reached the place, and he was not very disagreeably surprised to find that the mossy seat under the old oak was already occupied by one, whose image and whose bright love had afforded his mind much pleasing contemplation in his walk from the cottage. She rose at his approach, and the lovers were soon seated side by side, in all the delicious happiness of true and youthful affection. It was a beautiful evening; and the sun, as he sank beneath the western hills, shed on the trees and rocks around them the rich beams of his departing light. The lovers felt the holy beauty of the scene, rendered so interesting to them from the painful consciousness that many a month might elapse ere they enjoyed its beauty again. Alfred, too, compared his own situation to that of the descending luminary. "I go," said he, "leaving you, Alice, as that glorious sun now leaves this lovely scene, in all the bright and glowing beauty of the sweet summer. Who knows when it again returns, but that the wind may have stripped those luxuriant trees of their green leaves, and changed this smiling scene to one

of gloom and desolation. May not it be so, my beloved?"

"O no, no, dear Alfred, say rather that he will return with renewed majesty, to pour life and joy over all these woods and mountains. So magnificent a departure can never foretell a sad and gloomy return." She smiled as she pressed his hand, and he impressed a sweet kiss on her forehead. "Alice," Alfred continued, after a short pause, "I am going to leave you, for the first time since I have been blest with your affection. I know you love me, dearest, that I can never doubt; but will not father's sternness and mother's persuasion have some influence over that gentle heart? You are the child, the only child, Alice, of rich and high-born parents, and I am the son of a poor and widowed mother; and how can such a son hope to be united to the wealthy house of Denbigh? Alas! my beloved, those winning virtues are reserved for some greater and richer man than Alfred Burton."—"Alfred, dear Alfred! why will you despond thus? Are not the virtues and love of Alfred Burton worthy of the hand of the most wealthy and high-born maiden in the country? A father's commands, and a dear mother's wish, are in truth hard to contend with; but thank you that my fond parents will sacrifice the happiness of their beloved child? Oh, no, no! I will tell them how we love each other, and how we have often plighted our vows under the blue sky and bright sun; and we shall be happy. If you leave us thus sad and desponding, the parting will be doubly painful."—"I feel all this, and most of all do I feel your love for me, dear Alice; but I feel also a sad misgiving as to my future peace. But I will try to shake it off, and be cheerful to-night, that your fair brow, my beloved, may not be clouded. The dew begins to fall, and we had better seek the house." So saying the lovers walked arm in arm to Dolymynach.

It was arranged that Alfred should sleep at Dolymynach that night and ride from thence the next morning to Bangor, to meet the mail, which would convey him directly into London, where Sir Griffith's agent had engaged lodgings for him in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. As it was necessary that he should leave Dolymynach at an early hour,

he rose with the sun, and sought the breakfast parlour. His mother, who had also passed the night at Dolymynach, was there before him, and so also was Sir Griffith and Alice—to Alfred's delight and surprise. Alice was habited in her riding dress, and she answered his look of wonderment with a sweet smile, and said, "You surely did not imagine that I should part with my playfellow, with the indifference of a common acquaintance. I must see you safe in the mail, and then shall leave you to your own guidance." "Then you go with me to Bangor?" "If it be your pleasure, sweet Sir." "My pleasure, Alice! this is indeed a pleasure I did not expect." "Then, I presume, it is the more welcome—but come, we have no time to lose, and see your dear mother has poured out your tea these ten minutes."

The ceremony of breakfasting was speedily at an end. Alfred was too sick at heart to eat, and after hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, he ordered the horses. Although Mrs. Burton had made up her mind to part cheerfully with her son, she found her resolution falter, now that the moment had arrived, and with all a mother's fond solicitude, she could not refrain tears as she gave him her parting blessing. Sir Griffith shook him warmly by the hand, and slyly slipped into it a bank note of some value, accompanying the gift with the grasp of sincere friendship, and a look which imposed silence upon the grateful Alfred. He had already received from the lady a similar token of regard and kindness; and with a heart full of respect and gratitude to his kind friends, he mounted his horse and rode on by the side of Alice.

It was one of those brilliant mornings at the beginning of August, which illuminated the earth with all the brightness of the summer, and infused into the heart of man the buoyant feelings of joy and cheerfulness. Alfred and his sweet companion felt its influence, and Alice could not help alluding to the gloomy apprehensions which Alfred had indulged in the previous evening. "Did not I tell you," she said, "that the sun would rise in renovated glory? See, how brightly he shines on the rugged heights of Snowdon." As the distance from Dolymynach to Bangor

was barely seven miles, they reached that city in rather more than an hour, and neither of them was sorry when it was found that the mail had not yet arrived. But they had not been long seated in the inn, before the guard's horn announced the approach of the vehicle, which presently drove up to the door in the usual rapid and skilful style; but as the horses were to be changed, the lovers had still a short respite. But this soon elapsed, and the servants which had accompanied them from Dolymynach, came to announce that all was ready. Alice changed colour, but soon regained her composure; and Alfred felt an oppression at his heart, which did not so speedily subside. "Alice, dear Alice, farewell," he murmured, as he clasped the lovely girl in his arms, and kissed away a tear, that in spite of her assumed gaiety, was stealing down her cheek. "God bless you, my beloved—think sometimes of me in my absence;" and, with an effort he gently disengaged himself from his blushing burthen, and led her towards the door. The next moment he was on his way to London, and becoming every instant farther and farther removed from all that were dear to him.

It was some time before Alfred Burton became sufficiently accustomed to London, to feel at all reconciled to the change which he had experienced by his removal from the green woods and pathless hills of Caernarvonshire. He had fortunately received from Sir Griffith several letters of introduction to some of the baronet's wealthy friends; and he found that he had soon a tolerable circle of acquaintance, where he, at first, was perfectly unknown and unknown. It is true that he had seen some of the families to whom he was introduced at Dolymynach, and this strengthened his introduction, but it was not till after a considerable period had elapsed, that he could feel comfortable in the great city.

The time soon drew near when he might expect Alice and the family in town, and he looked forward to that event with the utmost delight and impatience. Alice had been very diligent in her correspondence, and every letter breathed the most ardent and confident affection. He at length received the happy tidings of their

approaching arrival; and long before the hour at which they were expected, did he repair to Cavendish Square, that he might be the first to welcome them. It was a cold and gloomy morning in February, but that did not prevent him from sitting at the open window in the drawing-room, straining his eyes by watching for the appearance of the cavalcade. He tried to read, and there was a very choice selection of books in the adjoining room—but in vain. He took up a flute which lay on the piano, and endeavoured to play over the simple air, "LLWYN ON," which Alice had often sung in the still summer evening, as they sat beneath the old oak in the Ring-dove's Glen. But he could accomplish no more than the first part, so restless and impatient was he to behold them all. Narrowly and eagerly did he scrutinize every thing in the shape of a carriage which came within his view; and his heart beat audibly when the heavy sound of a travelling carriage at last reached his ear. He stopped only to catch a glimpse of the portly figure of old Lewis, the coachman, upon whose rubicund countenance the light of the carriage lamps was reflected in tenfold lustre, when he rushed into the hall, to communicate to the porter the glad tidings of their approach. The carriage drew up, and first came forth the lady, and then Alice. Alfred saw no one else; but pressing the hand of his beloved, felt once more that he was happy, and that Alice shared his happiness.

* * * * *

"But you will not blame me, Alfred. Heaven knows, this grand and noble alliance is not of my own seeking; and I feel that I can never love, as I ought to love, the man to whom I am about to yield my hand. But it is my mother's command, and my father's wish, and henceforth, we must be as strangers one to another. I will not ask you to forget me, or my love, Alfred; for I feel that you can do neither: but the wretched wife of the Earl of W— can never look upon you again as the object of her young affections—and there would be danger in regarding you even as a friend. My mother, who is much incensed at our attachment, has commanded me to reject every remembrance of you from my mind, and to

return to you all the fond tokens of your affection. The first I can never obey, but the latter I will regard, keeping only for your sake the locket which contains your hair; and surely I shall not be censured for this. Nor will the most rigid blame me for begging of you to keep one ring in remembrance of one, whose destiny is so miserable. God bless you, Alfred, and may you be happier than the unfortunate ALICE."

Alfred had been already apprised of the fate of Alice Denby, and had borne the vituperations which her haughty mother had thought proper to heap upon him without a murmur, or a reply. He was quite convinced of Alice's undiminished affection, and had determined upon the mode of conduct which he should now pursue. He resolved to leave England on the first favourable opportunity; for now that his hopes were crushed and his happiness withered, he cared not whither he went: and it was better, he thought, both for Alice's sake and his own, that he should place himself beyond the possibility of meeting her in society, and of witnessing her unhappiness, without the power of averting it.

Alice was married in the autumn, and spent the honey-moon at Doly-mynach. Alfred continued his services at the India-house, with mechanical regularity, and the winter came on. The society into which he had been introduced by the Denbys was of the first rank, and although he had ceased to visit at Sir Griffith's own house, he was still invited to the routs and parties of the baronet's acquaintance. It had been his anxious wish to leave England before the winter had commenced, but this was impracticable; and it was not till the end of February that he obtained an appointment of great trust and emolument in the civil service of the company, at Calcutta.

Hitherto he had been so fortunate as not to meet Alice in any of the parties where he had been, for she had been spending the Christmas at the Earl's princely seat, near Winchester, and had not yet joined the giddy throng of a London season. Sir Griffith and Lady Denby were with her. About three weeks before his departure, he received a card for an "AT HOME" of Lady Penruddock, and on the day appointed he went.

The invitation was for eight, (remember, reader, it was some twenty or more years ago.) but it was nearly ten before he arrived in Hanover Square; and he entered the superb suit of rooms amidst a bustling crowd of gay and fluttering butterflies. Having paid his compliments to Lady Penruddock, he sought an anti-room, where there was music, and seating himself on a sofa, entered into conversation with a young man whom he had recently met at a dinner-party. Their conversation turned upon the company—and there were some of England's fairest flowers present—criticising their appearance as they passed in review before them. A lovely assemblage of young and high-born maidens stood by the piano at the end of the room, listening to a symphony of Haydn, (Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, were not known in those days,) which two ladies were playing, accompanied by a flute and violin. The performance ended—one of the gentlemen who had been playing, said to a lady who stood by him, "Now Lady W——, you will favour us with your song, perhaps; your respite has quite transpired." Alfred instinctively started from his seat, but the next moment he sank farther into the corner of the sofa, where he was sitting, and leaning his head forcibly on his hand, prepared to listen to a voice, every cadence of which thrilled through his brain. Alice seated herself at a harp which stood by, and running her fingers lightly, and, Alfred thought, mournfully over the strings, sang to a plaintive air the following beautiful lines:—

SONG.

Must it be? then farewell!
Thou, whom my woman's heart cherished
so long,
Farewell, and be this song
The last wherein I say, 'I loved thee
well.'

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead shall touch thy
heart,
Bid not the pain depart,
But shed over my grave a few sad tears.
Farewell again;—and yet
Must it, indeed, be so? and on this shore,
Shall you and I no more
Together see the sun of the summer set?
I, on my bier will lay
Me down in frozen beauty pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And like a broken flower gently decay.

Music had often affected Alfred; but never as it affected him now. He closed his eyes forcibly, and as the soft strain fell upon his ear, brighter and happier scenes rose in review before him. His old haunts in the green woods, and on the sunny hills, about Dolymynach, were glowing in all their summer beauty, and he almost felt the soft breathing of his beloved, as she sat beside him in the Ring-dove's Glen; and he was lost to the bustle of the gay crowd around him. Alfred thought that he had sufficiently subdued his passion to meet unmoved its early and only object; and he imagined that grief had so far blunted his feelings, as to render him in great measure callous to a renewal of suffering. But he knew not—to its fullest extent—the infirmity of the heart—he knew not its trembling weakness—its tender disposition to revive, in all their bitterness, the sorrow with which it may have been pierced. Resolution, and absolute firmness, may, in truth, do much, and even light up the brow with the “wreathed smiles” of apparent joy. The mourner may laugh too,—

—“but faith! he is not lit of heart:

And he, who most misfortunes' scourge hath felt,
Will tell you laughter is the child of—
Misery.”

It will be long, however, very long, before the poignant sorrows of wounded affection totally lose their sting. Some trivial circumstance is constantly occurring to push the barb deeper and deeper into the lacerated heart; till habituated to the pain, it eventually shrinks not from the infliction.

“Ever and anon of griefs subdaed
There comes a token, like a scorpion's
sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness
imbued;
And slight withal may be the things
which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it
would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound,—
A tone of music, a summer's eve,—or
spring,—
A flower,—the wind,—the ocean,—
which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we
are darkly bound.

And how, and why, we know not, nor
can trace
Home to its clow, this lightning of the
mind,
But feel the shock renewed; nor can
efface
The blight and blackening which it
leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, unde-
signed,
When least we dream of such, calls up
to view,
The spectres, whom no exorcism can
bind,
The cold,—the changed, perchance the
dead—
anew,
The mourn'd,—the loved, the lost—too
many! yet how few!”

Alfred was roused from his reverie by his young acquaintance, who exclaimed, as the lovely Countess concluded her song, “By heaven, Burton! what an angelic creature! Lady W—— is! Did you hear that song?” “*Did I hear that song?*” mechanically repeated Alfred, laying a strong emphasis upon the *I*—“where, think you, have been my ears? But it is not the first time I have heard it.” “O, then you know the Countess?” “I have some slight knowledge of Lady W——,” and Alfred smiled bitterly as he spoke the words. His volatile companion rejoined, “Egad! I remember now; old Poppleton told me you formerly lived in the family, or with the family, or something, and that you were near neighbours in Tassylund. Come, you must introduce me to this Welsh divinity.” And before Alfred could remonstrate—if he had wished to do so—he found himself, with his companion, in one of the larger rooms, in the midst of the company. His eye wandered rapidly over the room, but the well-known figure of Alice Denby no where met his gaze. Disengaging himself and his companion from the crowd, they sought another apartment, not so crowded as the last, and at one end sat the Countess of W——, in conversation with an elderly lady. Alfred's heart beat violently as he approached to introduce his friend, and he felt the blood rushing swiftly to his temples. The Countess rose and held out her hand to him. “It is a long while since we have seen you, Mr. Burton, I hear you are about to leave England.” “Your Ladyship has heard right: my departure is fixed for next Tuesday.” “In-

deed! so soon so *very* soon." A slight drawing-in of the breath, with a gentle compression of the under-lip, was the only symptom which convinced the uneasiness Alice experienced at these tidings. She immediately regained her constrained composure, and, feeling for their mutual situation, which was upon the point of becoming very embarrassing, she, with all a woman's ingenious readiness, solicited Alfred to escort the lady, with whom she had been conversing, home. "It is too far for you to go by your self, my dear Lady Wentworth," said Alice, as the old lady was objecting to the trouble it would give Alfred, "and I am sure Mr Burton will have great pleasure in attending you." Alfred, glad to escape—yet unwilling to leave—perhaps for ever—his still loved Alice, immediately gave directions for Lady Wentworth's carriage, and then returned to his charge. Alice was still with her, and as she placed her hand in Alfred's, he felt it tremble. He grasped it gently, and whispering his sorrowful adieu, left her to shine supreme in loveliness amid the glittering throng of fashion, while he pursued in loneliness and gloom his weary way to the shores of Ind.

The eventful Tuesday came, and he left London for Portsmouth, thence to embark on board the company's ship, *Hope*, for Calcutta. He knew that he had seen Alice for the last time, and he felt almost careless as to his future destiny. But love for his dear mother, who had sympathized in all his affliction, still exerted him to exertion, and he resolved to bear up against his fate, and to cast away the sorrows of his earlier existence. So he quitted the shores of his native land, exclaiming, with the poet.—

"Be hush'd, my dark spirit, for wisdom
condemns,
When the faint and the feeble de-
plore,

Be strong as the rock of the ocean,
that stems

A thousand wild waves of the shore.
Through the perils of chance, and the
scowl of dread on

May thy front be unalter'd, thy
courage elate,—

Yes, even the *Waka* I have wor-
shipp'd in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of deep sor-
row again—

To bear is to conquer our fate!"—

F M March, 1825

To those who have mingled much with the Welsh, and participated in their customary festival and merry meetings, the mirthful frolics of All Saints' Eve must be a source of pleasing remembrance. Among the secluded hills of North Wales especially, much glee and gladness prevail on this momentous evening, which is a universal holiday,—and all labour being suspended, the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay, mingle together in one joyous and rejoicing multitude. The usual pastoral festivities are indulged in to their fullest extent,—and a peculiar interest is imputed to All-Hallow Eve, by the institution of certain formidable ceremonies—(the rigidly pious call them cuts and snatches of the evil one) by which the fate of many a forward and pouting damsel is foretold, and the destiny of many an ambitious and bold-hearted swain unerringly prognosticated.

The hill of an old and revered friend, the *Squire of G—* (who was to the day of his death, a great stickler for the preservation of old customs, requesting with his last words to be carried to the grave in the old Welsh style on a bier, supported by four of his nearest kinmen), presented a novel and picturesque scene on these occasions, and many an anxious heart did it contain. At one end were divers mischievous boys, (my old friend the *humourist*) ever ready contending with pinnacles and waterings monthly, for apples, huns, from the ceiling by a string, and to be obtained only by dexterity of tooth—and happy was he who got the first bite! In another place was a large tub, half-filled with cold water, at the bottom of which were sundry shillings and sixpences, the property of any one who was sufficiently amphibious to take them out with his mouth, and a fine source of merriment it was to witness the puffing and inefficient efforts of many a luckless adventurer. On a table on one side were ranged three wooden bowls in one was clean water, in another dirty water, and in the third nothing. Now these were reserved exclusively for those adventurous maidens, who were bold enough to try the charm of this simple scryphomancy. Being carefully blindfolded, they approached the

bowls, and, at a venture, dipped then hand in one of them. If by good luck the clean water received the touch, well and happily wedded would the dunsel speedily be. If, on the other hand, the empty bowl was meddled with, no marriage would ensue for at least a year, for, as it has been wisely remarked—that he (or she) who mops at nothing—can nothing have, or as I can say—

‘No! not come of nothing.’

But worse than all—if the duty water be disturbed—

Woe to the maiden then,
And to her true will be

Although in this case marriage is out of the question. After this came the burning of the nuts. A lid or lid was nailed to each put on a nut, as it was placed in the fire, and, accordingly as they burned quietly together, or started from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship between the said lid and nut were predicted—As might have been expected.

‘Some knell I could hear, said by side,
And be right together timely.
Some cutteth off with sweet part,
And jumpeth out to the chimney.

These were generally the kitchen pastimes, of which the servants and neighbouring peasantry partook, and of which our kind host and his equally kind spouse, with their visitors, were only spectators: the parlour-guests were treated with frolics more refined, but perhaps, not half so delightful. One eventful ceremony do I well remember; but it was a ceremony at which the young only were to officiate. A dish of mashed parsnips, sufficiently large to allow each to have a portion, was invariably served up at supper. In this dish was secretly concealed, by the cunning contrivance of the cook, the wedding ring of the hostess, and the parsnips were helped to the young folks, male and female, indiscriminately. At a

given signal we began to search for the ring, and the happy individual to whose lot it fell, was to take precedence of us all in blissful wedlock. Many years have now gone by since—with all the buoyant hilarity of youth, I partook of these mirthful festivities, but although I have since mingled freely in the toil and bustle of the world, I have not forgotten those days of halcyon happiness. There are times, when the days of our youth come back to us, in all their pristine vividness. Long years of care and sorrow are forgotten, and we are once more among our native hills and hedges, exulting in all the redolence of youthful happiness—

The clouds that mantle o’er, with folds opaque

The calm, serene smile of the owl,
dispers,

Take to be shewn the tale, I have
but not

Our joyous visions and romantic
dream,

Like the cupes picture on a quiet
lake

Oh! youth, indeed, is the season of joy! And who has not carried back his thoughts with delight to that period, when all around him was fair and innocent, and beautiful—when the tender solicitude of a loving mother soothed all his infantile sorrows, and smiled in delighted pride upon her hopeful and happy child, when the cares of the world had not yet overshadowed his brow with melancholy, nor its stern lessons tinctured his mind and manners with distrust? These are days not readily forgotten, and then remembrance comes back to us, amidst the tumults of this busy world, like a bright sun-beam in a wintry sky, or like a pleasant breeze in the sultry days of summer! But this is a digression, for which I crave the reader’s pardon.*

It was on a festival similar to that which we have thus summarily described, that the inhabitants of a mountainous district, extending along the

* In enumerating the ceremonies of All Saints’ Eve, that of kindling bonfires, (called in Welsh *Corllarthi*.) should not be omitted. These fires, the relic, probably, of some Druid custom, have a very grand and imposing effect, as they broil, breaken, & flash around the dark heaven, and illuminated rock, wood, and valley, with their red and glowing light. I have stood on a dark night upon an eminence, and beheld a succession of these bonfires, extending to an immense distance along the hills, and shining through the thick darkness, like some unhallowed meteors, or like the watch-fires of an encamped army.

sea-shore between Barmouth and Harlech, in Merionethshire, had assembled at the hospitable mansion of a Lady, who, unknowing and unknown, had about three years before, taken up her residence amongst them. Such of my readers as have been at Barmouth, must have passed the house many times, in their rides or rambles along the fine beach of that little port, for it is only about four miles from the town, in a dell on the right as you go along, the sands, and its chimneys, can easily be seen from the sea-side. Here, then, dwelt a Lady, who, in the prime of life—for she had not yet numbered thirty years—had voluntarily secluded herself from society

to enjoy that peace which the world cannot give. Those who had seen her in her occasional walks on the hills or by the sea-side spoke of her as one whose beauty was shaded by a melancholy which had to tell all its vehemence, and now lay upon her lovely countenance, like a soft, unshadowed moonlight, or like one of those fleecy clouds which we occasionally see before the bright sun in summer. She was wealthy, and had evidently moved in a courtly sphere, but her young heart had been pierced by sorrow, which, like a wound in a dove, she sought to conceal from the world by a seclusion amidst the mount and solitude of Merionethshire. Her only companion was an elderly lady, who constantly accompanied her in her visits to the cottages of the poor peasants, to whom she administered those necessities and comfort, which their poverty precluded them from procuring. They always spoke of the kind lady, (*Ddyddi Fyngan*) as they called her, as of an angel, and were not the less gratified with, and proud of, their benefactress and her elderly companion, because they could speak to them in their own language.

Sorrow-stricken, however, as the fair recluse was, she was neither morose nor gloomy. She did not, it is true, court the society of the neighbouring gentry, nor did she make any ostentatious display of her

wealth and munificence. Nay, I have heard it said, that the first summer she was in Merionethshire, she regularly secluded herself in the grounds immediately contiguous to the house, during the sojourning of a family of high rank at Barmouth. But since that time, she had gladdened with her presence the idle nook of many a cottage, and infused into the peasant's heart the feelings of delight and gratitude. She delighted, also, to see the people about her happy and contented, and on the three great festivals of the year—namely All Saints' Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day, her house was a house of festivity and rejoicing.

It was, as we have said, upon the first of the festivals, that, with her accustomed leisure, the kind Lady had filled her hill with peasants, and she smiled as she attended their happy honest faces, and received their homage, but warmly-hearted as would be her welcome. The day had been unusually windy, and towards evening, the sky became overcast, with every tell of an approaching storm. An old shepherd, upon whose head the sunshine and tempest had fallen for nearly fourscore years, remarked, as he looked upon the same of the bonfire which he had kindled and which, as the wind blew it about, was forced down so as actually to "lick the earth,"—that it would be a sore night for the sheep, and they would be the wisest who took shelter, when they saw the mischief doing her flocks a-horrid. But although the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, nothing occurred to mar the simple mirth which reigned within the mansion, till a heavy, booming noise was heard, coming in a direction from the sea, and rising far above the sound of the strong north-west wind, which had increased to such violence. It caused an instantaneous silence, and, upon its repetition, one or two of the peasants went out to ascertain more distinctly its cause and course. They returned with the sad tidings, that it came from a vessel which was firing signals of distress at sea, and which,

* The white foaming waves are called the sheep of the Mermaid, the ninth wave, her ram. The Welsh have another Proverb concerning her, "Take the Mermaid's advice, and save thyself."

as far as they could make out, appeared to be endeavouring to make for the Bar. The noble heart of the Lady felt but one impulse—and upon that impulse did she instantly act. Every thing was put in requisition which could tend to the relief or succour of the sufferers. A strong body of men went down to the beach with torches, ropes, &c. for the purpose of affording eyes relief in their power, while the Lady superintended the preparations in the house—which, with the ready assistance of the peasants wives and daughters, was speedily illuminated from the floor to the roof. Fires were kindled in every room, and every necessary arrangement made for the reception of the ship-wrecked sailors, provided they were fortunate enough to land.

The night was as dark as pitch, but an occasional gleam of lightning, unaccompanied by thunder, illumined for an instant the thick darkness. This, remarkable as it was, was not a very unusual occurrence, particularly in windy weather. The scene, if it had been possible to divest one's self of the idea of danger, would have been powerfully interesting. As it was, there was a wild magnificence in it, which, to those unaccustomed to such spectacles, would have conveyed to their minds a grand and terrific impression of the power of Him, "who rides the whirl-wind and directs the storm." The incessant roaring of the breakers, as they foamed in bursting fierceness on the sands—and the shouting of the men, mingled consistently enough with the hoarse noise of the night-wind, and with the clamorous screaming of the birds, which had been disturbed from their roosting in the rocks. Through all this discord and uproar, the heavy report of the ship's guns still reached the strand, and gave the peasants the satisfaction of knowing that the sailors were unremitting in their efforts. The darkness seemed to increase, and was only relieved by the far-distant flash of the vessel's guns, or the brilliant, but momentary lightning, and the fitful glare of the torches on the beach, which cast a strange and uncertain light upon the surrounding persons, and upon the tall beetling cliffs, which hung over them. The sound of the guns

became nearer and nearer; and once or twice two or three of the men thought they could see, in the rapid glare of the lightning, the hull of the gallant vessel, and discern the men upon her deck. This encouraged those on the beach to continue their signals, which they had now augmented by lighting beacon-fires along the shore; and having been joined by some experienced and hardy fishermen from the coast, they stood prepared in the hope of saving the sufferers. Their hope was strengthened, when they found that the vessel had become somewhat more manageable; for they saw, that instead of attempting to run within the Bar, she now made for the spot where the fires were burning. She at length came so near, that the voices of the sailors could be distinctly heard, and she herself more perfectly seen. She was a large merchant vessel, and had been much shattered, for all her masts were gone, and she rode a mere hull upon the waves. There was a short cessation of her signals—and the next flash of lightning discovered a boat, crowded with human beings, struggling with the fierce sea, and riding mountains-high upon the wild waves. It came so near, that the light of a newly kindled fire displayed the countenances of some of the men—and the next moment, a tremendous wave broke over it, and engulfed its crew in the boiling sea. Fortunately, however, they were so near the shore, that, by the assistance of their preservers they were landed; but several were so exhausted, that they sank lifeless on the sand. By prompt and active measures, however, they were all—and there were about thirty of them—safely housed under the roof of the kind Lady, who had the satisfaction of finding her benevolent exertions amply repaid by the eventual recovery of the rescued mariners.

Among those who were saved from the boat, was a gentleman who had the appearance of a passenger. He was about thirty years of age, or perhaps rather more, and he had fainted almost immediately upon touching the shore. A young sailor, whose strength had not been much spent, was particularly careful of the

senseless body—and would not quit it, till it was placed on a bed in the house: he then resigned it to the care of others, while he sought the rest and refreshment he so much needed. The Lady, after some time had elapsed, had received intimation of the circumstance, and she sought the chamber to which the gentleman had been conveyed. The usual means had been resorted to, to restore animation, and they had been successful,—the patient having fallen into a gentle sleep, in which he was sedulously watched by an old peasant woman. His right hand lay extended by his side, and the Lady, as she gazed upon him, observed a ring on his finger, which painfully attracted her attention. She gazed again,—and uttered a faint exclamation of surprise. She could not be mistaken, she bent over the sleeping form, and recognized in his pale and placid features, the countenance of one, who was far dearer to her than life itself. She sank upon a chair, and with her streaming eyes upraised to heaven, fervently thanked her God for the life which had been thus preserved to her. Some wine was upon the table, and she drank a little. This calmed her feelings, and impressing a burning kiss upon the extended hand of the unconscious sleeper, she sought her companion, that she might communicate to her the glad discovery.

The next morning, day had scarcely dawned, before the lady had enquired of the medical gentleman who had been in attendance all night, how his patient fared. The answer was satisfactory in every respect. "He was doing exceedingly well, but remained weak, of course, and therefore unable to use much exertion." "May he leave his chamber?" "I should rather he would not, my lady—he had better continue quiet to-day, as he has been much shaken by fatigue." "Would it be prejudicial to him, if I were to enquire personally how he did?" "Not in the least, my lady, on the contrary," the gallant old gentleman continued, "a visit from so fair a physician would tend much to

his recovery." The lady smiled, as she thanked the doctor for his kind attention and politeness, and thought within herself, that he had spoken more truly than he was aware of.

It was near noon before the lady, accompanied by her maid, sought the chamber of the sick gentleman, and it was observed, that she had more than usual pains in the arrangement of her dress, and more especially of her hair, which was exceedingly beautiful, and which had hitherto been almost entirely concealed under the close head-dress of a widow. She entered the room with a beating heart, and timidly enquired after the health of her guest. Alfred Burton—for he it was—started at the mild tone of that sweet voice, and gazed earnestly at the lovely speaker. "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, as the blood rushed to his palid brow, "Can it be Alice, my beloved Alice!" "My dear Alfred," was the only reply she could muster, as she sunk trembling, but rejoiced, into her lover's arms. And the deep joy of that moment of meeting was an ample recompense to both, for days, and months, and years of sorrow and suffering. "And where is my dear mother?" asked Alfred, as Alice blushing disengaged herself from his embrace. "Is she well, Alice?" "She shall speak for herself," answered Alice, as her elderly companion entered the room, and clasped her absent son to her maternal bosom. "O God, I thank thee for thy mercies!" was all that Alfred could utter, at this unexpected addition to his happiness, "I am munificently repaid for the sorrow I have experienced."

Need I relate the sequel? Alice, now the widowed Countess of W— gave her hand, where her heart had long been bestowed. Dolymynach was once more graced with the presence of the faithful lovers, whose union was blessed with affectionate children, and whose goodness and affability were attended with the esteem and regard of all around them. And now, O Reader, what think you of this "*once true tale*?"

FREDERICK ANWYL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Nay, hear me, lady! I am innocent,
By heaven you wrong me. Some malicious fiend

Hath poison'd your sweet heart against
me thus.

As I may hope for mercy after death—

For happiness or peace in future life—

For a fair name, unstain'd by slanderous
malice—

I swear by Heaven—that I am innocent!

DUKE OF ANGLIER, A TRAGEDY.

Mrs. WIGHT, who was as anxious as possible to afford us pleasure, persuaded us to go one evening to the theatre; and having prevailed upon Maria to accompany us, we repaired thither, more for the purpose of diverting her mind, than with the prospect of deriving any great pleasure from the performance. It was a wet evening, I remember, and from some delay in procuring a coach, we did not arrive at the theatre till after the performance had commenced. The play was a favourite tragedy, and there was a deep and breathless silence in the house. As Maria entered the box, and as I was preparing to follow her, a shriek, which now rings in my ear, pierced through that death-like silence, and in an instant I saw the lifeless form of Catherine Trevor at my feet! Never shall I forget the horrible feeling of that hour. We had entered a box in which she and Mrs. Oakley were sitting, and the sudden and unexpected meeting was more than a frame already exhausted by much mental suffering could composedly endure. The house was instantly in confusion, and Catherine was conveyed into an adjoining room, where the usual means were resorted to for her recovery. Into this room I had followed her, and was immediately kneeling by her side. She was then reclining on a couch, with her head supported by Mrs. Oakley, who, with another female, was the only person in the room besides ourselves. Catherine at length opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around her. "Where am I?" were the first words she uttered. "Gracious heaven! do I see rightly? Is this, indeed, Frederick Anwyl?"—

and, stretching forth her hand, I pressed it to my heart, and bathed it with my tears. But, suddenly recollecting herself, she changed her tone, and, rising from her couch, her manner became proudly dignified.

"I take shame to myself," she said, "for this unseemly weakness. I forgot that I was addressing a perjured runaway. Go, Sir, and know, that although Catherine Trevor has been weak enough to throw away her heart upon a worthless and wicked object, she has still sufficient firmness and resolution to cancel her folly. She need not say that Mr. Anwyl's presence is now painful to her." She turned away as she spoke, and walked to the other end of the apartment.

I attempted an incoherent explanation; but was interrupted—

"Nay, Mr. Anwyl, this is presumptuous,—this is unkind: I did not think that I should be compelled to tell you, that you have now no claims upon my affection. There *was* a time,"—her lips quivered as she spoke, and a tear trembled on her eye-lash—"There was a time, when I thought you loved me, and when I willingly believed all your protestations of affection—but this is trifling. Go, Sir, once more let me *command* you to leave me. Catherine Trevor can hold no interview with the profligate seducer of her friend."

Had I received my death-stroke from the assassin's dagger, it could not have affected me more horribly than this terrible accusation; and I rushed from the apartments as if I had been driven from it by a thousand demons. How I reached home I know not; but I afterwards learnt, that Maria, who was waiting for me in the passage, and who dared not, she told me, come into Catherine's presence, had watched over me in my misery, and conducted me home in safety; but all that I could distinctly remember was, that I *was* at home, and that I thought I had had a most fearful and appalling dream.

But returning reflection enabled me to ponder more calmly upon what had happened; and I determined to write to Catherine to exculpate myself from

the heavy crime with which she believed I was burthened. I wrote, therefore, on the following day, denying most earnestly the wickedness imputed to me; but confessing, at the same time, my knowledge of the particulars of poor Maria's misfortunes, which time, I hoped, would enable me satisfactorily to reveal. I concluded my letter by imploring Catherine to think more favourably of one who loved her still with all the fervency of sincere affection, and to suspend her opinion of his conduct till circumstances should transpire, which would prove that he was not the guilty thing she imagined; and now that I had written this, I found that my mind was in some degree relieved from a portion of its horrible oppression.

I cannot well describe the anxiety with which I expected the answer to this letter; for I naturally imagined that Catherine would immediately communicate to me, not only her belief of my innocence, but her full and free forgiveness for all that had passed. Hour after hour and day after day did I watch with a beating heart the anxiously expected letter; but none came; and I must confess, that, at the end of three weeks, I experienced something like a feeling of displeasure at Catherine's unkind and rigid silence. Alas! I knew not then that the dear girl had never seen my letter, and that she was lamenting, with all the bitterness of disappointed hope, the wretched and uncontradicted delinquency of her lover. But for this, as well as for many other evils, I was indebted to the unceasing and fiendish machinations of a villain, who had not one spark of honour or pity in his bosom. Need I say that this malicious villain was Talbot Trevor?

My misery was now hastening rapidly towards a climax, and such a climax as few in this world have ever suffered and survived. Maria, whose heart had received a shock from which it could never recover, was daily becoming more and more enfeebled. A melancholy, which nothing could dissipate, hung over her; and although she uttered no complaint, it was evident that a secret life-consuming sorrow was preying upon her heart, with insidious but certain fatality.

Yet never word, or murmur of regret lingered upon her gentle lip. The spirit

Was wean'd from this world, and it look'd on high

In humble faith: the grave no terrors had For one to whom existence had no charms.

That period of perilous hope, too, was fast approaching, which woman loves to contemplate as the forerunner of new and numerous joys; but which she almost dreads to think upon, as she reflects upon its pangs and perils. The happy and fond and cherished wife, indeed, may anticipate its terrors with the blissful expectation of its joys only; for she will have the consoling carresses of a proud and delighted husband, and the cheering congratulations of her friends and kindred; to soothe her sufferings and assuage her anxiety: but the poor, despised, and deserted outcast can only look forward to such an event with dismay and sorrow—conscious that another evil will be added to the burthen of her sorrows, and that her innocent offspring will be the child of shame and sorrow—the unmerited inheritor of its parents' disgrace. Thus was it with poor Maria, whose condition was rendered still more pitiable and forlorn by the absence of all those friends who could alone administer comfort and consolation at a period so sad and agonizing. She was far away from her native place, too, and sojourning among strangers; but there was one who, with all the tenderness of a mother, ministered to her in her uttermost need, and who endeavoured, as much as she was able, to solace her dejected heart, and to supply the place of those who might have been more dear, but could not have been more kind, to the unhappy sufferer.

At the end of about three months after Maria had become resident with Mrs. Wight, she gave birth to a daughter; and this event seemed to have infused fresh delight into her desponding bosom. To our great pleasure and surprise, she seemed so suddenly and continued so miraculously altered for the best, that we began to hope that the delightful cares of a mother might wean her from her melancholy, and restore her to us once more in renovated health and happiness. But this was only a delusive hope. She soon relapsed into her former quiet dejection; and it was with the deepest sorrow that I beheld her sinking into the grave in the very bloom of her youth and loveliness. It is melan-

tholy enough to mourn over the remains of the infirm and the aged, whose life has lasted beyond the natural term of "three score years and ten;" but there is a feeling of deep despondency, as well as of poignant sorrow, in the death of the young and the lovely. We look for the fall of the "sear and yellow leaf" in autumn as a common and natural occurrence; but we do not expect to see the sweet flowers of the spring wither and decay till they have delighted us with their beauty and fragrance, and fulfilled the brief space allotted to them here. The parent who has sorrowed for a beloved child,—the lover who has lamented a tender mistress,—and the sister who has mourned over an infant brother,—can tell how agonizing it is to be parted from such dear objects of solicitude and affection. But there is a consolation for all of us in the cheering consciousness that the Memory will never die; and that, in our idle hours of meditation, the forms of those whom we may thus have loved and lost, will vividly recur to us, bringing with them all those sweet and soothing recollections which constitute what has been so emphatically denominated the "joy of grief."

—Ask the fond youth,
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he
 loved
 So often fills his arms, so often draws
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
 To pay the lowly tribute of his tears.
 Oh! he will tell you, that the wealth of
 worlds
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
 Those sacred hours, when, stealing from
 the noise
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance
 soothes,
 With Virtue's kindest works, his aching
 breast,
 And turns his tears to rapture!

The gloomy melancholy which now so completely invested me, was not alleviated by the terrible prospect which stared me in the face. I had expended nearly all the money which the Wanderer had given me, and I knew of no method of procuring a further supply. The time when Reginald promised to be in London had long since expired, and with the terrible anticipation of being moneyless, I watched with increasing dread and anxiety the rapid diminution of my remaining stock. Maria, who was daily becoming more weak and help-

less, required several little delicacies; and although Mrs. Wight would most willingly have supplied her with these at her own cost, my unbending pride would not permit her; and as I was particularly careful that the poor girl should want for nothing, my anxiety with respect to the disposal of the small sum which I had left, was not likely to be of any very long duration; for although I was well aware of my utter inability to procure a fresh supply, yet I could not curtail my expenses in order to prolong the continuance of my diminished stock. My pride would not suffer me to do this, and I paid the full penalty of my weakness: and folly, by days and nights of unceasing anguish.

I have often reflected with astonishment upon the mental misery which I endured about this time, and upon the retention of my senses during this season of calamity and suffering. I had every reason to believe that Catherine regarded me with abhorrence, as the convicted seducer of her friend, and as the heartless and perjured abuser of her own confiding affection. Maria, the beloved child of my respected preceptor, the companion of my childhood, and the dear friend of her whom I still most fondly loved,—was sinking into the grave by steps so silent and gradual, that each succeeding day scarcely brought with it any perceptible alteration. It was also my lot to watch this lingering decay, without the power of arresting its progress, and scarcely of alleviating its sorrows; and, to add to my misfortunes, I had before me the cheerless prospect of bitter poverty. But it was probably this very accumulation of evils which preserved a sort of equilibrium in my mind, and prevented my faculties from becoming totally deranged: at all events, it diverted me from dwelling too much upon any one subject, and more especially upon one of the grand objects of my pilgrimage to London,—namely, the discovery of my parents; of whom, strange as it may appear, I now thought but little; for the various events which had transpired, since my arrival in the metropolis had banished all, or prolonged a serious reflection upon a subject which at one time constituted one of the most vivid objects of my contemplation and delight. But my mind was ever rambling into

extremes, till, from the very intensity of its imaginings, it has at length become an arid, scathed, and withered waste.

The event which I had so long and so anxiously dreaded at length arrived, and I found myself completely penniless. I could not work—to beg I was ashamed; and I contemplated my situation with that irresolute, and, as it were, paralyzed horror, which precludes any thing like energy or exertion. But although I could not contrive any plan by which I could earn even a scanty pittance, it at length occurred to me, that an application to David Middleton, at Shrewsbury, might be made with propriety and effect; and I immediately wrote to him, requesting, if convenient, a slight remittance, confessing at the same time the peremptory necessity which compelled me to apply to him. I was not mistaken: a prompt and most affectionate reply speedily reached me, and relieved me for a time from the pressure of poverty. For this I was, indeed, grateful; for it was quite as welcome to me as a pool of fresh water could be to the parched and weary traveller in the arid deserts of Arabia.

In the mean time, Maria continued slowly and silently declining, and much of my time was spent at her bed-side, which she was now too weak to leave. She had been long conscious of her approaching dissolution, and she regarded it with all the calmness and unconcern of one whom a bad and unfeeling world had used too roughly. But there was one circumstance which she could not contemplate unmoved, and this was the forlorn condition of her helpless infant. I was sitting by her bed-side one evening, when the conversation turned upon this subject. With all the anxious fears of a fond mother she dreaded the exposure of her child to the self-interested propensities of an unfeeling world. "When I am gone, Frederick," she said, "my poor innocent child will have no mother's care to rear its tender infancy, or to watch over its youth with all a mother's fondness and affection, and it grieves me to think of its forlorn and unhappy condition."

"Nay," I said, "fear not, Maria, for your infant. There is an Eye in heaven which will watch over its innocence, and a Hand which will shield

E. M. March, 1835.

it from harm. Besides, you must consider me as its protector, for while I live, I will be unto it as a father."

"This is kind—most kind, dear Frederick," she replied, pressing my hand as she spoke, "and God will reward you for your goodness. But still my babe will want a mother's care, and this your friendly benevolence cannot supply. There is one, indeed, to whom I could entrust my child without any fears for its welfare; but I dare not insult her purity by a request so presumptuous and unreasonable. Yet I should like to see her once more before I die, to bid her farewell, and to implore her forgiveness for my transgression. Will she refuse me this boon, think you?"

I knew full well to whom Maria alluded, and replied,—"Oh, no; Catherine Trevor is too noble-minded and benevolent to refuse so simple a request as this: and if an interview with her would afford you any pleasure, sure am I that she would not withhold the means of gratifying you."

"Do you think so, Frederick,—do you indeed think so?" asked the poor girl, with a gleam of momentary joy beaming on her pale and emaciated features.—"Oh! if Catherine *would* come to me, how happy should I be; and how contentedly should I leave this world, if she would but forgive me." She paused, and thus continued: "But there is one whose forgiveness I should prize even more highly than hers; but she shall be my mediator, and when my poor father has heard how I have suffered, and how I love and reverence him still, surely he will not withhold his blessing and forgiveness from his poor heart-broken and repentant child!" She now sank exhausted on her pillow, seemingly overpowered by the emotions which this conversation had awakened. After she had somewhat recovered, it was arranged between us that Maria should write to Catherine, requesting an interview, and that the letter should be conveyed by some trusty messenger; and this was to be done on the following morning. In the mean time, I had the pleasure of seeing Maria fall into a soft and refreshing sleep; and my own slumbers were more composed that night than they had been for some time; for I enjoyed the pleasing anticipation of seeing Catherine once more, and that, I hoped, before the

expiration of many intervening hours. But here I was destined to be disappointed, by an occurrence, which, at any other time, would have been the most welcome event that could have happened. What this event was, I shall proceed forthwith to relate.

CHAPTER IX.

Shall I behold

My mother's face, and look upon her smile?

Shall I receive a father's happy blessing?
And tell my parents how much I can love,
And reverence and adore them?—This,
indeed,

Is happiness to one, whose withered hope
Will bud and bloom again at such glad tidings.

DUKE OF ANGIERS.—*A Tragedy.*

ON the morning after my last conference with Maria, I was hastily summoned from my bed by the servant, who put into my hands a sealed packet, which had been brought by a person who had come in a post-chaise and four, and was then waiting for an answer. I immediately opened the packet, and found, to my utmost astonishment, a letter from Reginald Vaughan, enclosing a bank note of fifty pounds. The letter was dated from Honiton, in Devonshire, and urged in very strong, and even peremptory terms, my instant compliance with the writer's wishes. "If you have any regard for your own welfare and happiness (he wrote)—if you still desire to discover your parents, hasten hither without a moment's delay. For your own sake,—for the sake of your persecuted parents,—and, above all, for the sake of one who is dearer to you even than these very parents,—hasten to me, Frederick Anwyl, and that quickly. The bearer of this packet, whom I can trust securely, will conduct you in safety. Lose no time, then, but hasten to me; for an event of terrible importance to us both depends upon your instant presence."

I need not say that all previous feelings were absorbed in the emotions which the perusal of this letter created. To know who were my parents—perhaps to see them!—Oh! this, indeed, was happiness! and, having intimated to Mrs. Wright the necessity of my immediate departure, I bade Maria farewell, sprang into the chaise, and

was quickly on my way to the town of Honiton, in Devonshire.

Our journey was performed with all possible celerity; and early in the morning after our departure from London, I alighted at the door of a small house in the outskirts of the town, where Reginald Vaughan anxiously awaited my arrival. I had scarcely entered the house before the tall and commanding form of the Wanderer met my view. He seized me without any salutation, somewhat forcibly by the arm, and gazed on my face with an expression of the most intense and anxious interest. There was a wildness in his look, which startled me; and my apprehensions as to his sanity were not greatly quieted by the strange manner in which he regarded me.

"Frederick Anwyl look stedfastly at me," he said, as I shrunk and drew back beneath his scrutiny.—"Look up, and shrink not.—This is the brow of a Mostyn"—he muttered, as he stroked back the hair from my forehead—"and those dark eyes resemble Elizabeth Trevor's. It must be so!—and I am gazing upon the injured child of Edward Mostyn. Oh, God! thy wisdom and goodness are indeed most infinite!"—and he fell upon my neck, and wept with all the agitation of unexpressed emotion. I did not speak—I was too much agitated and confounded to do so; for I experienced a feeling so vague and perturbed, that my reason was for the moment overpowered by the sudden surprise, created by so strange an announcement.

At length Reginald recovered from his emotion; and taking me by the hand, led me into an inner apartment, where, stretched upon a bed, I saw an elderly man, seemingly suffering under the agonizing throes of some mortal malady. By the bedside sat a gentleman dressed in black, whom I afterwards ascertained was the medical attendant. As I approached towards the bed, the patient's eyes sparkled with an unearthly glare; and, gazing intently upon me, he uttered a faint scream, and sank lifeless on his pillow! But the "vital spark" had not quite quitted its earthly habitation; the patient's exhausted energy had sunk beneath the influence of feelings, which he could not bear unmoved, and a temporary senselessness was the consequence. Recovering from his

swoon, he beckoned me towards him, and raising himself in the bed, he regarded me with a calm, and scrutinizing gaze. "Young man," he said, after awhile—"didst thou ever know thy father?"

"Never"—I answered. "Nor do I remember my mother."

"What age art thou?"

"Nearly nineteen."

He paused, and then continued, as if speaking to himself. "It must be so.—I will confess my wickedness; for I feel the agony of death approaching; and I will atone, as much as I can, for the wrong I have done this youth. O God! be merciful—for I am a most miserable sinner. Listen to me, Frederick Anwyl—*Anwyl*—did I say? Listen to me, Frederick Mostyn! for thou art, indeed, the son of that much-injured man Edward Mostyn, and his rightful wife Elizabeth Trevor! Nay, start not thus, but be calm, and heed my words; and do you (addressing himself to Reginald and the physician) bear witness to them: they shall be brief, for brief will be my tarrying here.

"When your father was wounded by Reginald Vaughan, he soon became insensible from loss of blood; and in this senseless state he was conveyed to my residence, by the only witness of his fall, Sir Thomas Talbot Trevor. This proud and vindictive man knew that I was needy, and that, to save a beloved wife and her children from starving, I could run any risk, and dare any danger. He knew, too, that my heart had long been corrupted by profligacy; and that I had become familiar to vice by an unconstrained career of heartless extravagance. He soon disclosed to me his hellish project. 'This man,' said he, 'is an obstacle to my welfare and interests, and my most mortal enemy. I must have him secured in close and death-like concealment; all will think that Reginald murdered him, and we shall not be suspected, for Reginald has fled, and will not readily return, and we can easily enact a funeral. You understand me—you must be his goaler, and he must be seen no more by any eye but your's. He will soon recover from his fainting; for the weapon has only penetrated the flesh, and pierced no vital part—would that it had!—and when he does revive, you will continue to manage him, with caution—but with safety—and

with the secrecy of the very grave itself. I need not say that for this you shall be well rewarded.' I was poor, I was friendless; and I had no prospect of supplying my famishing family with food even for the morrow. Although a long course of profligacy and vice had blunted my conscience, and injured my mind to evil, my feelings were not quite seared into insensibility; and I could not endure the sight of my wife's uncomplaining but most bitter misery. I felt for my children, too, all a wretched father's love; and I too readily acceded to Sir Talbot's wicked plan. For four years was Edward Mostyn my prisoner; at the expiration of that period he died; but not till I had learnt his history, and found that he possessed a loving wife, and an infant son. That wife was Elizabeth Trevor; and her son is now before me. I have been long seeking an opportunity of disclosing this horrible deed; but the machinations of my tempter have frustrated till now all my designs. Bitter, indeed, have been the consequences of my transgression. My wife, whom, notwithstanding my depravity, I still loved with fervour, died—and was shortly followed to the grave by our two children. My friends, even the licentious companions of my travels, shunned me as one tainted with pestilence; and I was left in the evening of my life to muse over my crimes, and to ponder upon the horrid prospect which awaited me hereafter. My earlier years promised better things, but the fond and foolish indulgence of a doating mother rendered me susceptible of vice, and permitted me to gratify my passions without either chiding or restraint. But this is not a time for useless repining. I feel that my time is ebbing fast away, and am anxious to obtain your forgiveness." Frederick Mostyn, before all is past, do not then withhold your pardon from a dying man, who, indeed, deserves your curse rather than your forgiveness.—Oh God! this pang—it tears my very heart-strings—Oh mercy, mercy! 'Tis a hard struggle—Father of heaven, look down in pity upon me!—O! how hard it is to die, and how terrible!"

The unhappy man now ceased to speak, but the violent convulsions of his body shewed that he was battling strongly with the last of mortal agonies. He threw his arms about in all the wildness of delirium,—gnashed his

teeth in all the anguish of despair; and exhibited all the terror and hopelessness of a dying and despairing sinner. At length he became somewhat more composed; his eyes assumed a fixed and glassy stare; his head fell back upon the pillow, and, with a shriek rather than a groan, his spirit was freed for ever from its frail and earthly habitation.

All this had passed so rapidly that I had not had time to reflect upon the extraordinary confession of the dying man; but when we had quitted his chamber, and my mind had regained a little composure, the words which I had heard rang in my ears, and rendered me almost incredulous as to their veracity. To be the son of Edward Mostyn, and the nephew of Sir Talbot Trevor! Why, all was as an incredible and confused dream; and I wept like a child, when I thought of the misfortunes of my father, and of the brief unhappy career of my poor mother. How was my bright day-dream dispelled—how were my fond and enthusiastic hopes of embracing my parents annihilated by this unexpected discovery!—And how was my heart pained when I reflected upon the anguish which Catherine would experience, when her father's villainy was disclosed to her! Instead of the happiness which I had anticipated, I now felt an additional degree of misery; but I was determined to make any sacrifice, rather than torture my beloved Catherine with any proceeding which would give publicity to her father's guilt.—Had Sir Talbot and his son been the only persons concerned in the affair, I should not have hesitated; but I could never think of subjecting Catherine to a situation so painful and humiliating, as that which her father's condemnation would necessarily occasion.

I had been left to myself after I had quitted the chamber of the dead man, and in about an hour was joined by Reginald, in whom I had now become more deeply interested than ever. It is very strange that I never once thought of his cruelty to my father. His kindness to me after I had left Caertrevor (a kindness which, I afterwards learnt, was influenced by some suspicions which he had as to my real condition) had pre-disposed my mind to think more favourably of him; and all my father's misfortunes were attributed by me to the cursed machinations of Sir

Talbot Trevor. When I thought of Reginald in connection with my parents, I thought of him only as my father's friend, and as the unfortunate lover of my ill-fated mother.

Reginald held in his hand a sheet of paper, containing the confession of the dying man, which had been noted down, and properly attested by the physician. As he presented it to me, his eyes sparkled with a strange delight, for which I could in no way account. But I was not long left ignorant of the cause. As I glanced over the contents of the paper, he said to me—"Now, Frederick, my triumph is at hand. My proud oppressor shall now kneel to me for pardon and for mercy; and implore the pity of one, whom he has trampled upon and reviled. I am now no murderer! The shade of your sainted father will not call down vengeance upon my head; and Reginald Vaughan can once more visit, without fear and without shame, the ancient halls of his fathers. Oh God, I thank thee for this happiness!"

I was startled at Reginald's vehemence; and alarmed for the consequences of his determination. I could not bear the idea of such a proceeding as he contemplated; for although Sir Talbot had no claim upon my compassion, yet Catherine's angelic purity, and unobtrusive virtues, were more than sufficient to extenuate her father's crime. Besides, I knew how acutely her affectionate and gentle heart would feel the weight of so much woe; and I anticipated with horror any public exposure of Sir Talbot's villainy. I endeavoured, therefore, to persuade Reginald to forego his purpose, at least for a time; or, at all events, not to make a public exposure of his persecutor.

He hastily interrupted me with—"What say you, boy? Would you bend me from my purpose? Would you have me crawl like a worm upon the earth, and turn not again to sting the foot which crushed me? Would you have me forego the deep gratification of the most powerful of human pleasure—revenge? Would you have me smile in pity upon the unfeeling friend, who never knew what pity was, who spurned me from his presence with the scorn and fury of bitter hatred; and who held over my head, for sixteen long years, the ignominious doom of a murderer? Is it this that you

would wish? No, no, Frederick. It is not for this that I have lived—that I have herded with the very scum and refuse of mankind—with brutes in human form, and disgraced myself by mingling with those wretches that you saw me with. Oh! I would not for worlds forego the bliss of humbling to the very dust the proud and fiendish heart of Talbot Trevor!”

“Nay, but hear me, Reginald—for my mother’s sake hear me, and remember that there is one, whose heart could ill sustain the shock of her father’s infamy, and who—”

“Why wilt thou urge me thus, Frederick Mostyn? Is it well to plead thus for your father’s murderer? Oh! if you had endured what I have of that proud man’s malignity, you would not plead thus for him. But it matters not. I *will* be revenged, and witness the unavailing agony of that remorseless spirit. The festering wrongs of sixteen years are not to be cancelled at the unworthy instigations of a love-sick boy.”

I saw that Reginald’s temper was inflamed; and I had, for once, sufficient prudence and self-command to refrain from augmenting his rage, by any intemperate or ill-timed remonstrance. I left the room, therefore, and strolled out into the village, to calm the emotions which the events of the evening had occasioned, and to ponder upon the new change in my existence.

It was late before I returned; and upon entering the room in which I had left Reginald, I found him leaning with his hand on his head, and apparently absorbed in deep reflection. He extended his hand to me as I approached, and grasping mine, kindly said to me—“I have been too hasty, Frederick, and beseech your forgiveness. My heart has been seared by the grief and wretchedness of twenty years; and at times my passion overpowers my reason. I have thought of your words, and will not pain the gentle heart of Catherine Trevor, by an exulting exposure of her father’s treachery. I will rest satisfied with a secret but an effectual vindication of my own innocence, and then leave Sir Talbot to the biting pangs of his wicked conscience. But we must now arrange respecting our future proceedings. We have much to do, and we must do it speedily.”

Our plan was quickly formed. We purposed, in the first place, to return to London, as soon as the poor man was buried, and to place the settlement of our affairs in the hands of some able and worthy attorney,—leaving to him the task of breaking the matter to Sir Talbot, while we were to be on the spot in case of the necessity of our appearance. No formal notice was to be taken of Sir Talbot’s conduct towards my father; but the whole of my mother’s property, (which was very considerable, and which till now had been enjoyed by Sir Talbot) was to be recovered for me. Having thus arranged matters, we retired at an early hour, as the occurrences of the day had rendered solitude and refreshment more acceptable to each of us.

CHAPTER X.

There, thou! whose love and life together fled,

Have left me here to live and love in vain,—

“Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,

When busy memory flashes in my brain?

Well—I will dream that we may meet again,

And woo the vision to my vacant breast: If ought of young remembrance there remain,

Be as it may, futurity’s behest,

For me, ’twere bliss enough to know thy Spirit blest!

Child Harold.

May no wolfe howl!—no screech-owl stir

A wing about thy sepulchre!

No boisterous winds, or storms come hither

To starve or wither

Thy soft sweet earth! but like a spring Love keep it ever flourishing.

Herrick.

ON the twelfth day of my departure from London, I once more entered the great city; and while my companion proceeded to the Hummums, I hastened to Goodge-street, full of anxious apprehension for poor Maria. For the first few days after my arrival at Honiton, my mind was so much occupied with what had there happened to me, that I scarcely once thought of my poor suffering friend; but now that this had passed, and my mind had become somewhat more composed, the precarious conditions of the lovely patient returned to me

with all the sadness of despondency. But there appeared through this gloomy prospect a gleam of brightness, as I thought of Catherine's interview with her unhappy friend; for I knew that my supposed criminality with regard to Maria, would be cleared up; and I knew also, that a great portion of Catherine's sorrow would be alleviated by the discovery of my innocence. This, I say, gave me pleasure, for my hopes of happiness began now to revive, and I thought that Catherine might yet be mine. But, these alas! were never to be realized—they were but as the transitory sun-beam in the wintry sky, illuminating the heavens for an instant, and then leaving them as cold and as dark as ever!

I approached Goodge-street with a palpitating heart, dreading to look at Mrs. Wright's house, for fear some sign of Maria's death should meet my eye. An idea—I should rather say, a presentiment—that all was over, entirely possessed my mind; and it was in vain that I endeavoured to divest myself of it. It was with a considerable effort, therefore, that I boldly advanced to the house, and looking up at the windows of the apartment occupied by Maria, I saw the shutters were half closed, and my heart sank within me. I knocked at the door, and the servant received me in silence. There was a gloomy coldness in the house, which I could not misunderstand. Every thing betokened that the hand of death had been there—and poor Maria was no more!

I walked instinctively to my own room, and was presently joined by my kind hostess. She entered with weeping eyes, and enquiring affectionately after my health, proceeded to relate what had happened during my absence, and to detail the particulars of the sad event, which every thing in the house too plainly pointed out.

Maria, she told me, had written to Catherine, the very morning on which I left London; and in less than an hour, the noble girl was by the bedside of her friend. She remained with her till the evening, and every succeeding day saw her ministering to the wants, and soothing the sufferings of the poor patient. "Oh! she was an angel, Mr. Oliver," continued the benevolent woman; "and" was so kind, and attentive to her poor friend, that she would let nobody but herself

wait upon her while she was here. And then she brought Maria's father to her. Poor old man! how happy he was to see his daughter once more, and how he blessed them both, and prayed to God to spare his dying child. Night and day was he by her bedside; and when she died, her head rested on his bosom, and so she yielded up her spirit. Upon her wicked betrayer she called down the mercy and forgiveness of God; and upon you, and Miss Catherine, his blessing and his grace, and having kissed her child, she heaved one heavy sigh, turned to look in her dear father's face, and then sunk down in death. She died happy and resigned," continued the good woman, crying as she spoke, "and is I trust resting in the bosom of a good and merciful Creator.—"Would you like to see the corpse, Sir?" she asked after a pause. "The coffin is not yet nailed down," and, rising as she spoke, I followed her into the chamber of darkness and of death. She pointed to the coffin, drew aside that part of the shroud which covered the face, and then left me to gaze upon the earthly remains of one, whom but a few months ago, I had seen exulting in all the happiness of youth and beauty—the pride of her loving father, and the delight of her friends and kindred.

How different was she now! The unsparing hand of death, however, had not destroyed all the beauty of his victim. There were the same raven tresses, in all their living luxuriance; and there was the same open forehead, and dark arched eye-brow, reposing, indeed, in the still and cold silence of lifeless inanity,—but yet they *were*. Her features were calm and scarcely altered, except that the slight unnatural flush, which had of late occasionally overspread her features, was now entirely succeeded by the horrid paleness of death—and then there was the thrilling coldness of a corpse!

I remained for some time gazing upon the still beautiful form of Maria Morris, and many a scene of former joy, passed in my memory as I stood by her coffin; scenes in which I had borne a part in happier days, and under more fortunate auspices. I quitted the apartment at the expiration of about an hour; but not till I had shed a tear of pitying friendship

over the unhappy and untimely doom of the beautiful but ill-fated Maria.

The funeral was fixed for the following day; and Maria had particularly requested that Catherine would accompany her father to this sad and afflicting ceremony. If I returned in time, she wished me also to attend, and the hour was fixed at twelve o'clock. I cannot describe the emotion which I experienced in the anticipation of once more beholding my beloved Catherine. I was certain that Maria had exculpated me from the sad suspicion which was attached to my character, and I awaited with the utmost anxiety her expected arrival. Restless with impatience I sat at the window all the morning, and a short time before the hour appointed, Sir Talbot's carriage drove up to the door, and Catherine, Mrs. Oakley, and Mr. Morris alighted, and entered the house. I was sorely struck with the sad alteration which illness had wrought in Catherine's person. Her face was pale—her form was faded; and her features, once so radiant and rejoicing, were overcast with that pensive melaucholy, which betokens the sad and gradual withering of all earthly hope and happiness. I heard their footsteps on the stairs—and my heart beat so strongly that I felt the blood gushing up with violence to my temples at each pulsation. The footsteps advanced nearer and nearer;—I heard their voices—and in another moment I clasped Catherine in my arms! The deep delight of that ecstatic embrace was more than a compensation for all my previous misery; and as I led the blushing girl to a seat, I saw that she loved me still, and that, too, with all her former fervency. She pardoned my rashness, and I was happy.

When we were all seated, my worthy preceptor advanced towards me, and stretching out his trembling hand, grasped mine with fervour, and burst into tears. Having somewhat recovered from his emotion, he warmly thanked me for my kind attention to his child. "She told me of all your goodness to her, Frederick," said he, "and the prayers of a grateful father are all I can offer in return for your kindness. What would have become of my poor unhappy child, if you had not been near to succour her in her need? I can never forget your

goodness." The undertaker now appeared to tell us all was ready; and we were presently on our way to the church where Maria was to be buried. The ceremony was performed in the usual manner—the coffin was lowered into the grave, and we saw the earth close for ever on the mortal remains of our unfortunate friend; and then with heavy hearts and weeping eyes, we returned to our homes. Before we parted, however, Mr. Morris kindly engaged to effect a reconciliation between Sir Talbot and myself,—an event which I now rather coveted than despised.

The next morning brought a letter from Sir Talbot, wherein the baronet proudly expressed his forgiveness of what had passed, but not a word was there of my re-admission into the family. Sir Talbot had his private reasons for this; and I had now no cause to suspect that my continual presence could be a source of any very great delight to the baronet. However I was too much rejoiced in the renewal of Catherine's love to feel much uneasiness on this head; and if ever I was destined to be truly happy, it was at this eventful period of my existence.

But unalloyed happiness is the earthly lot of no one. Human existence in all its varied bearings and conditions must have a due proportion of evil, as well as of good: and it is better that it should be so. Too great a share of happiness would make us vain, presumptuous, and over-bearing. The disposition of men, always sufficiently prone to pride and selfishness, would become intolerant in the extreme, if suffered to revel in perfect and continual happiness; and the timely occurrence of affliction, not only leads our thoughts to higher and holier things than those of earth, but it also softens the rugged asperities, and uncharitable churlishness of our natures.—teaches us to be kind and considerate to our suffering brethren, and prompts our hearts to contemplate with pity the many, many miseries, which are hourly happening around us. Besides, who is there, that, in the evening of his life, does not look back with calm complacency upon the cares and turmoils of his younger years. Like the mariner, who has at last secured a quiet haven in his old age, he regards with a

pleasing retrospection the tempests and troubles of his youth, and gathers wisdom and contentment from the perils and sufferings which he has endured.

So have I ever found it: and that event was fast approaching, which dashed to the earth all my dawning happiness, and rendered me, ere the spring tide of my life had waned, a morose and miserable man.

I have hitherto been prolix and particular in the narration of my misfortunes, and I have indulged in this circumstantiality, because I have dreaded the relation of the event alluded to; and it has even now required an exertion, which I did not imagine my seared and blighted heart could have exercised. But I will delay it no longer:—it is needless to tantalize the reader or myself by any further prolixity.

Reginald's arrangements with his solicitor were attended with the most perfect success. In less than a month after the commencement of our negotiation, he was re-instated in the possession of all his property: and a very considerable fortune fell to my share. Sir Talbot, to our great surprise, opposed no obstacle whatever to our claims; nor did he even affect either ignorance or innocence of his criminal conduct towards my father. On the contrary, he confessed it all, and then threw himself upon our mercy for the sake of his beloved child. For the sake of that child, then, we forgave him; and had Providence pleased to have spared her to us, how happy might I have been with such an affectionate companion!

But this was not to be. The agitating events which had recently occurred had fallen upon her with too much violence to leave her harmless. Her heart, always gentle, and replete with tenderness, had in vain endeavoured to resist the accumulated shock of misery which fell upon her; and the insidious influence of the heart-breaking sorrow which shrouded her, was hastening her towards the cold and silent grave, with certain and uncontrollable celerity. This every one witnessed with regret; but nobody with more anguish than myself. Yet still I had hope, although my heart was almost crushed with despondency. Still I had *hope*, and I looked forward to the coming spring with all the

anxious delight of happy anticipation.

Spring came, and we all returned to Caertreyor, for I had once more become domesticated with the family. All nature was smiling around us; but hope began to forsake me, as no favourable change was wrought in the condition of our declining patient. She was now, indeed, "past hope—past cure;" and became at length so weak, as to be unable to leave her room. During this season of sadness and suffering, I rarely left her. She seemed to experience comfort from my attentions, and pleasure from my presence; and although my mind was harassed by a thousand anxious fears, I studied to conceal from her the despondency which was preying upon me. She was perfectly conscious of her approaching dissolution; and would talk to me on the subject with that saint-like serenity and reverence, which evinced the spotless purity of her angelic mind. There was one injunction which she impressed upon me with particular anxiety; and this was, the protection of Maria's child. Poor Mr. Morris had fallen into a state of mental imbecility, which rendered him unconscious of the infant's existence; and as for Talbot, he had long since alienated himself from his family, and was indulging his extravagant and licentious passions in a foreign land. Catherine, anxious for the poor helpless innocent, strictly enjoined me to love and to cherish it; and I need not say that I obeyed the injunction even to the very letter.

Summer now approached. Our old haunts became arrayed in all the seeming fertility of the season; but they were now deserted and lonely; for she, who with all the gaiety of a young and happy heart, had once gambolled amidst their wild luxuriance, was languishing on the bed of sickness and of death.

Catherine had been gradually becoming weaker and weaker, till at length she could only sit up in her bed, supported by pillows, for a short time during the day. It was a fine evening in July, that—finding herself somewhat better than usual, she begged to be carried to the window to see, she said, once more the setting sun sink behind the blue hill over which we had so often rambled. "It will cheer my spirits, dear Frederick;" she con-

tinued, "to behold once more the green fields through which we used to wander; and I can see many of our favourite walks from the middle window." We carried her, therefore, to the window; and with her head resting upon my shoulder, she gazed pensively upon the glowing scene before her. "Open the window, dear Frederick," she said, "that the mountain breeze may cool my throbbing temples. Oh! it is pleasant once again to inhale the pure air of my native hills, and to look on such a lonely scene as this. How calm and beautiful is all around us!" She paused, and turning her eyes towards the descending sun, seemed to watch its disappearance with more than usual interest.

I still supported her in my arms, and was looking intently upon her wasted, but still beautiful, features. They became suddenly altered; a sort of cloud passed over them, and this was followed by a slight convulsive tremor. She clasped my hand with fervor—turned her eyes to heaven, and then looking at me with an expression of dying tenderness—and never will that look be forgotten!—she breathed one deep-drawn sigh, dropped her head upon my bosom—and I held in my arms the lifeless body of my beloved!

CHAPTER XI.

Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
You sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!

CHILDE HAROLD.

Death distant?—No—alas! he's ever
with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our
actings.
He lurks within our cup, while we're in
health;
Sits by our sick bed, mocks our me-
dicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But death is by, to seize us when he lists.
THE SPANISH FATHER.

A LONG and dreadful period of unconscious suffering succeeded Catherine's decease. All that I can now remember is, weeping over her grave in a paroxysm of ungovernable agony. What followed was a death-like oblivion—an utter forgetfulness of all previous misery—a season of gloom, despair, and madness;—at the end of three years I recovered my reason; but the fiery impetuosity of my spirit was quenched for ever in endless and inemediable melancholy.

Reginald, who was now more than ever attached to me, was my constant companion, and as change of scene and of climate was urgently recommended, he persuaded me to travel to Italy; fondly imagining that the bright skies, and genial climate of that lovely land, would tend to dispel my sorrow, I cared not whether I went. Life was now a burthen to me, and I consented to his suggestion. We left England at the commencement of the third summer after Catherine's death; and after a short and pleasant voyage, found ourselves sojourning at Verona. For a time my mind was somewhat diverted by the novelty of the scene. The constant gaiety and bustle of that beautiful city amused me, and relieved the oppressive gloom which hung over me.

As we were both wealthy and well-descended, we found no difficulty in gaining admission into the first society; and a continual round of what is called pleasure, served to dissipate, at all events for a while, the sadness which shrouded me.

We had not been long at Verona, before an event occurred, which produced a considerable sensation among all classes in the place. The young and beautiful daughter of the Duke di Montecchiato, had destroyed herself, in consequence, it was said, of her desertion by a young Englishman, who had first won her affections, and then cruelly taken advantage of her love for him. I had seen this young and lovely creature, and had been particularly struck with her extreme beauty and accomplishments; but I had not seen her lover, nor did it appear that he was well known at Verona. I was rambling about the town one evening by myself, when I encountered a crowded funeral procession, which I soon discovered to be that of the ill-fated Angiolina di Montecchiato. I joined it, and we pro-

ceeded in silence along the noiseless streets of the city.

To those who have never witnessed the funeral pomp and solemnity of the Italian nobility, it is impossible to convey any just idea of the scene which I beheld at Verona. Night had already approached; but the air was illuminated by innumerable torches, casting on the gloomy monks who bore them, a fitful and flickering light. Several hundred individuals composed the cavalcade, and in the midst of monks and cavaliers, and surrounded by blazing torches, was borne the body of the deceased Angiolina, exposed to view, and arranged in the most gay and costly habiliments. Lovely even in death was Angiolina di Montechiaro, and the jewels which were wreathed with her beautiful dark hair, and which adorned her neck and bosom, sparkled brilliantly in the glare of the torches. We moved on in slow and silent solemnity, and passing through the city arrived at the church of Santa Maria della Pietà, about a mile to the east of Verona. Here we stopped, and entered; and as we advanced up the lofty aisle of this magnificent building, the funeral chaunt of the choristers reached us from the choir, in a sweet and characteristic strain of mournful melody. The bier was carried into the body of the church, and placed under a large lamp, and in such a manner that the light shone directly upon the cold and pale features of the corpse. After the dirge had been sung, and a prayer or two chaunted, at a given signal, all the torches were instantly extinguished, and the only light which remained was afforded by the solitary lamp which was placed over the head of the deceased.

The attendants now began to retire; but I lingered behind, fascinated by a scene, which harmonized so well with my own gloomy feelings; and as I gazed upon the pale and stilly features of the dead Angiolina, thoughts of other and happier years thronged thickly into my memory. I was leaning, lost in thought, against one of the emblazoned pillars of the aisle, when a figure, muffled in a large cloak, passed on towards the corpse, and stopping suddenly, gazed cautiously around, as if fearful of being observed. But there was no one in the church but myself; and I was too

far from the solitary lamp to be exposed to view. Yet I could see very distinctly the mysterious figure and the corpse. He approached the bier, threw the cloak from his face, and displayed to my astonished gaze the well-known features of Talbot Trevor! I unconsciously uttered an exclamation of surprise; and with a look of the most deadly horror, Talbot drew the cloak over his face, and rushed from the church. I quickly followed; and thought I saw him hasten towards Verona, in the direction whence the funeral procession had passed; but although I followed as quickly as I could, I soon lost all traces of the object of my pursuit: for night had now advanced, and it was completely dark.

In the bustle of the moment I lost my way; and was walking along a retired street in the suburbs, when the friendly voice of Reginald greeted me. I instantly told him of my adventure, and Talbot, it appeared, passed him but a minute before, and in the direction in which I was hastening. We immediately pursued the same course, but had not gone far before the clashing of swords, mingled with cries for help, reached us from a short distance, and changed at once our purpose and pursuit. Hastening to the spot whence the noise proceeded, we found in a narrow and lonely part of the street, an individual defending himself against the assaults of three men. We had our swords with us, and lost no time in rushing to the rescue. The noise of the scuffle had by this time attracted the notice of the neighbouring inhabitants, and the light of torches began to appear through the thick darkness in different parts of the street. After exchanging a thrust or two with the assassins, they fled, leaving their victim severely wounded, and faint with pain and loss of blood. Reginald and I lifted the wounded man from the ground, and we discovered by the light of the torches, which now glared around us in every direction, that he to whose rescue we had hastened, was the implacable enemy of my youth, and the author of many of those misfortunes which had fallen upon me. It was, indeed, Talbot Trevor! But I could not leave him to die like a dog in the street. He was Catherine's brother, and my own kinsman, and with a little trouble

we succeeded in conveying him to the house where Reginald and I resided.

He was covered with blood and quite insensible; and it was not till a surgeon had visited him, that he showed any symptoms of returning animation. But no hopes were entertained of his recovery. The swords of the assassins had been too skilfully guided to miss their victim, and although he might linger two or three days, he would, at the expiration of that time, undoubtedly die of the wounds which he had received. Such was the report of Signor Assalini, the surgeon; who, after he had dressed the wounds, and administered such medicines as were deemed necessary, took his leave, promising to call early the following morning. In the mean time the patient was to be kept perfectly tranquil and undisturbed.

When Talbot had sufficiently recovered to be sensible of the presence of the attendants, I repaired to his bedside, and asked him how he felt himself. He started at the sound of my voice, and looking steadfastly at me, murmured my name, and hid his face on the pillow. But I spoke soothingly to him; for my hatred towards him had ceased, and I had no desire for revenge and retribution. Besides, I knew that he was about to die, and I could not carry my enmity to the grave. After a while he became encouraged by my attentions, and at length disclosed to me all his machinations against myself; and of his cruel conduct towards Angiolina: for he it was who had hurried to an untimely tomb this most beautiful and confiding creature. It was now that I learnt the cause of Catherine's suspicion with regard to Maria Morris, for Talbot had convinced them that I had seduced Maria from her home; and her appearance with me at the theatre too plainly corroborated the fact. He had hated me, he said, because his sister loved me, and because I would never bend to the capricious tyranny of his own overbearing temper; and he hailed my departure from Caertrevor with the utmost joy, as it would enable him more effectually to torment and injure me. I seemed to rush into his power with the eager blindness of a self-devoted victim. Of his conduct towards Angiolina, he spoke in terms of the deepest sorrow and repentance, for he loved her sincerely, and would most

gladly have married her, had not her proud father forbidden him the house. But she had been well revenged, for the bravo's sword had been surely aimed; and the presumptuous lover of the heiress of the ancient house of Montechiaro was about to expiate his crime by an untimely and cruel death.

Talbot also revivited his treatment of Maria. He did not attempt to expiate himself; on the contrary, he confessed that he had acted as a villain to her; and was conscious that he could now render no adequate atonement for such a crime. Had not this fatal event occurred, it was his intention to have returned to England immediately,—to have sought out his child, and devoted the rest of his life to her protection. Of my kindness to Maria, he spoke in terms of sincere and fervent gratitude; was truly gratified to find that I had taken his daughter under my own especial guidance. For his conduct to me, he implored my forgiveness, and then sank into a state of temporary insensibility, being worn out and exhausted with the exertions that he had used.

The death-bed of a sinner is truly a trying scene, and Talbot Trevor's life had been one continued career of deliberate wickedness. His whole heart had been devoted to the gratification of his unruly passion; and no "compunctious visitings of conscience" had ever turned aside his purpose, or led him to pause upon the evil consequences of his licentious practices. The bitter lamentations of a deluded mother, whom he had deprived of her child;—the execrations of that child's deceived and deserted father;—and the piteous prayers of the victim herself, rung on his ear unheeded. By him the mother's tears, the father's stern and manly sorrows, and the daughter's misery, were disregarded, and often derided, and with manners and accomplishments which few could display, he nurtured in his bosom the heart of a desolating fiend. In fact he was an irrevocable and unrepenting sensualist, and he dared any deed, and overcame many obstacles for the purpose of indulging his profligate and depraved passions. To such a person death was not likely to prove welcome. The mysterious prospect of eternity was any thing but consolatory and encouraging; and with the fear of a punishment too terrible to think of with calmness, did this wretch-

ed man, still in the very prime of his youth, await that awful summons, which he could not shun, and which he trembled to receive. With all the agony of unrepented guilt, and with all the terror of a troubled conscience, did Talbot Trevor lie on his death bed, anticipating in dreadful dismay the terrible event, which would hurl him unprepared before the judgment-seat of one, whose power he had contemned, and whose mercy and forgiveness he had so utterly despised. I was with him till he died; and watched the victory of death over his dismayed and hardened heart. It was a fierce and an appalling struggle; and the bitter execrations which trembled on his lip as the spirit was freed from its earthly enthrallment, evinced the hopeless hardihood of the despairing sinner, and foretold the terrible doom which awaited him. His features, even in death, retained an expression of proud and unflinching scorn; and his upper lip was curled up in derision, as it were, of the very puny which had deprived him of existence.

After this, Verona became unpleasant to me; and we left it therefore, and proceeded to Florence, and afterwards to Naples, and Venice, seeking relief from that depression of spirits which seemed every day to be becoming more and more obvious and oppressive; but that relief came not. The gay bustle of society proved at length irksome to me. I could not bear to mingle in seeming cheerfulness with the heartless throng around me; and I sought in silence and solitude those sad but soothing recollections which I delight to dwell upon.

In the course of two years we returned to England; and I did indeed experience a gleam of transitory joy, when I visited those scenes which witnessed the careless happiness of my boyhood. Caestrebor, by the death of Sir Talbot, had become my property, and I preserved with the most religious reverence every memorial of my beloved Catherine.

Years have rolled on, and I am still in existence, but I am almost alone in the world. Reginald is dead, my revered preceptor is no more, and my affectionate foster-mother has long since left this world. The only being for whom I now feel any affection is the child of the unfortunate Maria, now doubly dear to me, as the only relict of my Catherine's family. Over her I watch with a parent's tenderness, and well does she reward my care.

Thus, with ample wealth, and with a mind which might have been rendered capable of the very highest happiness, I am most restless and miserable. A disposition once replete with the utmost benevolence and love, has been soured by misfortune, and rendered repulsive and cynical; and without one single pleasure or enjoyment, I move about in the busy world, disgusted with its mummeries, its hypocrisy, and its selfishness. Yet I do not wish to die; for with all my wretchedness, I feel for my adopted daughter all the concern and affection of a friendless and desolate being. When she is safely secured from the selfish artifices of her fellow-creatures, I shall then look forward to a release from my sufferings, and to a happy—happy reunion with my beloved in heaven.

O'ER A BRIGHT HARP.

O'ER a bright harp, her fair hands flinging,
So sweetly will she sing,—
With something like affection clinging
To every tuneful string,—

That oft I wish *that* harp were I,
To rest for whole hours long
So near her bosom, and to sigh
An echo to her song—

Yet, though her arms were round me thrown,
This heart could never bow
Beneath her ev'ry touch and tone,
More tremblingly than now.

THE COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

PALE, chaste, and silent as a midnight star,
 Her eyes now upward turn'd, seem'd to reflect
 The blue of heaven's porch, so purely bright.
 Uplifted were her hands, long, white, and chill;
 Her robes hung simply, and in Grecian folds,
 She look'd a sculptur'd master-piece of art.
 Gazing I stood, half doubtful if it were
 An earthly form, or creature of my brain,
 A waking dream, (such as bards feign to have,)
 Or mortal palpable: so beautiful and
 Majestic—like fair Eve before her fall.
 But ah! so sad—sorrow had left her seal
 Upon the lady's brow, and so assured
 My wav'ring mind of her humanity.
 And now her lips were tremulously mov'd,
 But no sound came—and hush! her breast now heaves;
 Alas! how deep a sigh I uttering in that
 One breath a tale of sorrow and of love,
 And of despair, and blighted hopes and death,
 Plainer than words could speak—tho' passionate grief
 Will eloquently mourn.—And still she sat
 Unmoving; fix'd her gaze, but now and then
 A sigh would still betray her secret woes,
 In such a sort, that I, train'd up to war,
 And grey with age, and rough as wintry skies,
 Wept like an infant at her desolateness.
 But now advanced a girl, whose artless look
 Spoke true regard; and she with modest grace
 Approached the lady, and with gentlest force,
 Induced her homeward.—She was Leicester's wife,
 Fond, confident, yet slighted by her lord;
 He reck'd not of her love, nor ever cared
 Whose hearts were broken, so his projects thrive:
 He left her to bewail her desolate state,
 Watering the barren couch with fruitless tears.
 Thus was the dame, the mystery of whose death
 Is still unravelled—rumours darkly hint
 That she was murdered. Ev'n unto this time,
 Those walls are haunted, midnight screams are heard,
 And groans obscurely float upon the wind.
 The raven claps his ominous wing three times,
 And thrice the owl hoots out her funeral note,
 To every stranger wand'ring near the pile;
 And none dare venture near the cursed spot,
 Who know the tale of Leicester's injur'd wife.

S. W. S.

STANZAS.

A HOPE seen in fears,
 Like a star in midnight's hour,
 And a joy sprung from tears,
 As a blossom from the shower,

Are sweeter than the splendor
 Of a shadowless noon-day,
 Or than bud, however tender,
 Which has never lost its ray.

G. N.

A TWILIGHT WALK.

I LOVE to ramble out in the calm twilight,
 And track the busy foot-steps of gone day,
 Over the worn path, and hoof-beaten road,
 Lined as it is with the clear tracery
 Of wheels that glide on like a wedded pair,
 Following each other in the minutest curve
 Of either's bent; and wheresoe'er the tread
 Of man hath lately prest, I stop, and gaze,
 And my soul yearneth for such infinite vision
 As could at once descry whither and whence
 That microcosm had swept on in its orbit,
 Of whose unending line, a few dim points
 Are all that my weak eye can fasten on.
 But fancy, whose gay wing is ever swiftest
 When knowledge is not near to rule its flight, --
 Fancy upbears me through a universe
 Of her own bright creation, and pours into
 My sympathising ear a tale of human
 Hope, fear, intent, or action, -- new, and fraught
 With magic to a fellow breast of clay, --
 For every small displacing of the dust, --
 By one who sprang from it to lord awhile
 Over his parent, and sink back again,
 Like a tired rebel child, into her bosom, --
 That winds have still left visible.

A strain
 Of fanciful prelude flutters through
 Those leafy bowers o'erhauling the way-side,
 And stays me spell-bound on the spot. I see, through
 The dewy and sweet-scented boughs, a group
 Of young and unbought minstrels have begun
 Their evening feast of harmony. The casement
 Is being closed on daylight by a lass
 With trim cap, creaseless apron, and small waist,
 Who still finds something, in warp'd sash or blind,
 To loiter o'er, that she might bide the longer
 Where music is, and let its breath blow freely
 Over her simple heart, where it as yet
 Can wake no echo, save of its own pure
 And passionless enchantment. But, 'tis done,
 The gloaming and the taper cease to exchange
 Their differing lights through the framed crystal. On
 I wander; but, an unconnected melody
 Still oozes, droppingly, as it might be,
 Out of some cleft in the white walls behind me;
 And my soothed ear drinks it refreshedly,
 As would the lip of a sun-weary traveller
 Receive the delicate bounty of a shower,
 Less satiating, but softer, than the draught
 Of an unbroken and earth-gushing stream.

"Good night, Sir," and good night to *thee*, my friend;
 My *equal*, too; for now we both are freed
 From the hard chains that bound us all day long
 To our respective offices, -- *thee*, haply
 The blessedder, to thy plough's lowly toil,
 Under blue skies, and in the quiet fields,
 And *me* to uphold, in the sordid crowds, a rank
 Not high enough to look down distantly
 Upon the storms of fortune, nor so humble

As to be overpast by them, or bend
 When the rude blast is coming. Thou and I
 Have shut the book of labour till to-morrow;
 Why may we not, then, read each other's face?
 For both are copies of *one* work, though wrapt
 In coverings of dissimilar shape and hue.
 I like these high-way greetings about nightfall,
 Though from untutor'd and from stranger tongues,
 They catch a tenderness from the still air,
 That makes the tone familiar, and they sink
 Into my soften'd heart, with all the sweetness
 Of kind words murmur'd to a drowsy child,
 That it may sleep, and dream of them: I feel
 Securely link'd to the dim world around me,
 Which I might else have deem'd fading for ever.
 Hush! the bright cottage window is so near
 That my least step may sound through it, and startle
 From the all-hallow'd page that reverend pair,
 Whose lips are giving the breath of their last years
 Unto the utterance of its mysteries.
 Let me survey the little garden spot
 Between us: it is small, but there's a mingl'd
 Perfume about it, speaking of more flowers
 Than the mild taper glanceth on; and see!
 Out of its ray, a lily, through the gloom,
 Shines in pale purity, like a fair face,—
Thrice fair, after the silver shower of sorrow,—
 Girt with a death-hued scarf: there, too, the rose
 Hangs out her dew-lamp to the nightingale,
 As nunding him her bosom is still warm,
 Though the chaste veil of night is on its blushes.
 And there are beams within the lattice above!
 And over the semi-lucid gauze obscuring
 All of the chamber, but its glowing roof,
 Glides a slim feminine shadow; the gentle girl
 Has had her parent's nightly kiss and blessing,
 And now she disarrays her beauty, for
 Repose. Hush! hush! the hoary devotees
 Break off their mystic murmurings; they have heard,
 As well as I, the evening orison,
 Pour'd forth in song above them, and they turn,
 Ev'n from the book of God, to bless again,—
 Again, too, and again, and with a fervor
 That seems not of old age,—that loveliest work,
 Of Him who made all lovely; but she hears them not,
 And lies down without blushing. Dews of Eden!
 Bathe ye the folded leaves of this young blossom,
 That in her slumber may be a blessedness,
 Felt, though unseen; that her fresh limbs at morn
 May stir with a new grace; and her eyes open
 Floatingly, fill'd with calm and innocent bliss,
 And gratitude ineffable, and light,
 Kindled above, but shower'd benignantly
 On all around and under it!

THE MYSTERY:

A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

HAMLET.

It was on a foggy evening in the beginning of January, 1824, that I determined on witnessing the execution of Thurtell, whose doom was fixed for the following day. It was one of those nights on which an Englishman is said to have a more than ordinary *penchant* for a halter—wet, dark, gloomy, and miserable—the heavens and the earth all seemed wrapt in one melancholy gloom, the dogs, as they perambulated the slippery pavement, dropped their ears, and crawled along with their tails between their legs, as if labouring under the heaviness of the atmosphere; while men, women and children, glided almost imperceptibly through the fog, like beings of another world. The steeple of St. James's church was enveloped in gloom, the entrance of the Burlington Arcade, which but a few hours since, was dazzling with beauty and fashion, now reminded the spectator of Dante's Hell; the brilliancy of the shop windows was dimmed by the fog, and the lights were of a deep blood coloured tinge. The horns of the coach-guards, and the shouts of the cads, apparently proceeded from invisible beings, for not a human form was discernible at a yard's distance. All was darkness, chaos, and mystery. With my person enveloped in an upper benjamin, and my mind in the gloom which on every side surrounded me, I ascended the top of the Hertford coach. The vehicle appeared to dash through the fog, like the chariot of Phaëton through the clouds, the horses were invisible, and saving the red nose of the coachman, which glimmered

through the gloom with a Bardolphian brilliancy, all was darkness. Not until we had reached the venerable town of Edmonton, did I gain possession of any one of my faculties—and then what was my horror and alarm at being startled by a deep and unmeaning whisper, which seemed neither addressed to me nor to aught else that was visible. Soon, however, a sudden jolt of the vehicle quieted my fears, by assuring me of the presence of another being, not a foot from me, whom the fog had till now rendered effectually obscure. I endeavoured in vain to catch the sounds, which, as if in unison with the scene, were all equivocation and mystery. Presently, words of direful import caught mine ears, fearfully distinct, such as, "the night must be dark—trust that to me;"—a short diabolical laugh, or rather yell, interrupted the speaker—my heart fluttered within me—I could hear my wrist vibrate with my pulse. They were evidently some desperate men, and a plot of theft or murder was doubtless in contemplation. What an awful situation! What was to be done? Were I to attempt alarming the coachman, I should certainly get shot through the head. Mute with agitation, I listened again, "Dickens must not know of the job; d—n him he preached at the last Assizes—Ay, you had a narrow escape there, Jack"—a tremendous oath here was uttered aloud. After an awful pause this mysterious dialogue was continued, at intervals I caught the following, which can never be effaced from my memory: "Who holds the lantern?

—Arn't you afraid of mother, Jones?—
No, d—n her, though she owes me a
grudge, she likes a drop"—"of
blood," uttered I to myself. I could
listen no longer for some time, so
thoroughly was I stupified with
horror. Another interval ensued—I
could hear them press closer to each
other; but could not catch a sound,
so deep was their whisper—two words
alone did I hear—"Bury them."
I listened with breathless anxiety for
the reply, which was almost distinct—
"in the gravel pit at Horton's wood
—no chance of being disturbed."—
At these awful words, which seemed
to convey the assurance of the per-
petration of the bloody deed, I felt all
my vital powers suspended, my
knees knocked together, a cold sweat
ran over me, my teeth chattered in
my head, and I nearly fell off the
ridge of the coach. How long this
suspension continued, I cannot say;
the first gleam of returning reason
found me lying on the floor of an old
fashioned room. A lantern, from
which a rushlight shed just sufficient
light to render "darkness visible,"
enabled me to discover I was in the
midst of groupes of great coats piled
into heaps, which continually sent
forth a deep and sonorous sound,
much resembling snoring. It was
some time before I discovered that I
was in the travellers' room at an inn
at Hertford, and in consequence of
the execution that was to happen the
next day, every bed was occupied,
and I had, therefore, been forced to
take up my quarters in my present un-
comfortable situation. The conver-
sation that I heard outside the stage,
still rung dolefully in my ears, and
although I endeavoured to banish it
from my mind I could not succeed.
Half sleeping, half waking, I fancied
the scene that was about to be per-
formed, I saw the victim "in my
mind's eye," sleeping—alas! for the
last time—the murderers enter with
looks of dark determination written
on their features—the instruments
sharpened—and in another moment,
steeped in the heart's blood of the
wretched victim—at this very instant
I was startled by an ominous sound—
it was the deep parting groan, or else
an indubitable snore.—I saw them
drag the body to the wood, and bury
it in the gravel pit. Heavens! what

E. M. March, 1825.

were my feelings then! I had, how-
ever, no need to court my mind with
imaginary horrors, for hardly had
another moment elapsed, before I
was startled by the self same ominous
whisper—"Are you asleep, Jack?"—
"No, d—c; the workings of that
confounded conscience"—I filled up
the chasm with—keeps me awake—
"such gripings"—of remorse, uttered
I to myself. Here their voices were
again lost, the interval, however, only
served to render the climax more
horrible. "I did not know you were
concerned in the job."—"All by
chance."—"How did he die?"—"He
struggled so infernally that I thought,
at first, I had missed my aim; prayed
for his wife and children; told me
that the blood would be on my head;
why I asked his pardon; much as
one gentleman could do for another
in such case;—(hideous levity!)—of-
fered him my hand; told me he for-
gave me with all his life and heart,
and at last kicked the bucket."—
Powers of mercy! what a horrid dis-
closure! It was not, however, all; the
ruffian continued—"Never sent a
finer corpse out of the world in my
life; neither watch in his fob, nor
money in his pocket; poor affair;
that old Jew, Solomon, would give me
but thirteen shillings for his clothes;
the shirt, having none to wear, I kept
myself.—Even Ikey, who's a dab at
the slaughtering business, confessed he
never saw a job so genteely done;
not seven minutes and a-half from
—till all was over; he looked just
as if he was asleep; once I thought he
opened his eyes; what a —fright
I was in."—"Who got the body?"—
(Another pause)—"determined not
to be cheated; why a'n't I a right to
my honest earnings as well as —"
(here occurred the name of a great
general officer) who kills fifty men
while I do one? I put in a sack, and
took it to the Blenheim Repository;
Brooke's gave me a five pound note,
two of the students offered more; but
I like to be honourable."—Heaven
and earth! what a disclosure! the
"deed was done,"—he had confessed
he was a murderer! The blood still
was clotting on his hands. I looked
on his face—'twas savage beyond de-
scription—a wild ferocity gleamed
from his eyes—an unnatural smile
curled his lips, and showed his yellow

and shaggy teeth. I know not what I felt at the sight of this monster.—I endeavoured in vain to awake one of the sleeping grouse—my tongue seemed cleaved to the roof of my mouth—at length a sudden impulse seemed to animate me—disregarding

my personal safety I seized the horrid being by the collar of his coat,—“Wretch! outcast! speak, who, and what are you?”—“Me, master! you need not clench so hard—John Ketch, executioner to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—at your service!!!”

FROM THE GREEK OF HYPERPYTHAGORAS.

————— The everlasting hill,
The unslumbering ocean, the resistless wind,
Are ablest far the vast idea to fill
Of that undying, all-enlivened mind,
Which leaves no jot of being unpossessed,
With a quick spirit, variously exprest.
What is the spark of soul to which mankind
Point as the badge of nature's noblest state,
And vainly deem to their's alone confined?
What is it, but a power to love or hate,—
So, seek or shun,—and image thought by sound?
Power in which Heaven's minutest works abound.
Setting aside the fin'd and feathery tribes,
Ev'n beasts, the closest breathing rivals of ye,—
To this eulogium every one subscribes,
Who loves his dog, (*some* think them far above ye)—
Say, is the rudely gather'd rose less rife,
Than its destroyer's ruthless hand, with life?
The soft leaf shrinks beneath the spoiler's clutch,
And the pure life-stream ooses from the wound;
The red cheeks pale beneath death's icy touch,
And the still voice that spoke in perfume round
Breathes languidly—yet sweeter than the cloud
Of pestilence that wraps a human shroud.
Ev'n in its death a principle remains
Of sweet, material, immortality,
That seems as it had burst obstruction's chains;—
Yet not so, for the breezes of the sky,
Bearing off each an odour as he flies,
Will soon betwixt them part the fragrant prize!
But oh! to see that peerless flower, when full
Of budding life it open'd its gay leaves,
 wooing the sunlight to its bosom! dull,
Insensible must *he* be, who believes
That such a creature dwells without the chain,
Of soul, that limits animation's reign.
Her sway is o'er infinity! All, all
Proclaim it; from the wave, kissing or lashing
His bride, the rock, to the mad stars that fall
In earth's embraces, heedless how their flashing
Eyes may be dimm'd or blinded by such rebels;
Add thunder-clouds, that shout like warring devils.
And you have love, hate, speech, and loco-motion,
All in things deem'd inanimate—till now!
That these *inanimates* deserve promotion,
Ev'n reason's worst monopolists allow,
By the high offices, which, on occasion,
Are giv'n to some of that denomination.

READING ABBEY, BERKSHIRE.*

THIS was a mitred parliamentary Abbey, and one of the most considerable in England, both for the magnificence of its buildings and the richness of its endowments. King Henry the First began to lay the foundation an. 1121, having pulled down a small deserted nunnery, by some^s said to have been founded by Elfrida, mother-in-law of King Edward, called the Martyr, in expiation of the murder of that king at Corfe Castle. The new monastery was completed in four years; but the church was either not consecrated till the reign of Henry the Second, or else that ceremony was for the second time performed in 1163 or 1164, by Archbishop Becket, the king and many of the nobility being present. It was dedicated to the honour of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. John the Evangelist. Browne Willis, from divers good authorities and reasons, to these adds St. James, making its tutelars stand in the following order—the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. James, and St. John the Evangelist. It was, however, commonly called the Abbey of St. Mary, at Reading; probably from the extraordinary veneration paid in those days to the Holy Virgin, which even exceeded that shown to the name of Christ. It was endowed for two hundred monks of the Benedictine order, although at the inquisition, 50th. Edward III., there were only one hundred.

In this abbey was buried the body of King Henry the First, its founder; but his heart, eyes, tongue, brains, and bowels, according to Dr. Ducarel, in his *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, were deposited under a handsome monument, before the high altar, in the ancient priory church of Notre Dame du Pres, otherwise the Bonnes Nouvelles, at Rouen, founded an. 1060, and destroyed during the siege of Rouen, in 1592.

Here likewise was interred Adeliza, his second queen; and according to some writers, his daughter Maud, the

empress-mother to King Henry the Second; though others, with more probability, fix the place of her sepulchre at Bec, in Normandy. Over her tomb here, it is said, were the following verses:

*Ortu magna, viro major, sed maxima
partu
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens.*

In this place was also buried, at the feet of his great-grandfather, William, eldest son of King Henry the Second; likewise Constance, daughter of Edmund de Langley, Duke of York; Anne, Countess of Warwick; a son and daughter of Richard, earl of Cornwall, and a great number of other persons of rank and distinction. King Henry the First had a tomb on which was his effigie, as appears from a record quoted by Tanner; and probably there were many other magnificent monuments, which were demolished or removed when the monastery was converted into a royal mansion; but it is not likely that the bones of persons buried were disturbed and thrown out, as asserted by Sandford: neither was the Abbey turned into a stable; for Camden, says, "The monastery wherein King Henry the First was interred, was converted into a royal seat, adjoining which stands a fair stable, stored with noble horses of the king's." The demolition of these monuments is thus pathetically lamented:

*Heu dira pincula, primus
Nenstrius Henricus situs hic inglorius urna,
Nunc jacet ejectus tumulum aovus adversa
querit
Frustra; nam regi tenues invidit arenas
Atri sacra fumes, regnum metueunda se-
pulchris.*

History particularizes only two councils held here in the refectory, or rather the church; one in the reign of King John, by the Pope's legate; the other in that of Edward the First, by Archbishop Peckham. There is reason, however, to believe, that divers others were held at the same place: likewise in this monastery a parliament was assembled, the

31st of Henry VI., wherein divers laws were enacted. This Abbey had funds for entertaining the poor and travellers of all sorts, which, according to William of Malmesbury, was so well performed, that more money was spent in hospitality than what was expended on the monks: yet, nevertheless, Hugh, the eighth abbot, having, as he says in his grant, observed an improper partiality in the entertainment of the rich, in preference to the poor, (although the founder, King Henry, had directed that hospitality should be shown indifferently to all persons,) he therefore founded an hospital near the gate of the monastery, for the reception of such pilgrims and poor persons as were not admitted into the Abbey; and likewise gave to the said hospital the Church of Saint Lawrence, for ever, for the maintaining of thirteen poor persons, in diet, clothes, and other necessaries, allowing for the keeping of thirteen more out of the usual alms. This in all likelihood, though done under the specious pretence of charity, was only a method taken to exclude the meaner persons from the table of the Abbey; which was, at that time, when inns were not so common as at present, often frequented by travellers of the better sort. By this means also, a considerable saving would accrue to the house, the fare of this hospital being, doubtless, suitable to the condition of the persons there entertained.

An hospital for poor lepers was also founded near the church, by Ancherius, the second abbot: it was dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalene. Here they were comfortably maintained, and governed by divers rules and regulations, admirably well calculated for preserving peace, harmony, and good order. Among them were these:—any one disputing, and being ordered by the master to hold his peace, not obeying the third monition, was to have nothing but bread and water that day. He who gave the lie was subject to the same punishment, attended with some humiliating circumstances: if after this he continued sullen, or did not patiently submit to his castigation, he was to be repeated another day; when, if he still persevered in his obstinacy, he was to lose the benefit of

the charity for forty days. A blow was immediate expulsion, and none were to go abroad, or into the laundress's house, without a companion. Hugh Farrington, the last abbot, refusing to deliver up his Abbey to the visitors, was attainted of high treason, on some charge trumped up against him; and in the month of November, 1539, with two of his monks, named Rugg and Onion, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Reading. This happened on the same day on which the Abbot of Glastonbury suffered the like sentence, for the similar provocation.

At the dissolution, the revenues of this monastery were valued at 1938*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* ob. *q.* Dugdale; 2116*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* ob. Speed. The abbot had an excellent summer retirement at Cholsey, near Wallingford, called the Abbot's Place; by which name it was granted to Sir Francis Englefield. The site of this Abbey now belongs to the Crown. The present lessees for a term of years, are John Blagrove, Esq., and the representatives of Henry Vansittart, Esq. The Abbey Church seems to have been a spacious fabric, built in the form of a cross: some of its walls were lately remaining, they were of rough flint, and were formerly cased with square stones; but of this they have been stripped. There is likewise to be seen the remainder of Our Lady's Chapel, and the refectory: this last is eighty-four feet long, and forty-eight broad, and is, according to Willis, the room in which was held the parliament before mentioned. The cloysters have long been totally demolished. About eight years ago, a very considerable quantity of the Abbey ruins, some of the pieces as much as two teams of horses could draw, composed of gravel and flints, cemented together with what the bricklayers call now grout, a fluid mortar, consisting mostly of lime, was removed for General Conway's use, to build a bridge in the road betwixt Wargrove and Henley, adjoining to his park. This view, drawn in 1762, represents the great gate of the Abbey, which was formerly embattled. About thirty years ago, it was judged necessary to take off the embattlements: this has considerably hurt its appearance.

ACCOUNT OF IMPRISONMENTS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE historical sketches which we are about to present to our readers, are of individuals who, since the reign of William the conqueror, by whom it seems probable that the Tower of London was erected, have been imprisoned within its walls; and the collection having been made by one who had peculiar facilities of obtaining information respecting the various events he undertook to record, may be looked on as a series of faithful portraits, or at least of correct copies from likenesses well approved during the existence of that *part* whose various aspects they represent. There may be something saddening in the sight of such a tissue of national and individual crimes and woes, as the following narrative will exhibit; for if it be true, as the moralizing Shakspeare says, that

"Man, frail man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

if it be true that *they* have, "which are but air," a touch—a feeling of his afflictions—and the greatest of all are those entailed upon him by sin, whether the immediate fault be his own, or his neighbour's, it seems hardly possible, but that

"One of *man's* kind, that relishes all as sharply,
Passioned as *he*, be kinder moved than *they* are."

Yet such grief is not without an ultimate advantage to the tender heart, that thus bleeds for another. Every tear that we shed over human frailty, softens us into a kind of self-abasement—a humility of mind excellently fitted for the reception of ameliorating impressions. We, in mourning over others, often make it unnecessary for others to mourn over us. May this desideratum be in many cases accomplished by the ensuing ACCOUNT OF IMPRISONMENTS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Ranulph Flambart, Bishop of Durham.

1100. 1. Hen. I.—HENRY the First, upon his accession to the throne of England, in consequence of the death of his brother, William Rufus, promised that those persons who had been the chief instruments of the oppression and tyranny practised in the last reign, should be duly punished. And accordingly, on the 8th of September in the first year of his reign, by the advice of the Great Council of the kingdom, he committed to the Tower, Ranulph Bishop of Durham, who had been the principal counsellor and companion of Rufus in his oppressive and profligate conduct.

This Ranulph was a man of mean birth, and had been chancellor* to William Rufus, before he was made Bishop of Durham, and had rendered himself so obnoxious by being the contriver of the king's method of extorting money from his subjects, that a conspiracy was formed against him, which had nearly cost him his life. The conspirators so far succeeded as to entice him into a boat with a very few attendants, under pretence that the Bishop of London was at the point of death and wished to see him. One Gerald, who was the chief of the enterprize, directed the boat into the middle of the river, and when the chancellor enquired why they rowed so far, they pretended that the most convenient place for landing was farther on. The chancellor perceiving that the boatmen rowed towards a ship, began to suspect some deceit, and he and his secretary threw the Great and Privy Seals into the river. When they came to the ship, the chancellor's attendants were sworn to secrecy, and set on shore, but the chancellor being put on board, the ship sailed to the sea, where a dispute arose between the two persons appointed to murder him, which of them should have his robe or upper garment. This contention caused a delay, during which, a storm arose

* Kapin says treasurer.

and carried away the masts; and the ship was driven up the river: but the waves once more carrying it towards the sea, the chancellor's death was again determined on. At this moment one of the conspirators relented, and offered to assist the chancellor in defending himself. Encouraged by this offer of assistance, the chancellor called aloud to Gerald to give up his wicked design, and he should have whatever recompense he should demand. Gerald consented, and brought him safe out of the ship, which was by that time driven on shore.

About the first of February 1102, the Bishop, by bribing his keepers, who brought him a rope in a pitcher of water, by which he let himself down from his apartment, made his escape from the Tower, and went to Normandy, where he encouraged Robert, duke of that country, and elder brother to King Henry, in his design to invade England.

William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely.

1191. 3. R. I.—THIS Bishop, who was a farmer's son, became joint regent of England, with the Bishop of Durham, during the king's absence at the crusade. He was also legate from the Pope, and chancellor of England: Longchamp very soon arrogated to himself the whole power vested in him and the Bishop of Durham, with other lords, whom the king had joined in the commission; and conducted himself with so much insolence and extravagance, that he drew on himself the envy of the nobles and the hatred of the people. His attendants are said to have been so numerous, that they consumed three years' revenue of any religious house in which he lay for one night. Prince John, the king's brother, upon whose ambitious projects the Bishop, who was firmly attached to Richard, was a considerable check, joined with the nobles against him, and he was summoned before the lords spiritual and temporal, at St. Paul's Church, on the 3d of October. He did not attend, but withdrew into the Tower, where he was besieged by Prince John, led by the earls and barons, and citizens of London. After he had held out one night, he desired leave to go out of the kingdom, which was granted him, upon condition he should give up the castle. He gave sureties

for the performance of this engagement, and went to Canterbury, and afterwards to Dover, where he spent some time with Matthew de Clere his brother-in-law, constable of the castle. He then went to the sea-side, disguised in a woman's dress, with a piece of cloth under his arm, and a yard in his hand, to wait for a ship to convey him abroad, but being suspected to be a man by some persons who saw him, his hood was pulled off his head, and he was discovered. The people justly offended, at the recollection of his wicked administration, dragged him along the sands, and at last threw him into a collar at Dover, where he was secured from farther violence. The council of the realm sent for him, and he was brought prisoner to the Tower, where he was examined, deprived of his offices, and banished. King Richard afterwards restored him, and he died as he was going to Rome in 1197.

William Fitz-Osbert and others.

1196. 7. R. I.—WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT, or OSBERN, frequently called William Longbeard, was a citizen of London, and a man of learning and eloquence, but gave great offence to the nobility and clergy, by that which was considered by those bodies as an unpardonable crime. It is said that he stirred and excited the people to desire and love freedom and liberty, and blamed the excess and outrage of rich men. By such means he drew to him great companies, and with all his power defended the poor men's cause against the rich. "For this cause," adds the historian "gentlemen hated him." But the king, who had no more reason than the people to be pleased with the overbearing power of the nobles and clergy, appears at first to have listened to, and encouraged Fitz-Osbert. And, although Hollinshed tells us, that after the king was informed that Fitz-Osbert collected assemblies of the people, "he commanded him to cease from such doings," it is evident that Fitz-Osbert was not prosecuted by Richard. Whilst the king was in Normandy, Fitz-Osbert was accused of raising sedition on account of a tax, which he said would fall wholly on the poor; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was chief justice of England, ordered Fitz-Osbert to appear before

the counsel. He appeared, but so many of the common people attended him, that the Archbishop thought it prudent to suffer him to depart. Persons, however, were appointed to watch him, and apprehend him at a convenient season. Two of these persons, who were burgesses of London, thinking they had found a proper opportunity, attempted to take him, but getting an axe, he defended himself manfully, and slew one of the burgesses. He then fled with some followers to the church of St. Mary-le-bow, in Cheapside, on the day before Passion Sunday. Here, he and his accomplices defended themselves, till the church and steeple were assaulted, and they were compelled by fire and smoke, to quit their station. They were taken as they came out of the church, but not without bloodshed. The son of the burgess whom Fitz-Osbert had killed, stabbed him in the belly with a knife as he was coming out. The prisoners were taken before the Archbishop, and the Judges in the Tower, where they were condemned, and Fitz-Osbert and nine of his accomplices were drawn from thence by the heels to a place, then called the Flims, and since Tyburn, and were there hanged. Such was the opinion which the common people entertained of Fitz-Osbert, that they believed miracles were wrought at his grave, and were restrained only by the interference of guards from paying their devotion to him as to a saint,—a character, which, according to Stow, he very ill deserved.

John Courcy, or De Curci, Earl of Ulster.

1202, 4 John.]—This valiant Irish nobleman had attached himself to the interests of the unfortunate Arthur, nephew to king John, and rightful heir to the crown of England. The earl had been engaged in quarrels with Walter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman, in Ireland; and as he was going unarmed and barefoot in pilgrimage to a church, upon Good Friday, in the year 1202, he was treacherously taken prisoner by his own people, and delivered for a sum of money to Hugh de Lacy, brother to Walter, by whom he was sent prisoner to King John. The king committed him to the tower. In 1204, the King of France sent a champion into England; who chal-

lenged all who should maintain the cause of King John against his master. The court of England were not willing to commit the decision to a single combat, but wished to give the champion an opportunity to try his strength; and therefore John desired the Earl of Ulster, who was a man of great strength and courage, to undertake the battle. The earl stoutly answered, "that in his quarrel, whose murderous vile mind, cowardliness, traitorous conditions, and tyrannical government, deserved not the adventure of losing one drop of blood, he would not fight one stroke; but for the honour of the realm, wherein many a good and honourable man lived to his great grief, he would willingly jeopard his life, and cheerfully accept the combat, yea, with a giant." In consequence of this consent, the earl was released; but as he was recovering himself from the ill effects of his confinement, the French champion hearing of his excessive feeding and his prodigious strength, (or, as Stow says, having seen his mighty limbs and fierce countenance,) withdrew privately into Spain. It is related of this earl, that, "being in France with the English army, King Philip, at a conference with John, desired to see some trial of his strength. The earl ordered a large stake to be fixed in the ground, on which was placed a helmet: then looking round with a menacing aspect, he cut the helmet in two pieces with his sword. The sword stuck so fast in the stake, that none but himself could remove it. Philip asking why he looked round so fiercely, he said, in case he had missed his blow, he would have cut off the heads of all the spectators, that no man living might be witness of his shame." John granted to this nobleman and his successors the privilege of standing covered before the kings of England.

Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent.

1232, 16 Henry III.]—The earl of Kent, Chief Justiciary of England, had been a steady servant to the king, his father, and uncle; but he had incensed the Barons and people, by instilling arbitrary principles into the mind of the king, and had also offended the clergy, by refusing to countenance the exactions of the Italians whom the Pope had sent into England: for this reason, the bishops were desirous of

removing him from the king's favour. Upon the Bishop of Winchester's complaining to the king, he removed the earl from being chief justice, on the 29th of July, notwithstanding the office had been granted to him for life. A few days afterwards, the king called upon the earl to account for all the treasure which had come to his hands, as an officer of the Exchequer, and to answer for the damages and injuries which the clerks of Rome, and other Italians, and the Pope's legates, complained of having sustained, and for redress of which the earl would give them no assistance in his office of chief justice. Besides many other accusations against him, he was charged by the citizens of London, with having, without a trial, unjustly put to death Constantine Fitz-Arnulph and others, who had been concerned in a riot between the citizens of London and Westminster. The earl refused to answer immediately, and time was given him till the 14th of September, when the Parliament was to meet. But the king having made proclamation through the city, that all persons who could charge the earl with any wrong, should repair to the court and receive immediate redress, he was so terrified with this unusual course of proceeding, that he fled for sanctuary to the church of the priory of Merton, in Surry. When the Parliament met, the Lords petitioned that the earl's trial might proceed, and he was summoned, but did not attend. The king sent to the Mayor of London to go out with the citizens of London, and take the earl, dead or alive, out of the sanctuary; but upon the wise advice of the Earl of Chester, they were recalled. A respite was afterwards granted to the earl, for time to answer till the 12th of January, 1233, and the king gave him letters patent for his security in the mean time. The earl then took his journey towards his wife and children, who were at St. Edmundsbury, and in his way thither, put up at an inn at Brentwood, in Essex, a village then belonging to the Bishop of Norwich. The weakness of Henry's mind, which was conspicuous in almost every transaction of his reign, induced him to break his engagement for the earl's security, and he sent Sir Godfrey (Hollinshed says Sir Robert) Crancombe, with three hundred men, to apprehend the earl,

and convey him to the Tower. The earl, having intelligence of their coming, rose, naked from his bed, and ran into a chapel, standing near the inn, where he held the cross in one hand, and the host in the other. Sir Godfrey entered the chapel with his soldiers, and desired the earl to come out; and when he refused to do so, they dragged him out of the chapel, bound him fast with his feet under a horse's belly, and brought him to the Tower. The next morning, the Bishop of London complained to the king of this breach of the privileges of the church, and threatened to excommunicate the persons concerned in it; upon which the king caused the earl to be carried back to the chapel at Brentwood, by the soldiers who brought him thence; but at the same time gave directions to the sheriffs of Essex and Hertfordshire, upon pain of being hanged, to take care that he did not escape, or receive any provisions. At length the king ordered the earl's two servants, who attended him, to be taken from him; and the earl seeing no other means to avoid being starved, surrendered himself, and was again conducted, fast bound in fetters, to the Tower. Here he consented to give up to the king all his treasures, which were lodged for security in the hands of the Knights Templars, who had refused to deliver them up without the earl's consent. The king softened into compassion by the riches he had taken from him, restored to him the lands which King John had given to him, and also those which he had purchased. After much trouble, four earls became surety for him to the king, and he was transferred to the Castle of Devizes, having liberty granted him to walk about the castle. The Bishop of Winchester, his enemy, having obtained the custody of the castle, the earl was in fear of some deceit, and contrived means to escape. Two of his servants convoyed him in the night to the parish church. The keepers of the castle took him from the church by force, but were obliged, by the Bishop of Salisbury, to return him to sanctuary; they however set a watch, that he might not escape. When the dissensions afterwards arose between the king and the nobles, respecting the foreigners by whom he was governed, a troop of armed men belonging to

the Earl of Pembroke took away the Earl of Kent into Wales, where he remained till the king was reconciled to the nobles, and received him into favour, in 1234. Four years afterwards, Henry, who never kept his engagements longer than the necessity of his affairs compelled him, caused the earl to be brought to a trial upon his own suit, in the Court of King's Bench, and the king himself was present at the trial. Baker says, one of the charges against him on his arraignment was, "that to dissuade a great lady from marriage with the king, he had said the king was a squint-eyed fool, and a kind of toper, deceitful, perjured, more faint-hearted than a woman, and utterly unfit for any lady's company." The earl was condemned to give the king four of his best castles, and was deprived of his title of earl. Yet, after all this, says Baker, he was restored to his estate, and suffered to live in peace. Some historians say he vindicated his innocence by incontestable proof, but thinking it more advisable to compound with the king, than wait the decision of the judges, he resigned to the king four of his best castles. He died May 12th, 1243, at his manor of Banstead, in Surry, and was buried in the monastery of the Friars Preachers, in London.

Griffin, Prince of Wales, and Lewellyn, his Son.

1241, 25 Henry III.]—Lewellyn, Prince of Wales, dying in an advanced age, left two sons, Griffin and David, who were to share his inheritance. David seized the whole, and cast his brother into prison. Griffin's wife applied to King Henry for protection, and promised him, in her husband's name, six hundred marks, and an annual tribute of three hundred marks, if he would procure the prince's liberty, and put him in possession of his right. Henry accepted the offer, and sent to David to release the prisoner, and restore his inheritance, threatening him with war in case of refusal, and actually went as far as Chester to force him to compliance. David submitted to him, but found means of offering the king more advantageous proposals than those of Griffin's wife. The king, no longer swayed by the love of justice, when his interest led him a contrary course,

ceased to be the friend of Griffin, and entered into a treaty with David, by which the latter agreed to give up Griffin and his eldest son Lewellyn to the custody of the king. Henry undertook the office of gaoler to the unfortunate prince whom he had engaged to protect, and sent him and his son to the Tower, allowing Griffin a noble a day for his support. After three years' confinement, Griffin contrived in the night to make a line of the hangings, sheets, and towels, that were in his room, in order to let himself down from the Tower where he was confined; but being a large heavy man, the line broke, and he fell upon his head into the inner ward of the Tower. His body was found in the morning in a miserable condition, for his head and neck were driven into his breast by the violence of the fall. Upon this, Stow says, the king caused Griffin's son, who was imprisoned with his father, to be more strictly kept. But Hollishead tells us, that the young prince was retained by King Henry in his service, and honourably used even from a child. However, Lewellyn hearing that the Welsh, upon the death of his uncle David, had elected him to be their prince, escaped from King Henry, and fled into Wales in 1246. Fox mentions a brother of Lewellyn, prince of Wales, and son of Griffin, who died in prison in 1259, but does not say where he was confined, or on what occasion. Lewellyn rebelled against Edward the First, and being slain in a battle with the Earl of Pembroke, in December, 1281,—or, as others say, being taken prisoner,—his head was cut off, and placed on the Tower of London, crowned with ivy. David, brother to this prince, being taken prisoner, shortly afterwards was executed at Shrewsbury, with all the horrors of the present sentence for treason, and his head placed near his brother's. Some authors say, this is the first instance of that kind of execution practised in England; though Hollishead mentions the following instance of William Marisch, which happened near forty years earlier, in which the only difference is, that cruelty, not having then attained its zenith, the prisoner was hanged till he was dead. Baker more properly states the execution of David to be the first of the kind shewn in the person of a prince, or any other nobleman in this kingdom.

One Hundred and Two Jews.

1255. 40 Hen. III.]—On the 22nd of November, 102 Jews were brought from Lincoln to Westminster, charged with having crucified a child of nine years old, named Hugh, in despite of Christ's religion. They were examined, and sent to the Tower. Eighteen of them were afterwards executed, and the rest continued long in prison; the king in this same year, 1255, exacting of them 5000 marks on pain of hanging. It is said these Jews kept the boy ten days after they got him into their hands, and sent for the Jews of other places to be present at the crucifixion, which according to Fox took place in August; and that the murder was discovered by the mother of the child, who found his body in a well behind the Jew's house, where he had been crucified. Fox says that the boy was also whipped and tormented, but he may have been mistaken in that point, as well as in his account of certain Jews from Norwich having been executed, for a similar offence, about twenty years before, concerning whom the other historians agree that they justified themselves from the accusation brought against them, and returned home unpunished. There is no account of the sort of trial which the Lincoln Jews underwent, and when we consider the many pretences which the Christian princes of this country made use of to extract money from the Jews, it may not perhaps be too much to believe, that the accusation proceeded from the same sort of prejudice, which afterwards induced the people to give credit to the idle stories of witchcraft, and that it was encouraged by those who did not believe it, as a measure of finance. Mr. Rapin, who omits the account of the Lincoln Jews in speaking of the banishment of the whole nation from England in 1290, says, "As for the imputation of cruci-

fying from time to time Christian children, one may almost be sure it was only a calumny invented by their enemies." This may be a fitter subject for the poet than the historian; Chaucer alludes to it in the "Prioress Tale," and it is also alluded to in a Scotch tragic ballad, beginning, "The bonnie boys o' merry Lincoln."

Sir Thomas Weyland, Chief Justice.

1289. 17 Ed. I.]—The king returned from the continent to England on the 4th of August, and upon the eve of the assumption of the Virgin Mary, (Aug. 14.) came to Westminster, where complaints were made to him against the judges. The king caused an inquest to be taken by twelve substantial persons, who found that Thomas Weyland, lord chief justice of the King's Bench, had caused a murder to be committed by his servants, and afterwards succoured and maintained them. Thereupon Sir Thomas was arrested by the king's officers, but escaped from them and fled for sanctuary to a monastery of the Friars Minors, at or near Saint Edmundsbury, where he was admitted into their order. The king having discovered his retreat, ordered that no kind of victuals should be conveyed into the house, so that all the friars, except three or four, came out, and Sir Thomas was soon constrained to resume his layman's habit, and surrender. He was delivered to Robert Malet, who had the custody of him before, and he was carried to the Tower. The king gave him his choice, to be tried by his peers, to remain in perpetual imprisonment, or to abjure the realm. Sir Thomas chose the latter, and was conveyed barefooted and bareheaded, carrying a cross in his hand, from the Tower to Dover, from whence he was transported to the other side of the Channel, and all his goods and estates were confiscated.

EXPOSTULATION.

NAY, surely, my dear, in the many bright faces,
I gaze on when thine is away,
I may search for a few of its numberless graces,
A twilight, perhaps, of its ray.
And, tho' beauty hath ever free way to my heart,
Yet my passion it cannot impair;
For, if like thee, it mindeth how charming thou art,
Ead, if not—why, that thou art more fair. B.

DEATH TOKENS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. APEL.

BARON VON ESCHENBURG and his lady were in the middle of a game at chess, when the servant entered to announce Colonel Von Wartenstein.

"We are not at home," said Clotilde, and John retired.

"He will take it amiss," said the Baron.

"So much the better—then he will spare us his visit another time."

"To display his malicious wit elsewhere at our expense."

"Let him! If the Marchioness had banished him from her house in the same manner, there would have been no occasion given for the scandal that has arisen between herself and the Marquis. I will show that his impertinent glances are repelled by me, no less than his flattery."

"But why avoid him?"

"Certainly not from fear, but rather from a love of convenience."

"Often, Clotilde, the love of convenience renders life very inconvenient and disagreeable. The Colonel has a large acquaintance, and it is in his power to injure us much, if he be so disposed. He may know, perhaps, that we are both at home. In a word, love, I must think of making some excuse for you: I'll say you were indisposed."

"Truly, I do, at this moment, feel a violent head-ache," said she, rising.

"One must avoid giving offence to any body," said the Baron, with an affectionate embrace; but, to judge by the indifferent manner in which it was returned, he had for the moment fallen into disgrace with his wife.

Eschenburg nevertheless kept his word, and a few days afterwards contrived to detain the Colonel with them the whole evening.

"Well, my dear," said he, the following morning to his wife, "I thank you for so kindly sacrificing your convenience to me, and receiving the hated guest with becoming civility."

"But did you remark how every word that he uttered was accompanied by a longer glance at me; how his eye watched my every motion; and his foot was pressing mine every instant?"

"Mere bagatelles, dear child. In truth I am too vain to fear that such a man as Wartenstein will ever, I will not say, supplant me in your heart, but even obtain the smallest portion of your esteem."—"Have I deserved such a suspicion?—but here he comes again round the corner," exclaimed Clotilde, "perhaps he is coming here."

"Assuredly, he has promised me a rare coin out of his collection."

"But this time, Eschenburg, spare me his detested presence, for the sake of the sacrifice I made to you yesterday."

With that she skipped out of the room. When the Colonel was gone, Eschenburg related with a smile with what eagerness Wartenstein had kept his eye fixed upon the floor, and had probably only detained him thus long with his wearisome gossip, in the hope of her making her appearance.

"Detestable creature!" cried Clotilde, "he will often rob me of your loved society, by his disgusting intrusion."

But humours are not alike. A few weeks afterwards, Eschenburg strode up and down the room one afternoon yawning with ennui, and his wife was only half taken up with a romance, the leaves of which she turned from time to time. A carriage passed the house, and she sprang up so eagerly to look out of the window, that the volume fell upon the floor.

"Where is my book gone to?" said she, returning to her seat.

"Where your haste threw it," answered her husband, laughing, and pointing to the floor.

"How rapidly the times change!" said she, stooping to pick up the book. "A year ago I should have needed neither the question, nor the trouble of stooping, because your gallantry would have prevented both."

"A year ago, my dear, you would not have had recourse to a book for relief from my conversation."

"But at that time, Eschenburg, you had not yet contracted the disgusting habit of yawning."

"Because then your disposition

was always sprightly and agreeable."

"But only recollect how amiable you used to be last year; how eagerly you caught at every opportunity of shewing me attention; how my poorest words, my slightest glance, would fill you with rapture."

"Last year! my dear child.—But why heap reflection upon reflection, and bitterness upon bitterness? The days of our romantic hopes are passed; we now know that passion nourishes a great many which can find their fulfilment only in the land of dreams. Let us be contented with such little joy as may remain to us."

With that he left the room, and Clotilde reflected with disgust upon the wide difference that unhappily exists between the luxuriant poetry of courtship, and the measure, matter of fact prose of married life.

The hour of tea brought Eschenburg back, at length, and with him a host of company whom he had invited.

With a variety of topics before them, the party soon found material for a loud and lively conversation. Eschenburg, in particular, got entangled in a spirited contest with a charming lady, and acquitted himself with such politeness and gallantry, that Clotilde could think of nothing but revenge. And the Colonel, she conceived would be the most proper man for her purpose. He happened also to be almost the only gentleman near her not engaged in the general conversation, and he from time to time shewed her particular marks of attention.

The Baroness conversed much and familiarly with him; but, however earnestly she endeavoured to attract her husband's attention by her sprightliness, he had no ears for any body but the Countess. Her vexation drew her deeper and deeper into conversation with Wartenstein.

"A charming social evening," said Eschenburg to his lady, when the company had withdrawn.

"Delightful! Wartenstein can really make himself a great deal more agreeable than I had imagined."

"Oh! but you should have observed the Countess—I should never have expected to find in a lady such a cultivated mind, so richly and variously stored."

"Nor I, in a man so much politeness, in following every turn and caprice of conversation, and with such urbanity and such fertility of genius."

"The Countess is better read in history than most men."

"The Colonel is acquainted with every tender emotion of the female heart."

"A man ought to marry, in order to know it thoroughly."

Oh, the Colonel in your place would have shewn me that small attention, I am convinced." She pointed to the spot where the book had lain on the floor.

"And the Countess in your place, would certainly not have been guilty of that great neglect—the preferring a paltry romance to my conversation."

Both were extremely nettled—both soon perceived that they ought not to have been so. In short, both sincerely repented what had passed, and felt anxious to prevent its recurrence. But neither would make the first advance; and several days passed over in mutual coolness. In the interim the Countess had set out for her country seat, without Eschenburg's letting fall a single word of regret at her departure.

On the fourth day the Colonel paid them his promised visit. The undissembled friendliness with which Von Eschenburg received him, did not fail of its effect upon Clotilde.

"I believe I have extolled Wartenstein too highly, lately," said she, as soon as he was gone, and offering her hand to her husband as she spoke.

"I willingly take upon myself a portion of that blame," replied the Baron, embracing her.

"In fact the Colonel cannot be so dangerous as he is represented to be."

"Now you see, my dear, our agreeable party has produced at least one good effect, namely, that of destroying in some measure, your prejudice against Wartenstein."

"But I cannot conceive how we both fell into so tetchy a mood."

"Nevertheless that is a thing that often happens, my dear Clotilde. In the marriage state one must learn to forget."

This subject was further discussed

In all its bearings, until it was agreed that the marriage state *does* make adequate compensation for the loss of those tender blossoms with which the passion of unwedded lovers is adorned.

But the consequences of that charming party were not yet over: the Colonel redoubled his visits, and became at length, a necessary appurtenance to the family.

Von Eschenburg had some suspicion of Wartenstein. The town pretended to know that ~~he~~ ^{he} set no bounds to his passion, but let it carry him whithersoever it would, regardless of the happiness it might destroy, or, indeed, of any consequences it might occasion. Judging from his palpable attentions to the Baroness, it would appear that he had no design to proceed very cautiously in his present amour. However, the Baron was aware of the decided aversion which his wife had for the Colonel; and he confided in the tried virtue of his lady, and even more in her taste. For vanity persuaded him it was impossible that a lady of taste could prefer the insignificant looking Colonel, to one of *his own* prepossessing exterior. Daily experience warned him in vain, for his obstinate vanity had made him deaf to her voice. In the meanwhile the Colonel had, by a thousand trifling attentions, gradually ingratiated himself so much with Lady Von Eschenburg, that every evening in which she was deprived of his society, was followed by a sleepless night. Unknown to herself, "the friend of the family" had risen so high in her estimation, that among her confidential acquaintances, when the conversation turned upon particular virtues, or traits of character, she generally found examples of them in the Colonel's life and conduct.

At first Wartenstein appeared only occasionally and accidentally, to drop in at those hours in which the Baron was absent; but in a short time Clotilde discovered it was at such times only that he seemed delighted with her society. She reproached herself with not having earlier opposed and discouraged his growing passion. She could not but be conscious that she had deviated almost too much from her former harsh conduct towards him. Yet, said she, excusing herself, how could I afterwards have begun

to discourage an attachment, which from its unpretending delicacy, seemed, and seems to this hour, deserving not merely of pardon, but of gratitude.

Her goodness of heart led her to remove everything that could give the Colonel a pang. She had remarked that a ring with Eschenburg's portrait was hateful to him, and she avoided wearing it in his presence. Her gratitude for his good opinion shewed itself in a thousand similar observances, which, however innocent they were in themselves, nevertheless tended naturally to fan the Colonel's flame.

One favour only he had begged of her, namely, the liberty of calling her by her Christian name, and, for the very reason that it was his only request, she considered that she ought to grant it.

The Colonel evidently had long sought an opportunity of giving vent to some powerful feeling that agitated his bosom; this the Baroness perceived and avoided. One day he suddenly surprised her with the following declaration.

"Clotilde," said he, "you must long ago have perceived that my whole existence depends on you." Lady Von Eschenburg was the more startled at this abrupt declaration, as he accompanied it with a passionate grasp of her hand, and she was on the point of withdrawing it, when he continued in a milder tone:—"Let me but speak, Clotilde! This suppression of my feelings has torn my bosom; if it continued longer it must destroy me utterly, and that would surely pain you a little?"

"What would you have, when you know"—here she cast a look at her husband's portrait, which hung over the sofa, "I know—and I request no more than the acceptance of my vows of eternal constancy."

"Impossible, Wartenstein—What return could I make you?"

"Have I then desired a return? Is it not the ravishing thought of the sacrifice that renders me happy—the sacrifice I make for thee? I stand upon the brink of a precipice—your refusal will thrust me headlong down it."

With these words he threw himself at her feet, and, at the same instant Madame Seker entered.

"I disturb you!" exclaimed the lady, startled at the scene before her. "By no means!" cried Clotilde, and the Colonel rising hastily, said, "Pray, Madam, since you have seen so much, do me the favour to decide between us."

Madame Selter being made acquainted with the nature of his suit, replied that the thing was so novel that it required consideration.

"But I request nothing more than the acceptance of a voluntary gift."

"Very possibly: but constancy is a gift, that—according to rule at least—demands a return in kind."

Wartenstein replied in offensive terms, that an extraordinary case could not be decided by a common rule, and it was fortunate that the entrance of the Baron put an end to the discussion, as Clotilde observed to her great regret; that both parties were on the point of launching out into bitter invective.

Von Eschenburg was at a loss what to make of it. His wife's uneasiness, the Colonel's confusion, and Madame Selter's glowing cheeks, involved him in perplexity—could all this be the effect of chance? Add to this that he found it impossible to introduce a topic of conversation—no string that he could touch upon seemed attuned to the humour of the company. The Colonel, unable longer to master his feelings, took a hasty leave and withdrew.

"What is the matter with him?" enquired the Baron.

Fortunately for Clotilde, Madame Selter relieved her from the disagreeable question, by replying, "I got into a dispute with him, and that too about a trifle, as it generally happens."

"For example?"

"Really, I scarcely know how to tell you; and it is not worth repeating."

The Baron was far from being satisfied with this answer, for his wife's confused and restrained behaviour could not escape his notice. However, he deemed it more prudent to leave the room, than to dive further into the cause of dispute, which it seemed they had reason for concealing from him.

"Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed Clotilde. "His eyes struck me like the sword of Justice. But what is to be done, now, my dear?"

"Avoid every thing that may lead you into a similar dilemma."

"And the Colonel?"

"Is, after the pretensions he has advanced to-day, the first to be avoided?"

"But, my dear Selter, is a voluntary sacrifice, then, of itself a pretension?"

"Sacrifices of that kind are somewhat suspicious."

"How little do you know the man!"

"Perhaps better, my dear Clotilde, than your gentle heart knows his flattering mirror. I do not mean to say that Wartenstein is dishonourable, but he gives way to passion, and follows wherever it leads. The charms of every lady become magic snares to him."

"I am now better informed upon that subject, and know how much report calumniate him. However, I will not contradict you, although I might; but pray tell me, what am I to do?"

"Compel him, by a decided coldness on your part, to seek a new amour."

"My dear Selter,—he loves nobody but me, and can love no other."

"You don't know him in the least—the loss of me will be his destruction."

"The loss! then he has already gained your affections?"

"No, not so—I love Von Eschenburg sincerely, but—"

"No *but*, my dear! I will leave you to your own reflections on your duty, which demands unconditional obedience, and will admit of no wavering."

The deep impression which this remonstrance made upon Clotilde, was shewn when the Colonel returned soon after Madame Selter's departure. He pressed more warmly than before, for her decision—Clotilde disengaged her hand and retreated a few steps backwards—"You are acquainted with the relations in which I stand, and you, as the friend of the family, ought to be the last to think of destroying them."

"Destroy them, did you say? My wish is, on the contrary, to lighten them."

"Who told you that they were oppressive to me?"

"How often, Clotilde, have I

watched you, when your moist eye was turned to heaven, as if to ask what crime you had been guilty of, that your tender feelings were committed to such ungentle keeping? How often have I perceived that your most reasonable wishes found resistance, where they ought to have been anticipated with rapture! It is no consolation to you then to know that there exists a being who understands you better—who, had fortune created him a heaven on earth, by bestowing you on him, would certainly not have extinguished your sublimest feelings with an ice-cold philosophy—a man, who, wherever he lives, lives but for thee; who feels ten-thousand-fold every pang that seizes thee, and who, since he has enjoyed thy intercourse, finds joy only in thy loved presence.”

“And if it were, Wartenstein, that I prized your goodness, I would surely not be cruel enough to accept a promise of constancy, which, under existing circumstances, could be so little conducive to your happiness.”

“Heaven has long since accepted my vow, with many others of renouncement. I desire only your *approval*, which, closely examined, is nothing more than the acknowledgment that you deem my love equally disinterested and unperishable. For I swear—”

Here the servant interrupted the scene, by announcing a visitor. In vain the Colonel hoped for her departure: Monosyllabic as the conversation was, the lady stayed even after he was gone, and till the Baron returned.

When the husband and wife were left alone, the former asked Clotilde what ailed her, and his visible sympathy affected her so much, that she gathered confidence, and acquainted him with the Colonel's conduct, taking care, however, to suppress every circumstance that might offend him.

“And how do you mean to decide?” enquired the husband, at length, after changing colour several times.

“It is upon that point that I desire your advice, my dear.”

“There are but two ways. Total separation—either from your lover or your husband.”

“Oh, Eschenburg! how can you name the second?”

“Because you overlooked the first, and most palpable alternative.”

“But, my love, sighed Clotilde—poor Wartenstein.”

“Mention not that name again, unless you are resolved to prefer the man: I don't know how he first came into our house.”

“But I know,” said Clotilde, in the softest tone, taking her husband's hand as she spoke.

“Am I to hear reproaches even now? At that time propriety was concerned. I have remarked how this man has exerted all his powers to gain a footing here, and at this moment I discern clearly all the thousand preparatory steps that have led to this dishonour. He who makes a promise of love requires a like return, and conceals his expectation no longer than until he is sure of his object. From this hour my house will be closed to him, and you will decide whether, under these circumstances, you will for the future consider it as *yours*.”

“Eschenburg!” exclaimed Clotilde, and would have folded him in her arms—but he stepped back saying,—“I now require a decision, and not a caress. Shall I announce to him, in writing, that he is henceforth the master here, or shall I give you the keys until our legal separation can be effected?” Clotilde opened the secretaire, and begged him only not to forget the invalid in writing to the Colonel.

“Be under no uneasiness—I shall not waste a word upon him.”

The Baron wrote—“At my wife's request I hereby desire that you will never again pass the threshold of our house.” Clotilde turned pale as she perused the billet, and her husband said while closing it, “I must say, ‘at your request’—your own honour demands it. And yet one thing more!” continued he, “I desire that every letter which may find its way to you from his hand, shall be delivered over to me unopened; this I owe to my own honour.”

Clotilde consented, weeping, and entreated only that he should make no secret to her of the contents of such letters.

The Colonel wrote the following in answer—“The sentence of death which your Lady has pronounced upon me, I have just received.”

"The ridiculous hero of romance!" exclaimed the Baron angrily.

"But, suppose now that he should,"—rejoined Clotilde who was near swooning away.

"Suppose! then the world would contain one fool the less."

With these words, pronounced harshly enough, he left the room.

An hour afterwards Clotilde sought her husband in his study—"Here is a letter to me," said she presenting one to him.

"How received?"—"Through his servant."

Von Eschenburg opened the letter and read:

"Gracious Lady! I may have caused you uneasiness, therefore these lines. Whatever may become of me, no blame shall attach to you. You have rejected the verbal assurance of my constancy; therefore I now repeat, that I dedicate it to you for ever, and will rather part with life, than receive my happiness from any other female's hand. Adieu! The horses which are to bear me away, are harnessed to my carriage. May happiness attend you!"

"A pleasant journey!" cried the Baron. "That resolution shows, however, that his love has not robbed him of all his reason. The rest is to be proved."

Clotilde shook her head with a sigh.

Lady Von Eschenburg passed a sleepless night. In her dreams she beheld the Colonel committing in various ways the dreadful act of suicide. She roused herself, and every thing in the chamber that could rattle, as wardrobes, tables, and the like, gave the most decisive tokens of an approaching death. "Alas! he certainly died last night!" sighed she in the morning to the four desolate walls of her chamber. "And all for love of me." No sooner was breakfast over than she threw on her mantle, and hurried to her friend Madame Selter.

The latter was rejoiced to hear what had happened.

"But my peace of mind," cried Clotilde—

"—what, my dear, could in no other be preserved to you; for they have claim to it, who know how respect the relations of civilized life."

Upon that the Baroness related

the story of her dreams, and the tokens of death.

"Tokens! Alas, child, how long have you been so superstitious?—Nay, you will become a ghost-seer presently."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Heaven will forbid it; and heaven, as well as your own reason, forbids you to give the vein to your imagination, as you did last night, for otherwise it may come even to that; and truly it is bad enough to hear tables and chairs talk."

Clotilde confessed that she had now not much faith in the tokens, and Madame Selter kindly undertook to make enquiries respecting the Colonel's residence and mode of life, and conscientiously impart the result to her friend.

However, unfortunately all her endeavours proved entirely fruitless; not a soul knew which road he had taken after the first post. Clotilde was inconsolable; her husband tried every thing that was likely to dissipate her grief and anxiety; but without effect. Society produced as little change in her as solitude; although the latter sometimes, and particularly at night, brought with it new tokens and warnings, which she dared not communicate to any body in the house, for none but the most incredulous of Adam's children had abode there.

The continued depression of the Lady of the house gradually cast a gloom over each member of the family. At length, however, the arrival of an old university friend of the Baron's, who came unexpectedly to pay them a visit, produced another agreeable evening.

Clotilde confessed, when Von West was gone, that his wit and humour had very much contributed to dispel, for a time, the heavy clouds which darkened her spirit; and the Baron went early the following morning to repeat so pressing his request that his friend would make his house his home, that he could no longer resist his entreaties.

The inexhaustible fund of entertainment which their new inmate possessed, quickly brought about a favourable change in the Baroness; he had so many anecdotes to relate, and had the art of giving an interest to the most trivial. "My whole family," said he, one day when they were praising his constant flow of

spirits, "possess the same; and if my sister be not grown too sentimental, through a love affair of which she has just informed me by letter, you shall soon be acquainted with a charming sprightly lass, whom I should feel disposed to marry myself, if she were not my sister. Immediately after the nuptials, she will repair hither with her husband—I hope he will not turn out a churl, or if he is, I will not rest until I have separated them, or I'll shoot him through the head—for I'll not have my family blood adulterated with any thing gross and dull."

A circumstance, however, soon occurred, which overthrew at once all that improvement in Clotilde's mind, which the visitor's sprightliness had brought about. A story which obtained currency in the neighbourhood was the occasion of it. The attachment of a young lady to a man beneath her in rank and fortune had been discovered by her relatives, and all intercourse between the parties consequently stopped. The lady had wisely opened her ears and understanding to the remonstrances of her friends, but the young lover took the disappointment so much to heart, that he fell into a violent fever which put an end to his torments. Almost every night since his death, he appeared to his cruel mistress clothed in white and with threatening gestures. The ghost was not intimidated by the number of persons who sat up with her all night—but continued his troublesome visits, and followed her from chamber to chamber. Horror, grief, and deprivation of sleep, threatened the poor maiden with premature death.

This was the story told and attested by numbers of *soi-disant* eye-witnesses, and it produced a violent effect upon the romantic Baroness. In her own opinion she was far more blameable than the persecuted maiden, and the latter had the consolation of knowing that she had only broken off an unworthy attachment, and that the lover received only the punishment due to his presumption. "But what was Wartenstein's crime? Is it not the extreme of cruelty," said she to herself, "to reject the most disinterested offer of love, and to deny a man the house, merely for having made such an offer? and ought I to have let a husband's authority go

E. M. March, 1825.

so far, as to make me deliver over an innocent mortal to the most horrible of deaths, because he possessed a heart for me, yet a heart devoid of guile, and even disowning all pretensions to my love? Thus Clotilde argued; for that Wartenstein would not survive his banishment from her society, she was as fully convinced as of her own existence. The circumstance that no person could give any intelligence of the Colonel, raised her dark forebodings to certainty. She at last, however, persuaded herself that he might have returned back to the city, under an assumed name, in order to be as near her as possible, and there contrive his death.

She passed a dreadful night; for it occurred to her, before she fell asleep, that the Colonel had frequently expressed himself in admiration of the character of Werther; her dream, therefore, presented her lover to her in the act of preparing for his long journey. She strove by screaming aloud to prevent the fatal touch of the trigger, but her voice failed her, and at the same instant the report of the dreadful pistol awoke her out of her disordered slumber.

Clotilde rang up the servants. "Go down, instantly, and see what is the matter out of doors!" cried she with a pale and distorted countenance, and sank back upon her pillow. The Baron, awakened by the noise, desired to know the meaning of this singular behaviour.

"You will know all," said his lady, "when the servants return. Oh God! that I should have submitted, like a child, to your outrageous demand!"

"What demand?" "Have but patience, you will hear all."

The servants now came up, and assured their mistress that they had discovered nothing at all in the street. "Oh! yes, Wartenstein, the unhappy Wartenstein, has been making an attempt on his life close by our door."

"How do you know that improbable fact?" demanded the husband in a distant and ironical tone.

"I know it," ascribed it to a presentiment, or a dream, or what you will—it is enough that I saw the unhappy youth distinctly, and heard the report of the pistol with my own ears."

"And the servants, who are neither in a dream, nor under the influence of

superstition, have been below, and have discovered no trace whatever of such an occurrence."

"May he not, after the commission of the dreadful act, have dragged himself away a street or two? Alas! if he could be saved!"

"We will not lose our reputation as people of sound mind by making such a search, or keep the servants longer from their beds, since they have been uselessly disturbed."

With these words the Baron laid himself down.

Clotilde arose and began to dress herself, but her husband told her, somewhat harshly, that if the fever of her imagination led to such unheard of exploits, he should be compelled to lock his doors. This he, in fact, caused to be done.

Clotilde complained aloud, and could not comprehend how want of feeling could rise to such a pitch.

In the morning she betrayed no disposition at all to rise from her bed. The physician, who was called in, found her pulse in a very feverish motion. Her husband implored her to take the prescribed remedies; the doctor's opinion had so roused his sensibility that he seldom quitted her bedside.

"And have you heard nothing yet of his death?" inquired she.

Von Eschenburgh replied in the negative.

"Do not disguise the truth!"

"Certainly not, my love," replied the affectionate husband.

"In bed!" exclaimed Madame Selter, who came to make a morning call.

"A sudden fever," said the Baron, who was just at that instant called away.

"Don't believe it, my dear Selter," said Clotilde. "But pray tell me, have you heard any thing? Wartenstein?"

"Yes, I am come to tell you."

"Alas! I know all already."

"Well, I am told that he lives not far from here."

"Nonsense! Would it were so!"

"Why surely, and, moreover, is very happy in a new amour."

Clotilde withdrew her hand and turned away. "Wretched delusions!" cried she. "I perceive that you have been fetched to restrain me, as a maniac with fabricated stories. Believe me, I know too well, that he died last night—here too, in this very town."

"Last night!" Madame Selter recollected the fever that the Baron had mentioned, and deemed it prudent to avoid contradicting the invalid; That is something new, however!"

"Is nothing then really known in the town of his violent death?"

"I come from his sisters, who had not heard a syllable about it, but on the contrary told me what I say."

"Apropos! There is some news!" said the Baron entering just then.

"The papers announce that Wartenstein has got married."

Clotilde turned herself again to the wall, and could not be prevailed upon to hear or speak a word. After Madame Selter had quitted the chamber, shaking her head pensively, she again turned her face and said—"I know not why you suppose me capable of so much credulity."

"The paper will be here in half an hour to convince you."

"Here, my dear Clotilde," said Eschenburgh shortly after, presenting her the paper. She took it, and read:

"To-day is the first day of our happy union.

MORITZ FRAUG VON WARTENSTEIN,
LEOPOLDINE VON WARTENSTEIN.

formerly VON LANDAU."

"The Christian names agree. It's not amiss, but it is all in vain!" exclaimed Clotilde laying down the journal.

"In vain! Why do you suppose the whole is fabricated? When and wherefore? On account of your indisposition this morning, I suppose, when the paper was printed the day before yesterday!"

"But perhaps reprinted this morning here such deceptions have lost their novelty."

"Clotilde, what strange infatuation is this?" cried the Baron with an expression that she could not misunderstand. "Well, then, somebody has made a bad jest at Wartenstein's expense. Examples of that kind, too, are frequent enough." "But why not credit at once what is the most likely case? Clotilde, I almost fear that your heart will deeply feel this step of Wartenstein's."

"My heart! Indeed, Eschenburgh, you do my heart a great injustice.—I could go mad with joy if he had married; and thus restore my peace of mind for ever. But, alas! the occur-

rences of the past might be too memorable, and if it were only an illusion that represented his death to me, yet I am firmly persuaded that it was one of those illusions which are called death-tokens, and that a marriage would be the last thing to follow it.

The Baroness had no sooner risen and joined her husband in the breakfast room, than West came in laughing with the news of the elucidation of the ghost story, which had first imbued Clotilde's mind with these presentiments; an elucidation, however, which was not particularly agreeable to her credulous caprice. The whole proved to be a deception carried on by the two lovers, for there was no more foundation for the report of the man's death, than for that of his persecuting the lady in the shape of a ghost, and the women who watched by her were bribed to their interest.—

"That is quite a new piece of news," added West, "but now for an old one, which I have also received this morning." With that he drew an open letter from his pocket. "Half an hour ago this billet was sent to me, after having lain for a fortnight enclosed in a letter to a lady resident here, but who has been absent on a journey. It is from my sister, who at length acquaints me with the name of her bridegroom. The man has a residence in this city, and she writes me that he has already confessed to a great many juvenile indiscretions; but nevertheless, she is willing to undertake the task of his reform. What will a maiden in love not venture on? Apropos! he is an acquaintance of yours, and has visited you very recently. I should be delighted if you would acquaint me with the particulars of a few of his pranks, that I may put them into verse, and send it to him. But you don't imagine, I dare say, that it is Colonel Von Wartenstein whom my sister is to marry, or doubtless has married by this time."

"Then you, my dear West, are also

a party in the scheme of counteracting my too well-grounded apprehensions. Well, I am only at a loss to imagine why there is such a want of consistency in your preconcerted reports."

"Bless me, Madam, I have lost all power of comprehension!" cried West. "I know not whether my ears still possess the faculty of distinguishing sounds. A scheme to counteract your apprehensions!"

"Aye, a scheme full of inconsistencies. According to your account your sister is Wartenstein's bride, while the latest journals give her quite a different name."

"What! do the papers already make mention of the name?"

"Yes, but according to that authority, as you will see, the Colonel has married a Fraulein von Landau," said the Baron.

"Well, well! I thought you were aware that she is my half-sister, the daughter of my mother's second husband."

West handed the letter to Clotilde, who instantly becoming convinced of the truth, at last grew instantly tranquil, and explained to him the meaning of her mysterious assertion. It led to a thousand jokes, sometimes touching the death-tokens, sometimes the early occasions of Wartenstein's familiarity with the family. "Well, it is a fortunate conclusion after all," said Clotilde, when alone with her husband. "From this moment, Eschenburg, I will never take up a novel in your presence."

"Or, if you should, and the volume should fall upon the floor, I will instantly pick it up for you."

"If you had not been so gallant to the lovely Countess on the following evening!"

"True, my love, I was to blame."

"But who will not forget all in the happy conclusion?"

W. S.

RURALIZING.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves—Oh! a fine grove of chimneys for me.

SHENSTONE was certainly a pretty pastoral writer, and Thomson's Seasons are delightfully rural; but for my part, give me Captain Morris, he was the poet after my own heart, united judgment with genius, and with him I exclaim, again and again, "Oh! a fine grove of chimneys for me!"

You must know, gentle reader, that I am a downright cockney, yea, thorough and legitimate, strictly born within sound of Bow bells and most substantially convinced, in defiance of all conviction, that London is the largest, the richest, the best built, the most convenient, the most civilized, the most salubrious, the most—in short, the only place in the world! and any one wearing indispensables, who dares to contradict me, (provided it be a single person, I war not with the fair sex,) I hereby challenge to single combat, and have accordingly left my name with the publisher, who has most obligingly consented in such a case to be my second. I am persuaded no half-pay officer can detest the sight of his tailor's bill more than I do the green fields, and I have no hesitation in affirming that I would rather vegetate in the closest court in the Temple all the dog-days, than luxuriate in all the pomp and circumstance of highland costume, and mountains of heather, forests of fir, foaming cataracts, the Tomb of Claverhouse, and the Cave of Fingal. Yes, such, O ye Caledonian Society! is my taste, and such likewise was the taste of the great Samuel Johnson, I glory in proclaiming it!

I am a bachelor also. Heaven be praised for all things!—and as I detest the restraints and annoyances incurred by residing in a lodging house, or a family, especially where there are children, I have for the last fifteen years constantly lived in chambers. It is true, it might have been otherwise, but Miss Belinda Blubber—Heaven be

praised, as I said before, for all things! thought proper to refuse me, and I have been remarkably obliged to her ever since. She made poor Bonus a happy man soon after, and I have the inexpressible satisfaction to know that he has been, as Sir Peter Teazle expresses it, "the most miserable dog ever since."

With such ideas, such prejudices, I don't know how it was, but certain it is, that about three months ago, I was ass enough to accept an invitation to a friend's in Cumberland, a married man, mark ye! with a plentiful family, who vowed he would take no excuse; that I had long promised to favour him, and that he was delighted in the assurance that I should find myself so exceedingly happy in his *little Paradise*, as he called it, as to be induced to prolong my visit. Happy, ye groves of the Temple! ye bowers of single blessedness! Happy two hundred and eighty long miles from your bewitching shades! The idea was sacrilege! and sufficiently punished was I for following it.

But to proceed. After a most fatiguing and tiresome journey in the mail, during which, by the bye, it rained incessantly, and I was opposed to a Colonel in the Life Guards, whose unconquerable long legs annoyed me exceedingly, I arrived at my destination. Now, as I never take people by surprise, as well for their convenience as my own, I had apprized my friend of the precise hour he might expect me, hinting at the same time, that after I had made my *toilette*, a comfortable wick-nack or two, with a bottle of his best bee's wings, would not be particularly unacceptable. Vain precaution! my letter lay unopened on the table of the most cheerless apartment I ever entered, my friend had been from home these two days, was not expected until morning, and, as the devil would have it! had

the key of the cellar in his pocket. His wife, however, in a most deplorable *deshabille*, at length made her appearance, and after a thousand apologies for the pickle I had caught them in, informed me it was *washing day*! that there was nothing in the house, and that the butcher lived six miles off. However, she would do the best she could, and ordering a slipshod Abigail to show me into a room, where there was neither water, towel, nor soap, left me to contrive ways and means—for a guest I could easily perceive she wished at the Antipodes, for disturbing them so unseasonably. I shall not expatiate on the repast which followed. Few are ignorant of the delights of a family dinner in the suds' season. I shall merely observe that there was a stained table cloth, second-hand mutton, cape madeira, no port, and nine noisy urchins, ye gods! by way of dessert. Well! of all annoyances, sure the most annoying is the absurd custom of introducing children after dinner. At such a period their ways are to me any thing but winning. Their presence is a bar to all conversation, and one is forced by complaisance to notice the little wretches, when oftentimes—God forgive me!—But as I said before, I am a bachelor, and heaven be praised for all things!

The next morning, as expected, my friend returned; and after expressing his regret for being so unseasonably absent, and giving me a most cordial welcome, proposed, as the day was fine, that we should stroll to a neighbouring mountain, and enjoy the scenery. It was but seven miles, and though the road was somewhat of the roughest, and the ascent a little difficult, yet it was richly worth the trouble. Accordingly off we set, scramble, scramble—now up precipices, now through brambles, at one time leaping a torrent, at another clinging to a fuzzy bush, and all beneath the scorching influence of a meridian sun. At length, panting with heat, with an awkward aperture in the seat of my nankens, and one foot tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, we reached the wished for summit, and were about to reap the reward of our exertions in the enjoyment of a *coup d'air*, which my friend assured me was universally admitted by all connoisseurs in the picturesque to be surpassingly sub-

lime. May be so. I had no opportunity of judging. Ere we could cast eyes around, a dingy cloud enveloped us, and instantly bursting, soaked us to the skin. This to a rheumatic subject was no joke. I by no means considered a shower bath administered in a glowing perspiration as a judicious prescription, and fearful of the consequences, immediately began to desecnd. In vain my companion opposed me, in vain protested it was clearing, and that in a few minutes the scene would burst upon us with double splendour from the effect of contrast. I persisted in returning, and on reaching my chamber, tossed off a bumper of *curacao*, and instantly went to bed, most particularly wishing all prospects at the devil, and my friend there to enjoy them. And here I swear by Gog and Magog! the Giants of St. Dunstan! the Grasshopper of Cornhill! and the Dragon of Bow! that while there are pinoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, naturamas, or any other *amas*, I will never go beyond the bills of mortality again to behold the finest prospect in the universe!

The effects of this cursed expedition confined me for a week. Mercy upon us! what drenchings did I undergo!—what “never ending still beginning” slops did I swallow! One would have thought my body the Augean stable, and my apothecary Hercules, who turned a river through it. This rascal, whom I grievously suspect to be a horse doctor, was determined to make the most of me, and what with powders, draughts, and boluses, aided by the ever ready broths, wheys, and gruels of my indefatigable hostess, I began to think in sober earnest that perpetual motion was discovered. Would this had been my sole annoyance! But unfortunately my friend took it into his head that I should be low-spirited without society, and notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, persisted in giving me as much of his company as possible. Heavens! to what everlasting details was I obliged to listen! all about dogs, and horses, and ploughing matches, and vestry meetings! Subjects as interesting to me as craniology to an Esquimaux, or an outspan lecture to Jack Randall. At night too, just as I had recovered my exhaustion of spirits, and had lost my sorrows in a re-

freshing slumber, so sure was I to be disturbed by the squalls of the infant in the nursery adjoining, these awoke the rest of the urchins, who sympathetically joined in chorus, and in the concert that followed, at which the great dog in the yard invariably assisted, I would have defied Morpheus himself, after a double dose of poppy water, to have "steeped his senses in forgetfulness."

But health and aggravated miseries awaited me. We were invited, on my recovery, to take a family dinner at a neighbouring gentleman's. We were to come early, to make a long day of it, and as we had some distance to go, off we set, soon after breakfast, my hostess with two of the children and myself wedged into the whisky, while her *spasa*, on a superb hunter, full of spirit, and action, and with difficulty held in, curvetted by our side. We had not proceeded far, when one of the wheels, I forget which it is called, the *near one*, or otherwise—no great matter—it was on the right looking towards the horses, by some accident or other, suddenly encountered a post; a circumstance which so alarmed the lady, and gave her so bad an opinion of my skill in driving, that she instantly insisted upon my changing places with her husband, or she was certain the poor dear little ones would be killed. To vacate my seat I had no objection, to mount Plantagenet an insuperable one. To be sure I had sported equestrian before; but then it was either on a donkey at Brighton, or a hack at Hastings, very different style of animals, let me tell you, to Plantagenet. Plantagenet! What a name! There was something appalling in the very sound of it! Accordingly after resigning the reins to my friend, I seized my Bucephalus by the bridle, and keeping him at a respectable distance, prepared to trudge it. But to this my companions would by no means consent. A visitor, and suffered to walk! The thing was impossible! perfectly inadmissible! I must either ride, or positively they would all keep me company. So finding resistance would be unavailing, and in all probability betray my fears, I even put a bold face upon the matter, and placing my foot in the stirrup, mounted the saddle, alas! with about much the same sensations, I suspect, as a criminal does the gallows. Oh! fatal

step! Oh! climax of temerity! Even now, when I reflect on its degrading consequences, my blood burns with indignation, and my cheeks with shame. Oh! why did I—surpassing ass that I was!—quit my comfortable chambers, all their joys, conveniences, and luxuries! my morning paper, my protracted breakfast, my delicious idleness, my evening steak, my iced sports!—My chair too, my easy chair, that invention of inventions! within whose swan's down embraces even kings might sink, and amid the respect-d solitude of sported oak, repose, and dream of heaven! But I forget, I am at present sixteen hands and a half high, perched upon this cursed quadruped, more unmanageable than the Bonassus, and foaming at the mouth—heaven defend us! like a pot of porter.

I had scarcely attained this unwished for elevation, when, as some Zaniel willed it, a view-hollow struck on my affrighted ear, and in a few minutes the fox, followed by the leading hounds, and huntsmen, appeared in the ploughed field on our right. To clear the hedge, and dart among the foremost, was with Plantagenet the work of a moment, and in an agony of fear, with my hands mechanically fixed on the mane, and my heels insinuated into the poor animal's sides, I was soon borne beyond all competition, though not, alas! before the master of the hunt, enraged at my apparent presumption, had bestowed a hearty cut with his whip on my unfortunate *corpus*, as it passed him. I must decline further particulars. Any one in the neighbourhood of Keswick can narrate them. Indeed, I am given to understand that a certain Lake Poet, remarkable alike for his simplicity and pathos, is now actually employed on the subject, and will, I have great hopes, in a few weeks favour us with a fresh excursion, which will, of course, in a considerable degree console me for my disgrace. Suffice it, after swimming three rivers, clearing a double hedge, to the unspeakable astonishment of a location of gypsies beneath, and dashing through a crowded market place, to the utter discomfiture of divers ducks, pigs, and old women, I was at length safely deposited, to my inexpressible satisfaction, in the welcome embraces of a horsepond.

Illustrious Gilpin! connubial Trun-
 nion! and thou devoted *sufferer* of
 Brentford! say! can *your* exploits
 compete with this?—No, no, I know,
 I feel that I am the very bathos of the
 ridiculous, the ass of asses! Amid
 shouts of laughter, insulting pity, and
 ironical congratulation, I sneaked to
 an adjoining inn, and after inditing a
 hasty epistle to my friend, and con-
 signing the unconscious cause of my
 misfortune to the care of the landlord,
 shot into a chaise by the back door,
 and in eight and forty hours reached
 London.

City of cities! Paragon of paragons!
 Emporium of all that is great and
 good, and joyous and magnificent, the
 abode of luxury, and monopolizer of
 enjoyment, all hail! Welcome, thrice
 welcome is thy bidious atmosphere! I
 venerate the sooty smack of it. It
 steals over my delighted senses like
 “the sweet south,” and if ever again
 I break thy halcyon bounds, may a
 slutish wife, thirteen children, and a
chitlage rule on the wrong side of
 Tyburn turnpike, be my portion.

E. B.

THE NINE.

Calliope's too grand for me;
 Euterpe sets me weeping;
 Wild Erato too well I know;
 And Clio sets me sleeping.

Terpsichore! Melpomene!
 Why, one's bad as t'other;
This is too sad; and *that's* half mad,—
 All bustle, noise, and sinother.

Polyhymnia talks; Thalia quirks;
 And both of them *too much*;
 Urania's old as earth, and cold
 As any sea star's touch.

Therefore, until some bard's high will
 Creates *another* Muse,
I must write prose; for, out of *those*,
 No patroness I'll chuse.

BION'S THIRD IDYL.

As I lay slumbering, Venus came upon me,
 The infant Cupid in her fair hand bringing,
 And thus imposed a gentle mandate on me,—
 “Good shepherd! take this child, and teach him singing.”
 This said, she vanished. And I—without thought—
 All my old ditties to the bright boy taught:
 How *Pan* first woke the reed, Pallas the flute,
 Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
 But soon, for little-reck'd he of my lore,
 He, in his turn, warbled me sweetly o'er
 Such tales of mortal and of deathless flame,
 And all the magic of his mother's name,
 That my own lessons I forgot or spurn'd,
 While softer, heav'nlier ones of *him* I learn'd.

G. N.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Memoirs of Joseph Fouché, Duke of Otranto, Minister of the General Police of France. Translated from the French. 2 vols. 8vo. Charles Knight.

The lively interest excited by the announcement of Fouché's Memoirs, has not been disappointed by their actual appearance. If he told the truth, it was thought we should obtain some important disclosures of the means by which his imperial master rose to power, and those intrigues which accelerated his downfall; and the contents of the present volumes unfold more of the arcana of state intrigue than we could even have anticipated from such a deep proficient. It will doubtless be enquired, what guarantee we have for the authenticity of these memoirs, since they have been impeached by his own family, and have been loudly denounced as falsehoods by his enemies; we boldly answer that the internal evidence is sufficient to convince the most sceptical enquirer, that though there are many things omitted that were derogatory to the present Royal Family of France which Fouché did know of, and concerning which he had damning documents in his possession, yet there are numberless incidents explained, of which none knew the real truth but Fouché himself.—That some things have been added, and very many suppressed by the French editors, cannot admit the shadow of a doubt. We feel notwithstanding, a strong feeling of confidence in their general truth; and if any doubt could arise of their actual allegations, it would be chiefly from the admissions which the *ex-devant* Minister makes against himself. He excuses his conduct, it is true, by the difficult circumstances in which he was placed, endeavours to shew that all his efforts were exerted solely to pacify the fury of contending factions, and that in short, he did not do one single act that was not intended for the benefit of his country. It is evident by his own shewing that he betrayed the Directory to Bonaparte, and that he would have attempted a repetition of the same

system on his wily chief, if he had thought such conduct suitable to his personal advantage. It must at the same time be admitted, that with the exception of his conduct during the reign of terror, he seems at no period of his influence to have displayed a cruel or sanguinary propensity, and that he softened, as far as lay in his power, the harshness of the measures he was forced to adopt as the Police Minister of Napoleon. To him were the emigrants chiefly indebted for their return to their country; and though all his predilections ran in favour of the republicans, he seems to have employed the power of which he was possessed impartially towards both parties, in preventing either from becoming dangerous to the Government. He views things wholly through the camera obscura of a police minister's portfolio—has not the slightest idea of quelling discontent by lenity and conciliation, or of rendering the people desirous as well as worthy of a good government by the freedom of public discussion. With all the jargon of the revolutionary era, his notion of popular rights is about as just as that of a Turkish Pasha. "You shall have full power to vote and speak as you please—nothing can be more just—but your votes and speeches must always agree with my own opinion." Wherever obnoxious measures are to be explained, he magnanimously throws the whole blame on his late master, or on his great enemy, Talleyrand, who, Proteus-like, avoided compromising his repose in the doubtful interregnum of 1815, and thus threw into the shade the services of the pilot who ran the ship amidst the breakers, though these very services—namely, unbounded and unparalleled treachery—were chiefly instrumental in paving the way for the reign of Louis XVIII. to his vacant throne. After a rigorous struggle with the royalists and the men of the Revolution, the acute policy of Talleyrand triumphed over the doubtful reputation of the regicide, who was forced into exile like his brother republican, the ex-minister Carnot. His posthu-

meous memoirs contain a defence of his conduct wherever he thought it defensible, and an explanation or palliation of every thing that seemed too gross even for Fouché's boldness of assertion. We have at all times been surprised at the singular openness and daring with which French politicians have asserted the most notorious falsehoods—and never were we more surprised than at the numberless memoirs and explanations which the year 1815, (the year of *girouettes*, in Parisian parlance) brought forth to the astonished eyes of the public. We must in some measure acquit Fouché of this boldness, for he has thought proper to slur over his famous visit to Nantes in 1793 in a very ambiguous manner, and we feel no inclination for hunting for proofs of his deep implication in the horrible proceedings of that era of blood and devastation. We may mention, however, that his ferocity of language remains on record in the bloody columns of the *Moniteur*; but he himself asserts, and we partly believe it to be a fact, that the acts of atrocity he therein boasts of having committed, are to be taken with a very liberal allowance, as the violent agents of the Convention made it a practice (as a proof of their zeal) to exaggerate the cruelties they committed in spreading the influence of republican terror over the provinces. With these early performances of the embryo minister, we shall not now detain our readers; but proceed to give a brief abstract from the present volumes of political life, such as he himself holds it forth, and not as he is described by the exaggerated statements of his enemies. His own admissions are sufficiently criminatory without the attacks of his rivals. It must at the same time be admitted, that we are yet too near the times in which those events took place, that too many of the actors still survive, and above all, that the influence of the present government of France is too powerful in repressing correct knowledge of the facts, for us to obtain "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, concerning the great events of the Revolution.—We proceed to our sketch:

Joseph Fouché was born at Nantes of a respectable family, and so distinguished himself in early life that he became Prefect of the Collège before the Revolution. In the year 1792 he was elected by the inhabitants of his

E. M. March, 1825.

native city as their representative in the National Convention. He immediately made himself conspicuous among the violent republicans, saved (he says) by his own and his colleagues' energy his country from ruin, and voted for the death of Louis XVI.—because "his life was incompatible with the existing order of things."—"In politics (he adds) even atrociousness itself may produce a salutary effect." And truly he seems to have carried this principle into effect in his subsequent career. Though he was several months employed on a mission to the south, his violent proclamations did not shield him from the anger of Robespierre, or from the hatred of the Jacobins, who expelled him from their society. Having ascertained that he was put in the lists of proscription, along with Tallien, Legendre, Dubois du Crance, Danton, and Chénier, he was forced for many months to adopt the most miserable disguises; but by the assistance of the other destined victims of the despot, he succeeded in sapping his power, and finally in sending him to the guillotine. On this occasion, he says with great simplicity, as if he had been surprised at the novelty—"What took place after Robespierre's downfall?—That which we have seen to have been the case after a fall still more memorable. Those who were the most abject before the decemvir, could, after his death, find no expression strong enough to express their detestation of his tyranny." A striking view of French honour and French versatility! When the Directory was formed, in spite of his former services, Fouché was totally neglected, though supported by the interest of that mock statesman and theatrical director, Barras; but he found means at last of obtaining a share in the government contracts, which laid the foundation of his future fortune. It is well known how government contracts were managed in France in the time of the Directory—how a share was worth from two to three hundred thousand pounds; and we easily appreciate the venality and boundless extravagance of the Republican system by reverting to a very opposite, and striking, and, at the same time, ancient example—that of the *Munitionnaire General Ourdard* in 1823, who made more than two millions sterling in a six months campaign! Such were the practices in

France in 1797.—Such are the practices in 1825! While Fouché was picking up the crumbs of comfort that fell in his way, another revolution took place in the Directory by the direct interference of Augereau's soldiers, who enabled the ruling faction to send off into exile (to the swamps of Cayenne!) all his *deputies*, consuls, generals, and public *writers* whom they thought hostile to their cause. To add to the beauties of the popular representation, the elections of 49 departments (the half of France) were declared null.—Like other patriots, Fouché was now provided for, by being appointed Ambassador to the *Cisalpine Republic*, a new tributary government, founded by Bonaparte in the north of Italy, consisting of Austrian Lombardy, the Modenese, Bologna, and part of the continental territory of the Venetians. In the meanwhile the Directory had dispatched Bonaparte to Egypt, by the advice of Talleyrand, says our author, who maintains, that they were desirous of removing him from France, and exposing both his reputation and his life to hazardous contingencies.—Having made some changes in the government of the Cisalpine Republic, which did not accord with the views of the leading Directors, Fouché was obliged to leave his embassy and return to Paris, where new changes were weekly and almost daily occurring. By the assistance of Barras and Sieyès, he was sent as Ambassador to Holland. He there formed an intimacy with the Commander-in-Chief, General Brune, and *cordially agreed* with him in sharing the profits of their situation—namely, in selling licenses for the importation of English goods into the Dutch ports. Of course he sold the licences merely for the good of his country, and Brune, he says, “kept our troops firm in their obedience, by shutting his eyes to the carrying on of a contraband trade, indispensable to prevent the ruin of the country.” The Directory at home, finding themselves harrassed by the opposition of the Council and of the War Minister, Bernadotte, recalled Fouché to Paris, for the purpose of superintending the supreme police of France. The following are his reflections—and they are natural enough to an ex-police Minister—upon the high importance of his functions:—

* The Crown was lost in 1690 from the

mere incapacity of the high police, the directors of it at that time not being able to penetrate the conspiracies and plots which threatened royalty. The first pledge for the safety of any government whatever is a vigilant police, under the directions of firm and enlightened ministers. The difficulties of the high police are immense, whether it has to operate in the combinations of a representative government, so incompatible with whatever is the least arbitrary, and that leaves to the factious legal means with which to execute their projects; or whether it acts in behalf of a more concentrated form of government, aristocratical, directorial, or despotic. In the latter case, the task is the more difficult, for nothing transpires from without; it is in obscurity and mystery that traces must be discovered which only present themselves to enquiring and penetrating glances.”—(page 66.)

Now either discontent is partial or general: if it be partial, arising merely from the wounded interests of a small party, plots and conspiracies may assuredly be prevented by the efforts of a vigilant police; but if the discontent be general, nothing can dispel it but change of measures or a revolution.—Wherever a severe police exists, there revolutions are frequent, not altogether because the police shews the apprehensions of the government, but because the public discontent being pent up for a time, breaks forth with uncontrollable violence the moment an opportunity of vengeance occurs. Had the police not prevented the Parisian public from learning the disasters of their army, it is most certain that the inhabitants would have risen *en masse* to sweep off the invaders from their soil; but in one moment they learned that instead of their troops having obtained victory, there were two hundred thousand foreigners at their gates,—and the throne of Napoleon fell without a struggle. So much for the blessings of police—it debases the people in peace, and unnerves them in war. It is a most unwise, as well as most tyrannical and cruel expedient.

Now burst forth the genius of Fouché from the cloud that had hitherto concealed it. The Jacobins, with all their unrelenting despotism, were but children to him in the war of opinion. He shut up the halls of clubs, dispersed the once powerful Jacobins themselves, quelled the conspiracies in the south, liberated the royalists from prison after binding them to the republican cause by favours and promises, and then sent

them into *La Vendée*, where they soon succeeded in establishing submission to the Government. Soon afterwards he suppressed eleven of the most popular journals, royalist and jacobin, *nullo discrimine*, and, according to his own avowal, arrested the journalists themselves, whom he accuses of "sowing dissension among the citizens, of establishing it by persisting to *suppose* its existence, of blasting private character, *misrepresenting* motives, re-animating factions, and re-kindling animosities." What a charming confusion of ideas! In 1824, we find French journals prosecuted for "a tendency to bring the King's government into disrepute," which shews that the royalist governments of the present day are marching in the footsteps of their republican predecessors!—At this time, the principal enemies of the Directory were Jourdan, the organ of the republicans, and Bernadotte, the leader of the moderate party; but the former had not talent for the task he undertook, and the latter had too much timidity and indecision. Bernadotte was frightened or cajoled into a resignation of his place as war-minister, and every thing had fallen into the utmost confusion, when the arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt threw a new light upon the political arena, and demonstrated that the most-daring competitor would carry the day. His arrival had been carefully preceded by the strenuous exertions of his brothers and friends in his favour, and by the bulletin of the victory of Aouker (over the Turks;) so that from the moment of his landing his great achievements and the critical situation in which the country was placed, excited the most lively enthusiasm in his favour, and in passing through Aix, Avignon, Valence, Vienna, and Lyons, he was hailed by the universal acclamations of the people.

"It might have been supposed (says Fouché) that the universal feeling was that a chief was wanting, and that this chief had arrived under auspices the most fortunate. Upon being announced at Paris in the theatres, the intelligence produced an extraordinary sensation, a universal delirium of joy. Perhaps there might have been something prepared in all this, some concealed impelling power; but the general opinion cannot be controlled, and certainly it was very flattering to this unexpected return of a great man.

From this moment, he appeared to regard himself as a sovereign who had been received as such in his dominions."—Vol. I. p. 92.

Among those who manœuvred very powerfully in his favour, was his wife Josephine, whom Fouché does not esteem very profoundly, as may be judged by his sketch of her character:—

"It is well known by what misjudged profusions [she perpetuated] the disorders and the embarrassments of her family; she was always without a *sous*. The income of 40,000 francs secured to her by Bonaparte before his departure, was insufficient for her; independent of two extraordinary remittances, amounting together to the same sum, which had been sent her from Egypt, in less than one year. Besides this, Barras having recommended her to me, I had included her in the number of those who had *secret pecuniary assistance from the funds arising from gambling licenses*. I gave her with my own hands, one thousand Louis, a ministerial gallantry which completed her favourable opinion of me. Through, her means I obtained much valuable information, for she saw all Paris."—P. 90.

We rather suspect the above paragraph has been added by the *royalist* editors. At any rate, we know that Josephine was universally beloved by the Parisians during the whole period of her influence; and if she was extravagant, it must also be admitted, that she supported many public charitable institutions out of her own private purse, besides giving away large sums in private charity, and was indefatigable in visiting the dwelling of the poor, and in relieving their wants. Thus much common candour forces us to mention. But to return to her husband—

The party of Bonaparte, consisting of his brothers, (one of whom was powerfully efficient), Berthier, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Roederer, Real, Bruix, and the celebrated Talleyrand, soon paralyzed the efforts of Barras and the other talentless members of the government; and by the assistance of the cunning constitution-monger, *Sicys*, soon established in all its purity the blessings of a military government. Though Bonaparte received important aid from Fouché, he was cunning enough, though so young a politician, not to confide all his plans of operation to him, or indeed to any one individual. But he made use

of him to discover the counter-plots of the Directory, and the Police Minister of the Directory told all their secrets to the aspiring general! Finding that Barras was a self-sufficient block-head, Bonaparte soon determined on leaving his party to themselves, and on acting in concert with the friends of Sieyès, who had the simplicity to believe that the victorious and popular general would content himself with the command of the troops, and leave him in undisturbed possession of the civil government. But a wiser than Sieyès was there. Bearnouville, Macdonald, Launes, Murat, and Le Clerc, were active in gaining over the commanders of the troops; while Lucien Bonaparte, Boulay de la Meurthe, Labrun, Cabanis, Lamarquier, Daunou, and in fact all the most eminent members of the council, were devoted to his interests; and none of the men in power were decidedly hostile to a change but the Minister of War, Dubois de Crange, and the two Directors, Gohier and Moulins. The grand blow was struck by the Council of Ancients, removing the two councils to St. Cloud; thus paralyzing their plan of opposition, and leaving them at the mercy of the military faction. Intrigues of the most singular, sometimes of the most ludicrous nature, were entered into, for the sole purpose of engaging the attention of their opponents till the decisive blow had been struck, and every stratagem was played off to keep them for one day, or even one hour from the scene of action. On the memorable 18th Brumaire, the legislative body was not only transferred (volens volens) to St. Cloud, but Bonaparte was invested with the command of the troops. The moment the expected appointment was announced, he mounted his horse, put himself at the head of his generals, with part of the garrison of Paris, and marched towards the *Champs Elysées*. The Directory were thunderstruck at the intelligence; but such were their fears, doubts and pusillanimity, that they hesitated till the moment of decision and of action had passed away. Bruix and Talleyrand were sent to occupy their attention, and spin out the time by a pretended negotiation; so that some of the members at last ran away and hid themselves in the country, others remained at their posts, afraid to stay and ashamed to run

away! The generals of Bonaparte's party already occupied the posts round Paris, and were received by the assembled people not only without obstacle or opposition, but amidst the applauding shouts of citizens and soldiery. Next morning, (the 19th) all Paris hurried to St. Cloud to see a *new revolution*, with the same anxiety and the same gaiety that they now go to see the annual *fête champêtre* on the same spot. In the Council of Five Hundred, (where Lucien Bonaparte was president,) a motion was made for the appointment of a committee on the situation of the Republic, which produced a dreadful tumult—rather a common practice in French legislative bodies it is true, (*vide* the debates concerning Manuel in 1823, those concerning the indemnity to the emigrants in 1825, &c. &c.) but, lo! and behold, after a torrent of abuse on both sides, up rises the whole assembly, and vociferates again the oath of the constitution!—a constitution which nobody knew, which none cared for, and which a considerable portion of their numbers assisted in overthrowing in one short hour afterwards! While the Council of Ancients were discussing the legality of the resignation of Barras, a measure that weak-headed ape of a politician had been frightened into, Bonaparte entered the hall, followed by a platoon of grenadiers:—

"Scarcely, however, had he entered the hall, when the assembly were thrown into the utmost disorder. All the members standing up, expressed in loud cries the effect produced upon them by the appearance of the bayonets and of the general, who thus advanced armed into the temple of the legislature. 'You are violating the sanctuary of the laws, withdraw instantly,' exclaimed several deputies. 'What are you doing, rash man?' cried Bigonnet to him. 'Is it then for this you have been a conqueror,' said Destreim. In vain Bonaparte, who had ascended the tribune, endeavoured to stammer out a few sentences. On all sides he heard the cries repeated of: 'Long live the Convention—Long live the Republic.' On all sides he was saluted by cries of: 'Down with the Dictator! Down with the Tyrant! Away with the Dictator!' Some of the more furious deputies rushed upon him and pushed him back. 'You will make war then upon your country,' cried Arena to him, shewing him the point of his stiletto. The grenadiers seeing their general grow pale and tremble, crossed the room to form a

rampart round him; Bonaparte threw himself amongst them, and they escorted him away."

As soon as he disappeared, a motion was made that he should be outlawed; but his brother Lucien, the president, abdicated the chair, left the hall, mounted his horse, and called for the assistance of the troops in dissolving the refractory assembly. Murat headed the grenadiers, who entered the hall with drums beating and colours flying, so that the poor senators quickly divested themselves of their Roman togas, leaped out of the windows with laudable diligence, and dispersed. Lucien had by this time recalled his brother to the scene of action, some twenty or thirty of the members were again collected to form a *council of five hundred*, by whose impartial decree, the Directory was abolished, sixty-two members of the popular party excluded from the legislature, and lastly, three consuls appointed. Sieyès, Ducas, and Bonaparte to compose the executive government. For his services on this memorable occasion, Fouché was retained in the command of the police. After an ineffectual struggle with the talents, influence, and imperiousness of Bonaparte, Sieyès retired from the consulship, with the high title and lucrative situation of President of the Senate. But the cunning old Director was, like his colleagues, somewhat fond of money, for besides the large sums he had already obtained:—

"As a reward for his docility in resigning the helm of affairs into the hands of the general-consul, he was voted the estate of Crosne, a magnificent present of a million of francs, independent of 25,000 livres a year as Senator, and exclusive of his *pot-de-vin* as Director, which amounted to 600,000 francs, and which he called his *poire pour la soif*."

Bonaparte began his consulship in the most auspicious manner. Order was restored into the public offices of government, fraud and peculation effectually repressed, the judicial system prodigiously improved, decency in public and private life became the order of the day, and the only passport to be received in the palace of the Thuilleries, where the new sovereign had fixed his abode; he then quelled the disturbances in La Vendée, formed an alliance with the Emperor Paul of Russia, and then, crossing the great St. Bernard, fell like a thunderbolt

upon the Austrians and conquered Italy. Our police minister was in the mean time exposed to many vexations from the hostility of Lucien, the minister of the interior, who employed a police of his own, and after counter-acting his schemes:—

"Sometimes obliged to hear the reproaches of the First Consul about facts which he believed concealed in obscurity, he inspected me of keeping spies upon him in order to depreciate him in my reports. I had a former order to keep nothing concealed, whether popular reports or the gossip of the *salons*. The result was, that Lucien, making an abusive use of his credit and his position, playing the part of a debauchee, seducing wives from their husbands, and trafficking in licenses for the exportation of corn, was often an object of rumours and anecdotes. In the character of head of the police, it was not proper for me to disguise the importance it was of to the members of the First Consul's family, to be irreproachable and pure in the eyes of the public."

"The nature of the conflict in which I was thus engaged may be conceived: luckily, I had Josephine in my interest. *Duroc* was not against me, and the private secretary was devoted to my views. This person, who was replete with ability and talent, but whose greediness of gain very shortly caused his disgrace, always exhibited so much cupidity, that there is no occasion to name him in order to point him out. Having the control over the papers and secrets of his master, he discovered that I spent 100,000 francs monthly, for the purpose of incessantly watching over the existence of the First Consul. The idea came into his head to make me pay for such intelligence, as he might supply me, in order to furnish means of accomplishing the aim I had in view. He sought me and offered to inform me exactly of all the proceedings of Bonaparte for 25,000 francs per month, and he made me this offer as a means of saving 800,000 francs per annum."

The proposal was, of course, accepted; and the ex-minister highly eulogises the talent of his employe. The affair of the *infernal machine* soon occurred—a conspiracy first set on foot, by the republicans, but afterwards adopted by the royalists,—which when put in execution, killed and wounded more than seventy persons. The peace of Arriens took place, the turbulent generals and troops of the revolution were sent to St. Domingo, to put *them* in harm's way, and keep the First Consul safe from it; the emigrants were recalled, shewn great fa-

vous, some obtained employments, and many the restoration of their estates;—the *concordat* was signed with the Pope, thus re-establishing religion on a solid footing, and in the mean time Fouché was removed from his post, after obtaining a *douceur* of £50,000. But amidst all this prosperity, the free press of England was a deadly thorn in the side of Bonaparte:—

“Every wind that blows (said he) from that direction, brings nothing but contempt and hatred against my person.” From that time he concluded that peace would not benefit him; that it would not leave him sufficient facility to aggrandize his dominions externally, and would impede the extension of his internal power; that moreover our daily relations with England modified our political ideas, and revived our thoughts of liberty. From that moment he resolved to deprive us of all connexion with a free people.”

With the death of the *Duc d'Anglién*, our author had nothing to do—that being the boasted handy-work of the gendarme Savary, the present Duke of Rovigo, and every one is aware that Talleyrand had nothing to do with it. Both the minister for foreign affairs and the police minister seem to have been enragéd at the event, and the latter blames it for its gross *impolicy*—“It was more than a crime, (he said,) it was a political fault.”—Then came the trial of Moreau, whom the jury sentenced to two years imprisonment, but whom Fouché prevailed on to retire to the United States. Happy, if he had pursued his calm career, and had not again appeared in arms, and that too against his countrymen, though led on by the oppressor of Europe! He fell unlamented.

At last, in 1804, came the grand resolution of assuming royalty, which had long and ardently been desired by the devoted adherents of Napoleon. We do not think it necessary to add any thing to the following *fieling* appeal of M. Fouché on his own and his associates' private interests:—“Would it not have been absurd on the part of the men of the revolution to compromise every thing, in order to defend our principles, while we had nothing farther to do but to enjoy the reality, (query, of places and pensions?) Bonaparte was then the only man in a position to maintain us in

possession of our property, our distinctions, and our employments.” On the foundation of the Imperial throne, Fouché was again called to the functions of police minister, being, he says, “the only man qualified for the situation, as Talleyrand was the only other minister of talent.”—*Real* had aspired to that high office; but though skilful in the minutiae of petty intrigue, he was destitute of talent and firmness sufficient for such weighty responsibility. The means he employed in his *delicate* office are rather amusing:—

“It will not be doubted, that I had salaried spies in all ranks and all orders; I had them of both sexes, hired at the rate of 1000 to 2000 francs per month, according to their importance and their services. I received their reports directly in writing, having a conventional mark. Every three months I communicated my list to the Emperor, in order that there might be no double employment; and also in order that the nature of the services, occasionally permanent, often temporary, might be rewarded either by places or remunerations. As to the departments of foreign police, it had two essential objects, namely, to watch friendly powers, and counteract hostile governments. In both cases, it was composed of individuals purchased or pensioned, and commissioned to reside near each government, or in each principal town, independent of numerous secret agents sent into all countries, either by the minister for foreign affairs, or by the emperor himself. My police acquired so high a renown, that the world went so far as to pretend that I had, among my secret agents, three nobles of the *ancien régime*, (the Prince de L—, the Prince de C—, and the Prince de M—,) distinguished by princely titles, and who daily communicated to me the result of their observations.”

After the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon was sovereign of the European Continent, without a rival. His brother Joseph was made King of the two Sicilies, and Louis King of Holland; while all those who had contributed to his advancement, or aided his subsequent career, were made members of the new aristocracy of the new Charlemagne. Soult was made Duke of Dalmatia; Campagny, Duke of Cadore; Victor, Duke of Belluno; Moncey, Duke of Conegliano; Mortier, Duke of Treviso; Clarke, Duke, of Feltre; Marmont, Duke of Cassano; Savary, Duke of Rovigo; and Tal-

leyrand, Prince of Benevento. Our hero now became Duke of Ottanto.

The police minister's influence seemed daily increasing, down to the period of the landing of the English at Walcheren, when the prompt decision of his conduct, and the commanding style of his proclamations, gave umbrage to the Emperor who was then in Germany, and who did not wish the nation to feel that they could repel invasion without his assistance. In fact it was scarcely to be expected that when Bonaparte became sovereign of the continent, he would continue Fouché much longer at the head of the police, as he knew too many secrets, had rendered too great favours, and above all, might, if circumstances admitted, renew the conduct he had displayed towards the Directory. Napoleon had sent a secret agent to London to negotiate a treaty with the Marquis of Wellesley; Fouché had sent the well known *Ouvrard* thither for the same purpose, unknown to the Emperor; and in consequence of the clashing of this double intrigue, the negotiation failed. This was the pretext Napoleon seized to dismiss the police minister from his office, which was given to Savary.

He was afterwards sent as Governor-General to Rome, to conceal his disgrace; but though he was constantly engaged in intrigues against Napoleon from this moment till his downfall, it is impossible to ascertain what influence he had over the turn of affairs, as he was absent from Paris, and was considered under the surveillance of the police. He was evidently the soul of Mallet's conspiracy during the Russian campaign, but with his usual cunning he had so arranged matters, that no traces of his being implicated could be found on the trial.

He did not appear in the scene till Bonaparte landed from Elba in 1815, when he was sent for by the present King, to give his advice; but he demanded *carte blanche* for himself and friends, in which condition, he promised to stop his progress to Paris. His advice was not taken, and on Bonaparte's arrival, he became Police Minister again, but totally altered his system from that of former times, for the press was declared, and what was more, was maintained free, and the people seemed determined that the government should follow henceforth

the interests of the people. The Emperor was forced, by the difficulties of his situation, to submit to the controul of the constitutional party, consisting of Benjamin Constant, Felaugerges, Lafayette, D'Argenson, Broglie and others, and of which Fouché pretended to be the organ and protector. He negotiated likewise with the Bourbons (in Flanders) and seemed prepared for every change and every emergency. When the battle of Waterloo overthrew the throne of Napoleon, he first endeavoured to secure the power for his own party, but afterwards finding the Bourbons coming in with the baggage train of the allied army, he gave up the contest, and joined the royalists. The restored monarch could not, of course, amidst his manifold difficulties, dispense with such a rigorous and able minister, and he was therefore continued in his post. He and the Duke of Wellington were the real sovereigns of France from the month of July 1815 to the spring of 1816. During this period, Ney and Labeoeyere were shot, and a thousand acts of proscription and revenge exercised on the French people. This, he it remembered, was added to all the barbarities which the allied armies (except the British part) committed in this year of disgrace and massacre.

But Fouché was not always to continue his successful and bloody career. A royalist chamber of deputies having been formed in 1816, a law was passed for the banishment of every one who had voted for the death of Louis XVI.; and he was thus driven forth a wanderer and an exile. He died in Germany in 1831.

Confessions of a Gamester. 1 Vol.—Hatchard. 1824.

More last words, more confessions! "What, will the line stretch out to the oracle o'doom?" We cannot answer this, but we do really begin to think that it is high time for Banquo to come with his glass, and close the procession of these "chimeras dire." The opium-eater hath, in sober sadness, a good deal more to answer for than the consumption of vile "Apothecary's stuff," but we believe, even he is, by this time, convinced, that, like the Thane of Rife and Cawder in his sleep, he did confess too much.

It cannot, however, but be admitted, that of all the situations which

may be supposed to afford a history of sorrow, and a lesson of great price, that of a gamester will stand prominent. The infatuated progress, the blind ardour, the varied success and disappointment, the sleepless anxiety, the burning hopes and fears, the reckless darings, the unprincipled life, and the too often lamentable conclusion of such a character's career, will assuredly create a painful interest, and awake considerate reflections in those who are invited to listen to, or peruse the sombre events, and the dark pages of such a person's eventful history. It is therefore no marvel that in this reading age the confessions of a gamester should be made the subject of a literary adventure.

The work may be termed autobiographical, as it is, with the exception of the conclusion, "the only part for which the Editor feels himself responsible," told in the first person, from a manuscript supposed to be written by the gamester himself.

The subject of the memoir is the son of a wealthy merchant, and he is sent early to one of our public schools, to the ill-conducting of which he attributes his early idle and unprofitable habits. In fact the first twelve pages is a tirade against public seminaries, but which we, who have gone through every grade of one, take upon us to assert is a monstrously over-coloured picture. He goes to Cambridge, is admitted into a College, "stigmatised as metho-distical," but this term is only introduced to add a panegyric upon the "superior scholars," and "men of great ability," who, says the author, are to be found in such establishments. It is also used to fling a useless sarcasm upon "the folly and extravagance of those who dare to hunt the inconsistency of such (methodistical) tenets being held in a Church of England College." Attentive, and clever, and pious, however, as are our young gentleman's tutors, they are not cunning enough to reform him, and we very soon meet him "*sporting his tie*" at Newmarket, and "*rattling the bones*," who but he, to the tune of thirties and forties per night. He is uniformly successful—this ruins him—he goes again and again to the scene of folly—is discovered—reprimanded—offends again, and is expelled. But his father is a good sort of a forgiving old gentleman; and we

next find our gamester with an assign's commission; he then finds a kindred soul in one Bloomfield, with whom he goes on leave of absence to town—stays over his time, and gets superseded. From this time, all is one scene of chicanery and play;—poverty to-day, and grandeur to-morrow—and the remainder of the volume is filled with the history of his tricks to cheat the uninitiated and ardent, and his endeavours "to raise the wind," and to put "money in his purse," after the recipe of the Roman—honestly if he could—if not—by a contrary alternative. His endeavours to obtain a wife, solely to insure a fortune—his defeats in many instances, and his ultimate fancied success, are among the best parts of the book—but that portion of it which relates his brutality to her he has wedded, when she most needed his countenance, is too vile to be considered with favour.

The conclusion, we have before said, is by the hand of the Editor. It asserts the truth of his motto that "the end of these things is death"—and we accordingly have the last days, when age and disease had stricken him, of the gamester's career. But though involved in horrors, and startled with remorse—though the visions of those he had cheated or deceived seem to hang like shapes of horror about his couch—he is yet, like Beaufort, resolute—in being yieldless to repentance, and he dies, and makes no sign.

It cannot be denied but that there are portions of this single volume which discover a certain tact in the subject illustrated, which leads us to believe that its author has actually mingled in those scenes of sport and excess, which he describes. The vivacity of portraiture, which peculiarly attaches itself to the sketches of his turf exploits, is more particularly evidence of this—but still we think it a book, which, like the preceding one we have noticed from the same press, might admit of easy fabrication, and one which certainly requires a good deal more working up, to complete a perfect "lesson to those who might be unwarily exposed to temptations of this kind."—Our gamester professes himself too easy and comfortable in his old age—too reckless and obstinate in his dying hours, to alarm those of his cast, and to lead and entice them to repentance, ere

the hour of desolation arrives. We may, however, be possibly wrong in our conclusions and morality in this matter, and we willingly yield ourselves to the humble petition of the Editor's advertisements; and receiving the work "with candour," extend "some indulgence to the only part, (the conclusion) for which he feels responsible."

Dublin University Prize Poems, with Spanish and German Ballads, &c.—By George Downes. A. M. Author of *Letters from Mecklenburgh, Holstein, &c.*—London. 1824.

This volume is replete with classical and spirited poetry, doing credit equally to the head and to the heart of its author, and consequently reflecting much honor on the University where his talents were acquired or fostered, and where those who had the good fortune of implanting knowledge in a mind so fertile as his, had also the good sense to acknowledge—by awarding him the palm of merit—how grateful a return was made to their culture. Appended to the prize poems,—which it would be unjust to the publisher to extract whole, and to the writer, to shew them by piece-meal,—are some elegant versions from the Spanish and German; and as they are offered as a specimen of an embryo anthology, the completion of which will depend upon the success of the present attempt," we have great pleasure in hailing this young projector with the best encouragement in our power,—that of directing the public eye to the two subjoined pieces:—

THE LOVER ON THE BANKS OF THE EBRO.

"Ebro, mighty tide;
Fertile banks, and meadows fair;
And thou—fresh, vernal grove;
Ask her, the wayward maid I love,
Who joys amid your sylvan scenes to
hide,
Disporting, free from care—
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!
Precious pearly dew,
With liquid light the awakened flowers
adorning,
When, fair to view,
They ope their eye-lids to the eye of
morning;
Sedges, fresh and green;
Ye sunny tribe, ye rocks, and reeds be-
tween;
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!
Leafy poplars tall;
E. M. March, 1825.

Sands of dazzling white;
Where my capricious fair one loves to
stray,
Holding her glad some way,
Ask her—the nymph with footstep light,
The nymph that holds my heart her
thrall—
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!
Birds with tuneful tongue,
That chaunt triumphantly at morning
hour

Sweet welcome to Aurora fair and young,
Ask her—on Ebro's bank the sweetest
flower—
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,
That laughing maid remembers me!"

HER DEPARTURE FROM THE
FOUNTAIN.

"And so farewell, nymph of this fount
divine!

Trusting in thee my steps I hither bent:
Nor vain that trust; refreshed when al-
most spent,

With grateful heart I leave thy holy
shrine!"

She spake—the all too lovely maid; and
now,

Light bending o'er the rustic battlement,
The cup she flung, with frolicsome
intent,

Deep in the silvery waves that foamed
below;

Then joyously she turned her to depart:
No more can I adore that eye of light,
That eye which shed a spring upon my
heart!

Ah! could I still those happier times
renew,

When every fond idea winged its flight
Quick as the cup now vanished from my
view!"

*English Life, or Manners at Home. In
four pictures.* London. 1825. 2
Vols.

This little series of novels will bear a comparison with the greater number of those which pretend only to the faithful delineation of common characters, and every day incidents in life, unadorned by the costume of foreign lands or far ages,—by the scenery of oriental or phantasmal edens. "A tale somewhat serious," has perhaps the best claim to the reader's attention; but there is no likelihood of his opening at any part in either of the two volumes without his eye meeting "some fastening attraction." We hold it unfair to quote from a novel, having ourselves been often spared the time—not to say trouble—of going through one, by the liberal extracts of our brother critics.

THE FINE ARTS.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S PUBLIC ENTRY INTO MADRID.

WE have just seen a *print* by MR. BROMLEY, jun. which is announced, (and is probably by this time published,) under the patronage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, from the much admired picture by HILTON, the Accademician, of "*The Triumphal Entry of the Duke of Wellington into Madrid.*"

This splendid picture is now in the Royal collection, having been purchased by HIS MAJESTY, from the gallery of the British Institution. In composing it, Mr. Hilton has successfully caught the sentiment, and the most exulting moment, of that public enthusiasm which sprung up in Spain—Alas! to what mortifying reverses has that devoted country since been subjected. Patriotic enthusiasm, however, did spring up in Spain, and liberty trimmed her lamp,—in consequence of the peninsular victories, from which Great Britain and his Grace have derived so much military renown. And accordingly, in the present work, which is very poetically conceived, the citizens bring forth their gratulations; the damsels strew flowers in the path of their deliverer; the matrons sound their timbrels in his train; the populace shout from afar, and every Spanish eye beams with patriotic anticipations.

In "the history of the Duke of Wellington's campaigns," it is recorded that "certain Spanish ladies, upon this occasion, threw before his Grace's horse, shawls and veils of exquisite workmanship and of the finest texture, as if in emulation of those dames of Jerusalem, who upon occasion of the triumphal entry of a far greater and wiser general, 'spread their garments in his way.'" Beyond the group where the painter has so happily availed himself of this fact, and near the foreground—a young mother, who is placed in a principal light and animated with joyful transports, conspicuously tosses her infant aloft—happy if the Duke, or the military heroes in his train, will condescend to reciprocate some small portion of that favourable notice which is so profusely lavished on themselves. We deem this charming touch of nature, to be

at once the most practical and picturesque evidence that a painter or poet could exhibit, of maternal love melting into patriotic sympathy upon a great public occasion. The Duke himself, mounted on a white charger, as he converses with a Spanish grandee of high rank, is, with much graciousness of look and manner, inclining his body forward, as if in acknowledgment of the various honours and rejoicings of which he is the common focus. Much of the splendour of Rubens pervades the performance, and certainly blended with more feminine beauty of countenance than distinguishes the works of that justly celebrated master. We must now say a word or two of the print.

This plate is engraved chiefly in Mezzotinto, but with an admixture of etched lines—a mode of art which was first, and very successfully practised by EARLOM. In the present instance, this imparts a certain degree (and that is all) of clearness to the shadows, and the lights are, as is usual in Mezzotinto-scraping—when compared with engraving, properly so called—poor, spiritless, and unimpressive.

Mr. Hilton's picture is remarkably florid in colour, and complete in its harmonious relations. As a display of colour, and of the associated sentiments of which colour may become the vehicle under the eye and hand of an accomplished painter, the effect of this performance is altogether bustling, gorgeously rich, and suited to a triumphant occasion. But as this display depended on composed varieties of rainbow tints, which could neither be imitated, nor suggested, by the mezzotinto engraver's process, this part of Mr. Hilton's work is by no means adequately rendered. Compared with the vividness of the original, the print is but dull—is but what Mr. Cooke, of Soho-Square, and his abettors, would call a *gem* of art. This picture should have been engraved by Raimbach, or as nearly as possible in his varied and masterly style. It would then have formed an excellent companion to his forthcoming engraving of the arrival at Chelsea of the gazette, announcing Lord Welling-

ton's victory at Waterloo; the subject that was painted by Wilkie for his Grace's gallery.

We recollect here that Mr. Hilton exhibited the present picture but as a sketch* for a larger work; and errors of disproportion are pardonable in a sketch; which is supposed to be hastily performed and without that reference to the means of accuracy of detail, which will doubtless distinguish the larger picture, should the artist ever paint it. It would have been quite as well, however, to have corrected the most glaring of those with which the present composition but too much abounds, in preparing

the reduced outline for the plate. Of the woman tossing the child (for example,) the arms are as thick as the head, and the left leg and thigh are preposterously long; the right hand of the fair-haired lady who stoops to spread her shawl, is too small: the hand held forth by the Spanish Hidalgo who is in conversation with the Duke of Wellington, is too large, and his head is much too small: and even his Grace himself is not well seated on his charger, as any person may perceive who endeavours to figure to himself where the seat and thigh of the rider would come.

EXHIBITION IN BOND-STREET.

THE arras copies of *Raphael's Cartoons*, which we criticised in a former number, are now exhibiting in OLD Bond Street, (being removed from the Egyptian Hall: and at BROOKES'S ROOMS, No. 28, (nearly opposite the Cartoons,) is another exhibition consisting of a few good works of the old masters, particularly, A LARGE AND CAPITAL LANDSCAPE; of which—odd as it may seem—counter as it may run to the approved and routine “cant of connoisseurship”—we are not ashamed to pronounce on the merits, without knowing the name of the painter. Many have we known, and many has the reader known, forward to pronounce the names of the artists of exhibited works, either by learned guess or more confident dogma, who were (to say the best) but indifferent judges of art—imagining that so to pronounce, was the *summum bonum* of connoisseurship. Having so pronounced, our *lovers* of art care little to hold communion with, or to descant on, the intrinsic merits of a picture: nor will they hold—or feel, or seem privileged to hold—communion at all, until this cardinal point be settled to the conviction,—or at least to the acquiescence, of the company present.

To this numerous and fashionable tribe, we do not belong; or, to write with due reverence for *etiquette* we “have not the honour to belong”—we are of those who can read such anonymous works as the Pentateuch,

the Poem of Job, and the Letters of Junius, with due reverence, and (we hope) edification; and can look at Pictures in the same spirit. Being able to swim, we have no occasion for those corks, by which the reputation of taste is upborne on the stream of fashion.

Mr. Lambton, the patriotic and popular Member for Durham, is reported to have given, not long since, two thousand pounds, (or guineas,) at Christie's auction room, for a *Salvator Rosa*, of about the same dimensions with the present picture. Were we offered our choice, we would much prefer the anonymous landscape even to this noble *Salvator Rosa*, but presumptively as the former has neither a name nor pedigree, it will be less highly valued by the majority. Our public concern, however, is with its intrinsic merits, not with its estimated pecuniary value; and of them we shall now proceed to offer some account.

A noble navigable river whose rocky banks are fringed with picturesque luxuriance, enters a beautiful cultivated country, over which the eye wanders delighted toward distant mountains. A laden vessel with an outrigger, glides on the stream, or is seen at anchor—we do not recollect which, but we well remember that the crew and rigging are exquisitely pencilled, and much in the taste of Cuyper. The sky is mildly warm, and of the most elegant forms. The right hand

* It was, so stated in the Catalogue of the Gallery of the British Institution

bank of the river, is of a more pastoral character than the left: a shepherd is here seated among wild ground adjusting his shoe-latchet, while his pastoral charge straggles toward the water.

Of the open part of the landscape, the air breathes a balmy blandishment, and is "redolent of joy," and exhilarating with anticipations of rural delights.

But the principal feature—and which is more properly the subject of the picture—is part of a forest, consisting of a composed variety of trees of the wildest forms, and of the noblest growth. A woodland road winds toward a glade, of which glimpses are seen between the stems of the trees. Along the middle-ground, muleteers are proceeding on this road with their merchandise. And in a retired and umbragious nook, through which a rivulet breaks musically over mossy stones, (after precipitating its waters from higher ground,) a party of sportsmen are regaling themselves *al fresco*. They are attended by sporting dogs and some of them are mounted on horseback. But though charmingly pencilled, these figures are but as touches of exquisite beauty, in a scene of superlative sylvan grandeur—as bee-birds, and butterflies embellish an oriental paradise.

A sentiment of genial tranquillity pervades the scene. The murmurs of the rivulet may be imagined to mingle with the warbling of birds, and a congenial music of the pencil, seems to melt the rich colours into the most mellifluous harmony. Are we warranted here? Is our figurative language sufficiently critical? Or, are we fantastic? or over strained? Let the reader look at the landscape ere he pronounces. Sturtevant says of the captive that he "saw the iron enter his very soul," Campbell writes,

"Painting in sound, the forms of joy, and woe,
Until the mind's eye sees them melt and glow;"

and Pope, that "Art reflects its image on art." Supported by such au-

thorities, surely, we may indulge in these sympathetic relations between the chaste and charming sisters who preside over painting, poetry, and music.

The trees which adorn the near-ground and middle distance are chiefly oaks; and oaks were never painted with more of the truth and vigour of nature, or in a style approximating nearer to the perfection of this species of art. A few detached from the general grove, and which are placed with that picturesque propriety of arrangement, which Mr. Price terms "intricacy," at different distances from the eye—have much of the freedom and taste of forms which we see with so great pleasure in the etchings of Waterloo. But above all a foreground oak rises majestically, of which the foliage, as well as the bole and branches, are in a style that is quite transcendental, both with regard to drawing and colouring. An elm, of the small-leaved species, which is placed immediately beyond, sets it off to great advantage: and the roots and stems of both—patched as they are with rich orange and brown mosses and lichens—exceed every thing of the kind that we have seen, either in the works of Claude, Wilson, Rosa, Ruysdael we had almost said, but we are not certain that they are not in fact, the work* of that admirable master of forest scenery. It would indeed seem as if the merits of Ruysdael and Waterloo were amalgamated, and that the force of painting

—"Nature could no farther go."

Among the canonised works of these great artists, we would be proud to place the present picture in our gallery—if we had one, as a test of the genuineness of the taste of our visitors, as well as for other reasons. We should be quite fearless that our nameless landscape would shine there, as the anonymous book of Job enjewels the Bible. The President of the Royal Academy, as we happen to know, has seen and admired the performance. We have been shewn a letter from him wherein he writes, "I thank

* The visitor of the present Exhibition will have a very fair opportunity of satisfying himself on this point, by comparison, as a very good Ruysdael—and which has indeed been somewhat celebrated—hangs in the same room. It is a Hobbima-like village scene, with a woody foreground, and a cloudy sky with a rain-bow crossing it. But the two pictures contain similar passages; namely, a foreground oak and a road winding into the landscape.

you for the view of this admirable picture. I am unable to fix a name for its author, and indeed do not remember ever to have seen a picture by the same hand, but of its very high merit I have no hesitation to give the fullest acknowledgment. The trees are painted with great truth, the pencilling has the force of historical style, and the same spirit of execution is preserved through the whole.—Again let me thank you for allowing me to inspect it."

The same exhibition contains also a MURILLO of great merit. It is but a single figure, but it displays the peculiar excellencies of this distinguished Spanish painter: his fine flesh tints tempered with grey; his favourite contrast of yellow with purple drapery; his delicate firmness of touch, and his truth of natural character and appropriate expression; and is therefore a fair and good specimen of the talents of Murillo.

The subject is Abraham in communion with the Deity, concerning the sacrifice of his son Isaac. It was brought, as we are given to understand, from a Monastery, in the neighbourhood of Seville, where it had probably remained since it came from the easel of the painter; and the Monks have somewhat clumsily inscribed it with black paint, "*Abraham Patriarcha*."

The Patriarch, a bearded and venerable figure, whose head and beard are very finely painted, is looking upward reverently; a ray from

above indicates the mandate from heaven, which is heard—or rather felt—with pious resignation; the apparatus of sacrifice is on a near ground of rock, scantily sprinkled with vegetation, and pencilled in a masterly style; and Mount Moriah, which he was soon to ascend with his son of high destiny, is in the distance. Isaac is not present, as it may well be supposed he could not have been present, when his father held this remarkable colloquy with the Deity, concerning his own immolation. The effect of the whole is forcible and harmonious.

Here also hangs a SALVATOR ROSA,—a desolate scene, with fallen trees torn from their rootage by tempests, crossing each other; and a stormy sky. An anchorite at his devotions, is near the foreground.

These objects are well associated, as indeed is generally (if not always) the case in Salvator's pictures. It seems to have been one of the elements of his style of meditation concerning his art, to assimilate objects harmoniously; and it must be granted, that the anchorite, in the present instance, has chosen for his habitation, a scene most mortifying to the flesh, and hostile to all human enjoyment. But we must hasten away from this Bond-street shew of the works of the ancient masters, or we shall not get the time and space we want for those of the moderns, which are now exhibiting at

THE BRITISH GALLERY IN PALL MALL.

On ascending the stair case,—by the way, the public (we believe) have to thank that tasteful director, Mr. Thomas Hope, for contriving this improved stair-case and entrance; so superior to the slinking corner entrance of the Boydells. On ascending it, we arrive of course, in the centre of what is termed "*the middle room*," and most of the female visitors, at least, make their early advance towards the fire-place, at this season of the year. Here, beneath the mantle shelf, are hung—unfortunately for Mr. G. GARRARD, A. R. A. "*Three Wild Beasts*," so termed, and numbered 189, in the Catalogue; and close beside them, as it were in violent contrast, and hemming them in, are two very elaborate little pictures from

the pencil of that high finishing artist, Mr. T. S. GOOD.

The "*three wild beasts*," are in fact more than twice three, lions and tygers with their whelps and cubs—that is to say, intended for such animals; but truth to declare, mere daubs, of which our friend Hoppner might well have written, that they—

"— never were, (I ween,)"

Meant in the tell-tale-day light, to be seen;

They should be view'd by night.

But we ought not to seem jocose; for these pictures present us with a sad falling off from former works, by the same artist. The wild beasts are excessively tame; and the landscape back-grounds, intended for rocky dens, still more so. Can this possibly

be by the painter of the Brewers' Horses, which obtained so much well-deserved praise some five and twenty years ago, and which was purchased from the walls of the Royal Academy Exhibition-room, by Sir John Reynolds!

Mr. Good's pictures are—first, "*The Grandfather Listening*," No. 188. The old man [this painter generally introduces a benevolent looking old man,] is seated, and is very attentively listening to a singing girl, his grand-daughter of course; and the spectator is taught to perceive in his physiognomical expression of enjoyment, that he has a fine ear for music; unless indeed, his taste be swayed by his paternal partialities for a lovely, docile, innocent, unsophisticated girl. Nothing in painting can be more placid, than is the character of the grandfather's countenance, or more internally enjoying than its transient and passing expression. As the poet has phrased it, his ear drinks in pleasure. He seems to remember without regret, that he once was young, and by means of forgetting that he now is old, his recollections of the past are steeped in the sweet oblivion of the present.

As is usual with this artist, the listening grandfather is illumined by a side light, with strong reflections from the opposite side of the picture: and the chiaroscuro is forcible, while the shadows are remarkably clear. The whole looks almost as illusive as would be a peep into a camera-obscura; so much of the truth of nature attends on the pencil of Mr. T. S. Good.

The professional and technic merits of No. 190, are of the same description with those of the above. It is entitled "*Study of Age and Youth, or What You Will*." Another old man is here attending to a whistling boy, while he tunes an instrument. The whistling boy is as happily portrayed, as is the singing girl in the companion picture. And so much is there of fac-simile fidelity in the still life accompaniments, as well as in the figures themselves, that a trickster might almost be tempted to take hold of the old-fashioned chair, in which the grandfather is seated, and draw it from under him; were it not that he who sits there, has too much of worthiness about him, to be the victim of a wanton joke.

A somewhat larger picture which

hangs on the east side of the north room, from the same pencil, is a less happy effort upon the whole, although possessing considerable merit. It is numbered 75, and quaintly entitled "*Ocular Demonstration, or Two and Two make Four*." An aged country schoolmaster is endeavouring to beat this latter truth into the brains of a dunce-like specimen of mere animal growth and health, who cannot be made to comprehend it, notwithstanding that his efforts are assisted by a younger boy's holding up, unseen by the master, two of the fingers of each of his hands. In this consists the "ocular demonstration," which is, however, a sort of equivocal, for the tutor is meanwhile, pressing hard on his dull pupil with an arithmetical demonstration, duly marshalled on a school slate.

Why do we think less highly of this performance than of the musical parties which we have endeavoured to describe above? Because the booby-boy, with his large red mouth, seems to approach too much towards caricature; and the old schoolmaster appears more than purblind—too dim-sighted certainly, to be able to use his globe and four-pole chain, which are seen among the well painted furniture of the school-room.

Several of the pictures that at present adorn these walls, (some of the best are among them) are our old friends and former acquaintance. The frequenter of other exhibitions, and especially those persons who have visited that of the Royal Academy, and who amount to nearly the whole world of taste, will readily recognise them. We are by no means sorry to see them again; but it cannot be necessary to re-notice those which we have already criticised. Mr. Sievier's beautiful sleeping Bacchante, and other of the best sculptures now at the Pall Mall rooms, are in the same predicament.

But we shall probably be expected to deliver an *opinion* on the comparative merits of the exhibited productions of those artists who are candidates for the rewards offered last year by the Directors of the British Institution, to the best painters of Lord Nelson's victories at the mouth of the Nile, and at Trafalgar. We are entirely ignorant to whom those prizes will be awarded. Perhaps few, if any, are yet in the secret: and the consciousness of the honest performance

of this part of our duty, is at once the limit of our motive, and the boundary of our ambition, in penning what we shall proceed to offer.

It was natural to expect that golden premiums should draw forth numerous competitors on this occasion of honour and glory; but we were not quite prepared to expect that so many among them would prove so confident and so unqualified as the present exhibition evinces. Some of these, however, we must be allowed to pass over; and we must be permitted to take them in the order in which it was our fortune to be able to seize on the fleeting opportunities afforded us in a room crowded with visitors, and abounding in interruptions; and with our attention crossed at every turn. We would not be thought to complain of this, since we know not how it can be otherwise at a public exhibition of the present kind.

The Battle of Trafalgar, by JOHN WILSON, (No. 179,) is a clever picture, wherein the usual facts and incidents of a sea-fight, are with some ability rendered subservient to a painter's purpose. Some novel circumstances in marine painting are introduced, such as a dense cloud of smoke resting on a tranquil sea, where the artist wanted obscurity, and the reflection on such a sea from firing guns, where he wanted bright light. This calm sea is true to the occasion, for "the wind" (says James, in his *Naval History*) "was a mere breath, and the sun shone with meridian splendour." Mr. Wilson, in the present work, has done much toward persuading us, that sea engagements may become fitter subjects for pictures than the generality of painters have supposed. Eleven lines of description or explanation, in small print, are appended to the general designation, for which we refer our readers to the Catalogue.

No. 197 is the same subject, by J. M. RICHARDSON. There is something masterly in this sketch; but it is too much an exhibition of *flags*. They are all spots, especially the yellow one to larboard. Is it done under the direction of a dim-sighted flag-officer; or to please the captain of the repeating signal frigate?

Mr. Richardson writes of his work: "On the extreme left, in the foreground, is the Santissima Trinidad exchanging her fire with the Victory,

then playing her broadside against her and the Redoubtable." We thought every novice had known that two points of time were inadmissible in works of this kind.

No. 165 is *The Battle of Trafalgar, taken from the larboard side of the poop of the Victory*, by D. DIGHTON.

This is an attempt to represent one fore-shortened ship in time of action; and the difficulties of the perspective are borne down with some success; but, excepting for the death-fall of the admiral, near the foreground, it would do to represent one sea-fight as well as another, for the spectator is enabled to count no ships, and to see no distinctive incidents.

The lights of this picture are scattered and spotty; but perhaps Mr. Dighton may have rightly thought that they should be so. Contention being the soul of battle, contending masses of light may assist in impressing this sentiment of contention.

The composition being so arranged, that the upper deck of the Victory fills nearly the whole canvas, small possibility remained of representing the rest of the dreadful events of the memorable fight at Trafalgar. We have only to add, that the artist has been very fortunate in finding the main and quarter decks so free from smoke as to enable him to see distinctly what is beyond.

The same subject, by THOMAS BUTTERWORTH, No. 206, is about as good as the speeches of his name-sake in parliament; very cold and method-istical.

The same subject, by A. FRASER, No. 251, is a common-place attempt to imitate De Loutherbourg, illustrated by eight lines from Southey's *Life of Nelson*; for which, see the Catalogue.

Seventeen lines of explanation accompany the same subject by J. C. SCHETKY, whose picture is tolerably well painted for a landscape draftsman attempting what is foreign to all former efforts that we have seen from the same pencil: but he need not have introduced so much pea-green in the water, nor have eked out his composition with so much sinking wreck.

These "expletives, their feeble aid do join," but will never conduce to the accomplishment of a Trafalgar victory of the pencil.

No. 211 is *the Battle of Trafalgar*,

with Lord Nelson telegraphing the British fleet his famed signal, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty," by ARCHIB. WEBB.

This performance is a miserable attempt to represent what, after all, could tell for nothing in a work addressed to the public, because it could only be understood by the few who were conversant with marine telegraphic signals. "If Mr. Archibald Webb be an Englishman, and if he had understood, and felt, and obeyed Lord Nelson's "famed signal," [whether it deserves its fame is another matter,] of which he has given us a new version "*this day*," he would not have painted the present picture. It would have been *his duty* to have let it alone, and to have found more suitable occupation.

No. 245. "*The English Fleet going into action off Trafalgar*," by WM. DANIELL, R. A.

Is a beautiful marine picture. The sky and sea are in fine harmony, reflecting each others serenity, and are treated with a delicacy of observation not unworthy of Claude, or any other of the greatest masters of this faculty of delicate pictorial observation. The ships being partially reflected in those pellucid spaces which are interrupted by the wake of the fleet, and the gradual rising of a mere halcyon breeze, could only have been accomplished by one who had performed voyages, and carried with him an artist's mind, and a painter's memory of mutable forms: and these calm passages in the water which reflect the ships and sky, are ably discriminated from those which are influenced by a gentle ripple. But the lengthened lines of battle, and the vast multitude of warlike ships, with all their dread machinery of destruction, when seen in contrast with the calm clearness of the sky and ocean, cannot fail to excite a sublime apprehension in the midst of those placid charms of nature which are the very elements of enjoyment. Awe sits on the front of loveliness. Peace and war have met together. Beauty and dreadful preparation have kissed each other. The worse and the better feelings of man are both awakened; and the good are taught to regret that the calm repose of nature is about to be superseded by the most destructive horrors. Surely here is a painted moral lesson, for he who can read those mystic characters of

humanity, which Fine Art has here translated and set before him.

It will, perhaps, be remembered that upon this grand national occasion—(alas! what critic but who must change his Utopian tone, as he bows before popular sentiment)—It will be recollected (we say) that Lord Nelson in the Victory, led the windward column of the British fleet; and that the lee column, led by Lord Collingwood, who by a favourable breath of wind gained a position astern of the Santa Anna, (a Spanish three-decker,) was closely engaged, a quarter of an hour before the other ships came up.

The present picture exhibits this engagement between Lord Collingwood and the Spaniard, at just commencing, and since in this general view are introduced all the ships in the British, as well as in the combined fleet of the enemy, it must be perfectly satisfactory as a painted, circumstantial, historical record of the commencement of the glorious battle of Trafalgar. The artist of this capital work should surely not go unrewarded.

No. 256, by the same painter, is to be considered as the sequel to that which we have just passed, a lapse of about an hour and a half of furious cannonading having taken place. The Admiral has by this time received his death-wound, and the sea is swelling. It heaves loathingly at the human transactions on its bosom, as if the gore and the glory were equally obnoxious to HIM who moves the ocean. The principal objects in the present picture are Lord Nelson's flag-ship the Victory, and the Redoubtable, which is seen beyond her, and from whose foretop his Lordship was mortally wounded. In the distance is seen the Royal Sovereign, in which the Vice-admiral (Collingwood) is still closely engaged with the Santa Anna, which ship did not strike until after a severe conflict of nearly two hours. The aerial perspective and sky are here in admirable keeping, and the whole is finely treated.

MR. DRUMMOND'S *Battle of Trafalgar*, No. 262, is also a highly meritorious work. The principal part of it, namely, the group who are lowering the wounded Admiral from the main deck, was exhibited some years at the Royal Academy, and has since been before the public in the form of a mezzotint engraving.

It was always admired by good judges, and we believe occasioned Mr. Drummond to be created an associate of the Royal Academy. It is therefore a sanctioned work.

It was always admired by good judges, notwithstanding that to such it was always known to be in fact, and in all its leading points, a quotation from Rubens's Descent from the Cross; Joseph of Arimathea and his assistants being converted to officers and sailors, and the Saviour himself to our victorious and dying Admiral. The composition of this group appeared so apposite, and was so wisely, though unexpectedly, applied to the then recent occasion of the death of Lord Nelson, that it was universally commended, nay, even highly praised, by men of the first taste and discernment. It is far better than West's, which became the subject of an engraving by the elder Heath; and better than any other historical composition of the Death of Nelson that has appeared before or since.

Mr. Drummond did well not to attempt to alter or improve on this group, and we are not sure that the amplifications and additions that are

now made, have any other effect than to widen the sphere of the spectator's attention, where, perhaps, concentration was better.

However if this has been done in conformity with the prescription of the Directors of the British Institution (which is not now before us, or within reach) they ought not to object to it.

We willingly persuade ourselves that honour and reward await the author of this performance also. There should be no contention or dispute about whether it be more proper to treat this event as an historical or a marine picture. In strictness both are historical. Mr. Drummond represents the *Death of Nelson*. Mr. Daniell paints the *Battle of Trafalgar*; and between two things, both of which are so proper for painters, it is not necessary—indeed it seems somewhat invidious—to attempt to confer any other preference than may proceed from the principle of *per quantum meruit*. We grant there is difficulty here; since the art of painting human figures, and that of painting shipping and the elements are not commensurable qualities; or referable to any common standard.

ORATORIOS.

OUR apology last month for not giving any detailed notice of the oratorios which had preceded our publication, seemed to promise fuller particulars in the present number; and accordingly we hasten to fulfil the expectations so excited. The old saying of all old people, that things are not now as in former days, is peculiarly applicable, and in its most depreciatory sense, to the Lent concerts of our theatres. It is true that we have several of those sterling performers, whose vocalism delighted almost our infancy, still lingering before us; we have still floating around us some few of those hallowed strains which formerly constituted the sole and solemn recreation of the sacred Wednesday and Fridays; but our favourite Handel-singers are either thrown into the back-ground by the Buffos and Prima Donnas of the Haymarket, or are "grown great," and will condescend to favour us with but a single song in the whole evening; and then, too, in the vitiated taste of this melo-dramatic

E. M. March, 1825.

age, they must needs chuse a ballad or a bravura, instead of something suitable and expressly suited to the season, which it is the business of these oratorical performances to solemnize. And in truth the very audience has changed with the general character of the entertainment. The lower orders in the morning throng the palace-yard of St. James's to be electrified with the overture to *Der Freyschutz*, and in the evening they rush to take a second shock from the thundering band of Drury lane. But let it not be thought that we have such proud stomachs as to nauseate every species of musical gratification. We like John Bull even to the skirts of his coat, but we would rather have the unmannerly part of him. To finish railing then, and begin reviewing, we may observe, that the few evenings allotted to Covent-Garden this season, have been passed rather sleepingly, over the Messiah. There was no want of talent in the performers, nor of taste in the management; but the thing was not re-

lished, and that is all one need say of it. The Drury-lane house took a course that was more likely to fill its benches, and keep its visitors awake.—To particularize the harmonious doings of any one evening, may give our readers a tolerably correct notion; or record of the rest. For instance, take Wednesday, the 16th ult. when a remarkably good selection was presented. At the commencement, we had Weber's great master-work, with its drums and trumpets and bassoons, its thunders and its groanings, and that sweet little mignon of an air fluttering through the air, and reminding us of Myrrha's young voice heard in battle, or of a butterfly now dancing gaily before us, now caught at and for a while beaten down, and now just as *when we thought it* gave it up for lost or killed, springing out again almost from under our feet, and rejoicing a little longer in the sunshine. The introductory sinfonia to Kampf und Sieg is of a less ethereal cast; conformably to the difference of subject. Der Freyschutz (and the overture is an epitome of the opera) represents the struggle of human weakness against the influence of supernatural machinations; the Kampf und Sieg—of man against man, both but worms, however awful to each other. This commemoration of the battle of Waterloo, is perhaps the most striking that music has yet afforded. But it is, as we have said, quite earthly; it is such a mere concord of scientific sounds as the ear, however noisy they be, may admit, while the mind sits aloft unattracted and wholly disengaged. Not so with the muttering winds and booming thunders with which Weber elsewhere calls up to our apprehensions more horrors than assail the hero of the charmed bullet.

The approach of Napoleon and his forces is hailed with a noble strain of defiance in the chorus—"He comes, the victor comes," and Braham's recitative over the dead, is imbued with a deep feeling of sorrowful admiration.

The piece terminates with a very fine chorus, in which, however, the phrases, *Oh! God! and Great God!*

recurred too frequently, and with too little gravity for our taste. Addresses of so solemn a kind ought not to be over-frequent; and at any rate, ask a more serious turn of expression than can be given them by dotted quavers or presto crotchets. The "admirable march from Lauberflote," was quite a relief to our be-drummed and be-trumpeted ears.

In the selection from Handel, Miss Graddon sung "*Holy, holy Lord*" with much dignified simplicity, and with proportionate effect.

"For unto us a child is born," made us lament, over and over again, that chorus-singers will persist in their partiality for consonants. Let them be told once more, though they must have heard it in other words a thousand times, that *consonants are not sounds, but obstructions, modifying obstructions* of sound; and that in music they ought to have not a more ample sphere of action, than a point has in geometry. The second part opened with a seasoning from Haydn, and "Come, gentle Spring," was charmingly managed by Miss Cooke, Master Edmunds, Mr. Horn, and Finney. Of the young lady, there is more to be said, and we may just as well say it at once. "The last Rose of Summer," was the perfection of taste and pure feeling. In one single cadence, and that a short and simple one, she expressed every syllable of the sweet stanza,

"Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead."

You could hear the rose leaves falling in slow circlets through the buoyant and breezy air; and if any other leaf had fallen in the theatre, you might have heard that also; so breathlessly mute was all around.—Garcia and Caradori were as charming as ever to the lovers of Italian chromatics; and the lady was in more silvery voice even than usual. Nothing in the whole evening's feast of melody could, with regard to the mechanism of tone and transition, come near her "*Ad un amato.*"

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

AMONGST the proceedings in Parliament, the affairs of Ireland and Catholic Emancipation continue to excite, both out and in doors, the liveliest interest. The motion for the third reading of the Bill for putting down illegal Associations in Ireland, or, in other words, for suppressing the Catholic Associations, was carried in the House of Commons, on the 25th of February, on a division, by 226 against 96. In the Lords, on the 3d of March, the second reading was carried, on a division, by 146 against 44; on the 7th of March, the Bill was read a third time and passed; and, on the 9th, it received the royal assent.

Here it is worth while to remark, that, at a meeting held in Kilkenny, about the middle of February, a catholic clergyman thus expressed himself: "The government may succeed in putting down the Catholic Association, but if they put down the rent, we, the priesthood, pledge ourselves that we will collect, we will evade the law, we will make the people advance to the altar, and leave on that altar the price of their redemption! Accordingly, since that period, the weekly amount of the rent has been greater than ever it was known before. The Association, however, has quietly submitted to the operation of the law, and consequently, is no longer in existence. The Orange Association in Ireland has also discontinued its meetings.

On the 1st of March, Sir Francis Burdett, after presenting a Roman Catholic petition, moved that the House should resolve itself into a Committee for the purpose of repealing the test oaths, upon admission to offices under government. Mr. Croker seconded the motion, expressing a hope that the Catholic clergy would receive a suitable provision if the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions were placed on the same footing. The motion was agreed to, on a division, by 247 against 234—majority 13; the House resolved itself into a Committee; leave was given to bring in a Bill founded on the motion, which Bill Mr. Secretary Peel gave notice he would oppose on the second reading. Mr. O'Connell, the grand

organ of the *ci-devant* Association, came over to England, at the head of a deputation, at or before the time that the discussion, on the Bill for suppressing that Association were going forward in Parliament, and subsequently to Sir Francis Burdett's motion. The learned gentleman wrote home to his constituents, if we may use the term, assuring them that their wishes respecting emancipation were to be complied with, that the disqualifications under which they labour were to be removed, upon the condition that the priests should receive a stipend from the State, that the Association was to be succeeded by a permanent Board, and that the elective franchise was to be raised from 40s. to £5. When, on the 23d of the month, Sir Francis Burdett brought in the Bill, which he stated had been drawn up conformably with the resolutions of the House, Sir Thomas Lethbridge objected to the whole policy of the measure, remarked that the important question respecting the elective franchise, which had been so strongly agitated out of doors, was left untouched, and expressed a wish that evidence should be laid before the House, as he had several petitions to present on the religious part of the question. Mr. Peel, understanding that Mr. O'Connell was the person who had been selected for framing the Bill, entreated that if the House should agree to go into a Committee, the utmost attention might be given to its details. On this Mr. Tierney observed, that he was one of the framers of the Bill, and he knew nothing of Mr. O'Connell's having been consulted on the subject. In fact, he had held no conversation with that gentleman on political subjects, since his arrival in England. Mr. Peel replied, that his reason for alluding to Mr. O'Connell; as one of the parties concerned in framing the Bill, was, that he had seen a letter, signed by Mr. O'Connell himself, stating that he had been employed! The Bill then was, on the motion of Sir Francis Burdett, read a first time, and ordered for a second reading on the 19th of April, and the House to be called over on the 18th. In the

interim, petitions for and against the measure have been pouring in from all parts of the kingdom.

Contrary to the numerous reports which have been afloat, we have the most distinct assurances from the Lords Liverpool and Eldon, and Mr. Peel, that their sentiments on the the question of further concessions to the Roman Catholics remain unchanged.

The Budget was brought forward by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the last day of February. Into its details we of course cannot enter; but it is proper to place upon record a few of its leading points. A material reduction of taxation takes place, but not with respect to the assessed taxes to the extent that was wished and expected by many. The window tax upon all houses having not more than seven windows is repealed; and the house tax upon all houses under £10. per annum has been repealed. The small farmer is allowed to let his horses to hire, when he is not using them himself, free of duty. His servants, acting as grooms, and now paid for, are exempted from duty; low four wheeled carriages, drawn by ponies, are also exempted; the duty is removed from taxed carts. The duty on foreign iron is reduced from £3. to £1. 10s. per ton; to relieve the shipping interest, the duty on foreign hemp is reduced 50 per cent.; the duty on coffee is reduced 50 per cent.; and the duty on rum is lowered to 8s. per gallon. Whiskey is no longer prohibited; the duty upon that article is fixed at 5s. per gallon, as well as the duty upon all British spirits, except on those distilled from malt, which is 6s. The main object of this reduction of 50 per cent. on the duty on gin, &c. is to prevent the practice of smuggling. On French wines the reduction of duty is about 1s. 3d. per bottle; and, on Port and Rhenish wines 1s. per bottle. The duty on cider is lowered from 30s. per hoghead to 10s.

Generally, we believe, these reductions have given satisfaction. At all events, it is exceedingly gratifying to know that the state of the revenue is so flourishing as to admit of such changes in favour of the people.

On the 3d of March, Mr. Maberly moved for the repeal of the whole of the assessed taxes; but the motion

was resisted by ministers, and negatived, on a division, by 111 against 64.

On the 21st and 25th of March, Mr. Huskisson moved some important resolutions respecting colonial trade, and for affording an increase of facilities to our commerce and navigation. They were agreed to by acclamation.

Several other subjects of considerable importance have been brought forward in the House of Commons. On the 8th of the month, Mr. Peel introduced a Bill, highly satisfactory in its nature, for consolidating the laws, now amounting to twenty, relating to juries. On the 24th, the same gentlemen obtained leave to bring in two bills, for the purpose of effecting some material changes in the criminal law of the country. The first bill related to the law respecting threatening letters; and the second to pardons granted to criminals convicted of capital offences. The object of the latter was to restore the criminal, on the receipt of his pardon, to all his capacities, in as full a manner as though it had passed the great seal. In a committee on the police act, Mr. Secretary Peel has proposed an increase of the salary of police magistrates to £600. per annum.

Mr. Martin's bill for the protection of brute animals against cruelty has been lost, and an attempt to introduce another, with similar objects has proved unsuccessful.

Mr. W. Whitmore has given notice of motion for the 19th of April, for leave to bring in a bill to amend the corn laws. Meetings are holding all over the country on the subject. The removal of restrictions is generally expected.

It is with extreme regret we mention, that a mutiny of the 47th regiment of native infantry took place on the 2d of November, at Barrackpore, in the East Indies, the suppression of which cost the lives of about 180 of the mutineers. The alleged cause of discontent was a diminution of the marching allowance of the troops, with other privations regarding the conveyance of the baggage, at the moment when they were about to undertake a dangerous and fatiguing expedition. There was not, however, one officer, even so low in rank as the havildar or serjeant, who took any

part in the mutiny. Fortunately, a strong British force was in the immediate vicinity of Barrackpore, which is about fifteen miles from Calcutta. The mutineers having been repeatedly addressed by their officers, and advised to a voluntary submission, but without success, they were surrounded by the artillery and troops which had been brought to act upon them. On the first fire they threw down their arms, and fled in confusion: many precipitated themselves into the river, numbers were killed by the fire of the troops, and about fifty were secured in the attempt to escape. The regiment has since been disbanded.

The general complexion of the news relating to the war in India is rather favourable than otherwise. The Calcutta papers to the 18th of November, contain dispatches from Sir A. Campbell, announcing a successful expedition against the island of Tavoy, where a large *depot* of cannon, ammunition, &c. was found. The despatches also announce the capture of the city and fortress of Megul by storm. This was considered important, as opening a communication between the British and the Siamese, who are decidedly hostile to the interests of the Burman empire.

The latest advices from Jamaica represent that island as in a state of perfect tranquillity.

Mr. John Quincy Adams has been elected President of the United States

of America, by the representatives of the States in Congress. Mr. Davies obtained the votes of 13 States out of 24, General Jackson had the votes of 7, and Mr. Crawford the votes of 4 States. The new President, who long resided as Ambassador in this country, is the son of John Adams, (yet living,) who succeeded Washington in the presidential chair.—A commercial treaty between the United States and Colombia has been ratified.

On the 9th of December, General Bolivar obtained a victory in the plains of Guamanguilla over the collected royalist forces under La Serna, Valdez, Canterac, and Carratela. This battle is regarded as having annihilated the Spanish power in the New World. It is not unimportant to remark that, according to one of the French papers, the Spanish government has received an official intimation, that the Allied Powers are not in a situation to assist Spain in recognizing her provinces in South America. It is stated from other quarters, that an official communication of a friendly character has been received by the British government from that of Austria, on the subject of the recognition of the American States, by England. Austria and Russia are said to allow that England has acted with due forbearance towards Spain, in delaying the recognition up to the present period.—Ferdinand VII. is said to have recovered from his late severe illness.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. George Crabb, A.M. the author of a *Technological Dictionary*, has undertaken a task even weightier—the production of a *Universal Historical Dictionary*; and the two parts of it which are already before the public, shew him not to have overrated his powers. The work teems with classical illustrations; and the professed subject of it is handled in a most liberal and comprehensive manner. Great praise is merited in the graphic and typographic departments.

There has lately appeared a new and much enlarged edition of Mr. M'Adam's *Observations on the Management of Trusts for the cure of Turnpike Roads*. Few books of so technical a nature as this, present so much interest for the general reader.

We regret our not having been able to notice earlier, the appearance of Mr. Mitchell's Translation of Jules David's *Grammatical Parallel of the Ancient and Modern Greek Languages*; for we suspect that Greece will find herself much indebted to our countryman, for having thus ably transplanted to our genial soil some of the reviving honors of her native literature.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *The Works of James Arminius, D.D.*, formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin by James Nichols, Author of *Calvinism and Arminianism Compared in their Principles and Tendency*.—Volume the First. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, & Co.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS.

FROM SATURDAY, DEC. 28, 1821, TO TUESDAY, JAN. 25, 1825, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Arcaudio, C. Gloucester-terrace, Bethnal-green, feather-merchant.
 Draper, W. Maldon, watch-maker.
 France, T. Paddington, and James street, Hay-market, timber-merchant and cabinet-maker.
 Hopwood, J. Chancery-lane, bill-broker.
 Loud, T. and T. Burgess of Sittingborne, Kent, bankers.
 Morton, R. Westbury, Wiltshire, cornfactor.
 Russel, D. Long-acre, linen-draper.

BANKRUPTS.

Ashton, J. jun. late of Fenney Bentley, Derbyshire, cheese-factor. (Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-inn.
 Ascroft, J. Liverpool, ironmonger. (Chester Staple-inn.
 Blood, E. R. L. and T. Hunter, Aldersgate-street, furnishing-ironmongers. (Baxter and Heining, Gray's-inn-place.
 Brookes, S. Bow-common, Mile-end, black ash-manufacturer. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.
 Challenger, J. late of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, piano-forte-maker. (Bishop, jun. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.
 Cooper, E. S. Liverpool, common-brewer. (Ellis, Sons, Walmesley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.
 Dawson, T. and J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothiers. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane.
 Edwards, J. Bond-street, and Rathbone-place, merchant. (Van Sandan and Tindale, Dowgate-hill.
 Fletcher, J. Pilkington, Lancashire, manufacturer and grocer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
 Galliard, J. and F. Pongeraud, Fenchurch-street, merchants. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.
 Greenwood, J. Little Gonerall, Yorkshire, joiner. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
 Hirst, J. late of Snow Lee House, Yorkshire, and since of York, cloth-merchant. (Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-square.

Harding, T. sen. and J. R. Harding, Bristol, bush-makers. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
 Harvey, W. Highgate, victualler. (Tatham, Castle-street, Holborn.
 Hawes, R. B. of Horsely-street, Walworth, carpenter, and timber-dealer. (Watson and Son, 12, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street, and 22, Crosby-row, Walworth.
 Hippon, W. Dewsbury, woollen manufacturer. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
 Keene, S. sen. Long Ditton, Surrey, coal-merchant. (Chester, jun. Parsonage-row, Newington-butts.
 Lea, W. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, broker. (Elkins, Broad-street, Golden square.

DIVIDENDS.

Burgess, J. Ipswich, shopkeeper, March 14.
 Berry, W. Alphington, Devonshire, tanner, March 4.
 Barrow, T. Liverpool, corn and flour-merchant, April 15.
 Cowell, J. jun. Torquay, Devonshire, wine-merchant, March 21.
 Cockburn, B. High-street, St. Mary-le-bone, merchant, March 28.
 Carruthers, D. Liverpool, merchant, March 28.
 Curwen, T. Great Eastcheap, tea-broker, March 22.
 Cox, R. A. Little Britain, banker, March 29.
 Downs, W. Cheshire, calico-printer, March 30.
 Devey, M. Holland-street, Christ-church, coal-merchant, March 5.
 Evans, R. Crumley, Worcestershire, coal-dealer, April 4.
 Farrer, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, victualler, March 26.
 Gerhardt, H. Savage-gardens, merchant, March 22.
 Harris, T. and J. Price, Bristol, merchants, March 12.
 Jeffreys, W. Quadrant, Regent-street, painter, March 26.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

March 2. The lady of R. Richardson, Esq. of a daughter.
 3. The lady of C. Knight, Esq. of a son.
 5. The lady of T. Williamson, Esq. of a son.
 7. The lady of J. Henry, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 8. Mr. William Power, of the Strand, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John King, Esq.
 7. John Edmond's Esq. to Caroline, youngest daughter of T. Doyle, Esq.
 9. Mr. Thompson, of Islington, to Julia, eldest daughter of T. Ryan, Esq.

DEATH.

March 9. At Stoke Newington, in the 82nd year of her age, Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld, daughter of the late Rev. John Aikin, D.D. and widow of the Rev. Rochester Barbauld.
 This distinguished lady, whose name was second to none among the female writers of her country, was born at Kibworth in the county of Leicester, on June 20th, 1743. She was indebted to her learned and exemplary

father for the solid foundation of a literary and classical education; a boon, at that time, rarely bestowed upon a daughter. She sunk by a gradual decay, without any severe bodily suffering, and with perfect resignation and composure of mind. The moral qualities of this admirable woman reflected a double lustre on her intellectual endowments. Her principles were pure and exalted, her sentiments on all occasions mild, candid, and generous. No one could bear her faculties more meekly; neither pride nor envy had the smallest share in her composition; her beneficence was proved by many acts of bounty; her courtesy, kindness, and indulgence to others were unbounded. Her society was equally a benefit to all within her sphere. She possessed many and warm friends, and passed through a long life without an enemy. Mrs. Barbauld has left behind her many pieces, both in verse and prose; and a complete edition of her works, with a selection from her correspondence, may be expected to appear under the superintendence of her family.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per	Div. per		Per	Div.
	Share.	Ann.		Share.	per Ann.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
<i>Canals.</i>			<i>Bridges.</i>		
Ashton and Oldham	295	6	Hammersmith	19	—
Burnley	336	12 & bs	Deptford Creek	35	—
Basingstoke	19	—	Southwark	18	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	350	12 10	Vauxhall	46	1
Bolton and Bury	150	6	Waterloo	10	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny	170	8	<i>Water-works.</i>		
Bridgewater and Taunton	79	—	Holloway	—	—
Carlisle	—	—	Chelsea	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	105	5	Colchester	—	—
Chesterfield	120	6 10	East London	130	5 10
Coventry	1200	44 & bds.	Grand Junction	80	3
Crinan	2	10	Kent	43	—
Cromford	500	14	Liverpool Boat	140	—
Croydon	5	—	Manchester and Salford	48	—
Derby	225	8	Portsmouth and Farington	4	—
Dudley	88	3 10	Do. New	92	1 10
Ellesmere and Chester	105	3 10	Portsea Island	4	—
Kewasb	—	58	South London	90	—
Forth and Clyde	550	20	West Middlesex	75	2 10
Glamorganshire	—	13 12 8	York Buildings	35	1 10
Gloucester and Berkley O.S.	—	—	<i>Insurance.</i>		
Grand Junction	305	10 & 20s. b.	Alliance British and Foreign	183	—
Grand Surrey	55	2	Ditto Marine	32	pr
Grand Union	31	—	Palladium	4	pr
Grand Western	16	—	Albion	60	2 10
Glantham	190	10	Atlas	9	9
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	Bath	575	40
Huddersfield	35	1	Beacon	par	57
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Birmingham Fire	430	20
Kennet and Avon	27	10	British	60	33
Kensington	—	—	Do. Commercial Life	5	5
Lancaster	48	1 10	County	55	2 10
Leeds and Liverpool	506	15	Ditto Annuity	10	10
Leicester	360	14	Eagle	4	12 6
Leicester and North	98	4	European	20	15
Loughborough	4600	200	Ditto New	—	—
Melton Mowbray	255	11	Globe	180	7
Mersey and Irwell	—	35	Guardian	22	—
Monkland	2290	110	Hope	6	6
Monmouthshire	220	10	Imperial Fire	130	51
Montgomeryshire	73	2 10	Ditto Life	12	10
North Walsham and Dilham	17	10	Kent Fire	78	2 10
Nent	400	15	Ditto Life	—	—
Nottingham	300	12	Law Life	12	10
Nutbrook	105	6 2	London Fire	24	1
Oakham	50	3	London Ship	24	1
Oxford	800	32 & bds.	Norwich Union	61	1 10
Peak Forest	193	5	Provident	22	10
Portsmouth and Arundel	17	—	Rock	5	2
Regent's	57	—	Royal Exchange	315	10
Rochdale	130	4	Sun Fire	220	8 10
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	Sun Life	27	10
Shropshire	170	8	Union	44	1
Soumeret Coal	—	10	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>		
Do Lock Fund	12	10	London	35	—
Stafford and Worcester	000	40	Russel	9	—
Stourbridge	230	12	Metropolitan	par	—
Stratford on Avon	40	1	<i>Gas Lights.</i>		
Stroudwater	450	31 10	Gas L. & Co. Chart Comp.	70	3 10
Swansea	250	11	Ditto New	5	pr
Taivstock	120	—	City Gas Light Company	—	8 2
Thames and Medway	32	—	Ditto New	—	4 10
Thames and Severn, New	33	1 10	Imperial	53	2 8
Trent and Mersey	2150	75 5 bon.	Phoenix or South London	131	pr
Warwick and Birmingham	300	11	General United Gas Comp.	6	pin
Warwick and Napton	260	11	British	1	pin
Wey and Afton	—	1	Bradford	45	2
Wife and Berke	8	—	Brentford	50	—
Wishbech	45	—	Bath Gas	17	10
Worcester and Birmingham	50	1 10	Barnsley	17	10
Wyrley and Essington	156	6	Birmingham	74	4
<i>Docks.</i>			Ditto Staffordshire	91	pr
London	106	4 10	Brighton Gas	19	10
West India	221	10	Do. New	13	10
East India	125	8	Bristol	23	10
Commercial	80	3 10	Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
Bristol	9	2 10	Burnley Gas	—	—
East Country	10	—	Belfast	1	—

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of Feb. to the 25th March, 1825.

Dates.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Red.	N 1 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Rx. Bills.	Consols. for acct.
25	2394	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	96 98	61 63	94 1/2
26	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
27	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
28	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
29	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
30	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
1	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
2	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
3	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
4	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
5	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
6	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
7	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
8	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
9	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
10	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
11	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
12	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
13	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
14	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
15	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
16	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
17	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
18	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
19	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
20	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
21	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
22	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
23	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
24	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2
25	2393	917	914	1014	1014	107	23 5-16 4	247	97 95	62 55	94 1/2

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to January 1824, have been advertised to be paid off.

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 19th of February, to the 20th of March 1825.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

Days.	Moon.	Rain Gauge.			Therm.			Barom.			De Luc's Hygrom.			Winds.			Atmo. Variations.		
		9 A.M.			9 A.M.			9 A.M.			9 A.M.			9 A.M.			9 A.M.		
		10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.	10 A.M.	11 A.M.	1 P.M.
20		17	50	14	30	17	30	27	30	30	90	W	W	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.			
21		15	40	10	30	2	30	33	35	4	90	W	N	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.			
22		46	11	18	30	30	30	30	25	71	71	SE	SE	Foggy	—	—			
23		11	19	30	30	07	30	62	71	75	75	SE	SE	—	—	—			
24		38	10	36	30	10	30	50	41	80	80	SE	SE	Clou.	—	—			
25		57	6	0	30	22	30	22	5	80	80	SE	SE	—	—	—			
26		39	39	15	30	17	30	66	90	80	80	SE	SE	—	—	—			
27		39	11	15	30	63	29	48	80	86	86	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	—			
28		36	10	20	30	45	29	51	82	82	82	SW	SW	Fine	—	—			
29		26	16	14	30	78	29	19	80	83	83	SW	SE	—	—	—			
30		18	15	28	30	30	29	0	81	80	80	W	SW	Rain	—	—			
1		16	15	23	30	30	29	35	81	80	80	WSW	SW	Fine	—	—			
2		15	15	23	30	48	25	83	74	72	72	W	NNE	—	—	—			
3		14	15	23	30	65	20	14	72	69	69	NW	NW	—	—	—			
4		14	16	24	30	96	20	98	72	72	72	W	S	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.			
5		11	14	29	30	56	20	71	74	81	81	S	SSW	Rain	—	—			
6		10	16	11	30	07	30	10	81	82	82	N	SW	S. Fog	—	—			
7		16	51	18	30	13	30	11	88	89	89	SW	SW	Rain	—	—			
8		50	52	10	30	10	30	12	86	92	92	W	SW	Clou.	Clou.	—			
9		48	39	11	30	00	29	97	96	90	90	W	WNW	Rain	Sleet	—			
10		14	18	15	30	00	30	06	82	81	81	NW	NNE	Fine	—	—			
11		49	60	32	30	00	29	98	84	84	84	SW	SE	Rain	Rain	—			
12		34	36	33	28	9	29	95	72	74	74	E	E	Clou.	Clou.	—			
13		11	36	32	30	06	30	19	78	71	71	E	E	Sleet	—	—			
14		34	36	28	30	10	30	20	72	60	60	NE	E	—	—	—			
15		36	38	30	30	28	30	33	60	67	67	S	S	Fine	—	—			
16		36	13	8	30	41	30	44	65	69	69	SSW	E	—	—	—			
17		36	4	32	30	44	30	44	73	71	71	E	E	—	—	—			

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of February, was 60.100ths. of an inch.



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THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

APRIL, 1825:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 1825.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

Memoir of the Bishop of St. David's	293
Stanzas	298
Superstition	299
To my Lyre	300
From a French.—Epitaph on an Infant	301
Custom	302
Lines to a Rich Miser	303
Song.—Sonnet, written at a Concert	304
Gather's Ring	305
Advice to the Ladies	313
Lines on the Death of Sir Thomas Picton	315
Tales of my Study; or, Collections of a Stay at Home	316
The New Arion	319
Reflections upon the Moral and Biographical Writings of Dr. Johnson	320
Fading Flowers	326
The Veteran Sergeant.—Stanzas	327
The Recluse	328
The Greek Emigrant's Song to the Flag of his Country	330
Women	331
To — Church, 1823	334
New Words to the Manly Hearts.—Sonnet, Sunrise	335
A Chapter of Signs	336
Art of Rising, Advancing, and Succeeding in Life	339

LONDON REVIEW.

Adonais; an Epory on the Death of John Keats	315
A Selection of Irish Melodies, with Symphonies & Accompaniments	317
Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits	ib.
The Buccaneer, and other Poems	348
Some Important Advice to the World	ib.
The Lancet	349
Lisbon	350
James Forbes, a Tale	351
Sonnets, and other Poems	353
Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn	354
Smiles and Tears	ib.

FINE ARTS.

Exhibition at the Gallery of the British Institution in Pall Mall	355
Second Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Pall Mall East	360

THE DRAMA.

German Theatres.—Covent Garden	366
King's Theatre.—Drury Lane.—Astley's Amphitheatre	370
View of Public Affairs	371
Literary Intelligence—Patents	375
Commercial Report	377
Bankrupts—Dividends	ib.
Births, Marriages, and Deaths	381
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies	383
Price of Stocks	384
Meteorological Journal	ib.

LONDON:

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FOR SHERWOOD, JONES AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW,

And Sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

Shackell and Ainsworth, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.

EDITOR'S NOTICE

IN our next number, we will resume our Essays on the British Poets, and on the Periodical Press, circumstances of a private nature having unavoidably prevented the Editor from attending to this department of the Magazine during the last few months.

Several communications are left, for their respective authors, at our publisher's.

We hope the author of the Art of rising, advancing, and succeeding in Life, will favour us with a continuation of his promised Essays on that subject.

Replies to Correspondents will be left at our publisher's on the 5th instant.

A Portrait and Memoir of the Musical Infant, Lyra, will appear in our next.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row, or W. J. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow Street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number has been printed.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

LONDON REVIEW

APRIL, 1825.

MEMOIR OF THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS.

DR. THOMAS BURGESS, bishop of St. David's, is descended by the female line from Dr. Nicholas Robinson, bishop of Bangor, whose granddaughter was married to the Rev. Thomas Burgess, rector of Bighton, in Hampshire, in which living he succeeded his father-in-law, the Rev. Hugh Robinson. Mr. Thomas Burgess was Fellow of New College, and had been educated at Winchester College.

At the same celebrated seminary of learning, the subject of this Memoir was educated, from which he was elected to a scholarship of Corpus Christi College, in Oxford, in the year 1778. He was successively tutor and fellow of Corpus, and was a resident member of the University for sixteen years. While an undergraduate in the year 1778, he published Observations on the Greek Tragedies of Sophocles, Eurypides, and Æschylus, which are comprised in Burton's Peratologia, the edition of which was completed by him in 1779, in an early part of which year he took his Bachelor of Arts' degree. In the following year, he gained the chancellor's prize for an Essay on the *Study of Antiquities*. In 1781 he published his edition of Dawes's celebrated work, the *Miscellanea Critica*, to which he prefixed a large critical Preface, and a copious Appendix of Notes, the value of which was greatly increased by the insertion of his friend Mr. Tytwhitt's learned, acute, and in-

teresting observations. By the generous friend he had been induced to continue his residence at the University after he had taken his bachelor's degree, that he might pursue his classical studies instead of devoting himself to the cumidity of the church, the moment he was qualified for it by age. To this he was not only induced, but (as we learn from a commendation of Dr. Burgess to Mr. Nicholls in his *Literary Anecdotes* of the Eighteenth Century) enabled by an annual gratuity from his learned and manifest friend, equivalent to a curacy. In the year 1781, he took a rapid long vacation tour through Flanders, Holland, and Brabant, in which he became acquainted with those very eminent masters of Greek learning, Valartier, Ruhakenius, and Wytenbach. In 1781 he passed six weeks at Paris, and was there also fortunate in obtaining the friendship of Bartholmey, the author of *Anacharsis*, the editor of *Largus*, *Anecdota*, *Grecæ*, &c. and Larcher, the translator of Herodotus. In 1788 he visited Holland, and passed six weeks at Leyden, on which occasion he had the good fortune to be the instrument of a literary undertaking of no small consequence to the republic of letters. On being informed by M. Ruhakenius that Wyttbach had completed all his preparations for an edition of the miscellaneous works of Plutarch, and that no bookseller could be found

to undertake the publication, he wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Barrington, now Bishop of Durham, on the subject, thinking that such a work would be an object for the delegates of the Oxford Press. Bishop Barrington, with his usual promptitude in the promotion of learning, undertook to recommend the work to the delegates, who readily closed with the proposal, with what infinite advantage to Greek literature, the public, who are in possession of this most valuable edition of Plutarch's morals, have long since decided. The late Dr. Ilberden, who was very particularly fond of Plutarch, more than once expressed himself, even in terms of gratitude to Dr. Burgess, for this literary service. While Dr. Burgess was at Leyden he printed his first Prospectus of his *Musenæ Oxoniensæ*, of which two *Fasciuli* were published.

In 1782 he took his master's degrees, and in the course of the year was ordained, we believe, deacon and priest. In the year 1785 occurred an event, which evidently has had a material influence on the subsequent part of Mr. Burgess's public life. In this year, while he was diligently engaged in his literary pursuits, and in the duties of college tuition, the Bishop of Salisbury, not less unexpectedly than kindly, appointed him his domestic and examining chaplain. The first publication, of a religious character, that was found among Mr. Burgess's works, was the Salisbury Spelling-book, for the use of Sunday Schools, in 1786, which was soon followed by two Tracts—on Herod's Rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem. In 1789 he printed an anonymous tract, entitled, *Considerations on the Abolition of Slavery, and the Slave Trade*, which he has since acknowledged in the list of his publications. This tract has been lately reprinted by some friends to the abolition of West Indian slavery.

In the year 1791 he preached and published a Sermon on the Divinity of Christ, a sequel to which he preached and published in the year 1818. In the year 1791, when the see of Durham became vacant by the death of Bishop Thurlow, the Bishop of Salisbury succeeded him by the king's special appointment and Mr. Burgess accompanied his lordship to Durham, as his domestic chaplain,

where, on the first vacancy that occurred, which was within a few months after his arrival at Durham, the bishop gave him a stall in the church of Durham. In the year 1795 the bishop of Durham collated him to the rectory of Winston on the Tees, in which delightful situation he passed a great part of the last eight years of his life, dividing his time between the duties of his parish, his prebend, and his attendance at Auchland Castle. In 1799 he was married by the bishop of Durham to Miss Bright, daughter of John Bright, Esq. and aunt to the present Marchioness of Winchester. In 1803 he was appointed to the see of St. David's. In the year 1804, was established the *Church Union Society* of that diocese, the chief object was to form an institution for the education of young men intended for Holy Orders, whose domestic circumstance precluded them from the advantages of an University education. By the persevering co-operation of the clergy of the diocese, with some munificent contributions from England, the approbation and aid of the two Universities, the munificence of the king, and the favour of his majesty's ministers, the great object is now nearly completed. St. David's College is built on a plan which does credit to the taste of the architect, Mr. Cockerell, and one half of it is in a state fit for the reception of students.

In the month of October, 1820, the bishop of St. David's received his majesty's commands to form an institution to be called, *The Royal Society of Literature*, which his majesty has most munificently endowed with eleven hundred guineas per annum; a thousand guineas being allotted to ten persons eminent for their literary services to the public; and one hundred guineas for two gold medals to be given annually to authors distinguished by works of great literary merit, or by useful discoveries in literature. The medals of last year were adjudged to William Mitford, Esq. for his *History of Greece*, and to Signor Angelo Mai, librarian of the Vatican, for his various important discoveries of works of classical antiquity, supposed long since to be lost. The medals of the present year have been adjudged to James Rennel, Esq. for his geographical works, and to Charles

Memor of the Bishop of St. David's.

Wilkins, Esq. for his works in Sanscrit literature

Of the Bishop of St. David's literary productions, the chief are—1. An Essay on the Study of Antiquities; 2. an edition of Dawes's *Miscellanea Critica*; 3. two Tracts on Herod's Rebuilding of the Temple of Jerusalem; 4. Considerations on the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade; 5. Reflections on the Controversial Writings of Dr. Priestley; 6. two Sermons on the Divinity of Christ; 7. Easter Catechisms, (reprinted in a volume, entitled, *Three Catechisms on the Principles of our Profession as Christians, as Members of the Church of England, and as Protestants*); 8. a volume of Tracts on the Origin and Independence of the British Church; 9. a volume of Tracts on the Divinity of Christ; 10. a Vindication of the Authority of 1 John v. 7. from the Objections of M. Griesbach, the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Quarterly Review; 11. a Selection of Tracts and Observations on 1 John v. 7. 12. *Annotationes Millii Wetstenii, Bengelii, and Sabaterii ad 1 Joann. v. 7. and*, 13. a Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, on a Passage of the Second Symbolum Antiochenum of the fourth century, in evidence of the Authenticity of 1 John v. 7.

The subjects on which a writer exercises his talents must always be distinguished from his mode of treating them. A subject may be interesting and important in itself, but every subject is not suited to the talents and peculiar genius of every writer. Hence it is, that though we should wish to see every writer confine himself to a subject of interest and importance only, where nature has given him those original powers of mind which qualify him for the elucidation, illustration, and development of its nature and principles, we should still feel sorry to find a mind of weak and inadequate powers grappling with subjects of an important character. If he cannot instruct, let him not aim at instruction: perhaps he may divert the ennui of an idle moment, by collecting roses and butterflies, or stringing together a few pretty phrases, or well turned imitations of the style or imagery of other writers. If his talents be confined to

this pretty and amusing species of literary excellence, why let him pursue it, rather than confound and disfigure subjects that are placed beyond his comprehension. In meddling with such subjects he may do much harm, but in confining himself to those lighter subjects which are in unison with the levity and temerity of his own mind, he may relieve us from the austerity of more serious reflections, and please, at least, if he cannot instruct: but let him even attempt instruction, and try his powers on the most important subjects, we must still be careful not to estimate his powers by the importance or magnitude of these subjects. Besides, subjects, like objects in nature, appear to us under different aspects, each of which requires a treatment peculiar to itself, and accordingly powers of a very different character may be brought forward and profitably exercised on the same subject. We should therefore wish to make our readers more critically acquainted with the character and merits of the works whose titles we have just quoted, feeling, as we do, that without this knowledge, we can never justly appreciate the merits of their author; but here, unhappily, we find ourselves treading on fearful and forbidden ground; for in controversial works, the stronger reason will always appear the weaker to every man of a different creed. In therefore attempting to convince our readers, that Dr. Burgess has done all the justice to his subjects of which they are capable, we should only succeed in convincing some of them that both he and we are religious bigots, for every profession of faith, appears tinged with bigotry to those of a different creed. In his tracts on the Divinity of Christ, every member of the Church of England will admit, and even maintain, that he has successfully refuted and confuted the Unitarians, and proved the distinct personality of the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, but what Deist, Atheist, or Unitarian, would make the same admission? To support his arguments and positions, therefore, would be to enter into a religious controversy, where we should have no one to agree with us but those who are already admirers of his ecclesiastical writings. Besides, we have long since professed our in-

tention of declining the angry warfare of religion and politics, and to confine ourselves purely to literature and the arts. Of the abilities, therefore, which the subject of the present Memoir has brought to the cause of religion, so far as these abilities are evinced in strength of argument and power of persuasion, we must be silent: we have already disqualified ourselves for offering any opinion on religious subjects, and law makers should not be law breakers. We can, however, without giving offence to any party, bear testimony to his erudition and profound research. He draws his arguments and illustrations from a most extensive circle of moral, metaphysical, philosophical, and classical knowledge. His style is pure, simple, and perspicuous; a matter of no ordinary importance in a subject so capable of being darkened by obscurity and ambiguity of expression. His mode of reasoning is always ingenious, whether conclusive or not. We say conclusive, because in religious subjects no ingenuity or powers of reasoning can enable us to arrive at the truth, if we first set out with erroneous principles; and to maintain that he has or has not set out with such principles, would be to enter into the arena of religious controversy, from even an approach to which we have totally debarred ourselves at the commencement of our career. In the *argumentum ad hominem*, we believe that no controversial writer of the day is a match for Dr. Burgess. He is almost always successful in defeating his enemy with his own weapons. This sort of argument, it is true, is no evidence of truth, for to prove another in error is no proof that we are right ourselves. It is certain, however, that he who proves another wrong by his own arguments, is the better reasoner, and, we believe, that the Bishop of St. David's, in religious or theological controversy, has in this respect no equal. If he does not always prove the point at issue, he proves, at least, that his opponent is in error. He rests all his arguments on the Scriptures, and the authority of the ablest writers, deeming it, no doubt, unworthy of a Christian to parley with a sceptic or atheist. As a specimen of his manner, we shall quote his arguments in support of a local heaven; and, as we have al-

ready observed, if they be not conclusive in themselves, they overturn, at least, the arguments of Mr. Belsham against the existence of any local place of bliss.

"Mr. Belsham," he says, "denies the existence of a local heaven, and says, that 'modern discoveries in astronomy refute this puerile hypothesis. God is at all times equally and every where present. And heaven is a state, and not a place.' To be perfectly virtuous and perfectly happy is to be in heaven, whatever be the local situation of the being in question."

"To the modern discoveries in Astronomy I object, as totally inadequate to disprove a local heaven. Astronomy is confined solely to the laws of the *visible* and *material* system, and has nothing to do with what is *invisible* and *immaterial*. Mr. Belsham, I would willingly suppose, does not see the extent of his objection to a local heaven. If there be no local heaven, there can be no local hell; there can be no separate existence of the virtuous and the wicked after this life; 'no place prepared for the devil and his angels; no company of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect;' no resurrection of the dead; (for how can they rise, if to no local state?) no day of judgment; and therefore no life to come. For we have no authority for the expectation of another life, but what is founded on the same Scriptures, which assure to us the certainty of a local heaven and hell, that is, a separate existence of the virtuous and the wicked. If this were not true, all the hopes that is indulged of being reunited hereafter with those whom we venerate and love, and of enjoying the society of angels, and patriarchs, and martyrs, and the virtuous and good of other times; with all the powerful motives to a good life, which such hopes inspire;—all is error and delusion; all darkness, doubt, and atheism, if Mr. Belsham's objections to the authority of the Scriptures respecting a local heaven, and Christ's pre-existence there, be valid. But they are not valid. His reasoning from incongruous and inadequate premises is illogical; his arguments from the language of Scripture are frivolous and ungrammatical; and his general position is contrary to the universal judgment of the Christian Church. Our Saviour says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.' Yet Mr. Belsham says, there is no such place as heaven. The apostles describe heaven under the representation of a city, a kingdom, a country, the new Jerusalem, &c. terms so clearly expressive of local habitation and spiritual society, that the locality of heaven,—the separate appro-

proprate habitation of God's 'good and faithful servants,'—cannot be denied without renouncing the divine authority of the Scriptures."

We are much pleased with his observations on free judging, and perfectly agree with him that the science of salvation gains little or nothing from the progress of the arts and sciences.

"Free inquiry," he says, "implies large views, and diligent research. But in the modern use of the word, *free inquiry* is but another term for *free thinking* and *free speaking*. A great clamour may be raised by any one about the liberty of free inquiry, without advancing one step beyond the stock of his own crude conceptions; with no other lights, but the ignes fatui of fortuitous and endless speculation, and no other direction, but the hardy impetus of an unlearned and undisciplined mind. We hear much of the progress of 'intellectual, moral, and religious improvement,' but no discoveries are stated, which bear at all on our present subject, *the right interpretation of Scripture*,—which make us better masters of Scripture knowledge, and give us either a deeper interest in religious truth, or a clearer insight into the mysteries of Revelation, than were possessed by our REFORMERS, or by the great men who were born in the succeeding century, and lived long before the commencement of the present *inquisitive era*. Our subject is strictly confined to the knowledge necessary to *the right interpretation of Scripture*, and to the ascertaining the essential doctrines of Christianity. For those doctrines can be ascertained only by a right interpretation of Scripture. And with a view to such knowledge it may be asserted, without injustice to the learned labours of the latter half of the eighteenth century, and of the short period that has survived it, that they gain nothing by comparison with the works of the great and enlightened men, who compose the list of ecclesiastical writers, from LATIMER to WARBURTON, subjoined to this Letter, and who are all natives of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. If we take Jewell and Hooker, as the standard of the sixteenth century; and Pearson, Barrow, Hull, and Stillingfleet, for general Scripture knowledge, with Walton, Lightfoot, Pococke, Castell, Hammond, Poole, Patrick, Whitty, and Lowth, for what is more especially sealed Biblical learning, in the seventeenth century; what do we find in 'the improving spirit of the times,' which can afford any means of interpreting Scripture, and of ascertaining the essential doctrines of Revelation, which they had not? Unitarians say, that 'in then inquiries after

E. M. April, 1825.

the *essential principles* of Christianity they have availed themselves of the advantages peculiar to the present age.' (p. 14. 24.) If the present age has any such advantages for the right interpretation of Scripture doctrines, which our ancestors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had not, Unitarians are so far from having availed themselves of them, that (I repeat what I have before mentioned) as far as concerns the progress of religious truth, they have made no advancement beyond the three first Centuries; and as to the new light, which they say they have derived from free inquiry, there is not an heretical opinion, which they profess, which was not professed by the heretics of the same three centuries; which was not examined and condemned by the Fathers and Councils of the Primitive Church.—The *God-denying apostasy* (as Unitarianism was then called) has been stationary (as to any discovery) for more than fourteen Centuries.

"And as to their boasted liberality, the following passages will shew that *that* has undergone no change, *for the better*, from the 'improving spirit of the times.'

Eighteenth Century.

"'Because so many persons have earnestly desired to read this trial, I have here published a second edition, in order to encourage all honest men, who have the eternal law of God on their side, not to fear the faces of priests, who are generally the *grand adversaries of liberty and truth, and the bastions and bulwark of all ceremonies, superstitions, and absurd doctrines that are in the world.*' (Edwall's Trial, 1729.)

Nineteenth Century.

"'Tied down in an enlightened and inquisitive era to a system of theology, the wretched relic of a dark and barbarous age, on the profession and defence of which all his hopes are built, *truth must necessarily be the object of his aversion and abhorrence.*' (Belsham's Review of the Controversy between Bishop Horsley and Dr. Priestley, 1814.)

"The present age undoubtedly has great and numerous improvements of its own—in commerce and agriculture, anatomy and surgery, chemistry, mechanics, and the military art, geography, statistics and political science, beside all the arts of elegance and luxury. But these are improvements, which either are wholly unconnected with religion or are adverse to it.

"It may be of some use to bear in mind, that the chief panegyrists of this 'enlightened period,' this 'inquisitive era,' this 'age of reason,' have been Priestley and Paine, and the whole race of the perfectibility and revolutionary

school. It may be of equal use to remember, that by the blessing of Providence, we are now, not less unexpectedly than happily, advanced to a New Era,—a new era of old principles; and it will be happy for posterity, if we take pains to hold fast our principles, and keep our eyes open to all those arts by which illuminations of the last five-and-twenty years endeavoured, and had almost contrived, to cheat the world out of those *prepossessions and prejudices*, as they were called, which Scripture, reason, and experience, have sanctioned and established.”

In addition to these observations it may be added, that if the arts and sciences be the proper medium of acquiring a true knowledge of religion, it naturally follows that God is unjust to his creatures, and has placed barriers between many nations and heaven; for what religion can we expect in countries where the arts and sciences are totally unknown, if religion and human knowledge have any necessary connexion with each other? In fact, these free inquirers never consider for a moment in what religion consists, when they suppose it to have any necessary, or even accidental connexion with the progress of knowledge, for religion implies a belief in certain revealed dogmas of faith to a knowledge of, and without which, unaided reason could never attain. If, then, revelation be placed above reason, what can the progress of reason avail us in treating of or explaining a science, with which revelation only can make us acquainted? If the free inquirer rejects revelation altogether as unnecessary, why then he rejects Christianity also and what need of inquiring into a system of faith which we reject as a mere delusion, or chimera of the understanding? Reason can only comprehend the moral and historical part of religion, but of its mysteries, or revealed dogmas, it knows literally

nothing; for what need of revelation, if reason be necessary to guide us in the true path, or how can that be a mystery which reason can comprehend?

In domestic life, the Bishop of St. David's is one of the mildest and most unpretending of men. He seems deeply imbued with that simplicity and singleness of heart, which characterized the primitive Christians. Though now, as we believe, in his seventieth year, he is still an enthusiast in the cause of religion, and is as active and indefatigable as ever in writing down the enemies of Christianity in general, but more particularly those who stand opposed to the institutions and dogmas of the Church of England. He seems, however, to think that a union might be very easily effected between the Protestants and Dissenters, who differ, he thinks, more in appearance than in reality. With the Roman Catholics, however, he will hold no commerce or communion whatever, and rejects the idea of any possible union between the two churches, as has been suggested by the Rev. Mr. Wix of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. On this subject we could ourselves offer some opinions, but as such a union is not ever likely to take place, and as we have voluntarily deprived ourselves of the liberty of entering into the arena of polemical discussions, we shall only express a wish, that whether Catholics and Protestants, do or do not unite in the same religious creed, they may always continue, not only to live in mutual peace and harmony of sentiment with each other, but vie with each other in that charity and mutual forbearance which are the surest evidences of religious feelings, of those feelings without which mere external forms are as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal.

STANZA.

How wisely by Him who made all is it given,
To win our regards from the world to that heaven,
Developing best his divinity.
That of earth a few miles are the most we can eye,
While, if we but turn to the broad blue sky,
At a glance we have half of infinity!

SUPERSTITION.

"The trick of vanity.—Why we all do laugh
At the stage player's antics, nay oft deem
He hits to the very hair our neighbour's faults,
When it may chance—(conceit how blind thou art!)
He draws the bow at us."

Old Comedy.

AN inquiry into the deeper points of superstition—those which are peculiar to kingdoms, or which plunge into the dwellings of the dead, and bring back, to scare us, visions and chimeras dire, mantled in winding-sheets, and, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile"—it is not my purpose to institute. I only throw a few unpretending glances upon those lighter prejudices of the fanciful, or the weak, which we, in a smaller or lesser degree, every day jostle against in our struggle to maintain our course upon the ocean, and amidst the envying breakers of life. Have we not many of us stigmatized, as puerile and ridiculous, the ardent little *Miss*, who, with a precocious propensity to anticipate, conjures up a wedding-ring in coffee-grounds, or sows her hemp-seed at Midsummer? And yet might not some of us have battled for a particular seat at whist, or cut for the cards, with the full assurance that on these depend the good fortune of the game? The young lady's *superstition*, rely upon it, is not a jot more ridiculous, more at variance with nature, and nature's laws, than ours. You view with astonishment your worthy old grandmother's loudly-expressed consternation, when the ominous shroud or winding-sheet in the candle scarfs up its brilliance—you sneer at your fair cousins' blushing-trepidation, when they dream of what they wish, convert a superfluous bit of light into a love-letter—you pity the eager credulity of your companion, who shudders when he finds that there are thirteen seated at the feast-board, and yet fears to break the spell by rising, lest he be the first victim—and you, the very next day, purchase of Mr. Bish, or Mr. Sivewright, the lottery ticket, No. 1,001, because it is an odd num-

ber; because it gained a capital prize at the last drawing, or because (and confess, dear smiling readers, that here at least you are vulnerable), you dreamed of that very number, or your wife, your child, your relation, dreamed of it last night. I am afraid your *superstition* in this is to the full as fanciful as that of your aged grandmother, your blushing consins, or your credulous companions. We are told that if we walk beneath an up-lifted ladder, we shall never be advanced high in the scale of fortune, never attain a noble station on the ladder of life, and we smile in the diviner's face: but the very next day, perhaps the next minute—oh, what weak creatures we are, with all our boasted wisdom, all our pride!—we decline commencing a journey, because it is *Friday*, and the day "we dread." Ought we not in our turns to be laughed out of countenance? We object to helping our friend to some salt, because it will promote differences; and we sedulously divert the order of crossed knives, because it is an omen of dread; and yet we grow eloquent on the folly of the seaman, when he nails the horse-shoe to the mast, or the peasant, when he fastens it to his door, without considering that all of us equally sacrifice at the altar of *superstition*.

I will conclude this sketch, for I deem it no more, although the subject it involves is a wide one, with a short tale, apt enough to my purpose, and which, I dare say, has many a parallel both on land and wave.

"A gentleman, coming a passenger in a vessel from the West Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be shaved than to wear his beard, chose the latter—but he was not suffered to have his choice long—it was the unanimous opinion of the sailors, and

indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the least probability of a wind as long as this ominous beard was suffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonstrated; and at last prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now, as there is no operation, to which it is so much the patient's interest to consent, as that of the barber—the gentleman quietly submitted; nor could the wind resist the potent spell, which instantly filled all their sails, and wafted them merrily away."

Kind, my readers, if there be any of ye who feel an inclination of disgust at this beard-hating folly of the "tars of Old England," repress it as you value justice and the "landsmen's" consistency; for be assured, and I hope I have said enough to prove the fact, that although we might conquer *general* superstition, we are still fettered with that which belongs to our particular profession, our individual habits, and our peculiar pursuits.

March 30, 1825.

J. F. S.

TO MY LYRE.

FAREWELL, my lyre, no more thy chords
I'll touch with cold unskilful hands;
Thy sounds, no *harmony* affords,
That's seal'd from me in icy bands.

How often have I o'er thee hung;
Panting to raise the tuneful strain;
To thee how fondly have I clung,
But ah! I've panted, clung in vain.

I've set thy wires in sorrow's key,
To tell the woes that in me dwelt;
But so weak was my minstrelsy,
I could not tell one half I felt.

Of joy sometimes I've wished to sing,
Tho' little perhaps of that I've found:
But small as 'twas, I ne'er could bring
Thy strings that little joy to sound.

And then I tun'd thee to soft love,
Would fain have sung my Silira's praise;
But ah! my love, thy sounds was 'bove,
E'en beauty fail'd to fire my lays.

Naught of the love I breath'd thou told.
Faint, faint, her charms and graces sung
In vain all o'er thy chords I roll'd,
To find where music's power hung.

Then since 'tis useless, futile, all
Attempts that ere I made or make,
I'll bid—but can my tongue let fall
The word, farewell, and thee forsake.

My soul thro' thee would heave its sighs,
Thro' thee its joys would gladly speak:
And farewell, far too faintly dies
From me, to bode—farewell I'll keep.

'Tis strange when soars so high my soul,
When ideas throng thick round my brain,
And thoughts like sea-waves o'er me roll,
That I should tune the harp in vain.

What is the cause! when something seems
Like gleams of fire o'er me to dart;
When with gay fancies teems my dreams,
And upwards, upwards, flames my heart!

That I cannot attune the lay,
Breathe forth those thoughts on thee aloud;
Why, fancy, dost thou lose that ray,
With which erewhile so bright you glow'd?

Why? dreams that late so pleasing flew
Before my eyes and lightning shed,
Should when I set them, lyre, to you
Appear so vapid, dull, and dead?

But what the cause, I cannot tell,
Nor say why faulty runs the line;
Why that the verse doth lose its spell,
Or only sheds a glowworm shine.

But come, my harp, on you tree hung.
For I cannot with thee yet part;
Tho' weak the strains which I have sung,
Thou still art dear unto my heart.*

L. W. W.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Air—" Dans un delire extreme."

WHEN jealous fury warms us,
We forsake all that charms us,
Fiercely we vow revenge,
Idly we swear to change;
To be false in vain we try;
From fair to fair we fly,
Yet we return the same,
And true to our earliest flame.

Ah! cruel time deprives us
Of all the joys he gives us!
But the most sweet we know,
From memory's fountain flow,
While dreaming, dreaming, o'er
The form we still adore,
Fancy returns the same,
True to its earliest flame.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

S. W. T.

CUSTOM.

HE who said "custom is another nature," has comprised, in few words, almost all that can be said upon the subject.

Some there are, exceedingly wise and cunning in their own conceit, who would persuade us that we should accustom ourselves to nothing, for by that means we should escape much misery. Surely it is ridiculous to desire us to relinquish a thousand conveniences and comforts, merely that we may not have to fear their loss. Nothing is sweeter than custom. If the most fickle man on earth would scrutinize his heart severely, he would trace in it a certain necessity for constancy, that binds him, if not to persons, at least to things. It is to nature that we are indebted for this source of happiness. Sometimes we take all imaginary pains to lead her from our path (indeed, what gift of nature do we leave unsophisticated?), but we never entirely succeed; every man is and remains, more or less, tributary to custom; the mild, good man, in the greatest degree; the wicked and sensual, in the smallest; for he, vain to isolate himself, and tossed about upon the tumultuous ocean of his passions, seldom knows any other habitude than the propensity to evil. The love of good, on the other hand, preserves the life of the honest man within a uniform circle; a secret sentiment of gratitude binds him to the persons or things that are useful or agreeable to him; he loves his country, his home, and this is the benevolent effect of custom.

In general, we enjoy this satisfaction without taking account of it; for as it is not a very lively one, we scarcely suspect what an important part it plays in the drama of life; it is chiefly, therefore, when we lose it, that we become sensible of its true value.

Custom, indeed, mingles itself with our sentiments, and imbues our feelings. Constancy, for example, is only the pleasing habit of loving the same object. So long as love remains a passion, it governs the senses rather than the heart; but when time has purified and tempered this passion: when the husband, long rendered happy in the possession of his wife, yet finds it impossible to live without

her, because custom has cast her evergreen on the flowery chains of love; then the beloved may reckon upon unchanging constancy.

All living beings are moved by two contradictory sentiments—love and hate. That attracts, this repulses. Nevertheless, the strongest aversion is sometimes converted into a warm attachment; and custom is the magic that performs this wonder.

Man habituates himself to every thing—even to slavery, and learns to love its chains. Lord Mazarin, having been confined some time in Fort l'Evesque for debt, refused to quit his prison when his creditors had been satisfied. The only person on earth, probably, who bewailed the demolition of the Bastille, was an aged man, who had become habituated, by a long course of imprisonment within its walls, to the deprivation of liberty.

The nearer man approaches the end of his career, the stronger becomes his aversion to new objects. He seems eager to stop the progress of fleeting life, by clinging to all that has long surrounded him.

Custom steals itself even into the art of pleasing. Why is a constant endeavour almost always rewarded with success? Because the object of it becomes accustomed to it. Will the lover impart a higher value to his attentions, let him never suffer them to be expected in vain at the customary hour. At first, they will be merely agreeable to his mistress; soon, however, they will become indispensable; less through their charms than the constant habit of receiving them. This it is, with which many who are not amiable or handsome, nourish their hopes of pleasing; they supply the want of attractions by assiduity and perseverance.

Custom is an instinct, independent of thought; we follow it mechanically, even when the activity of the senses is suspended; of this somnambulists afford a proof. In short, both body and mind are subject to the dominion of habit. Without it, we should know only moments, never years of enjoyment; through its means, years of sorrow are at length reduced to moments. Even the wretched and destitute are unwilling to die, merely be-

cause they are habituated to life, and accustomed to misery.

There are persons to be met with, whose fickleness in friendship, love, and taste, is singularly at variance with custom, whose chains they nevertheless bear. It is related of a certain married man, that he was accustomed to retire to bed precisely at ten o'clock. His wife's cisisbeco, an official man, was daily prevented by his avocations from paying his visit until the same hour; his arrival was always the signal for the husband to withdraw, his health being a thing of greater importance to him than his wife's honour. In a word, it was difficult to say which was the most punctual—the clock in striking, the lover in paying his visit, or the husband in retiring. One day, however, it chanced that the lover came at an unusual hour, namely six o'clock. It was in winter—the candles brought in, and the clock stopped by some accident, all contributed to deceive the husband. "What?" said he, "is it so late? I am not at all sleepy—u'importe—the president is punctual—he is here, and so it is time to say good night."

But never is the force of this, our

second nature, more striking than in the conflict between custom and sentiment. We are so seldom untrue to the former, that, when the latter really triumphs over it, it is the strongest proof of tenderness that can be given. Here we may quote the naïve reply of a newly-married man. He had loved a lady for ten years. He visited her every afternoon, precisely at five o'clock, and regularly spent the evening in her society—none other had any attractions for him. Suddenly a circumstance occurred which enabled him to lead her to the altar. The nuptial fête was celebrated with the usual festivities. The merry guests arose from table. The bridegroom alone seemed out of spirits. "Why so gloomy?" demanded one of his friends. "What witch has laid her baleful spell upon you? Are you not arrived at the very pinnacle of felicity?"—"Oh, certainly! I love my wife inexpressibly—she will now live with me entirely. What a prospect of bliss! There is only one thing which troubles me, and, I confess, I did not think of it before." "What is that?" "Where shall I spend my evenings in future?" S.

LINES TO A RICH MISER,

Who wasted his lungs in declaiming against Marriage amongst the Poorer
Class of People.

Thus fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn amongst the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She chucks amongst her chirping brood,
With joy I've seen that self same hen,
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolved to marry me.

Foreign, Nov. 24, 1804.

SONG.

BRIGHT art thou, Inez, and fair,
 As the dew-drop that hangs on the rose,
 When the first beams of morning appear,
 And the buds of each flow'ret uncloze;
 But changeful and fickle thou art,
 As the ripples that dance on the wave,
 Yet love for thee ne'er can depart
 From my breast, 'till it chills in the grave.

Full oft in deep sadness I stray,
 And muse on the days that are gone;
 When we took through the wild woods our way
 And thy blue eyes' kind look was my own;
 But now thou hast left me alone,
 So riven and chill'd is my heart,
 That the praise of mankind, or their frown,
 Neither sorrow nor joy can impart.

Dear maid, though my country I leave,
 And fall on some far distant shore,
 Oh! sometimes, if memory grieve,
 That the days of our friendship are o'er;
 Then, deny not one pitying sigh
 O'er his ashes, who once was so dear,
 But think that his spirit is nigh,
 If thou weep'st by the side of his bier.

SONNET, WRITTEN AT A CONCERT.

LET him, who deems that woman's lovely form
 Is void of soul, come, gaze upon her here;
 While down her cheek there steals the tender tear,
 As music sheds it's wild, resistless charm;
 And the deep passions of her bosom warm,
 And the soft soul-beams melting in her eye,
 And her heart sends responsive harmony,
 As the glad flute is heard, or trumpet's wild alarm.

What reck's the graceless Moslem's boasted creed,*
 Out on their maids, in paradise that d'well,
 Their dream-born hours on ambrosia fed;
 'Tis better here to mark each bosom swell
 With those soft thoughts, which music bids arise,
 Than taste the thousand joys of Paynim paradise.

It is a part of the Moslem creed, that women are destitute of souls.

LUTHER'S RING.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156.

OETWIN was pacing the cell with hasty strides, his arms folded across his breast, when Justus entered on his return. His cold, unmeaning countenance was animated to a certain degree, as he placed himself before the youth, and proffered his hand in welcome.

"Thou art an honest soul, Justus," said the young noble, with a hearty squeeze of the hand, "you found those books which are so strictly forbidden in these halls; and you might have brought me into trouble and disgrace by denouncing me;—it was friendly and generous of you not to do it." "The informer's office is performed in malice and rewarded with hatred," returned Justus; "I love neither. Moreover I venerate the rights of hospitality, and as we live and sleep under the same roof we become reciprocally host and guest. But how came you by such popish writings, and why do you peruse them, seeing that you have received purer light?"

Oetwin's countenance betrayed his confusion; he collected himself, however, and replied with a sly ingenuity: "The book had gotten out of our chaplain's library at the castle amongst my things, and as the spiritual inspector, yesterday, in his lecture, touched upon the forgiveness of sins, I referred to it, for doubts arose in my mind." "Doubts! of what?" demanded Justus, with astonishment. "Yes, doubts which torment me unceasingly, and which have long since destroyed my peace. What is true and what is not? Doctor Eck was a man of profound erudition."

"But surely not possessed of that purity and singleness of heart which characterizes the heroes of the new faith?" said Justus, looking sternly in Oetwin's trembling eye.

"You have been strictly educated, Justus," replied Oetwin, timidly; "but I, deprived of a mother's care, and brought up by a father, rendered in early life a cripple by his wounds, have been suffered to range uncontrolled among the servants and the vulgar. I am not free from sin; and that thought afflicts me and makes me old before my time. I brood over my

wretchedness, and feel desolate and forlorn in the midst of my joyous companions. Then, my dear Justus, I frequently ask myself whether the Catholic faith doth not make men happier, whether it be not better suited to the frailty of our nature? Luther refers us for confession and repentance direct to God. But what an immeasurable space lies between the worm of the earth and that terrible Judge! The thought makes my brain dizzy. The old church, on the contrary, points out to us mediators and intercessors in the holy apostles and saints, and offers absolution in the confessional, a soothing balsam to the wounded spirit, that thus freed from the burthen of sin pursues its path."

"The path it had before—the broad and beaten track that leadeth to destruction!" exclaimed Justus, interrupting his friend with more warmth than he was wont. "Convenient devices for the worldly-minded! but their weight is like false coin. Is not the priest who absolves thee a man like unto thee? Can his word, the word of a man, make undone that which thou hast done, and blot out the dreadful memorial of thy deeds? Believe me, sincere and deep repentance is the best intercessor with the great Spirit, whom we are not to consider as a revengeful task-master, but as a kind and indulgent parent, ever ready to receive his penitent children to his bosom. Good deeds best atone for past offences, and bring forth the only acceptable fruits of repentance. The divine goodness will forgive all our sins, for the perfect God knows no revenge, nor any desire to punish, and faith in his mercy is reconciliation with him, for none but the abandoned sinner lives 'without God in the world.' Let this faith take possession of thy soul, Oetwin, and all thy doubts will vanish away. I will give you Melancthon's *Loci Communes*; the mild eloquence of that writer will be better suited to your state of mind than the severe denunciations of Luther, and will restore peace to your soul, as it has done to so many of his proselytes." Justus's voice became so soft

and persuasive at the close of his harangue, that Oetwin was visibly affected by it, and his eyes were ready to gush out with tears. A confession seemed to quiver upon his lips, but Justus waited in vain for it, and they sought their respective couches in profound silence.

The Friday came, and the conversation of that evening had determined our generous and enthusiastic young friend to risk more still, in order to probe the wound in his companion's breast, and, if possible, to heal it. He had since intentionally flirted with the girl at the well, and drawn the attention of the young creature upon himself so effectually that Oetwin saw and heard him with astonishment. The night arrived, the Collaborator's visit paid to all the cells, and the stillness of the grave pervading the whole building, he rose from his desk, dressed himself again, and laid hold of the latch of the door. "Are you going out again to-night?" demanded Oetwin, scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses. "Yes, Oetwin, I too have my peccadilloes," returned Justus, smiling, "and as the secret belongs to another beside myself, I have no doubt you will keep it as faithfully as I did yours." So saying he hurried away, leaving his companion lost in astonishment and conjecture.

The clock in the church tower told eleven ponderous and tardy strokes. Justus stooped to count them. In the corridors through which he passed all was still; the large green lanterns suspended from the summit of the vaulted roof, cast only a faint unsteady gleam between the massy, shady pillars, creating a mysterious twilight, which served only to deepen the gloominess of the place. The church was the principal object of his search, for thence, according to the stories of the domestics, the supernatural appearances were seen to proceed. To the church, therefore, Justus slowly and cautiously directed his steps; but he had not proceeded far before he heard, or thought he heard, a foot fall in the distance. He instantly secreted himself in the deep shade of one of the enormous pillars, to observe the intruder's motions. It was the puffy porter, who came tottering along from the church side, with his enormous bunch of keys rolling from one side to the other of his well stuffed paunch, and giving

forth a low jingling sound that kept time with his *largo* movement. Just opposite to Justus's hiding place he was met by Von Altenburg. "Are you here again?" said the porter, addressing the latter. "Yet, true it is Friday, and you would fain go and pray at the altar, in conformity with your vow. Well, thou art as pious as thou art undaunted, and mayst do noble things; but it is not yet midnight—come to my room for a while, a cup of mother's milk will fortify thee against the night dews, and a little pious discourse over it, will be a proper preparative to your penitential duty." Oetwin made no answer, but followed the gorbet-bellied porter to his apartment in the lodge.

Confirmed in his suspicions, and strengthened in his resolution, Justus suffered their footsteps to die away in the distance, and then proceeded boldly along the gloomy cloister towards the church. The heavy door was scarcely closed, and readily admitted him into the spacious empty sanctuary.

Justus, though neither timid nor superstitious, could not entirely divest himself of a certain feeling of awe and indistinct apprehension as he entered the lofty church, and he drew his inspirations quicker as he strode over the time worn tombstones, upon which the moon's feeble beams, penetrating with difficulty through the painted windows, cast a motley and wavering light. He had already fixed upon the noble monument of the Landgrave George of Thuringia, as his point of observation. It stood in the chancel near the altar, and so elevated that the whole church might be viewed from it. The princely dead represented in marble, clad in his coat of mail, seemed to fix his grey corpse-like face upon him, and to ask him, "What seekest thou, young man, in the halls of corruption, since thou art not yet fallen to decay?" His heart beat audibly. The stillness of the place was broken only at intervals by the frightful screeching of an owl in the tower, apparently engaged in sharing her prey amongst her brood. Frequently he imagined that he saw something in the distance; the moon beams created fleeting forms that seemed to rise out of the graves, and then suddenly to vanish away. The wind blew small particles of stone from off the roof of the church, that pattered

against the windows of the chapel; then again for a while the stillness of the grave succeeded, yet more awful than all the noises. Justus felt his courage flag, and was on the point of quitting his post, when the tolling of the midnight hour in hollow, heavy strokes, renewed his firmness, and he resolved to persevere in his undertaking.

And scarcely had the vibration of the twelfth stroke ceased, when a strange noise not far from him rivetted his attention. In the entrance of the carved work, leading from the side of the altar to the holy of holies, a portion of the flooring was slowly raised—a gleam of light issued from the opening, and the form of a priest ascended into the church. A frosty shudder seized the young spectator, and the hair stood erect upon his brow, while drops of cold perspiration ran down his cheeks. The figure was of the middling stature, and the features seemed to be those of a man who had exceeded the usual limit of mortal being. He was enveloped in the snow-white habiliment of a Cistercian friar, decorated with a black scapula and a wreath of roses; his spacious bare head was begirt with silvery locks, and a beard of the same shiny hue descended in wavelike curls below his waist. The eyes were deeply sunk, almost extinguished; the features so stony and deathlike, the steps of the naked feet so noiseless, that the youth would certainly have believed himself to be in the presence of an inhabitant of the grave, had not a little silver lamp, which the monk carried in his left hand, betrayed to him his motions as he warily closed the trap door, and then cast a cautious and scrutinizing glance around the place. The figure then glided softly down from the altar, and disappeared at the door opening into the cloisters.

Justus stood unresolved. Should he pursue and instantly unmask the ghost, or should he wait and continue to observe his movements until he had some better knowledge of his intentions? Before he could determine, the re-entrance of the monk again occupied his attention.

The figure of the white friar returned yet more slowly into the church, followed, at a little distance, by Oetwin Von Altenburg. The monk's face seemed more frozen and ghastly than

before—the eyes had lost all their fire, and twinkled like dying sparks out of their deep sockets; his walk was a measured totter, and when he halted every ten paces, stopped a few seconds in the windings of the aisle, and then slowly turned his head with his snow-white beard, and tokened with his wax-like long hand. Justus felt nearly the same horror thrilling through his veins, that Oetwin betrayed in his pale cheeks and quivering lips. Oetwin followed the figure to the railwork which separates the choir from the body of the church. Here he remained trembling, and scarcely able to support himself against the railing. The monk, meanwhile, approached the altar, stopped there as if to pray, his hands clasping his little lamp high in the air, then turned round, stretched out his hand towards Oetwin as if to give him his benediction, took the wreath from his girdle, raised it towards heaven, made a cross in the air with his forefinger, and then vanished instantaneously.

All this occurred so rapidly, the vanishing in particular was so well performed, that Justus himself felt surprised; his keen eye, however, had perceived in the moonlight the opening in front of the altar, through which the monk had passed; he also clearly perceived the square marble slab again raise itself in the opening, and bring up something glittering from the depths below. Oetwin now timidly approached the altar, and with visible dread slowly bent himself to take up the treasure that the midnight earth had borne. Justus perceived it to be a golden goblet, out of which a roll of parchment projected. The young noble hastily secreted his prize, and hurried out of the church as if he had been pursued by a legion of ghosts.

All now remained perfectly still; the moon went behind a thick storm-portending cloud, and Justus, after musing awhile upon the strange scene he had just witnessed, and reflecting upon the line of conduct he should pursue, stole along the dusky cloisters to his cell, where he found his friend already wrapt in dissembled sleep.

It is an important period for a youth, accustomed heretofore to the guidance and assistance of others, where he finds himself, for the first time, standing alone, unaided and un-

advised, before an action of moment. Yet more important and critical is it when the deed requires not only courage and firmness, but reflection and judgment. The good or ill management of such firstling works often determines our whole future conduct through life. Consciousness and confidence are either thereby awakened, or for ever extinguished, in the youthful breast. The most trivial deed of arms crowned with success has led many to the path of glory; the generous praise bestowed upon the first effort of the youthful poet, has opened to him the laurel grove of Pæbus; while, on the contrary, many a powerful genial spirit has been maimed for ever by the failure of its first effort, or crushed by the fury of mercenary criticism, whose chilling and deadly influence too often withers every gem of talent before it has time to shoot.

Justus felt that the task he had imposed upon himself was not one adapted to the petulance of youth, and this feeling itself strengthened him. He was well acquainted with the monks of his times, even to their inmost secrets and devices; he knew that it was a contest with cunning, with fanaticism, and with power, for which he had to prepare. Reason commanded circumspection, while his enthusiastic spirit, and the impulse of his heart for the cause of truth, called him off alike from fear and moderation. He was not without hope of observing in Oetwin, the following morning, some further symptoms of confidence, and he resolved, if he could bring him to disclose his secret, to begin the work of detection in concert with him; but, contrary to his expectations and wishes, Oetwin proved more gloomy and reserved than ever, and he was therefore compelled to look about him for other means and other assistance.

The first thing to be done was, to get at a knowledge of the contents of the roll in the goblet. His object was to ward off a secret blow aimed at the cause of truth and religion, and he therefore considered *secrecy* and *stratagem* as lawful weapons. Accordingly, when Oetwin was gone, as usual, to visit the Ranger on the afternoon of that day, he examined his bookcase and secretaire, and without gratifying his curiosity for the former, warned of his negligence, had removed

even the book that first attracted his notice. Continuing his search, he found the wardrobe locked; to open it by force seemed a dangerous method, and one threatening disgrace to himself. While standing in front of the antique carved door, vexed at this interruption, and at a loss how to act, he had almost unconsciously taken his own bunch of keys out of his pocket; with a movement no less mechanical he applied one of them to the strange lock, and the wardrobe opened before him. Half shocked at his temerity and his success, but encouraged by the latter circumstance, as if instigated by some higher power, he hastily bolted the door of his cell, and proceeded diligently in his scrutiny.

In a drawer he found a number of controversial writings of catholic zealots, with prayer-books and missals bound together; a small crucifix set with precious stones, and a bed-wreath of red coral were concealed in a small ebony box lined with blue velvet; the arms of the Altenburgh family were emblazoned upon it in gold. But a brown writing-desk of nut-tree wood, such as were generally used by travellers in those days, contained the most important objects of his search. At the top lay the painted figure of the Virgin, with the countenance of Celestina. The youth regarded it this second time with a stronger feeling of jealousy, and which he now more clearly comprehended than before; he beheld in the young noble not only the enemy of his faith, but the rival of his love, and with a firmer resolution, and a steadier hand, he continued his inspection. Various small scraps of parchment presented themselves; exordiums to a return to the bosom of the church; execrations of heretics; tremendous anathemas comprised in short, pithy sentences; all written in the monkish hand, and decorated with mystic figures, symbols of the passion, and various unearthly forms; all of these it appeared had been from time to time thrown to the desperate youth by the ghost-playing monk. There was also a full confession in Oetwin's hand-writing, pregnant with contrition for his apostacy, and teeming with assurances of his total reformation, and return to the mother church. The goblet, which Justus carried to the window in order to examine it, proved to be a very costly relic from the trea-

surcs of some monastery. It was exquisitely wrought with various devices. On one side was represented the Pope in all the splendour of his sacerdotal dignity, seated in St. Peter's chair, and holding both the keys in his hand. Beneath was written, "I alone can loose and bind." The other side represented the emblems of the Catholic church; a majestic female figure, crowned, with stars above her head, and monarchs crouching in the dust before her. The inscription was—"I am the visible kingdom of God, and in my bosom alone is salvation." "Forcibly expressed!" said Justus to himself as he opened the parchment roll, to read the comments upon the pictures. It ran thus:

"Thou art proved and found worthy of the new absolution. The hour of salvation is at hand, that bringeth the lost sheep back to the fold and to the shepherd. The raven cannot hatch a swan, nor can mortal man of himself conceive the truth that cometh only from above, and that shineth alone out of the mysteries of revelation upon the darkness of the earth. The glories of the kingdom of God are imparted alone to his holy priests; he who seeks to know them without having received the holy consecration, is blinded and falls into utter condemnation. Yet mortification of the flesh, and ardent repentance find mercy before the invisible and offended God of Sabaoth, at the hand of the mother church. Cheerfulness of mind becomes again the sinner's lot, when he obtains the mastery over his deluded reason, and entrusts his salvation to the church. Thy mind and thy body are contaminated; yet thou hast entered on the path of conversion, and thou shalt be welcome. Art thou agreed with thyself, and resolved to regain the treasure which thy foolish ancestors have blindly cast from them, a treasure whose value is greater than the accumulated riches of kingdoms? fail not to come to the altar at midnight of the next Lord's day, and swear aloud the oath of conversion. God shall hear it, and the dead shall witness it. On the morning after thou mayest repair whither thy heart leads thee; there the mystery of thy midnight hours shall be revealed, and she whom thou regardest with the eye of sacred love shall be given thee as the reward of thy virtue, and thou

shalt find in her a person of noble birth, a daughter of the kings of men, whose blood is as pure as that which flows in thine own veins. Till thou prove thyself, believe and be secret—and when the solemn hour arrives, drink out of this sacred relic power and grace."

Petrified with horror and amazement, the youth had read what needed no further elucidation. Something must be done quickly—it might, indeed, be already too late. He hesitated whether he should at once discover the whole to the Rector of the college, but the desire to save his friend, without exposing him, led him to an equally sure, though more hardy determination. The next difficulty was whom to make his confidant? Celestina was the first that presented. He could not believe her to be an accomplice in the execrable scheme; innocence and virtue were too plainly written on her polished brow, and in her mild azure eye. It was certain, however, that she was the person alluded to; besides she was related to Catholics; her guardian a dismissed abbot, residing in the bishop's city. How should he obtain an interview with the maiden? The porter to all appearance one of the party, would render his egress extremely difficult; Sylvester, the ranger's understrapper, had spoken aloud his contempt of the evangelical doctrines; and this fellow was, as Justus had experienced, his own bitter enemy, and an ever watchful guardian of Celestina.

He looked around among his comrades, and soon found what he wanted.

Among the senior students was a worthy youth, named Von Trotha of Magdeburg. His mode of life might be censured as somewhat too free, for he loved wine and noisy mirth, but every tongue bore testimony to his honesty, fidelity and courage, and he had long evinced a respect and esteem for Justus. Besides, his bodily prowess might be relied upon, and so our Patroclus prudently chose him for his Achilles, and drew him into the secret. Von Trotha, who had been educated in the light of the Gospel, and who was not deficient in enthusiasm, gladly proffered his assistance, delighted with the romantic features of the adventure, and the two friends proceeded, like two allied generals, to concert measures together.

The important day, the Sunday, was arrived. Like prudent generals, the two church-militants considered the reconnoitring of the ground where the battle was to be fought as a thing of the first importance, and accordingly, the afternoon-service ended, and the hours allotted for private study in their cells and for recreation in the gardens promising them security, Hergott and Trotha remained behind in the church, concealing themselves until every body had withdrawn, then with ardent curiosity hastened hand in hand towards the altar. The eye readily distinguished the white slab in the centre of the choir, upon which the pseudo-ghost had descended, but it lay immovable, and, to all appearance firmly mortared. They then proceeded to the side-entrance where they found the oaken trap-door, but it seemed to be secured on the inner side, for the united powers of the youths were inadequate to move the plank, which the hoary monk had shifted with so much ease. Searching behind the altar, Justus found among other old arms, a strong lance pike, which placed through the iron ring of the trap, and used as a lever, soon assisted them to the attainment of their object; the crumbling stone gave way to the iron bolts, and the earth opened before them. Instead of a pestilential vapour issuing from the opening, as might have been expected, a pretty strong current of fresh air convinced the young explorers that there was another entrance to the subterraneous vault. Descending without fear a flight of twelve steps, they perceived by the light from the trap-door, and a small iron grating on the flooring of the church, that they were in a large square place, which bore evidence of having once been the sepulchre of some noble family, for tombs and monumental urns, with armorial bearings and inscriptions obliterated by time, covered the floor and walls. A small semicircular opening, in which there was no door, but where the traces of bolts and hinges were yet visible, led into a long narrow passage, which, from its direction, seemed to extend beyond the boundary walls of the ancient monastery. As far as the faint glimmer of day-light rendered the darkness visible, the walls of this place also were covered with escutcheons and monuments, and close to the entrance a

huge crucifix projected from the wall flanked on either side by empty niches for the images of saints. Beyond, the darkness was so intense as to render further progress, or further discovery, quite impracticable.

"A proper robber's den, built in the very sanctuary!" exclaimed Trotha angrily; the devil may venture further for me along this murderous tunnel, for who knows to what pit-fall it may lead, or with what traps and snares it may be set? By day-light I will face any man or any thing, but the battle here in this dark hole is too unfair, and I propose that we await a more favourable opportunity, when we will provide ourselves with torches, and pursue our discoveries till we ascertain whether this rat's hole lead to the habitations of departed spirits, or to the abode of murderers and cannibals disguised in Christian clothing."

"Your plan my good friend, would betray us, and frustrate all our hopes," returned Justus. "No, no, I am satisfied with what we have already seen. Dost thou forget too that this very night the deluded youth is to pronounce that horrid vow? My plan is ready, and I take the chief danger upon myself. We must catch the hoary monk; how and where circumstances will decide. You, Trotha, select among the senior boys a couple of stout hearted youths, and conceal yourself with them behind the altar. At eleven I will descend into the vault; this deep alcove in the wall will effectually screen me. If the ghost come in company I will suffer him to ascend unmolested into the church, where you and your comrades will secure him: if he come alone I will seize him myself, as he passes through the opening into the square vault, and when I call, you will come to my assistance."

"No, I will not suffer that!" exclaimed Trotha with his usual petulance. "If you can stand that, I can, and it would be dishonourable to leave you alone in the vault."

"God is with me below as well as above," returned Justus. "The alcove will hold but one; the entrance is not closed, as the stone is broken away from the bolt, and a single old friar shall not injure me. Come, submit to my scheme; it is the best, and seems entirely free from danger."

Trotha was compelled to give way,

and they were about to quit the mansions of the dead, when Justus suddenly exclaimed "See! there is another secret door." It was only closed, having no lock, and admitted them into a small chamber beneath the altar, sparingly lighted by two small gratings in the ceiling. The first thing that presented itself to their attention was a complete apparatus for descending fixed in the centre of the place, between four thin pillars of iron. The upper part forming the white slab in the choir before alluded to, hung upon iron hooks; cords with weights at the end were attached to it, and these were secured by means of moveable cramps. These latter being detached, and any heavy body placed upon the slab above, to give it an impetus, it descended slowly with its burthen. The contrivance itself was evidently of very ancient date, but the cords had been recently renewed.

"This is truly the laboratory of Satan," cried Trotha, as he descended upon the slab by way of experiment, and Justus carefully let it up, and replaced the hooks.—"Look here, at the saucepans and coalpans, leaden pipes and bullet-casters;—here a burning-glass, there an old magic-lantern. How many a poor boy may have been frightened out of his wits by these monkish devices."—"Ah," sighed Justus, how many a young soul may have been seduced from the right path by these abominable delusions during the eight years since Prince Moritz converted the old monastery into a college." "Aye, indeed, the monks have played the devil among the students ever since, I'll warrant.—But mind, if the ghost escapes me, which will be the worst that can happen, you must cut off his retreat below, and then we'll pay him off handsomely." "As God will," answered Justus. "At midnight then we meet again." So after replacing every thing as they found it, they left the church, and mingled unobserved among their light-hearted companions in the gardens.

Night threw her dusky veil over one half of the surface of the globe, and the busy hum of life gradually died away upon the evening breeze. Industry fatigued, sought the couch of repose, and sweet sleep rewarded her labours. Life fled in calm repose and sweet tranquillity, and the dominion of darkness commenced, in which only birds of night

and beasts of prey pursue their hateful avocations, and the murderer wakes to do the deed of mischief.

Von Altenburg had not shown himself since the evening bell, and Justus, who would fain have watched him that day, could not help feeling some qualms of jealousy at the thought that he was at the ranger's, gathering courage to fulfil his task from the bright eyes of Celestina.

The cell's were no sooner visited than Oetwin disappeared again, and Trotha, who brought his two comrades with him, brought also the intelligence that the young noble was at the porter's lodge, drinking and making merry. The four confederates now proceeded lightly clothed, and provided with arms, to the church, where laying their hands on the altar, they swore with the enthusiasm of youth, the oath of fidelity to each other.

As soon as the chimes had told eleven, Justus descended into the vault, and placed himself in the niche between the crucifix of stone and the circular opening that connected it with the subterranean passage. The other three having recommended circumspection to their comrade, and taken an affectionate leave of him, let down the trap-door and posted themselves behind the altar.

Slowly came the hour of midnight, so anxiously awaited by many, and with such various feelings.

Justus, in the bowels of the earth, alone in the realms of corruption, had undoubtedly the most painful post, and yet he felt unusually happy and contented with himself. He was impatient for the critical moment, for the success of his scheme appeared to him as certain as the immortality of his soul. The doubt, however, respecting Celestina, whether she were or were not an accomplice in this scheme of delusion, painfully occupied his thoughts, and formed the shade in the glowing picture of triumph that his fantasy painted for the morrow.

It was not yet midnight when a distant glimmer of light caught his eye. He listened. A solitary feeble footfall echoed in the vaulted passage, and presently the old Cistercian, with his snowy beard and little silver lamp, was seen slowly advancing.

The feeling of vicious triumph that lit up the old man's sunken eye with a frightful glare, brought the glow of an-

ger into the cheeks of the young hero; his indignation was roused anew; he resolved to perform the task alone and to gain all the glory of the enterprise. Accordingly he drew the short sword out of his stick, and scarcely had the monk passed the crucifix when he sprang down upon him crying "Hold! traitor!" A dreadful shudder shook the feeble frame of the hoary Cistercian; the lamp trembled in his left hand, and he could with difficulty support himself against the wall with his right. But as he now, turning back, beheld the tall figure of the youth, with the naked steel glittering in his grasp, and heard, at the same instant, his comrades above raising the trap to come to his assistance, he rushed forward a few steps to the narrow entrance of the vault, and thrusting his hand into a hollow in the wall, an iron portcullis instantly descended, barring the entrance, and separating Justus and the monk from Trotha and his companions, who now rushed forwards. "What wilt thou, wretch?" demanded the monk turning to the astonished and petrified youth. "And what seekest thou amid the tombs of those who were?" His voice was scarcely audible, and the words trembled on his quivering lips. "Hold him fast," thundered Trotha on the other side the portcullis, shaking the bars with the arm of Hercules. "He cannot escape this way." The iron bars resounded with the efforts of the youths, and the monk became fearfully agitated; he thrust his hand into his bosom, drew out a small huntsman's horn, and blew a faint blast that whirled along the passage, reverberated by a thousand echoes; then instantly throwing it from him a stiletto filled its place, and he rushed upon Justus, exclaiming, "Give way, rash boy, or pay the price of your fool-hardiness."

Justus felt that this was no time for trifling, and finding the monk prepared to force his way, he made a thrust at him with his dirk; but what was his astonishment when the blade striking against a concealed coat of mail, shivered like glass into a thousand pieces! The dagger glittered in the monk's uplifted hand. Justus, however, avoided the blow, and closing with him seized him by the arm and the throat. The lamp fell and was extinguished. They also both fell to the ground, the youth retaining his hold of the groan-

ing monk, who with a force greatly beyond his years, grasped him in his turn, and held him fast. The deepest darkness reigned around; in vain did Trotha and his companions exhaust their imprecations and their powers against the iron gate; footsteps were heard advancing, and presently the glare of a torch revealed the figures of several men, disguised in monkish habiliments. Justus felt himself roughly seized, bound, gagged with a handkerchief, and dragged away without the possibility of resistance. All this was the work of a few seconds.

Fainter and fainter grew the halloo of the party within the portcullis, as the unknown dragged forward their prisoner, under the most provoking taunts and insults. At length they ascended some steps and entered a spacious opening in the midst of a thick wilderness, that led the troop together with their prisoner, thus taken in his own snare, to a ruinous chapel.

"Back now Antonio and two others," commanded the old monk; "block up the way with the fragments of the portal; then we shall be safe, and this rash young heretic shall remain with us as the sin offering of his own folly and presumption."

A fresh personage from the chapel now joined the group, and Justus instantly recognized the stiff figure and harsh features of the ex-abbot Andreas. "What now, brother Urban?" demanded he, with tokens of astonishment; and having heard the account of the hoary monk, pronounced a tremendous anathema upon the whole brood of heretics and traitors; then gave orders for the instant removal to Naumburg, as the return to the Ranger's house seemed now too insecure. The men threw off their cowls, and shewed themselves as sturdy well-armed Jagers. The abbot and the pseudo-ghost alone retained their canonicals. Sylvester was dispatched to procure a carriage for his masters, and the rest moved on at a rapid pace, compelling Justus to follow them through brake and briar with his hands tied behind him.

The motley party had proceeded a considerable distance, and was passing along the high road, skirted with cottages and faintly illumined by the descending full moon, when Sylvester came running back at full speed.

"Have you got us a carriage?" demanded Andreas. "Hed not your jaded limbs, my reverend master, when the whole body is in peril. We dare not advance, for the whole country round is beset with soldiers. To the right of the Au two regiments of light infantry are encamped; the other side is full of cavalry. The prince is collecting his best men together, and they say he is to be here himself to-morrow from Leipzig. Piquets are posted along the roads, and horse-patrols are parading in all directions."

"These are truly ill tidings," returned the abbot, pondering. "We shall certainly not get through, for the mad rabble no longer reverence the holy office and the crook, since the very monks themselves have turned rebels." "On the contrary these sacred habiliments would but bring down their contempt and ridicule upon your holy head," said Urban. "My well meant advice is this," exclaimed Sylvester, with the tone of determined ferocity. "Let me settle this young heretic's business with my wood-knife; we can throw his cursed carcass into the thicket to feast the wolves and the foxes, and then let each man provide for his own safety as he can." A momentary pause of consideration ensued, interrupted only by the snapping of the villain's hunting knife as he opened it to examine its edge, and try it along his finger. Justus clasped his fettered hands behind his back, uttered a short prayer, and recommended his soul to the divine mercy. "No," exclaimed Andreas, breaking the awful silence; "the affair might make yet more noise and bring the church itself into peril. The whole college is already in alarm, and the strictest search will be made. We may be sure that the prince will not leave his favourite institution in the lurch, and our adherents there will have a hearty struggle for the good cause."

"Altenburg is hard by," said Urban, "the capellan is my *intimus*, and as your reverence knows has always kept his creed. There is nothing to be feared from the baron, while the ruins of the old castle will afford us a prison and a hiding place. The road yonder leads close to the old tower; I think we should do well to seek safety there till night-fall; the nest of the evangelical old baron will be the last place suspected of harbouring the

E. M. April, 1825.

sons of the church. "Excellent idea!" cried the Abbot Urlincaes, "you may become a cardinal. It shall be so. Sylvester and Damiau shall be our guards. You others retire quickly and warily to your homes. Thou Hildebrand hasten with the speed of Mercury to the Jäger-house, and carry tidings of us to our friends. Appoint the ranger to meet us to-morrow at Altenburg. Remember your oaths. Be faithful in martyrdom and death! Who dies for the church shall receive the crown of righteousness, and obtain a place of honour among the saints; and whoever holds with us here shall partake of the treasures of the church; but excommunication and damnation shall be the traitor's portion here and for ever! Now Father Urban, go before, and announce us to the Capellan."

"From the old watch-tower there is a secret passage to his chamber; I know it well—depend entirely upon me." So saying the old monk started forward at a round pace, for the idea of self-preservation had imparted fresh vigour to his emaciated stiffened limbs. The rest separated in obedience to their master's orders, and Justus, although snatched for an instant from the jaws of death, saw at the same moment all hope of liberation by the soldiers vanish away.

The difficult track now led through short thick underwood. The moon sank behind the hills and cool morning breezes began to play along the meadows. In the east the first rays of morning light began to shoot. With painful emotions Justus beheld the young rose of day unfold her leaves; a sight which he had so often contemplated with feelings of mild joy and devout adoration. Was it the last time that these rosy fingers were to beckon to him? Single tears stole out of his eyes, and fell upon the handkerchief that held his mouth firmly closed, stifling alike every accent of complaint, and every murmur of supplication.

Having passed through the wood, which spreads itself like a green mantle round the little village of Almerich, to within a short distance of the castle, they halted to await Urban's return.

The castle of Altenburg was a modern erection, the principal front of which extended towards the opposite

horizon. The ruins and walls of the ancient buildings had been converted into a defence for the back front of the new one. A lofty gigantic tower yet remained entire, erecting its moss-covered battlements far above the surrounding oaks. A small, narrow door was its only entrance, and Justus contemplated the enormous pile raising itself but indistinctly in the twilight as the last sorrowful bed of his eternal sleep. Horses' hoofs were heard in the distance. Two horsemen advanced, and a deep bass voice, which seemed familiar to Justus's ear, demanded "Who goes there?" The huntsman stepped forward. "Inmates of the castle," replied Sylvester fearlessly; "we are bringing home a criminal, and were about to enter at the postern, in order not to disturb the baron's repose at this early hour." The patrols greeting them civilly, rode on, and Justus thrust himself against the walls in despair.

Urban returned with a cheerful countenance, and accompanied by the capellan himself, a pursy parson, prodigal of obsequious bows. But few words were exchanged; they entered the gate of the tower, and the Capellan bolted it after them. They then ascended to the summit of the tower by a long spiral stair; the chaplain's lamp stood burning at the top. He drew forth a large key and turned the grating lock of a side door; Justus's hands were then unbound for the chaplain assured them with a malicious grin, "No mortal will find him here, but ourselves and the executioner." Justus was thrust into the spacious dungeon; the footsteps of his jailers died away, and he was left alone in the torture of suspense, deserted by all the world, and with no consolation, no hope, but in his immoveable faith in Providence.

(To be continued.)

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

DETEST disguise, remember 'tis your part,
By gentle fondness, to retain the heart,
Let duty, prudence, virtue, take the lead,
To fix your choice, but from it ne'er recede.

Abhor coquetry; spurn the shallow fool,
Who measures out dull compliments by rule,
And without meaning, like a chattering jay,
Repeats the same dull strain throughout the day.

Are men of sense attracted by your face,
Your well-turn'd figure, or their compound grace?
Be mild and equal—moderately gay;
Your judgment rather than your wit display.

By aiming at good breeding strive to please;
'Tis nothing more than regulated ease.
Does one dear youth, among the sylvan train,
The best affections of your heart obtain?
And is he reckon'd worthy of your choice?
Is your opinion with the general voice?
Confess it then—nor from him seek to hide,
What's known to every body else beside.
Attach him to you; in a generous mind
A lively gratitude expect to find.
Receive his love; and, by a kind return,
The blaze, affection, will the brighter burn:
Disdain duplicity—from pride be free:
What every woman should you then will be.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR THOMAS PICTON.

BRITANNIA triumphs! queen of favour'd isles!
 Mother of conquering sons, her boast, her pride,
 But war's dire havoc checks exulting smiles,
 Alas! for ever sever'd from her side;
 How many sunk beneath the battle's tide?
 Her glory raising in that hard fought field,
 With blood of bravest hearts its soil was dyed;
 Ne'er shall her chiefs the palm of prowess yield,
 To aught by poet sung, or history reveal'd.

Oh! were it mine, the heroic song to raise,
 Like Albion's ancient bard: with muses' fire,
 To pay the mighty dead their mood of praise,
 And future ages with their deeds inspire,
 Soon should this powerless hand essay the lyre
 With themes it dare not tempt; soon should it tell,
 To sooth regretting friendship's fond desire,
 While mingl'd pride and grief the chords would swell.
 How high-soul'd Picton fought, how Cambria's hero fell.

Fallen is the hero, but his name shall live,
 While dauntless valour can a lustre shed
 O'er manly worth, tho' no proud title give
 Their courtly aid that manly worth to spread;
 Never will be forgot, the war strewn bed
 Of carnage, where the dying Picton lay,
 That with the first in danger's point he led
 The British armies to glory—and the way
 To victory cheer'd them on, thro' many an arduous day.

High gifted was his mind in war or peace,
 And honour kindled still its ardent beam,
 In care or peril bade its light increase,
 And o'er each gathering shadow tow'r supreme.
 Rest spirit of the brave! life's feverish dream
 Is past, and thou hast gain'd some purer sphere
 Of brighter glory,—farewell honour's theme,
 A long farewell to friends, to Britain dear,
 A nation guards thy fame, e'en foes that fame revere.

Bright as the sun beams in the glowing west,
 When summer's sultry storm has roll'd away,
 Immortal glory on thy urn shall rest.
 O gallant spirit! to thy closing day
 May genius consecrate the embalming lay,
 That bids the cherished memory of the brave
 Survive when sculptured monuments decay,
 Where many a sigh wafts o'er the hero's grave,
 As pensive thought recalls time's ever lapsing wave.

From me, denied with energetic power,
 To wreath thy laurels (in Apollo's fane,
 A wandering stranger, or the Muses' bower.)
 Suffice this feeble tribute: tho' thy name
 May of some "Thebe's harp" the homage claim,
 A heart more firmly with thy worth impress'd
 Lives not to mourn thy fall, to greet thy fame,
 To breathe a prayer for thy eternal rest,
 Where mortal vision fails—in regions of the blest.

TALES OF MY STUDY;

OR,

COLLECTIONS OF A STAY AT HOME.

BY ALFRED DOMICILE.—No. III.

“I knew him well, Horatio.”—HAMLET.

“If I stand here I saw him.”—Ibid.

SOME twelve years ago I formed part of a muster of sportsmen who were assembled at the hospitable mansion of one of the heartiest and kindest of men. It was in Wiltshire, and my host and friend was a perfect model of what a country gentleman ought to be. Unfortunately for our field sports the frost set in upon us, during our stay, with such severity, that we could neither use horse nor dog for the purposes of the chase. We therefore employed our mornings in viewing the lions of the neighbourhood, and our evenings were cheated of *cnnui* by the recital of sporting anecdotes or legends of the field. I shall now give one of these, as it was related by the son of our host, premising that I, Alfred Domicile, will personally vouch for the identity of the scenes and characters introduced. I shall, with your leave good readers, call it

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S
TALE.

Distant not more than a two-hours' ride from hence, commences one of those enormous tracts of land termed a *chace*, from the right of deer feed and hunting attached to it, which in the feudal æra were frequently granted to those barons and gentlemen of repute who had made themselves useful, or of consequence, in the eyes of power. The one of which I speak has recently been curtailed of its any thing but “fair proportions,” and the husbandman who had before the misfortune to till lands in the purlieus of this property, can now sow his seed, in the sweat of his brow, with a hope of reaping a bounty from his labours, and without dreading the inroads of the deer or the sortie of the keepers after them.

It was about four years ago that I was benighted in one of the many intricate and dangerous portions of this particular chace. I had hoped to have mastered its utmost precincts before the day yielded to its dark adversary, and the speed with which I had ridden the first twelve miles of my journey in order to accomplish that object, only accelerated its failure. My horse fell lame ere I had treaded a fourth part of its intricacies. I dreamed not of this when I consented to the opening of another bottle at the hospitable mansion where I had previously dined, or it might have been otherwise. But it is not till tried by peril that we woo prudence, and we rarely learn wisdom but in the school of adversity. It is irksome for a sportsman to pause, but how many of us would be sooner with the quarry were we more frequently to do so.

Well, sirs, I floundered on, over rut, furze, and bury, and with difficulty kept my saddle, from the continual plungings and rearings of my horse, which, of acuter vision than myself, was frequently scared from his route by the sweep of a startled deer. I was obliged to dismount, for my seat became as precarious as a young sailor's in the shrouds, when the sea is angry, and the light skiff, unconscious of its crew's danger, dances upon the heaving waves, and is gay and buoyant in the very jaws of destruction. I began to anathematize your sporting dinners, and to wonder that people were not contented with the fox's *brush*, or the hare's *pad*, unless they were followed by a *burst* at the feast board, and a *trail* of the red wine. Anon, it commenced to rain, and there was a moaning in the air as of

troubled spirits, till mine, for I was a very youth then, felt cold and heavy. At that moment, a deep hollow bark of a dog, frightful at another time, came like music on my ear, for I knew man or his dwelling must be nigh. I was not deceived—guided by the raving of the dog, I soon reached an antiquated, ill-kept building, which, from its whitewashed front I concluded must be the same which was generally called "the white house of the chace." This gave me little pleasure, for I now recollected a report that went abroad, that old Faulkner, the noted smuggler and poacher, here kept his court. But I had no alternative: "present fears are worse than horrible imaginings," and I assumed a valour I hardly could feel, lifted the ponderous iron handle of the porch door, which served the double purpose of a knocker and a latch, and thundered boisterously upon the knob, which was its anvil. It was in very truth the bluster of a bully, who fears lest the recoil of his own violence, like an overloaded fowling-piece, should prostrate him the victim of his own indiscretion.

In a very few moments my signal was acknowledged, additional lights were discernible, and immediately I was accosted from within in a strain not of the most graceful melody, or cheerful recognition.

"Your business, master, your business; it is a rough night for visits of amusement, and trade has closed its shop since sunset."

"I am benighted—I would claim shelter for awhile, or a guide to the plain."

"You must proceed," rejoined the imperturbable janitor, "we cannot serve you; the keepers will be abroad, you cannot miss them, and if they do not grapple you for a poacher, and take you to old Moses to-night, and the justice to-morrow, it will be because your gold is a more potent protector than your honesty."

I pleaded for some time in vain, till at last I ventured to enquire if the house was not Mr. Faulkner's, and to entreat that my name should be given to him. This was complied with, and after a pause of, it may be, five minutes, the messenger returned.

"Thank your stars that you had a father. You may come in, for he will have it so. Come, give us your horse,

you'll have a bill to pay for provender anon."

I was met in the passage of this old house by Faulkner himself, who not only received me cordially but kindly, and I was conducted by him to a large old-fashioned room, uncarpeted and with whitewashed walls, and hung about with prints of Chevy Chase and the Duke of Marlborough's victories. A cheerful wood fire was blazing on the red-bricked hearth, a couple of wire-haired greyhounds were stretched in lazy comfort before it, and two bettermost sort of yeomen, in riding gear, were seated on either side of its ample corners. Pipes and bottles of spirits were lying on an antique dog-clawed table, and a cold venison pie and a noble ham of bacon were on a sort of sideboard somewhat removed. I am thus particular, for after-circumstances impressed the minutest points of that night upon my memory.

Of Richard Faulkner himself I hardly venture upon the portraiture. Setting, as he did, the revenue and the game laws at defiance, he yet performed so many charities and kindnesses to a class of poor people that winked at his captions, that I cannot bring myself to designate him the brigand he was described to be. He was of a bold but furrowed countenance, toil, and not extreme age, for he wanted two or three years of sixty, had fallowed it with his ploughshare. Nearly six feet in stature, and close set withal, his gait was imposing, and great skill with the backsword and sabre added formidable advantages to his natural athletic powers. He hardly ever sought a quarrel, yet never fled from one—rarely commenced an injury, save in his contraband calling, but always avenged one; and hence the little squires that lived about him rather pretended ignorance of his doings than openly opposed them, and it has been hinted that the gentry, who kept house within the sphere of his influence, were always famous for unadulterated Geneva.

"Square round my boys, square round, 'bout ships messmates," sung out Richard, as he led me to his parlour. "Here is a youngster whose father once did a good turn to Dick Faulkner, and may my brandy kegs be all bilged if he sha'n't dry his coat at as good a fire-side as any in old

England, and warm his heart with as thorough proof moonshine as ever the dear lady of our revels shined upon. Come, doff your colours and your helmet young one—a scarlet coat and a jockey cap may be well enow in the sunshine, but on a night like this are of as much use as a pocket handkerchief on the foremast, or as a bowl dish when the white horses of the sea prance over us."

A few minutes completed my metamorphosis, and entering into the spirit of my host, I joined the circle of the carousers nothing loth, and we sat "hob a nobbing," as they called it, till night was almost at odds with morning; and it was then that I requested "an arm chair and a pillow to slumber a moment, if so Mr. Faulkner would permit."

"Thou shalt have a bed boy, a bed, one fit for a king, and they do say a king slept in it once; but zounds you don't drink—come fill, fill, 'a bowl and a bottle still bears the bell,' fill to my Nancy—'good luck to the Nancy of Christchurch,'" and with that he winked to his companions.

At length, however, my entreaties for rest were granted, and I was conducted to my sleeping-room, having even Richard himself for my chamberlain.

"I am fairly glad, Mr. Heartly," says he, "that you did have t'other bottle at the squire's yonder, since it gives me a chance of doing a good turn to the child of him who once served Richard Faulkner when debt was upon and a prison before him. I am a strange man, it may be roguish on an occasion, but hang it, sir, my heart's right, my heart's right. And I have seen blither days too, Mr. Heartly, and can remember the time when the scarlet coat and the velvet cap sat as blithely upon this weather-beaten form and frost-covered brow, as upon the best of you hunters. But there were clouds and crosses came about me, and yet that's away from my purpose—they who sail upon the bonny green waters must expect to encounter its sharks; and it's ill ripping up old grievances, or abusing the garment that is no longer new."

I shook the old boy heartily by the hand, and expressed a hope that he might yet have quiet and happy days.

"It's wishing success to the crew,

boy, after the ship has been scuttled and the cargo thrown overboard; but I thank you for all that, thank you kindly, heartily; for what is it now to you, to any one, that Mr. Faulkner of Hill-side once had houses, and lands, and fair flocks, and brave steeds, and bonny children—where are they now? In the hands of strangers, in captivity, in the grave! You only see Richard Faulkner, the smuggler of the chase, alone before his blazing hearth, and laughing over his cheer: but, boy, it is not the fairest tree that has the firmest heart, and the sunniest morning ere noon may be clouded."

I pressed again the proffered hand, and we interchanged "good night" with mutual sincerity; but he had not gone many steps from the door ere he returned, and just opening it again wide enough to admit of his addressing me, said softly,—

"Be not disturbed at what you may hear, no harm will come to you, the men below ride on a perilous errand—good night and be discreet."

I was not at a loss to understand his meaning; the men were his leaders when he had any particular cargo of spirits to house, and they were to go this night and meet those who were bringing it from the coast. About an hour after I had retired, I heard them depart; the only portion of the farewell I could gather was, "They will bring it over Martin's-head, and will wait by the Giant's-barrow—old Tom will tell you if Sanderson and his men are out; and if they be, rather avoid than seek a quarrel, by going a mile or two about by Cromley's barn. Snare neither hare nor bird, but come right onward with the cargo—farewell—speed and caution!"—and the men, there were now three of them, set off at a round trot.

I must have slept soundly for some hours, as the grey of the morning faintly glimmered through the windows as I was aroused by the tramp of a horse at full speed, and presently by a violent knocking at the gateway. In a few minutes all was confusion below, and the voice of one of the men who had left a few hours before was loud and hurried: "There is no time for parley, Smith has shot him; why could he not let us pass, and take our words, it was not game we carried. We

are all fettered, the steward knows it by this time, and the law will be here anon."

"But why did you fire?" "The keepers came upon us and insisted upon searching us, and swore that we should dismount and uncover our sacks. We refused and disputed their right, one word led to another, till Smith, he had the grog in his head, pushed by the ranger of Handley-walk, who struck him with his whip. This was enough, blows followed blows, till at last Smith fired upon one of them and he dropped. It was the work of a moment, and the consternation it caused in the keepers gave us the opportunity of getting from them. What are we to do?"

I could not hear the answer, but in about five minutes Faulkner came to me much disturbed—his greeting was brief but conclusive.

"Mr. Heartly, there is a steed at the door that needs a rider, and there is light enough in the sky for you to sit him securely. You cannot miss the track to Kingston bushes, and you are then landed. I grieve to turn you out, as it seems, thus early, but just now there are safer nests than these of my building. No words, but away; the few thanks you owe me shut up in your mind, that when I am gone I may have one voice to grace my memory."

"But I hope nothing has occurred that will affect you?" "A trifle, sir, a trifle; the cable must be again cut,

the weather-beaten hulk must drift; where next he will find moorings no one can say, perhaps no where, perhaps in the grave. It's ill trusting men with liquor that have business to do, and a wise man should himself lead a project of difficulty. But I am grown old, and foolish, and lazy it seems, or there would have been no bl—— Pshaw, heed me not, Mr. Heartly, your friends will be waiting you, and those do thrive little who sow thorns in a father's bosom. Should you again cross the old white house, and find it cold and desolate, it will only depict the fortunes of its ancient tenant. He that hath been on the seas, my young friend," and he grasped me tightly by the wrist, and I think there was a tear upon his cheek, "hath presages of dark hours, and mine are upon me. I may struggle on for a little time, but there will be no sailing with the wind—there have been violence and bloodshed!"

The old man hurried me to the door, assisted me to mount, again wrung my hand, and shouting out, "Take the last farewell of Richard Faulkner," departed from my view for ever.

The next day I was summoned to give evidence of what I knew before a neighbouring magistrate. Smith and Mason were committed, but Faulkner had departed. The white house of the chace still stands, but Faulkner is no more.

1825, March.

THE NEW ARION.

Oh for a lute like his of yore,
Whom the charm'd dolphins gaily bore,
And gratefully, for the sweet song,
That calm'd the seas, that sped along,
Making the green-hair'd Neptune save
Him who had else found but a grave,
In that same bright and buoyant wave!
So might some natives of the deep,
Spirit perchance, as kindly sweep,
With my lorn heart, now fainting fast,
In the dark tide which fate hath cast
Between my eyes and those that are
Ev'n to myself more precious far,—
Sweep with it o'er the scouring main,
To the far land her footsteps bless,
And shew her all that warm hearts pain,
Its fondness and its hopelessness.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE MORAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS OF DR. JOHNSON.

THAT extremes meet, is an observation applicable to philosophy, as well as to the common opinions and occurrences of life. Lethargy and enthusiasm, superstition and scepticism, bigotry and licentiousness, may equally for a time afflict society: but each has its reaction, and eventually they will all be found to terminate nearly in the same point. Sanguinary laws ensure their own violation; tyranny implies resistance and rebellion; proscription and persecution engender an excess of pity for the persecuted, and thus mankind are taught the great lesson, that rectitude and moderation are the only sources of stability and peace.

The present age, in this country at least, is by far too enlightened and advanced, to be seriously injured by enthusiasm of any sort; but it is clear that we are equally removed from that period when either public measures, or social life, are safe from the baneful effects of bigotry. The demon of persecution still hovers over us; enlightened opinions meet with at least as much of obloquy as of approbation, and are often suppressed by the injustice and cruelty of arbitrary power—by a law above reason and a vigour above the law. There is a stage of society in which reason and philosophy will be the test of all things—the nearest approach that mankind has ever made to such a state of perfection may be witnessed, perhaps, in Geneva, or on the western shores of the Atlantic. “Calvin had a good understanding, but an execrable heart; the burning of Servetus is horrible in the eyes of all good men,” says an esteemed writer of Geneva: what other state in Europe would suffer so just, but strong a condemnation of its tutelary saint, its hero and demi-god.

Such an unpolled impartiality and freedom of opinion can be found in England only amongst a few highly educated or richly gifted individuals. The heaven of unrighteous persecution exists amongst the vast mass of the great and small vulgar; but it is consolatory to reflect upon the progress which, within the last fifty years, we have made towards enlarged and liberal principles.

The erudition of Dr. Johnson, his critical sagacity, and his opinions upon subjects purely literary, and removed from the vortex of his passions, will, in all probability, be esteemed and admired as long as the English language exists. But it admits of little doubt, that his deportment in social life, and his dogmatism as a writer, would be equally intolerable to the present age: his bigotry would be odious, and his superstition contemptible.

But we will dismiss, as beyond our purpose, both his deportment as an individual, and his style as a writer. Suffice it to say, that almost all difference of opinion upon the latter subject has arisen from not considering that his style would be intolerable, unless supported by a profundity of thought and a vigour of conception. When Dr. Johnson's thoughts are common place or trivial, and which is very often the case, his style becomes absolutely ridiculous. Of his imitators, not one possessed his sterling merits, and they have therefore, without a single exception, become disagreeable or disgusting in the precise ratio of the closeness of their imitation. Persons of heavy imaginations and of no felicity of thought, men, whose minds are not nicely discriminative, are generally found to be the admirers and the imitators of the Johnsonian periods; but even these generally discard the style as they grow older. They lament that the author's writings were ever put into their hands at an age when the mind was weak in judgment and prone to imitation; they regret through life that they could not acquire the author's valuable matter, but at the expense of his ponderous turgidity. The style of Gibbon, on the contrary, captivates the youth of ardent mind and brilliant imagination; but even the magnificence of Gibbon becomes less captivating as our judgments are strengthened by age and experience: it then fades before the more chaste and accurate styles of Middleton, of Blackstone, and of Hume. Many may say, at least of two of these, that “*materiem superabat opus*,” but, in

point of composition, they will ever be the standards of taste, and will bear to English literature the same relation that the Augustan writers bore to the age of the Scipios, and to those of Nero and Adrian. These useful truths cannot be too often inculcated, for the style of Johnson has injured, and, unless guarded against, always will injure a class peculiarly unable to protect themselves from the influence of bad example—we mean the superficial and half-learned. It is true, no public lecturer or writer upon criticism ever ventured to hold up Dr. Johnson's style as an object of imitation; but they have never ventured to guard their pupils or students against a practice, to which experience must have taught them that so many were addicted.

But if Dr. Johnson violated all the decorum of life, the habits and decencies which constitute what an ingenious author has appositely called the petty morals of intercourse, he has been considered, in graver matters, as the great champion of morality; the most powerful and unexceptionable of ethical writers; the sturdy defender of orthodoxy and virtue. Our opinions are frequently formed, and almost always tinged by prejudice. We take them up without sufficient enquiry, and transmit them from age to age; succeeding generations receive them blindly, until chance and circumstance create opposition, probably as extravagant as it is novel and unexpected. That there will, ere long, be this re-action to the blind zeal with which the writings of Dr. Johnson have been hitherto received, is clear from the change of sentiment which has already commenced upon the tendency of many of his productions. It may therefore be extremely useful to guard against this violence of re-action, by endeavouring, before it commences, to ascertain the precise balance of the author's faults and merits. An accurate analysis of the doctor's writings, with a philosophic estimate of their effects upon society, would be an invaluable work.

Few works in the English language that have obtained any currency among polite and educated people, and no such writer since the reign of Queen Anna, can less bear an indiscriminate perusal than Dr. Johnson. His faults, both of commission and of

omission, are serious and innumerable, and their pernicious effects are chiefly upon religion and morality. The generous mind of youth is impatient and disgusted at the petty meanness and servility of his sentiments upon all subjects relating to politics and governments, and often seeks relief in ideal systems of perfect freedom: opposition to bondage generally begets anarchy and licentiousness. The young student naturally feels contempt and ridicule at the doctor's confident belief in ghosts and spirits, and something more than contempt or ridicule at his equivocal sophistry upon the subject of witchcraft; a sophistry which creates a rational doubt of his ability to resist this contemptible delusion, with all its train of mischief and folly.

On religion, the doctor's opinions are so strict, unyielding, and severe, that they are totally impracticable in general life, and totally inapplicable to a vast number of dispositions. They are, moreover, often supported by merely dogmatical assertions, or by the most palpable sophistry and contradiction of our senses. The natural repugnance to such opinions and to such a mode of supporting them, tends to destroy all confidence in the judgment of the author; and such of his opinions as are really sound, are either discarded with the rest, or are at least deprived of much of their efficacy.

But similar observations will apply, with even greater force, to the moral writings of this extraordinary man. If Dr. Johnson intends to stigmatize or castigate vice, his process is frequently so rough, or even brutal, that we feel more of pity for the offender than of hatred for the offence. Emendation is seldom his design: nothing less than the fiercest vengeance appears to satisfy his ideas of moral justice. He does not attempt to cure the moral disease by the skilful dexterity of science—his patient becomes his victim, and he sacrifices him with the ruffianly blows of his bludgeon. His moral disquisitions become painful to read, and were our ethical studies confined to the life and writings of "our great moralist," we should enter the scenes of the world rather as supercilious contempters of vice, than as the champions of virtue.

These assertions, it must be confessed, are very general, and they appeal rather to the experience and con-

sciousness of our readers, than to any proofs we have given of their truth. Let us therefore address ourselves to facts, and quote passages to justify our assertions.

If we except the dictionary, which daily pursuits bring constantly before us, Dr. Johnson's greatest and most useful work is his biography of the poets. This work was composed when his judgment was matured, and when he had collected from study and from experience all his vast stores of knowledge. The species of writing was congenial to the author's mind and disposition: it afforded a fine field for the exercise of his critical acumen and sagacity, and gave him an opportunity of displaying the use he had made of his faculties in passing through the diversified scenes of life—from his resort to scenes of low-lived debauch with Savage, to the splendour and refinements of the mansions of the great. This work, accordingly, abounds in the most profound and discriminating criticism, and is replete with invaluable observations upon human conduct. Yet it is this very work which most displays the author's follies and vices, and which most clearly illustrates the opinions we have been giving of the evil tendency of many of his writings. Who can read the life of Milton without alternately feeling admiration at the doctor's powers of intellect, and indignation or contempt at his monstrous prejudices? Do not the same observations apply to the life of Swift, and is there a single piece of biography throughout these volumes which does not display the same extraordinary mixture of intellect and weakness?

Thus, in his life of Hughes as a poet, (which he terminates by telling us, that Hughes was not a poet) he says that the author "made Phocylas (in the Siege of Damascus) apostatize from his religion; after which the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrors of his repentance exemplary." Waving the monstrous brutality of these sentiments, let us reflect that this was written by a man who warmly and incessantly supported the government in a system of inflicting persecution upon catholics, in order to make them apostatize from their religion—to do that which he says ought to make a man's wife abhor him, and which ought to

subject him to the horrors of repentance. Dr. Johnson himself tells us, that he was piously brought up, but that during a part of his life he was a confirmed deist. It is therefore evident that he was a double apostate, apostatizing once from revelation to deism, and then back again to revelation. Dr. Johnson further informs us, that Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, frequently apostatized, and at last lived and died in "philosophic indifference," anglice, he died a sceptic; and yet he never stigmatized the deistical bishop—so much for consistency. But the change of religion may be culpable or highly praiseworthy, according to the motives. Had not Dr. Johnson's grandfather apostatized at the Reformation, Dr. Johnson might have been brought up a catholic, a sect, of all others, he abhorred; or had not his more remote forefathers apostatized, he might have been a druidical priest, or more humble pagan. This reasoning is irrefutable, and obvious to the meanest capacity; who then can place reliance upon the writings of a man, whose works abound in such complications of abhorrent sentiments and absolute inanity? Who can put such works in the hands of youth, unaccompanied by comment.

Addison was dreadfully addicted to liquor. An honest biographer ought to have mentioned this, and to have expressed his sorrow that a man so highly gifted, and the champion of our religion, should have been prone to so degrading a vice. But what does our great moralist say upon the subject. "It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succours from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary." This is indeed strewing the paths of vice with flowers. A better way of palliating an odious and disgusting vice, and of luring others to its practice, could scarcely be devised.

The meanness, and even treachery, of Addison's marriage with Lady Warwick, elicits no adequate reprobation from this moral biographer; whilst he

tells as true, the absurd, the improbable, and contradicted story, of Addison's sending for his son-in-law, Lord Warwick, to show him how "a Christian can die." This story Doctor Johnson took from the author of the *Night Thoughts*, but perverted and altered it to suit his purpose. This is what, we suppose, may be called a pious fraud.

Addison was selfish and malignant, and had done a serious injury to his friend, the mild and unoffending Gay. On his death-bed, Addison's conscience stung him, and he sent for Gay, to assure him, that "IF HE RECOVERED," he would recompense him. How we palter between vice and virtue even upon the threshold of eternity! Addison did not recover, and poor Gay went unrecompensed. Such an anecdote is by far more useful to mankind than the silly fiction of his teaching Lord Warwick, "how a Christian can die." Johnson tells us that Lord Warwick was a young man of "very irregular life." The source of almost all irregularity of life is intoxication; we are not told what effect Addison's habits and example had had upon his Lordship in this respect.

Of what may be called decent works, works which do not outrage decency by profane or immodest language, perhaps the most pernicious and immoral that has recently sullied English literature is Dr. Johnson's *Life of Savage*. In this celebrated production, which the world has so blindly received, every species of vice, including even the most cowardly and atrocious murder, accompanied by the most aggravating circumstances, is either palliated or unblushingly defended.

Savage, who had always lived by plundering others, had at length wearied out the most patient and benevolent. He was therefore obliged to devise some means of supporting himself otherwise than by begging charity, or by borrowing what he never meant to repay. For this purpose he returned to London from Richmond, when he accidentally met with two of his former strolling companions in debauch. Instead of pursuing the design which every manly feeling would have prompted him to pursue, he repaired with these vagabonds to a pot-house, where they sat drinking until they were forced to depart by the lateness of the hour. Their inten-

tion was "to ramble about the streets and divert themselves with such *amusements* as should offer themselves till morning." We believe what Dr. Johnson here called "*amusements*," must have consisted in a choice between the pickpocket, the drunkard, and the very refuse of prostitute. But this trio soon entered a brothel, which Dr. Johnson is pleased to call "a coffee-house." Here they acted the parts of bullies, and having done every thing to provoke a quarrel, but in vain, one of them "kicked down the table." This produced a quarrel. Swords were drawn, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. *Savage likewise* wounded a maid-servant." This is Dr. Johnson's mode of telling this at once disgusting and horrible transaction. The facts as proved on the trial were, that whilst the unhappy Mr. Sinclair's arms were held by a woman, the point of his sword being on the ground, Savage, with the most cowardly ferocity, stabbed him in the bowels, and then cutting open the head of a woman with his sword, he run into the streets, and (so cowardly is outrage) tamely submitted to be taken. For this he was tried, and most justly condemned to be hanged. Not one single palliating circumstance appeared in his behalf—never was a case more aggravated. The charity bestowed upon him for his reputable support was squandered in liquor; charity was thus perverted to drunkenness, wanton lewdness followed intoxication, and the murder of a defenceless man, with the desperate wound of a helpless woman, crowned the night's debauch. The most mistaken mercy of the crown eventually rescued the culprit from the gallows. These are the uncoloured facts of this dreadful transaction; and yet Johnson, the stern moralist, whose loyalty and orthodoxy were so sensitive and outrageous, narrates the whole case, not only without a single expression of disapprobation at the debauch, or of horror at the bloodshed, but palliates the whole by every softened word, and by a most artful method of narration. He calls it an "*event*," and doubts "whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity." Not a word is breathed by the religious Johnson, for the unhappy man who was so suddenly sent from such a

scene of pollution into the presence of his God, "with all his imperfections on his head."

The defence of Savage was full of falsehood and chicanery; and as such it was very properly stigmatized by the learned judge who tried the cause; y^t Johnson tells us that the audience heard it "with *respectful* silence," and that "those who thought he ought not to be pitied, owned that *applause* could not be refused him!" So determined and indecent is the biographer in his apology for this horrid deed, and its revolting accompaniments, that, with all his usual servility of deference to men in power and office, he even vituperates the judge who tried the cause, as "brutal and insolent"—and concludes the whole narration, by telling us, that when Savage came out of Newgate, "he found the number of his friends not lessened," and that "the memory of Savage may not be much sullied by his trial. After his release," says Dr. Johnson, "he met with the prostitute who had given evidence of the scene in the brothel, and she asking him charity, he changed the only guinea he had, and divided it equally between her and himself—an action which, in some ages, would have made a saint, and perhaps in others a hero." To which let us add, an action which stamps him as an insensible, indiscriminating profligate.

Even Mr. Savage, with all his habitual indifference and profligacy, was ashamed of Dr. Johnson's apologies of his conduct: he never considered himself "free from the guilt of blood;" and in allusion to drunkenness being pleaded in extenuation of his guilt, he very sensibly replied, that "it was no very just representation of a good man to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats." Surely Dr. Johnson must have blushed at Savage's superior sensibility to the enormity of his guilt.

It is difficult to conceive a man more utterly worthless, more thoroughly destitute of good, or more completely saturated with bad qualities than this object of Dr. Johnson's attachment and panegyric. Throughout his life, neither pride nor want could ever stimulate him to any determination to support himself by his

own exertions; he always preferred a mean and abject dependence on the charity of others. At one time, supported by the annual bounty of a prostitute actress, at another by the charity of a generous but bankrupt player, at a third by a nobleman whom he pretended to despise; and at another by an unwilling subscription amongst his common friends—this wretched state of servile dependence never awakened in him any feelings of shame; provided he had money to procure drink and amusements, he was satisfied. And yet not one feeling of surprise or honest indignation does Dr. Johnson express for this unparalleled baseness. Surely a moralist might have taken advantage of this, to make reflections useful to mankind; instead of which Dr. Johnson either taints the ear with approbation, or undermines all morals, by confounding such unpardonable vices with virtues.

Savage, in his friendships, was inconstant, mean, and treacherous; in his enmities he was violent, even to ferocity. The kind-hearted and generous Sir Richard Steel took him into his house, contrived schemes for his independent support, and maintained him in a manner at once liberal and delicate: all that time, Savage was rendering Sir Richard's failings and peculiarities the objects of his mimicry and ridicule. Yet Dr. Johnson defends this complication of treachery and ingratitude, by calling it "a weakness," and saying, "there are few who do not sometimes in the wantonness of thoughtless mirth, or the heat of transient resentment, speak of their benefactors with levity and contempt; the fault therefore of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude." Savage was in the daily habit of making his kind and warm-hearted benefactor the object of his buffoon jests and witty sarcasms in the different coffee-houses frequented by the wits, and at a time when coffee-house fame was every thing to an author. This, Dr. Johnson is pleased to call, not ingratitude, but—"negligence."

But worse, if possible, than this, was Savage's conduct to Lord Tyrconnel. That nobleman "received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him two hundred a year," about equal to six hundred

pounds of our present money. "His (Savage's) appearance was splendid, his expenses large and his acquaintance extensive." His lordship at one time made him a present of a set of books, magnificently bound, and stamped with the Tyrconnel arms. What was the return for all this? His lordship, in walking through the streets, discovered those splendid books in a pawnbroker's shop, pawned to purchase liquor, and to defray brothel and coffee-house expenses. It was Mr. Savage's constant practice to enter a tavern with his vulgar companions, often vagabonds casually picked up in the streets, drink the most costly wines in profusion, and then repair to Lord Tyrconnel's mansion, assume the command of the house, order up the most extravagant entertainment, and commit such riot and debauch, that the police or watch could alone quell the outrage. When his lordship was obliged to dismiss such a miscreant from his family, Savage declared that "he had done nothing that ought to exclude him, and that his only fault was that he could not be supported with nothing." All this, and much more of the same nature does Dr. Johnson relate, and he relates it without the slightest term or insinuation of reproach or disapprobation. On the contrary, his method of telling the story is artfully contrived to interest the reader on the side of the delinquent, and he even palliates his grosser vices by many observations, and amongst others by remarking, "that his prosperity was heightened by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a sense of the misery in which he had so long languished." That misery should produce prudence and feeling for others is a highly useful and reasonable doctrine, but that a remembrance of misery should make a man when elevated to prosperity, either debauched or ungrateful, is a doctrine at once absurd and detestable.

During his amity with Lord Tyrconnel, Savage had extolled him in "The Wanderer," for delicacy, penetration, humanity, generosity, candour, and politeness; after his quarrel, he vituperated him as a wretch without good nature, understanding, or justice. This alternate adulation and malignity, Dr. Johnson puts in the most favourable light, he does not pro-

nounce him guilty, but tells us that "he was considered by many as rather criminal than as unhappy." When Lord Tyrconnel is stimulated to revenge by Savage's reiterated insults and brutality, Johnson does not reprove his condescension, but sneers at him for his going to the place of contest accompanied by others: the doctor must have forgotten that Savage had already been convicted of the most cowardly, treacherous, and brutal assassination.

After a life combining almost every possible depravity, and crime, and without a single moral quality that ingenuity could torture into a virtue, this man received a pension from a joint subscription of his friends, upon his express stipulation that he would retire from the haunts of his profligacy, and repair to Wales, where he might devote himself to study. Upon this agreement fifteen guineas was paid him, and he left London in the stage for Swansea. But fourteen days after his departure, he wrote to his friends that he was yet on the road, he had spent all his money, and wanted the means of proceeding on his journey. A further remittance was sent him, the balance of the subscription, but, instead of fulfilling his agreement, and performing his promise, he repaired to Bristol, where after a life similar to that he had led in London, he eventually died, as he deserved, in a jail. There was a native baseness, a detestable meanness in Savage, which he evinced throughout life, and which Johnson relates in a manner to suppress rather than to excite the indignation, or at least the contempt of his readers. With less of talents than Dr. Johnson would attribute to him, Savage unquestionably had abilities sufficient to procure him an honourable and independent support, but in no one instance were his talents ever used for any such purpose; they were alternately prostituted to adulation or to invective, either to obtain support or to gratify an unreasonable revenge. When he had wearied and exhausted the patience of his private benefactors, his resource was not in literary industry, but in solicitations upon the great. He became a voluntary laureat, and a pensioner upon the private purse of the queen: he solicited a place from Sir Robert Walpole; and whilst in conversation he was repre-

sending Sir Robert as mean in talents, and vicious in disposition, he published a poetical epistle to him full of extravagant praise.

The constrained and extravagant praises of men in power, with which Dryden's prefaces are replete, was the vice of the age, and not of the poet; but that vice had ceased to be fashionable in the time of Savage; his outrageous, and incessant flattery of all who had any thing to give, must be ascribed solely to himself. His invariable invective against every object of his praise, as soon as they reproved his vices or decreased their bounty, is called by Dr. Johnson "literary hypocrisy," or palliated by saying that he might have found his friends and benefactors, upon closer acquaintance, to be unworthy of panegyric. His practice of taking money for putting his name to what he never wrote, and of writing libels for hire, is expressed by Dr. Johnson in very softened language. Who can read such a prostitution of forbearance, or of praise, without reflecting upon Dr. Johnson's merciless, and even ferocious vituperation of the unhappy Chatterton, for his fiction respecting the Rowley manuscripts. With Savage, reiterated moral crimes are termed "literary hypocrisy,"—with the ill fated Chatterton, "literary hypocrisy," is denounced as a moral crime.

But our great moralist tells us, that "the reigning error of his (Savage's) life was, that he mistook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed *not so much a good man, as the friend of goodness*,"—"his writings uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety."

To form a proper idea of this ex-

cessive prostitution of language, and dereliction of principle in Dr. Johnson, the reader must refer to Savage's writings; to his most filthy and vicious poem "The Progress of a Divine," his "London and Bristol Delineated," and to the greater part of his vicious and indecent poem of the "Bastard." These poems, and they are unquestionably the best of his writings, are too replete with vice and brutality to be read in our times; it is impossible to quote from them.

There is but one action in the life of this man, that Dr. Johnson stigmatizes with a word so strong as "wickedness." We allude to the charge made against him, of influencing an election against the government, at a time when he was in the receipt of a pension from the queen—in the eyes of a tory like Dr. Johnson this was indeed a crime.

There are in society numerous persons who conceive, that genius can atone for any irregularity, extravagance, or even vice: the invariable concomitant of this principle is, the delusion that they themselves are possessed of this genius. Those persons, and their influence upon the half learned, upon the half wise, is immense, have always been confirmed in their principles, and instigated to their practices, by Dr. Johnson's life of Savage. A celebrated person of our own time, who, if genius could palliate error, or atone for dissipation, was of all men on earth possessed of that genius, has been known to concur in our sentiment respecting the baneful tendency of this celebrated piece of biography, and to trace many of his own irregularities to his early perusal of Johnson's "Life of Savage."

The Editor of the European Magazine has inserted these reflections on the writings of Dr. Johnson, not only from the importance of the subject, but from knowing it to be the production of a man of talent. He feels it necessary, however, to observe, that he is far from assenting to all the positions and sentiments which it contains, and will accordingly make some comments upon it in the next number of the European.

FADING FLOWERS.

FADING flowers! fading flowers! ye are like the sadden'd heart,
When its hopes, as brief as odours, from it momentarily depart;
Yet are like the clouds of evening, as they darken one by one,
After each has had a farewell, of the dilatory sun.

But the western clouds have only, when the smile of day hath ceased,
To return across the skies, and wait its kindling in the east;
And the flow'rs, if fragrant ever, will a sweetness still retain,
But the wither'd heart will never shine, will never bloom again.

G. N.

THE VETERAN SERGEANT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE BERANGER.

CLOSE by his darling daughter's busy wheel,
 The veteran sergeant all his woe beguiles;
 And in his arms, pierced by the foeman's steel,
 Nurses his little grand-children with smiles;
 There calmly seated by his cottage hearth—
 Poor refuge for the last years of the brave!—
 Musing, he said, " 'Tis little to have birth;
 God grant ye both, my sons! a glorious grave!"

But hark! what hears he? 'Tis the drum that sounds;
 He sees a gay battalion pass afar;
 And to his hoary brow the blood rebounds;
 The veteran courser feels again the spur.
 But, soon, " Alas," he sorrowfully cried,
 "'Tis not the banner I have bled to save.
 If ever *you* arm on the patriot side,
 God give ye both, my sons! a glorious grave!"

" How brilliantly once glitter'd through the fight
 Those garbs of blue, with conquest now outworn!
 When liberty would hurl her bolts of might
 'Midst sceptres broken and 'mid thrones o'erborne.
 Foes, reunited by our victories,
 All join'd in wreathing garlands for our brave:
 Happy who fell in sacred times like these!
 God grant to *ye*, my boys! a glorious grave!"

" That noon of valour was too soon o'ercast;
 The ranks are left for titles and estate;
 And lips yet sullied by war's blackening blast,
 Turn ready flatterers of the ignoble great.
 Freedom herself deserts, with her false host,
 From throne to throne some vile employ they crave:
 Our shame is measur'd by our honours lost,
 God give ye both, my sons! a glorious grave!"

Just then, still at her distaff, his fair child
 Broke softly on his plaint, with one of those
 Forbidden songs, which with dismay have fill'd
 The tyrant's breast, they startled from repose.
 " People! in *your* turn (with a deep low voice,
 He murmur'd) at these notes awake, and save,"
 Then, with a sigh o'er his fond slumbering boys,
 " God grant ye both, my sons! a glorious grave."

B.

STANZAS.

WHY should I seek to dive into the flood
 Of thoughts now frozen in thy vestal bosom?
 It is like tearing open a spring bud,
 To gaze upon its yet unfolded blossom.

For, ev'n if love, still slumbering there, awoke
 At my first call, not all the world of wonder,
 And bliss, that on his eyes *thus early* broke,
 Would keep, till the grave's *night*, their lids asunder.

F.

THE RECLUSE.

EARLY RISING.

PERSONS are always most influenced by that, of which they understand the rationale, the how and the wherefore, and it would be well for all parties if this mode of governing were more practised, as it would oblige rulers to understand what they enforce, which would lead to many improvements in legislation.

I am desirous of becoming a ruler, and in order thereunto, I propose to raise a large army of early risers from among the slug-a-beds of human kind: but as I have no other means of enforcing my wishes than persuasion, I am happily led to employ the wisest of all means; as a Frenchman would say, *par félicité de situation*, and I hail this favourable circumstance as an omen of my good success.

It is generally admitted as a fact, that early rising contributes to health, strength, and leisure; yet it is practised by, comparatively, few, except those persons whose callings are so clamorous as to compel their attendance. Now, why is this? I think it must be because the slug-a-beds are not *conscious* of the *injurious process*, the result of which they cannot deny.

It is that process, then. I propose to unveil to them, and if I can fix their attention, I doubt not to have them for faithful lieges to the end of their lives: for observe, the duration of my life is of no consequence; my dominion depends on quite another thing, and is only subject to dissolution by the introduction of the rule of a more potent monarch; for as long as my influence lasts, "his servants ye are whom ye obey."

The muscular strength of animals depends on bundles of fibres that admit of expansion and contraction in bulk and length. They are expanded in bulk by the admission of the blood; on which, be it observed, the mechanical action, as well as the maintenance of their own texture, depends. This bulk is gradually reduced by exercise, until the greatest length is obtained, when it is obvious that a supply of food and of blood is necessary to enable the muscles to repeat the process we have described as consequent upon exercise; for as that is but the

passing of the muscles from the bulky to the lengthened or elongated state, they must be restored to the former before they can *again pass* to the latter; and as exercise is but the passing, so we are incapable of exercise, but in proportion as we shall have repassed to the bulky state.

Now, rest facilitates this restoration, but it will be obvious that rest alone will not do it; for although the muscles will expand with rest, yet without the blood to fill mechanically the interstices, the muscles will yield on the slightest tension, and fatigue and exhaustion ensue: therefore the presence of the blood is necessary to expand the muscular congeries, and exercise is equally necessary to extend it.

Now we come to the effect of lying a-bed, in health and strength. We have seen that muscular action consists of alternate contraction and dilatation—that those depend on the blood and exercise, and that rest facilitates the accumulation of blood and consequent dilating of the muscles. We also know that overstraining of the muscles causes the most alarming weakness, but we suppose this confined to length, and yet we have seen that strength depends as much on the dilatation as on the extension of the muscle; and as the distance from London to York must be the same as from York to London, so the over dilatation must be as injurious in its degree as the over-extension: the effect of rest being to facilitate the expansion, when that has reached its maximum it must cause an injurious tension in that direction. This being daily repeated must certainly cause weakness, and the worst sort of weakness, that which is habitual; yet this must be the effect of lying in bed one half hour longer than is necessary to the full expansion of the muscles; for exercise then becomes necessary for their relief from the injurious tension in which they are held, in that which is generally (but I think erroneously) considered as their relaxed state: for I contend they must not be considered as threads, but as systems of threads, whose peculiar action consists in being alternately extended in bulk and

ength. The system, therefore, is subject to tension when at its greatest bulk as well as its greatest length.

And now, I suppose, it is not difficult to understand how lying in bed too long prevents health and strength; but this is done in a higher degree by soft beds and warm clothing, for as these allow of the greater expansion of the muscles without its being caused by the presence of the blood, which alone gives strength; so they prevent the access of the fluid, as they increase by rarefaction the bulk of the fibres and of the portion of blood they contain; which is obviously inefficient as a means of strength, for its whole effect is lost in the transition from the warm bed to the temperature of the atmosphere; and as the increase of bulk is limited, whether that increase be caused by heat or the presence of the blood, must determine the quantity of strength to be imparted—to cause it by heat, then, must be unfavourable to strength. The same remark applies to the atmosphere of the room in which you sleep, for if that is heated you cannot have muscular refreshment. Why not? Because as fluids expand by heat, when so expanded it is impossible to introduce an equal quantity of blood into the muscles.

The action of the warm bath confirms this theory; for there you get the bulky state of the muscles quickly, and with nourishment you are capable of renewed action; or if you rest, the access of the blood is facilitated, and consequently your exhausted strength is restored. But the warm bath differs from the warm bed, in that its application is temporary and therefore salutary; for it is well understood, that a permanent warm bath would be very codling.

Continuance in bed beyond the time necessary for refreshment tends to cause corpulence, for it is only whilst the muscles are in the bulky form that the fatty matter can be deposited.

This disease, which is easily prevented, but very difficult of cure, obviously prevents the proper elongation, and consequently expansion, of the muscles, by the deposit of an unorganized substance in the space that the blood (organized for nourishment and for circulation) should fill. Thus, by shortening the muscles it lengthens every journey, and makes objects of

business and pleasure inaccessible to you, which, as my subjects, you could attain.

It may be easily understood why extreme idleness is so distressingly painful; the muscles are being stretched wrong way & want of that exercise, which even in excess would be preferable, for it would at least make rest sweet, which is thus embittered.

List, oh! list, ye listless slaves of sloth, start up for once and it will be a medicine for you; take exercise, even so moderate fatigue, and you will know the sweets of rest: then you are nearly drilled for my service—enter, and your cure is accomplished.

The theory of cramps and growing pains seems, to me, quite simple in conjunction with this system.

The muscles are elastic, the nerves not. In cases of strong exercise or fatigue, during which cramp usually occurs, the muscles have been fully stretched, and in returning to the bulky form they must depart, more or less, from the straight line of the arc they usually describe (as any one may see if they attempt to make a longer thread describe the same arc as a shorter); and in so doing they will press upon the nerve they would otherwise have passed, and by its tension cause pain: which, if continued, as in swimming, will paralyze the nerve, prevent the brain's controul over the limb, and, as we know, often end fatally.

In other cases, ceasing to exert the limb or doing it vigorously, will generally extricate these near friends, but not always without leaving pain in the injured nerve.

Growing pains are, I suppose, a milder kind of cramp, arising from the muscles being more easily stretched, and perhaps habitually too long (to provide for their growth), which occasions this accident to be more frequent, but milder, and to ensue particularly after fatigue. Both these inconveniences must be alleviated, at least, by early rising, and as such afford motives to join the peep of day boys.

I recommend to the elite of my corps to propose to themselves some specific course of action: a language or a science to acquire—French, Italian, geography, music, or a course of reading in natural history, history,

political economy, or the science of man: by this means the practice of early rising will be facilitated, because you increase the motive. By rising at such time as to provide for this and a walk before breakfast, thousands, many thousands of common-place persons in the middle rank of life (who have seldom any claim upon them before breakfast) might become highly accomplished and intelligent persons, and I promise them distinction according to merit.

The effect of warm rooms and exposure to cold, may be easily traced on this theory; but I confine myself on this occasion to raising a corps of early risers. The bounty I offer to recruits is the song of the lark, the sparkling dew-drop, the glorious-coloured east—and that which may perhaps come on them by surprise, the

effect of the morning sun on objects in the west, which amounts sometimes to a creation in land-scapes. To the inhabitants of London I offer an hour or two of smokeless atmosphere, which they must think can be accomplished only by a magician: but no, if they only agree to be my subjects, they shall enjoy it. The permanent pay and allowances are most liberal; health and strength I have proved that my subjects must attain in a higher degree than others; and if, as Poor Richard says, "time is money," money they shall receive. Half-pay, in proportion to the length of service.

The only return I require on their part for these advantages is quite an affair of honour, simply an occasional acknowledgment that they owe them, in some measure, to

THE RECLUSE.

THE GREEK EMIGRANT'S SONG TO THE FLAG OF HIS COUNTRY.

The first Ship from Greece, since its renewed struggle for Independence, appeared on the Thames a short period since.

FLAG of my country, fair pennon of glory,
I bow me in rapture to see thee once more,
As thou kisseth the breeze I list to the story
My forefathers' laurels embellish'd of yore:
Flag of my country, thou speak'st of the free!
Standard of Sparta, thou'rt holy to me!

I view thee, a herald of hope from the land,
Where again is exalted the war cry and brand;
I read in thy message a proof that the storm
Is now dying 'neath sunshine that shadow'd thy form
A dove from our ark o'er the waters thou'rt cast,
And thou seemest to tell that the deluge is past.

Fair beacon of triumph uprais'd from the tomb,
Where Thermopylæ heroes have laid them to rest,
Lo, the spirit of Marathon bids thee to bloom,
And Salamis flings its green leaf on thy crest;
Brave pennon, I see thee in holiness wave
O'er the turban and crescent, the spoils of the brave!

Court the winds, my own banner, return o'er the sea,
To the land that *shall be* from the land *that is* free,
Bear the pray'rs of its sons, who learnt from thy name
To rival thy war-fields, thy heroes in fame;
Here thousands shall triumph when, bright as morn's star,
Thou flutter'st victorious o'er slavery and war!
March, 1825.

J. F. STUART.

WOMEN.

'Most Women have no characters at all.'—*POPE.*

It has often been a subject of dispute whether there is a disparity between men and women—I mean in their intellectual powers. A number of writers have endeavoured to prove the inferiority of female intellect. The opinion of one of the advocates for male superiority is clearly enough delivered in the line quoted above. If we are guided by analogy, we must admit the intellectual equality of the sexes. The males in the animal creation make no pretensions to superior wisdom. Amongst the domestic animals, the male is by no means more sagacious than the female: the lioness shews fully as much cunning in pursuing her prey as 'the king of the beasts'; and the female of the feathered tribes seem to have all the wisdom of the male, for she devotes herself in prudent foresight to the rearing of a brood of future songsters, while the male does nothing but chirp and chatter, and neglect his business all day long. It is asked, how is it there is no natural difference between the sexes, that women, in nearly all ages and all countries, have held a subordinate station in society? The reason is obvious and simple. Men were stronger than women, and they took advantage of their own strength. They compelled the weak sex to perform all the drudgery, while they lounged in idleness, or engaged in employments suitable to their masculine superiority. As civilization advanced, they did every thing in their power to rivet the chains they had forged. The very degradation which they had themselves unfeelingly caused, they alleged as a proof of the inferiority of the sex. If women had had the superiority in physical strength, the case might have been reversed. They might have assigned all the drudgery to the men, and taken all the ease and the fine work to themselves. They might have triumphed in their superior wisdom, and urged as a proof of male inferiority the degradation which they

had wickedly caused. And, if the same quantum of attention, as a mathematician would say, had been paid by the woman to the keeping down of the men, which *has* been bestowed by the men on the perpetuating of the degradation of the woman, it is questionable if the sex that now vaunts so proudly its mental superiority would have been able to break loose from its ignoble bondage, and assert its right to intellectual equality. I need not remark that the gentle nature of "lovely woman" would not have permitted her to take advantage of her strength; and that male shoulders would not have been loaded by an unequal burden, nor male intellect calumniated by unjust reproach, even though women had possessed the physical superiority that has been abused to such unworthy purposes by the masculine lords of creation.

But it is said, it has ever been the lot of genius to attain to eminence in spite of the difficulties of fortune, birth, and education. Allowing, then, that females labour under disadvantages from these sources, is it not surprising that they do not exhibit examples of triumphing over them? I reply, they have done so. A brief review of the history of women will prove that they have triumphed in every age over the adventitious circumstances which held them in bondage, and in circumstances favourable to mental culture, have attained their just intellectual rank.

The system of studied degradation adopted in the patriarchal ages in regard to women prevails in full force at the present moment in the East. There seems, in fact, to be an immortality about every thing oriental. Women are regarded in the East as mere instruments of sensual pleasure; and the education they receive is confined to the exterior accomplishments that may conduce to the gilding of the hours spent in the harems by their lords. These lords think it

quite unnecessary to bestow any attention on the mental culture of those who, they assert, have no souls. The wrongs of women are most amply avenged on the heads of their male tyrants, who, in the absence of the spiritual excitement derived from refined female converse, are obliged to have recourse to the solitary pleasure of chewing opium, and sink down into listless languor. In spite of the disadvantages from education under which they labour, the oriental women have proved their mental equality, even in the departments which men believe to require most peculiarly the exercise of masculine intellect. I need only mention, in proof of the justice of the assertion, Semiramis and Zenobia.

The Greeks treated their women in little better fashion than the Orientals. The men were compelled to devote their time to the flattering of the sovereign people. The women, in the absence of masculine commerce, had recourse to the society of their slaves. No attention was bestowed on their education; and many circumstances, incidentally mentioned by the Greek historians, shew that they had a degraded rank. The unintellectual education which the Greek women received did not repress their genius. Corinna bore away the palm five times from Pindar. Socrates professed to have learned wisdom from the elegant Aspasia, and, at the present moment, Sappho is unrivalled as a writer of impassioned poetry. The Romans were the first people who bestowed attention on the education of their females. The effect corresponded to the cause. At Rome woman first attained her rank. The stern and lofty virtue that forms our notion of "Roman greatness" was displayed in the same perfection by the Roman matrons, as by the Reguluses and the Scipios. Lucretia—the mother of the Gracchi—is "familiar to us as a household word." Cicero mentions a number of women distinguished by their taste in eloquence and philosophy. An eloquent oration of Hortensia is preserved by Appian.

In the middle ages, women were raised to the rank that justly belongs to them. To the knowledge they had acquired in solitude, while the men were engaged in war, they were

indebted, in a great measure, to the romantic devotion paid to them by the heroes of chivalry. They retained, during the prevalence of that singular institution, their intellectual cultivation and refined elegance. The beneficial influence which woman, when she attains her rank, never fails to exercise on society, was finely shewn, in the smoothing down of the asperities of that rude age.

In our own country, it was long before the intellectual rights of women were acknowledged. Their frivolity, and other feminine faults, were favourite themes for satire with the writers of the age of the Second Charles. Rochester commenced the attack, and Pope, Swift, Young, and a host of subsequent authors followed the goodly example. The pitiful declamation of these writers was quoted, with sorry pleasure, by the wits, who were not themselves clever enough to compose invectives against the sex. It is wonderful that a writer, like Pope, should have been betrayed into the inditing of such cold satire as his *Essay on Woman* is stored with. He begins by asserting, that "most women have no character at all," and he does his utmost to prove the truth of the assertion, by an exposure of the inconsistencies in the characters of affected, simple, cunning, vicious, and whimsical women. The following is a specimen. It is the character of a silly woman.

Where is sweet vicissitude
appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratiſic and tears,
The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones—Time and
Thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to
hit;
For, true, no meaning puzzles more than
wit.

If it were the object to enumerate the vices ascribed by male writers to women, the following specimen, from the same work, of heartless accusation, would be quite enough:—

Men, some to business, some to pleasure
ake;

But every woman is at heart a rake.

The age, however, in which the satirists of women were read, and quoted with pleasure, has passed away. The flippant invectives on the sex, in which the writers of a former age indulged, would no longer be

tolerated in decent company. In every department of literature women have proved their intellectual equality. In epistolary composition, *Sevigné* and *Montagne* are our acknowledged superiors. In classical literature, the department we reckon entirely our own, *Madame Dacier* and *Miss Carter* are nothing behind us. *Bozzi*, *Hamilton*, *Griffiths*, *Lennox*, *Chapone*, *Barbauld*, *Inchbald*, *Edgeworth*, 'the gentle *Elizabeth Rowe*,' and 'the blooming *Charlotte Smith*,' are but a few of the names in the catalogue of distinguished female writers. *De Stael* is allowed to have equalled any of her male contemporaries in the powers of a comprehensive and varied intellect. *Miss Lander's* poetry, published the other day, exceeds in passion the poetry of any living male author. *Maria Theresa* and *Catherine* were surpassed in regal wisdom by none of the masculine sovereigns of their time. The days of 'good *Queen Bess*' are, at this moment, the subject of frequent and delightful recollection. While women are reckoned fit to manage kingdoms, their capability is, oddly enough, denied, for executing a subordinate office. Had they not been prohibited by existing institutions from becoming lawyers, judges, and legislators, it is not to be doubted that they who have shone on the throne would have shone in a gown on the bench, or in parliament. It was said, however, by the advocates for male superiority, that the foibles of the sex attach to women when they attain the highest intellectual distinction; and the fondness of *Queen Elizabeth* to hear discourses on "her excellent beauties," and the occasional vanity, egotism, and personal antipathies of *Madame de Stael*, are adduced as proofs of the assertion. It would be just as much to the purpose to allege the absurdities of the philosopher of *Sans Souci* as a proof of his not being entitled to the epithet 'great;' or to affirm, with a grave face, that it is easy to discover, from the masculine peculiarities of *Johnson*, to which sex "the colossus of English literature" belonged.

Mr. Boswell informs us, that *Blue Stocking* took its rise from the following circumstance:—Some literary ladies, in the time of *Johnson*, had formed a select club. *Mr. Benjamin*

Stillingfleet, the author of some erudite works on *Natural History*, was a member. He wore a grave dress, and was noted for his blue stockings. His presence was of such consequence, that if he happened to be absent from a meeting, it was said we cannot do without the *blue stockings*. The blue stocking of *Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet* has been applied, in mockery, to female wisdom. Learned lords, according to *Mr. Cobbett*, who must be a judge in such matters, abbreviate one-half of their words, because they know not how to spell them to the end. Their horror of blue stocking knowledge arises probably from a similar cause. It would require too great a waste of thought from those who "have but one idea, and that a wrong one," to hold, for five minutes, a conversation with an intellectual female. And it is a convenient thing to find, ready coined, a little word of dispatch, which proves most conclusively their own superiority, and the utter absurdity of all pretensions to feminine wisdom. Pedantry is no doubt a bad thing. A small pedant, however, is just as disgusting an animal as a female. The applicability of the maxim, that we cannot reason against the use of any thing from its abuse is evident in the present instance. It would be fully as reasonable to affirm that classical literature is a noxious pursuit, because there have been men who made a shew of wisdom, as it is to pronounce a sweeping sentence of condemnation on the intellectual culture, "so graceful to woman's soul," because there have been women so absurd as to be pedants.

To no class is mental culture of more importance than to women. Females, of the higher class, must spend a great part of their time in solitude; and, without a taste for intellectual and imaginative pleasures, they are exposed to all the horrors of ennui. Life is embittered by querulous cravings after excitement; and the mind, in the absence of all spiritual employment, sinks down into indifference. Women, in the middle ranks, without mental resources, are equally miserable in the hours not devoted to domestic duties. Men, indeed, are blind to their own interests in perpetuating the mental degradation of females; since, by with-

holding from them an intellectual education, they deprive themselves of the pleasure of the domestic hearth. Converse, with females who have no intellect, will soon become a dead bore. The aristocracy betake themselves to the ring, coach-driving, and to other equally gentlemanly pleasures; and our mechanics to the society of the tavern, because home is dull. I do not mean that women should be eminent linguists and mathematicians. The education I wish them to receive, would be confined to the bestowing upon them powers of thought, and treasures for thought. Woman would not, surely, be less interesting or lovely if she possessed, in addition to what are called accomplishments, an acquaintance with the elegant literature of our own country, and a taste for the beauties of nature

and poetry. The pedantry of some literary females, in a former age, gave a shew of justice to the vulgar abuse of the blues. But no animal, possessed of a grain of sense, would now dare to express contempt of a refined intellectual female.

Love itself—"the green velvet of the soul"—will soon pall on the appetite without intellectual commune. "The dew will fade on Beauty's sweetest flower" if it conceal no germ of intellect. The face, that is the index to no mental excellence, will lose its power; and the eye, brightened by no ray of genius, its lustre. What more can be said in favour of the bestowing of mental culture on women, than that it gives an immortality to "Love, and love's sweet witcheries."

C. M.

TO CHURCH, 1823.

HAIL! moss-grown turret, that in hoary pride
Liftest to heaven thy venerable head,
While at thy feet the silvery waters glide,
And lave the untrodden thresholds of the dead!
Oh! who could look upon that crumbling wall,
O'ershadowing the cold beds of them that sleep,
'Neath sculptured stone, or green turf's lighter pall,
Nor turn away his soften'd eyes to weep?
For in that little plot of holy ground,
Circling with verdant zone the house of prayer,
The generations of the village round
For years have met, to dwell for ever there.
Yet 'tis a bliss to vulgar minds unknown,
On pensive meditation's wing upborne,
To look down on a map of mould'ring stone,
And view the deeds of many a day that's gone.
To think yon pile, now silent as the grave,
Hath oft resounded to the gathering bell,
The song of godly praise, the funeral stave,
The nuptial chime, and the passing knell!
But thou hast ev'n a dearer charm for me,
Than memory's hallowing glance o'erspreads on all,
The soul can image, or the eye can see,
In the sepulchral sod or sainted wall.
Oft have I seen afar that whitening wand
Pierce the deep azure of a summer's sky;
Yes—though the bowers of Eden bloom'd beyond,
That object would for ever stay mine eye.
While idler sight hath ranged without control,
O'er woods and waves, mine ne'er that spire hath past;
To me it is a buoy that guides my soul,
Where the last anchor of its hope is cast.

I've gazed on yonder leafy canopy,
 Flung o'er the dwelling of my bird of love,
 Till I have deem'd some artist of the sky,
 For her, and her alone, that bower had wove.
 To him who sees afar his lov'd one's home,
 She reigns the ruling planet of the sphere;
 The mead, the grove, the stream with fringes of foam,
 Seem all to bloom, to wave, to shine, for *her*.
 There's not a beauteous bird that floats on air,
 But seems for *her* to spread its feathery sail;
 There's not a flower bedecks the gay *poterre*,
 But seems for her to load with sweets the gale.
 On this rude bridge, beneath whose arches wide,
 Clasp'd the snowy bosom of the Thames;
 Unnumber'd barks with fairy swiftness glide,
 While the broad oar the rippling current stens.
 Pensive I've stood, 'midst the quick plash beneath
 Unceasing, and the hum of men above;
 While, as if all were hush'd as evening's breath,
 My thoughts were slumbering in a dream of love.
 But now not ev'n the sunset hour of calm,
 Could lull them to that vision'd rest again;
 For, ah! the dews of twilight are no balm,
 To hearts that bleed with self-inflicted pain!

NEW WORDS TO THE MANLY DEARTS.

She—The rose in shade so freshly sighing,
 Will faint beneath the eye of noon.
 He—And sure a flower so sweet in dying,
 Can never shed its leaves too soon.
 Both—Then beauty's bloom so far more sweet,
 Still less need fear love's ray to meet.
 She—Yet soon will perfumes lose their sweetness,
 If frail the vase we trust them to.
 He—Oh! well we know a fair smile's fleetness,
 Too well to be ourselves untrue.
 Both—Then let not fear or doubt arise,
 Since truth lives on though beauty dies.

SONNET.—SUNRISE.

I saw him rise from out his couch of mist,
 Like a huge giant clad in burnish'd gold,
 And the few clouds were tipp'd with yellow light,
 Soon as their foreheads the great day-god kiss'd—
 They look'd dark mantles brolder'd in each fold,
 Hanging upon a spirit, awful bright.
 The hill tops smil'd to see him, and the night,
 Overcome at once, was a tale long told.
 The shepherds and the early husbandmen,
 Time out of mind his faithful chamberlains,
 Stood gazing upwards with entraptur'd ken,
 So very gorgeous seem'd his might unfurl'd:—
 All, all was bright, the vallies, rivers, plains,
 For 'twas heav'n's eye gladd'ning a waking world.
 March, 1825. J. F. STUART.

A CHAPTER OF SIGNS.

"Ecce Signum."

SUPPOSE Goldsmith has said some good things about them; suppose a dramatist, grounding his jokes upon that worthy essayist's inventions, has since endeavoured to reap "golden opinions" in the same field of inquiry; I yet do not see that the harvest is quite garnered, or why some amusement, if not benefit, may not even at the eleventh hour be elicited from a few merry intentioned observations upon tavern signs. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and I will try to earn my honest penny along with older and better comrades.

The world has undergone revolutions since the wits of White's, and the essayists of the Chapter, palated the breakfast tables of our ancestors with the salt of their opinions; and so also many of those escutcheons to good cheer, of which I would write, like the very features of the town, have been changed or demolished by the speculation, or the ambition of modern ardour. Hence may I not gather what others have missed, or at all events chronicle what others could by no possibility see? New points may be discovered even in a beaten field, and the persevering sportsman will find a quarry at noon, which the eagerness of the morning fowler overlooked, or disregarded.

William Shakspeare, he that was "for all time," has told us, and what he tells us is for the most part of great price, that "the world is still deceived by ornament." I take leave, for once, to differ with the author of the *seven ages*. I was never taken in by an *elephant-sign* in my life, though it glittered in a kingly robe, or a field-marshal's uniform. I have heard of a certain gentleman who was a connoisseur in fires—fires that destroyed floor, roof, and rafter; of another who would put himself in the mail of a night, and ride eighty miles to witness an execution on the following morning; of a third, who volunteered to serve as a sailor, in order to enjoy the

horrors of a cockpit in the heat of action: but I, I speculate in less deadly and dangerous commodities, my hobby is to decypher the palate of the beer by the taste employed in the choice of an ensign, to measure civility by the cut of an effigy, and to read a jolly Boniface, a venerable bottle, and clean sheets, by the board of invitation in the van of the hotel, which, like the porter to a great house, inspires hope, or infuses despair, by the civility or hauteur of his carriage, the honey or the verjuice of his physiognomy.

"Shall I take mine *ease* in mine inn," when I know that the *Hero of Quebec* is dangling in the winds without a coat (of paint) to cover him? Can I put faith in the double X of such a landlord, whose precept does not keep pace with his practice, which is indeed *wolfish*?

Shall I place my hope on that "which maketh glad the heart of man" when it is delivered to me by some swelling "hony seed rogue of the tavern," who suffers the only arm of the victor at Copenhagen, the Nile, Trafalgar, to be washed out by an hail storm that would hardly drown "cats and blind puppies," and to fade the victim of parsimony? O such a commentary as this upon the *sea-fight of Egypt* would indeed induce me to cross over to the other side, and exclaim "*ex nihilo nil fit*," or compel me to make an application of the "*palmam qui meruit ferat*" of Nelson, by *effing the ears* of the publican (sinner as he is) to his heart's discontent.

I reverence the institutions of old England—the glorious "water walled bulwark"—and I therefore honour its *three estates*, and accordingly when I look upon an ill kept, much neglected, representation of the *king's head*, I invariably set the dwelling down which it should, but does not, adorn, as no "house of call" for me, perfectly convinced that were I to enter its doors, and consult its bill of fare, I should

hardly find, like the gentleman in Goldsmith's play, "a pig and prunel sauce," and be compelled to put up with *short commons* and dishes not "fit for a lord."

Then what a tasteless piece of mockery is that which consists in a mere square piece of board, or tin, containing a few yellow or sable letters—certainly not *belles lettres*—and which is meant for, and is a bare apology for an invitation. Write if you please "This is the Red Cow," or "this is the Blue Boar," and stick up, if you like, that which would puzzle Œdipus to unravel, but let us have something besides mere words, something to put us in mind, in the case of the first effigy, of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, and of the *Forest of Ardennes* in the last. *Vix et praterius nihil* will never do at an inn. Francis's "anan, anan, sir," always promising and never coming, is equally *ad rem*. Depend upon it there is no proof in the brandy, no fancy in the cookery, when "THE ADMIRAL'S HEAD" is unillustrated with a portrait, no matter how ill conceived, of the gallant Rodney, the enterprising Howe, or any other of Britannia's rulers of the waves. In such a house we should be really *at sea* without them; what then would become of the landmen?

Besides the arts, the arts, suffer under the penny wise system in question. Who knows but that the "*Bunch of Grapes*" might again make the fortune of some village Zeuxis, or the "*Green Dragon*" be as profitable to a country Parnassius as the yellow contemporary of Covent Garden when stuffed with the sou of "old Joe" is to its proprietors? There is great and ancient authority for asserting that mighty and extraordinary successes have arisen from comparatively trivial causes, and the painters of post chaise panels, the scratchers upon brown paper, the very sign daubers, have in more than a single instance attained pre-eminence and become subservient to more potent *hanging committees* than those which, in the case of the latter fraternity, affixed their handy work upon, or before the walls of an hotel. I, however, query if there have not been more good things said, certainly more digested, beneath the "*Prince Regent*" of a village, than

E. M. April, 1825.

under the pictorial princes, dukes, and marquises of the academy—royal though it be.

Then again, your tavern insignia form very professorships and institutions for the encouragement of history, patriotism, and education. Do they not teach the "young idea how to shoot," by representations of the fowling field, as at the "*Sportsman's Hall*," which give a name to so many of our country inns? Does not the "*Marquis of Granby*" compel a man to turn back to his books, to find what that stiff-looking nobleman had done to deserve the conspicuous popularity he in so many places and situations seems to have obtained? Will parliamentary votes, titles, gold boxes, bonfires, and splendid pensions (deserved though they be) keep a hero's name above ground after his body is under it, half as well as being gibbeted on irons, bound in boards, and crucified in paint before any post-house in the three kingdoms? To be sure the battle of Waterloo, like the field of Cressy, or the triumph of Agincourt, shall "in our flowing cups be freshly remembered," but without the *Duke of Wellington's head* upon a sign post, will recall millions, nay septillions of our posterity—to a recollection of that great day of blood and conquest sooner than the speeches of his grace in parliament, or some of his recorded views of political economy.

It is all very fine, and very glorious, to have one's virtues, and one's deeds (if they will bear the telling) recorded in books, or illustrated, *ore rotundo*, in speeches, but alas! these records, thus witnessing, are sealed things to many. Not so our portraits and our caricatures—those, I mean, that are the subjects of my theme. Such, like charity, are open to and embrace all, and thousands at the very sight of our visages will bless our memory, who, while we were yet upon the earth, cared not a Birmingham halfpenny whether we had "enough and to spare" or went supperless to bed." Living, we were the clue to nothing affecting them,—dead, and gibbeted as a sign, to every *highwayman*—we become the keys of the beer barrel, and the finger posts to that which made Falstaff witty, and Hal a "true prince." Who then would not do such deeds as

would astonish the world to have such a reward entailed upon our memories? If this does not teach patriotism, and induce to great actions, why St. George fought the dragon in vain, and William Tell had no skill in archery.

"Good wine needs no bush." I confess I sometimes fancy the proverb paradoxical. We are all, more or less, creatures of habit and imagination, and I should deem that Boniface more addicted to the patronization of blacking than black-strap, breakfast powder than grilled turkey, whose *billet admission* consisted of a "*Hump's head*," even though "old port" were painted in characters as portentous as those which must have consumed several chalk pits to form them, and which appear in that gentleman's behalf on the now *capitally* marked walls of Knightsbridge and Hammersmith.

But like the shepherd's story in one of Virgil's Eclogues, the day would pass away were I to give, in one lecture, all of my subject that presses upon me. All of the wit and genius, and fun and fancy, that characterizes the insignia I patronize. Their mottos, their quaint invitations, their significations, their antiquity, and more, much more beside, must like a bill in

parliament, stand over for a second reading, and I have only now to hope that what I have already advanced will be deemed sufficient to pass it with éclat through its first.

I cannot, however, avoid just touching one more argument in favour of my tavern signs. It is addressed to those who are entering upon the dry, but erudite, study of the law, with a view to the counsellor's gown. Dear young gentlemen, throw aside your books and your precedents, put out your lamps, your midnight lamps of toil, cut terms, dine not in the temple, keep your chambers only for your bottle friends and your "lady loves," and drive me in your tandems to the "*Castle*" at Richmond, or the "*Bank*" at Staines, to the "*Pelican*" at Speenhamland, or the "*Sla*," at Oxford, follow my steps, and say to either of these invitations to good cheer, *sub hoc signo vinces*, and I will answer for it, especially if the landlady be civil, and miss, the pretty directress, that ere you could digest three lines of Blackstone, or the same number of Coke, you shall have plenty of *causes* to pleasure you at the bar.

J. F. STUART.

April 2d, 1825.

ART OF RISING, ADVANCING, AND SUCCEEDING IN LIFE.

ESSAY I.

ALL persons, in every state of civilized society, being impelled to exertion of mind and body, the greater part for the purpose of procuring the means of subsistence, the rest that they may increase the advantages they already possess, it seems not entirely useless in its intention to divulge and explain the methods by which people may rise in life, and the errors by which they fall. From such an essay, if successfully written, the prudent may derive pleasure, the unfortunate and imprudent consolation and assistance.

A very high state of civilization, such as we now possess, seems favourable to the development of every species of exertion, and presents men

with such a variety of methods by which they may procure the means of existence, that we may reasonably doubt whether there be, with the exception of those calamities which incapacitate the body and mind from exertion, any real cause of permanent distress, besides those which originate in the errors and vices of men. These errors and vices are multifarious, and form the great obstacles which impede and obstruct the advancement of men to the attainment of independent circumstances. Idleness, intoxication, the love of pleasure and expence, exorbitant speculations, which are not justified in prudence, implicit faith in the honesty of men, and a restless appetite for vast acquisitions, which

make us overlook or despise trivial advantages, are a few among the many causes which oppose men in their progress to independent circumstances and involve them in difficulties.— When these errors are wanting, and a disposition to steady and regular industry is manifested, men seldom fail to attain to the independence they desire. We see this truth illustrated by that sect among us which we call Quakers, who are the most peaceable, regular, attentive and sober people, and by dint of perseverance and downright obstinacy in their avocations, which are seldom interrupted by irregularity, idleness, expense or intoxication, acquire, almost without exception, the easy comforts of life; and although from want of enterprize and speculation, the result probably of their retired habits, they seldom reach those vast fortunes which many others of the community attain, yet they are scarcely ever exposed to the reverses which follow too ambitious an exertion.

The Scotch also are a people remarkable for the pertinacity of their pursuits, and a strict observance of those forms and duties which promote the views of men. They are so generally successful in their attempts to attain eminence in what they undertake, that it is become almost proverbial to say, "He will succeed, for he is a Scotchman." Now this general success among the Scotch does not originate, we believe, in any better fitness or superior capacity for the pursuits they embrace, but in a determined and regular attention to business, be it what it may; and this regular and steady attention depends probably upon some constitutional firmness of nerve, which enables them to adhere pertinaciously to what they undertake. It is this peculiar disposition which renders them admirably fitted for colonization, agriculture, and such other pursuits in life which promise distant and ultimate advantages to patient and laborious industry. Hence it arises that the French and Irish, who are nations of a more mercurial temperament, often abandon modes of life from irritability, which are afterwards adopted and successfully followed by the Scotch.

The Irish, on the contrary, are generally understood to be a less provident and careful people, directed

more by the impulse of a lively imagination, than the cold and prudent calculation of advantage. Vivacious, fond of society, addicted to love and wine, generous and hospitable, they neglect the advantages of the future for the enjoyments of the present hour, and often sacrifice to the pleasure of pleasing the comfort and advantages of independent circumstances. Hence we find that the wit and eloquence of the House of Commons flows from Irish lips. The industry which executes, and the steadiness which proceeds, emanates from the intellects of the Scotch. These different qualities accompany each nation through every department of life: they are conspicuous at table, in the field, in the cabinet, in literature, and in this last we are not less indebted to Sheridan, Sterne, and Swift for laughter, than to Hume, Robertson, and Stewart for moral and historical information.

Although we assert that a high state of civilization, by presenting men with a variety of avocations, almost excludes the possibility of distress, except when it arises from vice or disease, we are by no means disposed to aver that every man, in every department of life, has the power and opportunity of acquiring independent circumstances. This advantage depends upon so many complex and intricate events; is so often the result of chance, and so little subject to certain rules, that we can lay down no decisive principles by the observance of which men shall to a certainty attain to independence. Some professions and businesses present us with easy and certain advantages, while others offer to the steadiest exertion and best abilities scarcely the decent means of existence. It is therefore the duty of our parents to point out, and of ourselves to choose, when we have an opportunity, these businesses or professions which present the greatest advantages as a reward to the least exertion: for when large fortunes are acquired by great exertions of mind and body, the nerves become debilitated by over-excitement, and success ceases to charm in consequence of the anxiety and labour we undergo.

Those businesses are undoubtedly the safest and generally the most advantageous, which supply mankind with the necessities of life, because

neither caprice nor fashion can lessen or annihilate the constant demand for the articles they supply. The merchant who supplies mankind with the muslins of India, the teas of China, the furs and hides of Russia, the spices of the East and the sugars of the West, has a perpetual and never-failing market in the necessary demands of human nature. There is a constant and regular requisition for the articles he provides, which requisition is sufficient only to those fluctuations which result from a too copious, or too moderate supply. In like manner the retail businesses, which disperse in small portions to mankind the different articles which the merchant imports, are generally safe and advantageous pursuits. To these may be added the businesses of the butcher, baker, tailor, shoe-maker, brewer, hatter, and others which provide articles of consumption that are absolutely necessary and cannot be dispensed with: for every man must eat, drink, and be clothed.

Next to certain advantages to those businesses which supply mankind with the absolute necessities of life, may be reckoned the professions of the Church, Law, and Physic. Of these three, the professions of the Law and Physic seem to have advantage over the Church, inasmuch as a young man, after he has served his apprenticeship, may commence business with a very small capital, and extend that business, by means of exertion and successful encouragement, to an unlimited extent. Whereas, in the profession of the Church, a living must be purchased, or acquired from the generosity of a patron, or some other source; and unless a young man possess something more than abilities and exertion, he may remain in obscurity the greater part of his life. In cases where young men have purchased livings, or received them from patrons, their success may terminate with their first acquisition, and they may continue during their whole lives to draw out a tedious existence on a small living which scarcely presents the necessities of life. The patronage of the Church is placed in comparatively few hands, and these few are for the most part among men of rank and large estates, who very naturally bestow their favours on those who are either allied to them in blood, or re-

commended to them by their friends. The Church, therefore, seems to be a profession in which no person should embark a son, unless he have some better hope of success than may probably arise from the possession of abilities and merit.

The Law, as a profession, is undoubtedly the most lucrative in its higher, and of pretty certain success in its lower branches. An expensive public education is generally thought necessary to render a young man competent to the arduous mental exertion of the Law, and he ought to possess at his first outset a sufficient sum of money to support him through the tedium and difficulties of his early career. No sudden or early success can be expected by him. He must be content to advance slowly into notice; to look forward to the reputation of his mature years, and waste his youth in laborious studies, to the end that he may be rich and illustrious in his old age.

The army and navy are professions which cannot be said to promise advantage either to ambition or avarice, except in a state of war: and war of any duration so seldom occurs in Europe, that no young man, who should enter into these services in a time of peace, ought to reckon upon that event as a certain advantage annexed to his profession. If a young man be a lieutenant in the navy or army at the commencement of a war, he may rise rapidly in his profession, and at its close, retire into private life, content with his honours and rewards. In a time of peace, and peace is always most propitious to a commercial country like Great Britain, and therefore the state most proper and natural to it, powerful interest or money is necessary to push a man forward in these professions. If then we consider these professions in the light of businesses, rewarding a man for his capital expended, and his time employed, and this is the only way perhaps that military and naval men are disposed to regard them at the latter part of life, this will generally be found to have disappointed the expectation of the greater number of officers.

From what we have said above we shall come to the conclusion that all those businesses and trades which supply mankind with the necessities of life, and under this term we mean to

include every article which is considered as essential to the happiness of us all, are generally the most advantageous, and certainly the most safe to embark in. Next in advantage to these, in our opinion, come the professions of the law, physic, church, and after them the army and navy, which we place last, because they are never in full employment, and advantageous to their fullest extent, except in war, and liable to reduction, half-pay, and loss of money expended on commissions by death.

It is the intention of these essays to endeavour to lay down some general and useful hints to young men, whereby they may regulate their conduct when engaged in professions or businesses: to point out the advantages and disadvantages of each business, or profession, and the most profitable branches of them. We consider some qualities as essential to all businesses and professions, whilst others are necessary to one pursuit, but not to another. Eloquence, for instance, is necessary at the bar, but perfectly useless to the physician,—but the virtues of perseverance and attention are alike common and essential to both professions. A young man intended for the army should have a good figure and easy manners. These qualities may be useful to a churchman, and even to a lawyer—but they are more necessary to a soldier than a churchman, and more necessary to a churchman than a lawyer. Yet they all three stand in need of good conduct and steady application. In a word, the three most essential qualities necessary to all men in all pursuits are prudence, steadiness, and perseverance. Prudence regards expense and conduct, steadiness the close attention to business, and perseverance the inclination to acquire all the requisite knowledge and surmount all the difficulties annexed to it. Without these no man can hope to succeed in life, and with these he has the best certainty that human exertion can promise.

We consider strict restraint in the early period of life as one of the surest methods of rendering a youth successful in a business or a profession. The speed we mean for the harness is broke in when young, and the body and temper are pliable and yielding. The mind, by restraint and early discipline, acquires a bias which it never after-

wards loses. Attention, regularity, exactness become natural. He continues faithful to his duties, punctual in his attention to business, persevering in his endeavours, because his acquired habits cannot be shaken off: he becomes as it were enchained by the fetters of custom, and can no more escape from his regularity than a prisoner can escape through the walls of his prison, and breathe the air of freedom. Such are, and such ought to be men of business, and such they will become if accustomed early to regular and attentive habits; but if this age of docility is allowed to pass over, and a restraint is attempted to be placed on a young man of twenty, who up to that period has had the free control of himself, we shall always find great difficulty in reducing his mind to that humble accordance with habit and regularity which constitutes the characteristics of the man of business. There are a great number of gentlemen in this country at the heads of the first mercantile houses in the world, who were brought up at public schools and universities. Their rank and fortune in life render it necessary that they should receive a more enlarged education than can be acquired in a counting-house. For this purpose they study a little Latin, Greek, and mathematics, which they forget almost as soon as they leave college. What is the consequence? They are neither men of letters nor men of business, and most of them, if reduced in circumstances would not be considered as capable of being clerks in their own counting-houses. But it matters not. Their houses continue firm and respectable, because they are supported by the abilities and exertion of the subordinate agents; for mercantile houses are like monarchies, which once established continue onward, though the heads which govern them be weak and incapable. This method, however, of bringing men up to business, by sending them to public schools and universities, we disapprove of, because it has a tendency to render the character unfit to receive the harness of business.

We have said that accidental circumstances may do more in a short time towards rendering a man notorious and rich, than all the prudence and perseverance he can use; but at the same time they ought never to be cal-

coloured upon. The following incidents have fallen under the observation of the author of this treatise, and they are mentioned, for the purpose of showing to young men that success in life may oftentimes be obtained by seizing dexterously on an offered advantage.

A poor man established himself in the north of England as a breeches-maker. A gentleman who resided in the neighbourhood of the place where he worked, ordered him to make a pair of leather small-clothes. This the tradesman effected in such a manner as to gain his approbation, and to acquire some orders from other gentlemen in the same country. One of these gentlemen arriving in London some short time afterwards, called upon his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who observing the excellent make and set of his small-clothes, said "Pray, inform me who made the small-clothes you wear, for they are admirably cut." The gentleman replied that they were made by a person who lived in the neighbourhood of his estate. "Is it possible?" replied his Royal Highness. "No man in London can make like him. Tell him from me that if he likes to come up to London he shall have my custom." The gentleman on his return into — informed the breeches-maker of what had been said by his Royal Highness, and recommended him to repair to London. He immediately removed thither, was introduced to the prince, made for him, gave him satisfaction, and became the most fashionable breeches-maker of his day. He died many years afterwards, leaving behind him a prodigious fortune. Now this circumstance furnishes us with an instance of a prompt manner of seizing upon a fortunate opportunity, which led to complete success. The following is an instance of good fortune arising out of an invitation to drink.

A very exalted personage, while at Brighton, said to a gentleman, "Are you acquainted with a friend who plays well on the violoncello. I should like a quartet, if it were possible to find some tolerable players." The reply made to this observation was: "I am acquainted with Captain —, who plays as well as any amateur I know." "Bring him to dinner to-morrow," said the exalted personage, and in the evening we will have a little

music." Captain — repaired the next day with his friend to the residence of the noble host, was introduced to him, and in the evening had the honour to accompany him in a quartet. His conduct and manners pleased; his style of playing was sufficiently good to be applauded, and when he was retiring from the presence of his host, he received an invitation to call on him at a certain hour on the morrow. He was punctual in attendance, and from that time gradually advanced in the confidence and esteem of his illustrious master, rose rapidly in the army, acquired a title and accumulated wealth. It is but fair to infer that all his success in life arose out of this accidental invitation, which opened a way to good fortune, which he never would otherwise have attained.

We will give one more instance of success skilfully attained, and then pass on to another part of our subject. A nobleman while at Paris had purchased a piece of velvet of rare beauty, from which he had ordered his tailor to make him a waistcoat. This waistcoat caught the eye of an illustrious friend, who praising it, was told that there was a sufficient quantity left to make a waistcoat, and that it was perfectly at his service. The nobleman to whom the remaining piece was sent as a present, ordered his own tailor to make a waistcoat from it, who as soon as he saw the velvet, declared there was not enough, and the intention was laid aside. The valet de chambre of this nobleman mentioned the circumstance to a friend, who was a tailor. This tailor requested to see the piece of velvet, which when seen, he instantly declared to be amply sufficient to make any man a waistcoat. In consequence of this observation he was introduced by the valet to his master, and had the honour to measure him, protesting all the time that a man who could aver that such a piece of velvet was insufficient to make a waistcoat, could know but little of his profession. The tailor had ascertained that the velvet had been bought in Paris. He knew, as well as his Lordship's own tailor, that the piece was inadequate to the use for which it was intended, but that Paris could instantly supply him with whatever quantity he wanted. He immediately left London by the mail,

embarked at Calais, travelled to the capital of France, and returned back to London in a few days, bringing with him a large supply of the same velvet. The waistcoat was made and pleased his Lordship. The ingenuity of the tailor, who had contrived to make a waistcoat out of a piece which one of the most eminent of his profession had declared to be inadequate, was praised, talked of, and patronized. He obtained the nobleman's custom and support, and rose in consequence to great wealth and notoriety. Such are the incidents on which the fortunes of men commonly depend.

In the letters which Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, he impresses upon him the necessity of attending above all things to his manners, as being the easiest and least expensive method of acquiring the good things of life. Manners, says some one, purchase all things without costing the possessor of them any thing. We do not mean to dissent from the opinion of his Lordship or others upon this subject, but merely to make a few observations on what sort of manners we consider necessary in young men holding that station in life to which this treatise is addressed. The letters of Lord Chesterfield were written to a son, whom he intended to shine in courts. This treatise is addressed to young men who will probably never reach to that height. The manners, therefore, required in young men in a middle state of life, ought to be essentially different from those which are necessary in courts, for it is an undoubted truth that every rank or gradation of life has its peculiar characteristic thoughts, manners, and conduct. We will here venture to hazard an opinion, that the dress both of body and mind, or, in other words, the intellect and manners of men, in order to be successful, should correspond with their station. A man may be too high or too low for his station in life, in which case he will not succeed, and the one is equally faulty with the other. Too much sense, as well as too refined and elegant manners, are more likely to be detrimental to a man, than useful to him. Let any person look round upon those of his acquaintances who have been successful in professions and businesses, and then ask himself whether they have

used their good fortune to any refinement of understanding or superior elegance of manners, and he will soon come to the conclusion, that vast fortunes have generally been attained without the exercise of either. Philosophers inform us, that all persons swim. Take a man, say they, never was in the water before, him in, and provided he be content to keep steady, confide in himself, and make no attempt to struggle, he will float in security with the stream. An observation somewhat similar to this may be made respecting the means of succeeding in businesses or professions. Place a lad in a business or profession, and provided he be content to be steady to it, do what he is bid, and prevent his mind from indulging in speculative opinions, and theoretical conjectures, he will probably succeed. It cannot be denied that many men are too clever to be successful, and employ great powers of mind in struggling to attain what no abilities will enable them to attain. We can illustrate this opinion by adducing instances, and argue from example. The late Mr. Rose was a gentleman more likely to fall into a successful course than Mr. Sheridan, and Lord Sidmouth better suited to become a minister in a country than Mr. Burke. The great Duke of Marlborough, whom Lord Chesterfield designates as a man of plain understanding, was more capable of attaining what he attempted than Lord Elingbroke, whom the same author avers to have been the most learned, accomplished, and finished gentleman of his day.

In our times we have seen one of the most splendid capacities that ever adorned the world, struggling for years to keep Europe in subjection, and sink at last beneath the weight of his own mighty projects, the victim of his own impatient ambition; yet Augustus Cæsar, to whom no one ever attributed abilities of a finer cast than prudence and craft, who was nothing but a sly and selfish coward, was able to retain peaceful possession of the world, and transmit it to his descendants,—a piece of good fortune, which neither the extraordinary capacity and courage of Bonaparte, nor the more extraordinary courage and capacity of Julius Cæsar could accomplish. The truth is, that extraordinary powers of

mind, as well as of body, are often wasted by indulgence and exertion, and in the end, the man of weak constitution outlives and overpowers the giant. Perhaps it may be thought, that we have carried this speculation a little too high; but if it be true, in great and lofty matters, where superior abilities are always thought necessary, how much truer must the opinion be in things which relate to the humble businesses and pursuits of life?

Superior abilities and refined manners are not, therefore, according to our opinion, necessary to raise a man in life. In a young man, a display of great attainments and fascinating manners would generally be prejudicial to him. At his first outset in life, a youth is generally dependent on those who have preceded him in existence. His instructors, his patrons, his friends, from whom he expects support, are usually his elders, and men who have advanced to a certain age, are generally inveterate in their prejudices, little inclined to unlearn the errors they have imbibed from education. Let young men, therefore, who have had the industry and enterprize to acquire more knowledge than their neighbours, be cautious in showing their attainments, unless the display may lead to some instant and certain advantage. A yielding up of his opinion, and an humble deference for persons of greater age than himself, are among the most useful qualities of a young man. Let him stoop to conquer. Let him listen, approve, never dissent from a person whom he wishes to preserve as a friend and make subservient to his views. It is said, that Dr. Harvey, who found out the circulation of the blood, instantly lost a considerable portion of his practice, offended all the profession who were advanced in life, and could not attain one convert beyond the age of forty to his opinion. From this fact, we may ascertain, that men advanced in life have ever a dislike to alter their opinions, and that the best and surest method of pleasing persons somewhat

on the decline, is not by attempting to entertain them with our own opinions, but by listening to theirs. The most fascinating of all arts, is the art of letting a person know by our manner of treating him, that we respect and admire him. This may be done without the utterance of elegant compliment couched in polished language, or those graceful movements of the body, which in high society constitute an essential part of refined manner. There is no man so universally spoken well of, as he who says little, and when he does speak, assents to the opinion of the person who addresses him. Nor wit, nor learning, nor eloquence, nor exalted virtues, create love. It is the yielding, gentle, submissive man, with just vigour enough to act prudently, and too little intellect to enable him to differ from established opinions and customs, whom we approve of. Young men, then, will do well to aim at little beyond the mere knowledge of their business or profession, and study humble and attentive, rather than fascinating manners. Not to aim at the manners of a Chestertield, or the accomplishments of a Bolingbroke, but to subdue their minds to a passive attention to their pursuits, and to bend every thought, act, motion and feeling to business. Depend upon it, neither genius nor wit will enable him to succeed. Prudence, attention, and perseverance, are the cardinal virtues of a man of business. "What is the reason," said Lord Oxford to Swift, "that you men of wit and learning never become good men of business?" "I'll tell you, my lord," said Swift; "You have an instrument in your office, called a Spatula, a dull, blunt machine, which passes straight through a sheet of paper without deviating from a direct line. If you take a sharp pen-knife to effect the same thing, it always runs out of its proper course." We shall follow up this subject in a series of Essays addressed to young men in the different professions and businesses of life. SH—.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TERRE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, Author of Endymion, Hyperion, &c. By Percy B. Shelley. Pisa, 1821.

Hellas, a Lyrical Drama. By Percy B. Shelley. London, 1822.

HARDLY ever does the poet appear in a more amiable point of view, than when his magic hand is employed in twining laurels round the brow of a brother minstrel, especially if that brow has been darkened by the shadow of death, if those laurels are to honor a tenant of the lowly grave. "There is a tear for all who die;" no human creature is so desolate, even in the tomb, as not to have *some* fond heart keeping him company; but with a young, yet accomplished bard, vigorous yet susceptible, benevolent yet unhappy, *all* sympathize, both in life, and—if sympathy there can be with souls "pure and passionless"—in death; all "mourn his departure,"—though "from a world like this,"—as if his stay here had almost alone made it supportable; as if his gifted existence had supplied the chief charm of their own, or had been so interwoven with it, that its termination fell on their enjoyments as a mortal blow. Little, then, is it to be wondered at, that a kindred spirit, one of the same exquisite mould, and therefore one who might advance before "the million" of mourners his claim to consanguinity with the deceased—little is it to be wondered at that the enthusiastic, but visionary, Shelley, should feel deeply the loss of such a bright young star as Keats (who, besides was endeared to him by a personal intimacy)—should shudder and be discomfited at its untimely setting, and should vent his grief in the most tuneful accents of the lyre, in the most genuine and brilliant tears of song. And this he *has* done; for *Adonais* is, perhaps, of all the many sublime euthanasia that our language can boast, the most awfully grand, and the most tenderly affecting. Some objection may be made to it on the score of its exuberance in metaphor,

R. M. April, 1825.

and allegorical personification, in classical allusion, and in new sprung fancies; but though, with respect to the majority of funereal songsters, it be true, as Tickel says, that

"Truth denies all eloquence to woe;"

yet with those whose very heart-strings are fastened on the lyre, every shock, however rude, that sets them in vibration, will draw forth "most eloquent music." One who habitually flies to the Nine for refuge, from the violent, yet holy-working passions of human-nature, will seldom find his invocation unheard; but assuredly, the uninitiated, or even half-accomplished poet, will find that overpowering emotions, of whatever kind, are as little favourable to the study of the "divine art," as of any other. —The poem under consideration, is so replete with beauties, that though the following stanzas from it would do honor to any poet of any age, it is but as one bar of a rich melody, one flower of a whole parterre, one tint of a rainbow, one beam of a sun-burst, one orb of a system, a universe.

"Ah! woe is me! Winter is come and gone,

But grief returns with the revolving year,

The airs and streams renew their joyous tour;

The ants, the bees, the swallows re-appear;

Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Season's bier;

The amorous birds now pair in every brake,

And build their mossy homes in field and brake;

And the green lizard and the golden snake,

Like unimprison'd flames, out of their trance awake.

"Through wood, and stream, and field, and hill, and ocean,

A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,

As it has ever done, with change and motion,

From the great morning of the world, when first

God dawned on Chaos; in its steam immersed,
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;

All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

"The leprous corpse touch'd by this spirit tender,
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;

Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;

Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows,
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath,
By lightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows

A moment, then is quench'd in a most cold repose.
"Alas! that all we loved of him should be

But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!

Whence are we? And why are we?
Of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and men

Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,

Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year with sorrow."

Still we have the lyrical drama of Hellas to review, and our stock of encomium, it will be said, has been already exhausted! Perhaps that is the fact, and therefore, without again lifting our feeble voice of praise, in the vain hope of doing justice to the author of *Adonais*, we will give him room to put forth his own pretensions, in his own living words, and to indulge in the only excusable kind of self-commendation, that which is given by exhibiting (not panegyricizing) one's own meritorious achievements. And to shew the drift of this elaborate yet inspiring "Drama," we first quote, from the preface, an exculpation of the modern Greek.

"The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself

as belonging to our kind, and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded, by moral and political slavery, to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect, that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease so soon as that relation is dissolved."

Here appropriately may succeed this inspiring, this magical anticipation:—

"Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What Paradise islands of glory gleam!
Beneath Heaven's cope,
Their shadows more clear float by—
The sound of their oceans, the light of
of their sky,

The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
Burst, like morning on dream, or like
heaven on death,

Through the walls of our prison,
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!
A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serenely far;

A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning-star,
Where fairer Temples bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclops, on a sunnier deep.
A loftier Argos cleaves the main,

Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso, for his native shore."

Though we can hardly afford to quote the subjoined magnificent passage, yet, but for our intention of entering hereafter more fully upon the subject of Shelley's poetic merits, we should very much have extended our display of them even here.

"The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon; the earthquake,
quaking,
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous
towers,
The shock of crags shot from strange
engin'ry,
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed
hoofs,
And crash of brazen mull, as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging
steeds,
And shrieks of women, whose thrill jars
the blood,

And one sweet laugh, most horrible to
hear,
As of a joyous infant, waked, and playing
With its dead mother's breast, and now
more loud

The mingled battle-cry,—ha! hear I not
Exulting voices? Allah! Allah, Allah!—

The sulphurous mist is raised—thou see'st
a chasm,

As of two mountains, in the wall of Stam-
boul,

And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,
Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sun-rise."

*A selection of Irish Melodies, with
symphonies and accompaniments.
By Henry R. Bishop, and charac-
teristic words by Thomas Moore,
Esq.*

THIS number is not very perceptibly
inferior to any of the eight which pre-
ceded it, the words being as rich as
ever in brilliant metaphor, and occa-
sionally in refined sentiment, and
vivid description. As to the music
—so much was already done to the
composer's hand, that of him there
needs little to be said, but that the
airs are neither disguised nor encum-
bered by his accompaniments—and
this is much. Moore's paramount
skill in fitting language to every turn
of a melody, is particularly remark-
able in the "Sing—sing" of this last
number; and as the poetry has great
merit independent of its adaptation
(to the air of Old Langlee), we shall
subjoin it.

"Sing—sing—Music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the
loving:

Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept
moving,

Beauty may boast of her eyes and her
cheeks,

But Love from the lips his true archery
wings;

And she who but feathers the dart when
she speaks,

At once sends it home to the heart
when she sings.

Then, sing—sing, &c.

"When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping, as calm as slumber could
make him,

'Hush! hush!' said Venus; 'No other
Sweet roles but his own is worthy to
wake him.'

Dreaming of music he slumber'd the
while,

Till faint from his lip a soft melody
broke,

And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a
smile,

While Love to his own sweet singing
awoke!

Then, sing—sing, &c."

*The Spirit of the Age, or Contem-
porary Portraits. London, 1825.*

THIS work, which has previously
appeared, by piecemeal, in the pages
of the New Monthly Magazine, is its
own witness that it emanated from the
same pen as "Table Talk," which
likewise made its debut in Colburn's
periodical. Indeed, the critical deli-
neations of character, which form the
volume, are so distinctively character-
istic of Hazlitt's style, and so imbued
with the colouring of his peculiar
prejudices, that the whole series, not-
withstanding the pretensions to variety,
which are put forth in the title-page
and index, might as well have been
called "The Spirit of the Author," as
not. The characters of Mr. Brougham
and Sir J. Mackintosh, have been
caught with singular felicity; but the
remaining portraits appear to have
been worked up—and that so highly,
as to be quite beyond recognition—
from slight etchings—mere studies—
for which individuals were made to
sit only to keep the artist true to ana-
tomy. However, the book has an
abundance of eloquent writing, though
somewhat overcharged with meta-
phorical illustrations and antithetical
comparisons. Those, if there be any,
who know little more of Wordsworth,
than that he is the author of what
Lord Byron vulgarly designated as

"A clumsy, drowsy poem, call'd 'The
Excursion,'
Writ in a manner which is my aversion,"

will be not a little surprised, and, we
hope, gratified, at meeting with the
subjoined comment upon the bard
thus roughly handled.

"No one has shewn the same ima-
gination in raising trifles into impor-
tance; no one has displayed the same
pathos in treating of the simplest feel-
ings of the heart."—"He is, in this
sense, the most original poet now liv-
ing, and the one whose writings could
the least be spared: for they have no
substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do
not read them; the learned, who see
all things through books, do not un-

derstand them; the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them: but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature, which can never die. Persons of this class will still continue to feel what he has felt: he has expressed what they might in vain wish to express, except with glistening eye and faltering tongue. There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral veins. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and engrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts of hinds and shepherds."

The Buccaneer, and other Poems.
By John Malcolm, late of the
42nd Regiment. Edinb. 1824.

IN these weak piping times of peace, it is quite the fashion for our ci-devant warriors to relinquish the sword for the pen, and to scale the heights of Parnassus for those laurels which the fallow field of Mars now denies them. Mr. Malcolm (we would style him according to his military rank, if we knew it) has been remarkably successful in his metamorphosis; so much so, that we suspect him to have been betrothed to his muse, long before he entered the camp; for his familiarity with the "licences" and common places of poetry, betrays a very early and intimate acquaintance with the art. Did he trust more to his own inventive powers, and less to his classical remembrances, we should speak of him in warmer terms of praise than we can at present. Yet, little need has he of encomium, when his own words honour him so highly as do the following.

"On the lone Pyreneans, when eve was
reposing,
And smil'd from the gates of the west a
farewell,
O'er the regions below, while the twilight
was closing,
And masses of shade brooded deep o'er
the dell;
I stood where, beneath me, two kingdoms
were lying,
All was mute, save the breeze o'er the
solitude sighing,

Or shriek of the eagle in far echoes dying,
Where silence more deep and more
desolate fell.

Adown to the sea Bidassoa was stealing,
Dividing the fœes on its margin that lay,
It's calm, silent wave, like a mirror re-
vealing

Of four banded nations the battle array;
And the crimson and gold of their gar-
ments were shining

With the last blaze of day in its glory
declining,

The tall rocks, with light, like a rose-
wreath, entwining,

Ere it faded on earth and o'er ocean
away.

And strains from each band of soft music
ascended,

Such as wail for the brave when the
battle is o'er,

* Whose notes with the voice of the desert
were blended,

The murmur of rills, and the torrent's
far roar.

Thy song, Roncesvalles, all wildly was
weeping,

Where the hills o'er thy slumbers their
vigils are keeping,

On the field where thy mighty in silence
are sleeping,

Whom the sound of the trumpet
awakens no more.

To many an ear that hung o'er it's
numbers,

That song of the dead was the last lorn
lay:

Young heroes that sigh'd o'er the place of
thy slumbers,

Next eve lay as cold and as silent as
they:

They slept with their fame, on a low
grassy pillow.

Their requiem sung by the stream's little
billow,

Where sighs to the nightwind the deso-
late willow,

That waves and that weeps o'er their
mouldering clay.

*Some important Advice to the World,
or the Way to prevent and cure
the Diseases incident to the Human
Frame, demonstrated and based
upon Principles agreeable to Na-
ture, and suited for all Climates
and Constitutions, with an Account
of the Author's own Case. By J.
Morrison, Gent. not a Doctor.*
London, printed for, and sold by
the Author, No. 60, Frith-street,
Soho, and all other Booksellers.

WE are not ourselves physicians, in
the scientific use of the term, neither
is Mr. Morrison, the author of this
work; but on perusing it, which we

have very carefully done, to ascertain by the most diligent and scrutinizing attention, whether the author's theory would not fail in some instances, we have been seized with, if we cannot say a demonstrative certainty, at least with an intuitive conviction, that he has discovered, if not a universal specific for all diseases, at least the universal cause of all diseases, and the universal remedy by which they can be removed. Accordingly, the work should, in our opinion, be printed in golden characters, unless it be argued, that the long age which is attainable through an adoption of its principles, will ultimately prove a curse, instead of a blessing, to mankind. Of the truth of this prediction, however, every man will judge for himself, and if the amount of individual suffrages be collected, we believe they will be all in favour of the author; for who but the diseased and moody fanatic does not cling to mortality with the most tenacious grasp. Some theorists on population will, no doubt, maintain, that if we all lived to old age, we should devour each other; but which of these theorists would lay down his own life in support of his principles, or wish to die while he was able to live. Mr. Morison has, therefore, little to fear from such theorists, and they alone can come forward with any seemingness of reason to oppose any theory which teaches us, not only how to live long, but how to enjoy life, an enjoyment devoid of which life is only a term of prolonged endurance.

Non est vivere sed valere vita.

This work is not only original, by differing from all the works that ever were written on the cure and prevention of diseases, but superior to all that ever will be written, if based on a different theory. All the medical works that have ever come before us ascribe different diseases to different causes, and accordingly prescribe to each a different remedy; but Mr. Morison ascribes all diseases incident to the human frame to one simple, obvious cause; or, if we mistake not, obvious the moment it is pointed out, and its mode of action on the human system explained, and in accordance with the simplicity of his theory he prescribes only one remedy to remove them all. This remedy is attended with a two-fold effect: the first, that

it prevents diseases of all kinds, if attended to; and the second, that it cures all diseases that are not from neglect, length of time, previous bad treatment, or the use of certain destructive medicines, become incurable. Hence it is obvious, that if this theory be true, every man may become his own doctor; and whoever peruses this treatise must, in our opinion, become a convert to the truth, however much he may be antecedently inclined to smile at a theory, that would derive from one simple cause all the diseases to which man is liable. We have already said, that this work should be written in letters of gold, and accordingly, from the estimation which we entertain of it, and the blessings which its adoption is calculated to diffuse among mankind, we shall not limit our notice of it to the present number, knowing how soon the strongest impression dies away, unless repeated over and over again; and that to repetition alone, precept, example, and truth owe all their permanence and stability. In our next number, accordingly, we shall explain Mr. Morison's theory, and endeavour to shew its consistency and conformity to the structure, nature, and organization of the human frame.

The Lancet, Vols. I. to V. G. L. Hutchison, Strand, 1825.

THERE is an aristocracy in medicine as well as in any other important state, and as the constitution of man is of more vital importance to him than even that of his country, we deem this notice of a valuable and interesting work, conducive to the interests of both, an act of justice due to its spirited proprietors. Considering the subject in a political light, we know of nothing among the many proud things our country has to boast of, more worthy of her pride than the education which is necessary to qualify a student for the profession of surgery. Still, as nothing under the sun is perfect, abuses have crept in, errors have taken root, and a class of individuals have, in some instances, endeavoured to convert that which was intended as a public benefit, into a source of private emolument. It appears, that until the publication of the *Lancet*, the science of medicine was as carefully excluded from the observation of the world as the intrigues

of a ministerial cabinet; and the proceedings of the hospitals regulated with as much caution and secrecy as the operations of the holy Inquisition. By giving a regular report of the affairs of these charitable institutions—by exposing to the public view the conduct of individuals, who, until that time, had no other scrutiny than their own satisfaction to fear in the exercise of their opinions, the *Lancet* has gained an enviable and deserving distinction in the public estimation. The observations on the “men in power” are conveyed in a bold and fearless style, and the whole tone of the work breathes an independence of sentiment highly honourable. We cannot, however, help regretting, that an excess of zeal for the welfare of the public should, on a solitary occasion, have seduced the conductor into a disregard for the feelings of an individual; he has, by doing so, only given another proof that a man may sometimes commit an act of injustice, without a selfish or malicious motive, and for the purpose of obtaining an amiable object, escape those boundaries which place it beyond the scope of fair animadversion. However, as this circumstance, though it leaves us room for regret, does not in any way deteriorate from the value or utility of the work, we will not disturb that conclusion our readers have had, from the publication of the trial against the editor, so good an opportunity of forming. In addition to every information connected with the medical profession, the *Lancet* regularly reports the lectures of our first surgeons, which alone are sufficient to render it a work of the first scientific character. As the lectures are intended for Tyros in the art, they are either explanatory of, or divested from technical terms, which in general render the pursuit of a new science excessively repulsive; and, in our opinion, should be read by every individual who wishes to be considered a man of general or scientific information. In closing our remarks on this very creditable work, we cannot help observing, that the objection some individuals entertain against it, appear to us unreasonable; since, from the circumstance of its enabling individuals (not connected with the profession) to judge of a science that they were heretofore precluded from, that science has become more

generally admired, and consequently the labours of its profession more liberally estimated and rewarded.

Lisbon. By Marianne Bailie.

Portugal, from its relative situation, has ever been bound to Great Britain by a reciprocity of interests, and but for the firmness of British support, she had long since ceased to be a state. Not, however, to dwell upon the political advantages, which in return for this support she has rendered to the British nation, generally Portugal has ever extended her favour and gratitude towards the British character individually. An Englishman, a stranger in her land, is flattered with privileges frequently denied to her own sons. — We happen to know that the authoress of “*Lisbon*” was not excepted from this general feeling, and indeed we know that extraordinary attention was paid her on all occasions by the best Portuguese families. We are therefore surprised to find her requital for such condescensions consists in false and peevish misrepresentations of their manners, courtesy, taste, and refinement; and while her general detail of their local peculiarities is minute and particular almost to indelicacy, she passes over unheeded much that is deserving of unlimited admiration. Indeed every page bears ample testimony to her slothful propensities, and we are somewhat sceptical as to her general candour. From her general censure of Portuguese society, she excepts some one or two families, as being “such as would grace the society of any country, and their merits she considers the more striking, from their having been born and educated in one, which it must be allowed is somewhat behind in civilization.” — What intercourse this amiable lady may have had with the rest of Europe can only be presumed from the frank politeness and liberality of sentiment which her pages testify—but it may fairly be surmised that her experience in the craft of writing is yet very youthful. One who is desirous of being believed in misrepresentation, should at least be consistent in statement; but the perfect inconsistency of the narrative, and the many manifest contradictions which this tiny work presents, prove its parent little qualified for the mystery of authorship. These contrarieties to fact and reason are too

abundant to admit of selections; but the following specimen of the lady's descriptive powers for *low life*, will introduce our readers to her style of writing:—

"But where shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c.—at every turn mingled with the fetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention—to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of St. Giles, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women, (and these of more prepossessing personal appearance, from which one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt!—I must beg you to add to this, that the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived, even in idea, and the picture will be complete!"

Without insisting on the total inaccuracy of this eloquent detail, it is worthy of remark that Mrs. Baillie's faculty of describing "low life," is in every page conspicuous, to the exclusion, as we before observed, of all information respecting objects of real importance. We cannot venture to doubt the sincerity of assertions so often repeated—on this account we are induced to believe that the work is compiled from the idle statements of her acquaintances, rather than from her own observations. Either such is the fact, or she must have entered on her work with the professed intention of wilful

misrepresentation. From our knowledge of the capital, and its contents, we fondly anticipated some slight notice of a few public buildings, which it is vain to search for in this ex-parte narrative. We longed again to visit the noble Castle of Belem, and hoped for an unprejudiced admiration of the elegant St. Roche. But our expectation was doomed to meet a rebut, and our patience was fairly exhausted by the endless recital of her imaginary woes. The very fruit is sour or tasteless to the palate of Mrs. Baillie, and the unclouded beauty of the firmament is a source of disgust to her jaundiced eye. Her historical fidelity is very doubtful, and the anachronisms with which this production abounds, would be unpardonable even in a poem or a Scotch novel.

Mrs. B. will do well to take these hints as well intended, and by all means to spare herself a second visit to a country which she has so grossly and ungratefully abused.*

James Forbes; a Tale, founded on facts. Hatchard and Son. 1824.

A short title and a brief tale. These, in an age when prolixity of detail and quaintness of appellation are of the commonest occurrence, are no trivial recommendations. Let us see if the book have any other claims to favourable consideration. A preface of little extent informs us, that the material occurrences of the hero's life are founded in fact, and that the principal transactions involved in the narrative were taken from an event, which a very few years ago attracted no inconsiderable degree of attention. This may or may not be the case, for we are not so dogmatically allied to the cynical profession as to deny that every thing most monstrous, and most strange, might sometimes pass; but if there was ever an occurrence which could be said to realize, taking the premises of our author into consideration, the axiom of poor Sheridan in the Critic, that—"a story, like a play, is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange that though they never *did*, they might happen," assuredly this is it. We will explain

* The above remarks are published rather to give the subject of them an opportunity of justifying herself, than to imply the Editor's acquiescence in them. The Editor perfectly agrees with the sentiments of the Reviewer.

by giving a short analysis of the *fable*—allow us to call it one.

In a village some fifty miles from the metropolis, and retired there from unexpected losses, dwells Mr. Forbes, the father of our hero, and who, with his sister Clara, form the fireside comforts of that worthy gentleman. James is stated to be affectionately minded, and full of sensibility, strong in honour, and proud in integrity, but that his "chief failing was a certain degree of self-sufficiency,—not that it ever appeared offensively in his behaviour; but there was a consciousness of ability, and strength of mind and principle, very much approaching to presumption." In the same village live the respectable family of the Wilsons; and George Wilson, after becoming the companion of James Forbes and his sister, soon rises into the lover of the latter; he however goes to sea, where a series of well earned successes attend him. There is also another little community in the village, and these are, Sir William Powell and his household, of whom Emily becomes the prominent object, inasmuch as James Forbes—after honourably performing the office of tutor to the sons of Sir William—is the means of impressing her with ardent love towards him; a feeling met with a reciprocity of ardour on his side. But his honourable disposition saves him, and on Sir William remonstrating with his father on the impropriety of the alliance—he tears himself away, and accepts a subordinate situation elsewhere. Tired of this, he subsequently obtains an engagement in a merchant's service; but discontent and despondency begin to obtain an ascendancy upon his mind, "which continually diminished his regard for religion, for life, and for every thing in this world. He lost all inclination for those studies, in which formerly he had employed himself with so much pleasure and advantage."—A short extract will here save us the not easy task of compressing in a few lines a continuous and tangled narrative.

"One Sunday, being engaged as usual in amusing himself with his pen, he imitated an order of Mr. Gilby's upon his banker, for five hundred pounds. The imitation was accurate. 'How easy,' said he to himself, would it be to present this. I defy any man to distinguish it from

Mr. Gilby's hand writing.' The thought startled him, he tore the order hastily in pieces, and threw it in the fire. He, however, repeated the experiment again and again, and each time the resemblance was wonderfully close." p. 142.

Soon after this he is called to London on his master's business, and, unfortunately, he happens to carry one of these imitative orders. Passing the banker's house he is seized with the sudden and wicked desire of trying its effect on those gentlemen—the trick succeeds—the check is paid—here is the conclusion of the portentous occurrence.

"He rushed from the place, hurried forwards for several minutes, totally unconscious of what he was about, or whither he was running. A cold sweat stood upon every pore! Horror had benumbed his faculties. The first impulse of returning consciousness caused him to cast an affrighted look behind him, fancying he was pursued. Every sound struck terror to his heart. 'Madman!' at length, he exclaimed, striking his forehead; 'what have I done? O my father!—Clara!—Emily!—but no matter, Emily ought to despise me!' Again he hurried furiously along, agitated and almost frantic, till he reached Charing-cross. 'Do you want the Dover coach, sir?' (cried the driver of a stage just starting, who saw him approach with such haste,) 'you are just in time.' James moved towards the door, and flung himself in, as a hunted hare springs to any place of refuge. 'No luggage, sir?' said the man, fancying James was breathless with haste to be in time. 'No!' said he sullenly. The door was closed, and off they drove."

The sequel is soon told. He escapes to France—a generous foreigner, to whom he had previously done some services, for awhile protects him; but his retreat is discovered, he is arrested, taken back to England, tried, found guilty, and suffers the just sentence of the law. His father had already fallen a victim to his outraged feelings and the downfall of his honour, and died of a broken heart.

Now, although we cannot agree with that critic who has been exceedingly severe, in a contemporary publication, upon this work, that the neglect of the Sabbath and certain religious duties is not a sufficient cause for James Forbes' descent into vice and

destruction, yet I cordially agree with the reviewer, when he says, that from the character previously drawn of that youth, from his inbred notions of honour, from his very pride, and his desire to stand with the world, it is utterly impossible that he should so fall away from this high estate he at first assumed. — May more, we will say that it is ~~unlikely~~, even ridiculous to suppose, that admitting the delineation of his mind, and the actions and conduct he adopts, whilst under his father's protection, to be correctly given—we say that it is ridiculous to suppose he should ever have neglected to worship his Creator on his Sabbath, or to have slighted the common homages and praises due to his omnipotence—and, believing this, we are bound to pass a judgment of condemnation upon our author's consistency; for on those very faults which we have shewn to be incompatible with common sense, is the whole superstructure of his story exalted. Of its execution we can speak more favourably; and there are several scenes full of business and two or three of well-imagined interest. We, however, totally object to the silly night adventure, and upsetting of Lawyer Quill—Tony Lumpkin's break down upon "Crackskull Common," is worth a thousand such profitless inventions: but that we may not take farewell of our author with railing on our lips; we gladly refer our readers to the pages that contain the disclosure of James Forbes' delinquency to his distracted father—to that father's frantic exclamation, "James Forbes is charged with forgery;" and the scene that preceded it; and many other parts, as redeeming and praise-worthy points of the history; and which, in the teeth of its editor's preface, we must yet be permitted to believe a narrative of invention.

Sonnets and other Poems, by D. L. Richardson. Thomas and George Underwood. London, 1825.

THREE Poems are written in a style of easy and elegant simplicity, and it may well be said of them, that *moderis in superbat opus*; for the subjects are almost entirely of a light and fanciful character, and the style and measure perfectly harmonised with their aerial sound. Thus, want, accordingly, the very subject of which English verse is so admirably capable, where, *love* and heroism become the theme of the
E. M. April, 1825.

poet. But there are two kinds of love, with one only of which Mr. Richardson appears to be acquainted; namely, that love, which is the pure offspring of fancy or imagination. Those loving and lovely poets who feign to be in love but are not, never do much execution, and seldom interest either male or female. We all see their love consists in mere professions, and, accordingly, while they make love to a thousand fair maidens, there is not one who cares a fig for them. It is only when the little traitor is within, and takes sole possession of the breast, or, in other words, when they are really in love, that we sympathize in their mental sorrowing, and feel interested in their fate. It is only then they can speak the real language of passion; but when a poet writes fifty pretty sonnets to fifty pretty maidens, he may be assured of it, that all these prettymaidens can read his sonnets without feeling a single emotion of love, for they know well, that, spite of his versatile and Proteus genius, he can have only one object of real affection at the same moment. If, therefore, he wishes to appear really in love, let him address all his sonnets to one sweet enchantress alone, and even then, if his passion be feigned, it will require all the ingenuity, all the *ars celare artem*, all the fertility of his genius, to conceal from his mistress the fictitious character of his passion. To speak the language of passion, the poet must actually feel it, or, at least, he must have been at one time or other of his life in love, and write from a strong and tenacious feeling of the emotions and agitations by which he was then inspired and carried *hors de lui*. Mr. Richardson's muse, however, is not over fond of dallying in the soft lap of love. He loves to converse with the grander and sublimer works of nature, and describes some beautiful Italian scenes in the richest colouring of poetic description and romantic imagery. He has some very exquisite morning and evening scenes. Of the following, the images and sentiments are in delightful harmony with the soft and meditative hour which he describes:

EVENING.

"Oh! sweet is the hour
When the sun is the west,
The stars are the lower,
When the moon is the east."

Then, gorgeously bright,
Beneath the blue stream,
In garments of light,
Departs like a dream !

Oh ! sweet and serene
The spell that beguiles,
When Night's gentle queen
More tenderly smiles !
The boldest are coy—
The wildest are grave—
The sad feel a joy
Loud Mirth never gave !

The Spirits of Love,
To hallow the time,
From regions above
Pour music sublime ;—
Their harmonies cheer
The dull gloom of night,
And wake the sweet tear
Of voiceless delight !

' We shall give his "Indian Day,"
as a different specimen of his manner,
and conclude by observing, that we
are peculiarly pleased with the chastity
and elegance of his style, and the ju-
dicious selection of his poetic terms.

MORNING.

Lo ! Morning wakes upon the gray hill's
brow,
Raising the veil of mist meek Twilight
wore,
And hark ! resounding from the tamarind
bough
The Minah's matins ring ! On Ganga's
shore

The fervent Hindoos welcome and adore
The rising Lord of Day. Above the vale
Behold the tall Palmyra proudly soar,
And wave his verdant wreath,—a lustre
pale
Gleams on the broad-fringed leaves, that
rustle in the gale !

NOON.

How still the noon-tide hour ! no sounds
arise
To cheer the sultry calm,—deep silence
reigns
Among the drooping groves ; the fervid
skies
Glare on the slumbering wave ; on those
far plains
The zephyr dies,—no hope of rest detains
The pilgrim there ! ' You Orb's meridian
might
No fragrant bower, no humid cloud re-
spite,—
The solar rays, insufferably bright,
Play on the fevered brow, and melt the
dazzled sight !

NIGHT.

Oh ! how the spirit joys, when the fresh
breeze,
The brighter radiance, and the deeper shade,
Steal o'er the sultry scene ! Through
winding trees
The pale moon smiles, the raindrops
the glade

Hail Night's fair Queen ; and, as the
day-beams fade
Along the crimson west, through twilight
gloom
The Fire-fly darts ; and where, all lowly
laid,
The Dead repose, the Mourner's hands
illumine
The consecrated spot o'er Beauty's hal-
lowed tomb !

*Memoirs of Moses Mendelssohn, the
Jewish Philosopher. By M. Sa-
muels. London, 1825.*

This biography of the most illus-
trious of all the German Rabbis is
rendered particularly interesting by
the introduction of his celebrated cor-
respondence with Lavater, upon the
subject of Christian evidences, and
though the style of the memoir is oc-
casionally defective, it is not wanting
in spirit or eloquence. Many striking
anecdotes are related in the course
of the work, and there is no doubt of
its proving little less interesting and
instructive to readers in general, than
to such as hold the patriarchal faith :
though indeed for those of the latter
class, this volume must have a pec-
uliar and elevating charm.

*Smiles and Tears, a series of vignettes
with illustrations in prose and verse.
—London. 1825.*

There are so many volumes of this
description daily rushing, and it may
be said *uncalled*, into the presence of
the public, that such of them as possess
but an ordinary degree of merit have
little chance of attracting much notice.
Upon this hypothesis being admitted,
what we now are about to say of the
work before us will at once appear as
high a recommendation as it can re-
ceive, namely, that one copious edi-
tion of it was very speedily exhausted,
and that it has been found requisite
for meeting the demand of purchasers,
to let the re-publication be in stereo-
type. We have not a page to spare
for a quotation, or our readers
should have a taste of the author's
quality. However, the book is not
expensive ; and indeed when it is con-
sidered that the publishing price in-
cludes payment for a dozen
engraved wood-cuts, it may sit
down well contented with his bar-
gain.

THE FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT THE GALLERY OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION
IN FALL MALL.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

We had no opportunity last month of introducing our *European readers* fairly into the North Room at the Gallery of the British Institution; the contents of which room are by no means deficient in interest, even independently of the Academician WESTALL's *Noli me tangere*, which occupies the post of honour over the fire-place; and of other works, which have been seen before in other exhibitions, and which we therefore pass over at present. The interest is chiefly of two species: that derived from pictures of familiar life, and that from poetical landscape.

Immediately beneath Westall's large work is placed a beautiful little sketch, in oil, No. 16, by W. ETTY, A.R.A. of "Venus" (or any other fair nymph or goddess the spectator pleases), "*at the bath*." We do not recollect where Mr. Etty could have seen, or even read of Venus thus engaged, since she rose from the Mediterranean sea. The poets we believe (but are not certain) are silent on this point: yet as *Diana* is often thus represented, both by poets and painters, the *precedent* was probably deemed sufficient.—There is a good deal of Mr. Etty's usual talent in this sketch, though exercised on a miniature scale.

Here also are "*Recreation*," and "*The Fountain*," Nos. 17 and 19, by R. T. BONZ, a pair of very clever little sketchy pictures, in which the merits of Watteau and those of our own academician Stothard, appear to be happily mingled. They are *Fête Champêtre à la Watteau*. The scenes are lawnly pleasure-grounds or glades, adorned with lofty trees and flowering shrubs; water-jarls, fountains, and swans; and peopled with gallant cavaliers, and handsome and happy ladies.

Whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the scene.

All the characters are dressed in the rich and highly picturesque costume of Henry the Eighth and Francis the First. We are not even certain that we do not recognise his French majesty,—the chivalric and royal Francis himself,—among the happy group.

In one of these performances, the incident of a young lady feeding a swan, attracts the notice of, and gives interest to, a principal group. This is natural, elegant, pleasing, well imagined, and affords a good focus, or centre of unity, to the little system which the artist here sets before us.

A little to the left of these hangs (No. 8,) Mr. G. S. NEWTON's "*Hypochondriac*:" a hypochondriac who almost deserves hanging, if any thing ridiculous could deserve it—for his excessive folly.

The hypochondriac is a youthful dandy, quite of the silly cast, feeling his own pulse. His stays, shirt, overalls, boots, &c. are hanging near the fire, lest he should take cold from wearing them *unared*. On the fore-ground, are dumb bells, fencing foils, and boxing gloves. In the back-ground, a picture of an affected Strephon and Amaryllis hangs against the wall. Physis, duly labelled, is on the mantle* piece, Buchan's "*Domestic Medicine*" is at hand. And, in order that he who exercises himself at the dumb bells and boxing gloves, may not have the trouble, the over fatigue, of getting up from his easy chair to ring, when he may fancy that his servant is wanted, the bell-pull is brought forward and passed over the chair backs. In this performance, the parts are thought of, and assimilated, with much humour and consistency; but the colouring and effect are rather liney, and less harmonious than those of "*the importunate Poet*," and of some other works that we have seen from the hand of this able artist.

* Why do the moderns spell this word *mantel*, after the example of Mrs. Shelly, as far as we are concerned. Is it not the shelf where, in days of yore, before they were superseded by the porcelain of China, the *mantles* of our ancestors were laid in readiness? Such shelves were then much larger than at present. Is it not the derivation, what is *mantel*?

One general reflection occurs here. A picture, as if suspended against the wall of an apartment, if pertinent to the subject of the picture, seldom comes amiss, since it helps the intended illusion by its suggestion of reality. It is like Shakspeare's introduction of the play, in the play of Hamlet.—In the instance of Mr. Newton's farce, every spectator will not at first sight perceive the relevance of the introduction of the love-sick swain with the Scotch bag-pipes and his adorable mistress, to the case of the hypochondriac—nor are we quite sure that our own wit comes up to the true mark, when we conjecture the *middle term* (as a logician would say) to be, that both are ideal maladies; both vain delusions of a morbid fancy. We think this is hardly sufficiently obvious or impressive; and that, perhaps, the well-known portrait of the brutal and insensible Buckhorse, of the last century, might have afforded a better inuendo in the way of counterpoint. Or, what would Mr. Newton think of the introduction, in this place, of something superlatively affected, such as Hogarth's print of "Taste," where there is a monkey, and where the lady fingers the little Dresden tea-cup with such exquisite and inimitable feeling?

On the other side of the chimney-piece is Mr. JOHN HAYFR's "*Chief of the Sandwich islands, and his wife*," No. 24. They are very properly habited in their picturesque native costume, (and not in those English dresses which they themselves appeared to value so highly.) There is much of interest, and even of intelligence, in the countenance of *Madame Poki*, (as she was used to be called); and the cloak of scarlet and yellow feathers worn by her husband, forms a rich pictorial object. The near resemblance of the crested helmet of Owhee-hee to those of the Grecian warriors of old, will not fail to attract the speculations of those who philosophise on human nature. The whole is painted in a style that does great credit to this promising young artist.

No. 41. "*Greek Shepherd rescuing a Lamb from a Vulture*," by JAMES HAZEN, strongly reminds us of the style of the late Professor Barry. There is a classical air about it; but the Greek shepherds appear not to be rescuing the lamb for its own sake, or upon any principle of

compassion; since all eyes may see that, if they succeed in getting him from the talons of the vulture, he must inevitably break his neck. The poor lamb is between Scylla and Charybdis.

On the west side of this room, is a picture of very superior pretensions, entitled, "*The Review*," No. 152, by Mr. ROBERT FARRIER. Although neither the Edinburgh, nor the Quarterly, nor the Westminster Review, this is a work of great merit, and the subject well chosen. The scene is an English village in war-time. You see that "the spirit-stirring drum" has passed through it, and completely lit up the military enthusiasm of the school-boys and the younger rustics.

The Review consists of the juvenile array of the village, marshalled and wielding such arms and accoutrements, and accompanied by such ludicrous musical instruments as youthful ingenuity is apt to supply on these public and patriotic occasions. The boys are acting heroes. The Cæsar or Alexander of the piece brandishes his wooden sword aloft exultingly; and has, moreover, lashed his mother's rusty tongs to his side, upon this heart-felt and important occasion. He kicks, in the peroration of his enthusiastic speech—doubtless to shew his sovereign contempt for the enemies of Old England—and his tattered shoe flies off heroically from the energy of the action, discovering his still more tattered stocking-foot: his *togs* of old rug, or blanket, has also slipped from his shoulders, with much of ridiculous effect; but these things he heeds not, for his country is up in arms, and his very soul is on fire in the glorious cause!

Of the lookers-on, one highly diverted, shews the sympathies of an inferior spirit; another exhibits symptoms of incipient emulation; a third (a standard bearer) of humbler pretensions.

"Wonder, with a Spanish face of praise."
The attention of all is engaged; and various emotions are evidently felt; as the little heroes vary in age and temperament. The whole group is animated and delightful.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot, as soon as shed,
The sun-stung of the breast.

Fine Arts.

Thence from health, of rosy hue,
Wild was, invention ever new
And lively cheer, of Vigour born :
Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

In short, the spirit of Gray's admirable Ode pervades the performance. But we must not omit to mention, that a pretty rustic girl enters from the left hand side (bearing an infant), her eyes sparkling with glee, as if she were the sister or the favourite of the chivalric General. Beyond her is a grave and studious older boy, introduced by way of contrast ; and also another girl, whom an old wooden-legged soldier regards with interest. He is seated with his pipe, near his mug of ale, entirely unmindful of the heroic display before him, or at least he does nothing to promote it, and seems mentally to respond, in the words of the same poet,

Ambition, this shalt tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice—
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.

The whole of this picture is very ably painted. The colouring is sufficiently rich, without obtrusiveness. The light and shade is well massed, and the effect lively and forcible. The bit of distant cottage scenery is picturesque ; and the spectator is taught to know that it is a gala day, by the flag on the church steeple. Perhaps some foreign victory is commemorating throughout the country.

No. 149. "*A Study from one of Paul Jones's Crew*," by F. Y. HUNTSTONE, is a head of great character, (painted much in the style of our friend Jackson, the academician), and with an expression of firmness worthy of a better destiny, than to obey a pirate.

No. 81. "*The Earl of Leicester's Visit to Amy Robsart*," by H. FRADLE, has some pretensions to be esteemed and criticised as an historical picture, although not taken from the page of history, but from the novel of Kenilworth.

In all that could be obtained from the study of English costume, during the age of Elizabeth, both in the pictures of his predecessors and in books,

Mr. Fradelle has been successful. The handsome figure and habiliments of the Earl of Leicester, and his orders of nobility, not forgetting that "fair collar, so highly wrought with some jewel, like a sheep hung by the middle, attached to it," are carefully, and, we believe, correctly exhibited ; but Amy Robsart should surely have excited more of our best sympathies than she does in Mr. Fradelle's picture ; and should have constituted the chief point of attraction, which she does not. The touching sentiment, which would have been pertinent and proper to the piece, is wanting. The lady is too deficient in beauty, tenderness, delicacy, and the capabilities of feminine heroism, to be the Amy Robsart of "the Great Unknown."

But the landscapes of this room claim at least some small portion of our critical attention.

No. 98. "*A scene in Savernake Forest, Wiltshire, with a view of the King Oak*," is from the pencil of Mr. J. G. SERRA. Mr. Strutt is a learned antiquary in trees. We commend his taste. Many fine old trees have we seen with great pleasure, both from his pencil and etching-needle, and what is more venerably picturesque than an ancient oak ? Or connected with more poetical associations of the grand, and agreeably melancholy cast. The present is a fine wild forest scene with a dark woody recess, into which a winding woodland road conducts the eye, and invites the footsteps of the traveller. It is painted with considerable freedom of touch, and has a good effect. King Oak comes out from the shadowy recess with much brilliancy, and is in a picturesque state of decay.

Since we saw and criticised Mr. HOWARD'S "*Viscount Know Park*," a bird of the bittens species has been introduced, taking wing from the foreground, which gives a sentiment of inclusion to the scene, and is certainly an improvement.

No. 109. "*Middle Hill, the seat of Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. Worcester-shire*," from the pencil of JOHN GLOVER, is a beautiful park scene, sketched on the near-ground with forest trees of a noble growth. The hanging wood at a distance is charmingly painted : but the foreground is liable to the objection of being artificially coloured.

It appears as if a gleam of fire-light shot across it.

No. 151, is another woody "landscape" by Mr. JAMES STARK, painted with much taste and ability. There is a pond, on the bank of which two rustic anglers are conspicuous; and there is part of a retired lane, and a bit of park paling, which comes in well. A broad mass of shadow, which is obtained with much of a painter's art by connecting the dark trees in one breadth with the reflections in the water, supports the light with interesting and brilliant effect. The colouring is genial: just agreeably warm; and entirely free from the least symptom of meretricious trickery.

But the flower—the amaranth of the present paradise—is certainly No. 59, entitled "*The Enchanted Island*," from the pencil—but yet more from the imagination—of the poetically gifted Mr. F. DANBY.

The Examiner terms it "a gratifying evidence of growing talent;" but it is certainly much more than this. The talent is mature. In other respects the criticism of this weekly journal is much to the purpose. It truly says, "There has not been a more complete work for its class, painted in England: nor perhaps any where else, at any time, for it blends deliciously the sunny effulgence of Cuyt with a very fanciful inventiveness of subject and composition: without any violence to nature, unless the conventional introduction of a few land, water, and aerial nymphs can be so termed."

The aerial nymphs, we should call sylphs. They float in air, and bask in a sun-beam, while they appear to sing invitingly to a certain votaress, who is steering in a fairy boat towards a mystic cavern. And the water-nymphs are evidently mermaids or syrens, having fishy tails.

The enchanted island is a tree-crowned and excavated rock situate in a romantic bay. On the left hand there is another perforated rock which receives a broad and bright light, and seems like the gate of the enchanted continent, leading towards the interior of the country by an upward flight of rough-hewn steps; and fringed with flowering shrubs, and forest trees of good forms. The water is translucent in an exemplary degree; the atmosphere calm; the light and colour

warm and genial; the sky is begrewn with shells and corals of beautiful forms and colours: a few exotic birds of bright plumage, embellish the scene, while a tranquillity so profound and Elysian reigns throughout, that it is perfectly a poet's landscape, such as must have floated on the fancy of Milton, when he was writing *Comus*, and this refinement of fancy has very rarely been seen to blend itself with the art of the landscape painter.

We observe by the books at the British Institution that Mr. Gibbons has purchased this delightful work at the cheap price of two hundred guineas. We cannot but envy Mr. Gibbons his purchase. It would be highly creditable to modern art if he would hang it among the works of the old masters. It would put many a reputable Claude completely out of countenance.

We have to record, that since we began to write of this exhibition, Mr. Young, the *custod* or *keeper* of the Picture Gallery, who had filled this office with credit ever since the death of Mr. Valentine Green, is deceased; and has left, unprovided for, a widow; beside (as we are given to understand) some younger claimants on the benevolence, or bounty of the public, of whom we shall speak further anon: and that a subscription is opened for the benefit of Mrs. Young, under the auspices of Mr. Roper, of 14, Duke street, Portland place; Mr. Sievier of 34, Southampton street, Russell square; and Mr. Morant, whose address we have forgotten.

The claims of the widow to present relief, and to future comfort, are unquestionable. She has filled a reputable situation in life, and through no fault of her own, but by a visitation of that Providence, whose fiat, as we are taught, should repress all repining, would be reduced to a state of destitution in her declining years, but for the reliance she may reasonably claim to indulge on the benevolence of the public, in some form or other.

The claims of the orphans are, alas! less obvious, less assured; less able to stand in the broad day-light of publicity. There are those, who will regard them on this very account, as not the less objects of pity, humanity, compassion, and relief. These children are not mentioned, or even alluded to in the lithographic letter of solicitation which is now circulating. We too, have our

feelings of delicacy on this point: but what may possibly be true delicacy on the part of the personal friends of Mrs. Young, might be false delicacy, and even be felt as unseemly dissembling, in those who are public-minded, and have public duties to perform.

It may be that in estimating the claims of orphan innocence, too much difference is ordinarily made between those of legitimate, and those of illegitimate birth: it may be too that society, in the aggregate, compels, and ought to compel, this difference, while it acts as a body, and on a body; while the same motives are not imperative on our conduct as individuals. And in this latter consideration may perhaps be found sufficient motive and sufficient apology for our present appeal. There is no principle, we apprehend, that can or ought to go to the prevention of our asking *charity for those who need it most*: far less should that social necessity, of which we have expressed ourselves thus sceptically, be converted into a legitimate motive for forbearance in the present instance.

We are neither for visiting the sins of the father upon the children, nor for *shielding those sins*,—call them the genial aberrations of human nature, or what you will,—*at the expense of artless innocence*. Mr. Young was what we should term a stream-going man. Some men are so from nature and inclination; others are not noun-substantive enough to keep afloat upon any other terms. Mr. Young was a man formed by and for the times in which he lived; always afloat and always with the current. The English are famed as a *benevolent* people. Even the most mercenary traffickers in art and literature in all Cheapside, feel it their principle, or find it their interest, to see their names in print as donors to benevolent funds. The benevolence of Mr. Young has been extolled by Mrs. Hofland, in her "*Son of a Genius*." He probably thought, and perhaps found, this to his advantage; and he had the authority of the New Testament for letting his light so shine before men, that they might see his good works; which is Count Rumford's advice also. Stimulated by certain benevolent endeavours, which we believe were genuine on the part of the late Mr. Devis, to establish a fund for the relief

of decayed artists, &c. Mr. Young became, more than any other individual, the father, founder, and active architect of the Artists' Benevolent Fund—commonly called (by a silly redundancy) the artists' *general* benevolent fund; to which he became, as matter of course (since he volunteered it) honorary and perpetual secretary for the remaining term of his life; the duties of which office he appears to have performed with constancy and with integrity: at least we know nothing to the contrary. We are averse to *honorary* secretaries—as we are to every thing that rests on a canting foundation; but the world is not yet—and Mr. Young knew this: and though in framing the laws, he brought in, or permitted, certain inefficient verbiages (as may be seen in the crude and undigested compilation by which the institution is governed)—yet he is believed to have performed the duties of the secretaryship, with all its tedious routine of attendance, with exemplary activity: indeed he was indefatigable in his exertions to encrease the amount of the fund, which, in his mind, was the object, and seemed to exclude or render unnecessary, all provision for dispensing it with wise benevolence. He saw nothing, and seemed to look for nothing, but *how to encrease it*; and this was chiefly done by inducing popular noblemen to attend its anniversary dinners, and in turn to honour the chair with their presence, as it is now advertised that His Royal Highness of YORK and ALBANY is about to do.

Now, since this fund has been for some years firmly established—since it is ostensibly and really, a fund for the relief of decayed artists, their widows, and orphans—and since it has become thus effective, under the auspices and conduct of her late husband,—Mrs. Young has the strongest of all possible claims on it. Others have been benefitted by it; and it surely must by this time have become sufficiently rich to afford her also a decent competence for the remainder of her life.

But who shall advance any other than legitimate claims? There probably exists not a member who would undertake the ungracious task, nor a society, since the days of Captain Coram, which would listen to the *us president*. If these things

ought to be so, which we shall not dispute, orphans of a certain description ought to starve—or we ought to make the present appeal to public liberality; and those who may contribute their money on this occasion, ought expressly to specify whether they intend it for the widow, who has

claims on the artists' fund, or the orphans, who have not. Perhaps some benevolent person, who may wish to feel that he is benevolent, rather than to appear so, will step forward ostensibly in favour of the unprotected innocence of the latter.

SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS IN ST. FOLK STREET, Pall Mall East.

As we predicted last year from the perusal of the inefficient laws of this society, it has received no accession of strength. The printed list of its members, although seemingly supported by the hollow parade of nominal officers, such as auditors, trustees, and deputy treasurer,—the mere blown egg-shell of stability,—is, as an array of artists, inferior to what it was last year: and even some of these which are present, shew symptoms of secession.

Yet those who, from temporary views, exhibit with the ostensible members for the season, have compensated for the paucity of the works of Heaphy and others, and the absence of Lonsdale; and the present exhibition is accordingly as good as the former. In *historical* shew, we can scarcely say this. Its chief attractions are *Landscape* and *Still-life*; both of which branches of art have been prolific, and some of the fruit is good.

Of the *Portraits* we can make no favourable report. A long procession of them are from the pencil of H. MEYER, trustee, which, as they hardly reach up to the mark of commonplace, we shall forbear to criticise in detail, that we may not afflict our readers with ennui. Some of the *Engravings* are excellent: but the shew of *Sculpture* is scanty in quantity, and of no very high quality.

The prologue is better than the play. The anti-room seems to promise more than the great room performs. From that economy of arrangement which has been adopted by the picture hangers, it happens unfortunately for the first blush of the present exhibition, that the four central and conspicuous places above the *line*, in the great room, are occupied by large portraits, none of which are of high character; and too many

of them, even of low character. Two of them indeed, which are groupes, have some pretensions to be esteemed historical, but these pretensions are not very sound.

The whole-length portrait, which is so unfortunately attractive to the eye, because large and opposite the entrance, is that of "*Alderman Ilawkes, late mayor of Norwich, painted by order of his fellow citizens, for St. Andrew's hall, in commemoration of his public spirit,*" and is from the pencil of B. R. HAYDON.

Although it goes against the heart to say or to think that anything can be amiss upon well meant, patriotic occasions, we cannot dissemble that this portrait is very inferior to the large historical works of Mr. Haydon. The head is as vulgar in look and character as that of the late Mr. Pitt. The alderman is a sort of rough diamond, which his jeweller has not polished. This roughness neither the painter, nor perhaps the genius of liberty herself, could help. But the diamond might have been set in gold; whereas here the attitude and accompaniments are scarcely superior to the character and expression of the face.

The paraphernalia, or insignia of the corporation, might surely have been shewn to more advantage, if not the mayor: but perhaps the artist did not choose to put a patriot out of countenance by any pictorial display of elegant contrast. On the whole, with whatever shew of pleasantry we might wish to get past this picture, we cannot but seriously regard it as a failure on the part of the painter; and as one of his worst things.

But Mr. Haydon's style of portrait is new. People are not yet used to it. He does not write on his canvas in fashionable language. His pencil has not (as it were) the portrait phrases of the higher circles, and of

the day. He is plain and simple—getting away from modern modes toward *the primitive*. He is unsolicitous of ornament, if he does not despise it. Something *Dean Swiftish*, to continue to speak by literary analogy; and, like the dean, his plainness is occasionally a little coarse, and even vulgar. At least this is the case with his patriotic alderman, which so unluckily catches the eye of the spectator as he enters—unluckily, because first impressions are apt to be strong. But this is not a case of *love*, or we should blame ourselves for beginning with it: and it may happen that last impressions are strongest in the case of *pictures*. But the truth is, we are critics rather of impulse than of order, and are obliged to write what we think and feel at the time when we happen to think and feel it.

It is further unlucky for Mr. Haydon's first appearance in the character of a portrait painter, that he has had by no means handsome people to paint from; and therefore the plainness which he has assumed in the casting of his draperies, and other accompaniments, misses at least part of its aim. Rich and splendid materials of dress, draw off attention in some degree from imperfections of form in the wearer: and the ladies and gentlemen, whose likenesses Mr. Haydon here sets before us, are, generally speaking, not the people who

Need not the aid of borrow'd ornament:
And seem, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.

We shall next notice his "*Convalescent; a Family Picture*," (No. 227.) The principal figure in this piece has evidently got down, after an illness, from his sick room into his garden, and is receiving the home congratulations of his wife, his near friends, and his domestics. This is very well told, and is a well-thought-of incident for aggregating a household with some interest. The spectator will not fail to remark, that "*the Convalescent*," notwithstanding his past sufferings, is a portly gentleman—"with fair round face, and belly with good capon lined." We would venture a wager that his illness was not caused by abstinence. Here also the characters of the heads are not favourable to the artist.—However, since they are portraits, he was obliged to take them as he found

E. N. April, 1823.

them: but he has arrayed their countenances in smiles of mutual congratulation and kindness, and hence the picture is not without a very agreeable sentiment.

But as a work of painting, we like his No. 301 better. This is designated "*Portrait of a Lady*," and is the head of a sensible looking, elderly lady, dressed in a nicely bleached neckkerchief and cap, and her shoulders secured from the effects of chilly weather, by a black silk cloak. This also is a picture of some sentiment, although simply a portrait. The artist has here bestowed enough of successful attention on the millinery, and the whole has a good effect.

Perhaps Mr. HAYDON's best portrait is that of *Dr. Darling*, No. 143; at least we esteem it to be as good as any. It has a character well suited to a physician, being at once shrewd and benevolent. The bust of his great exemplar, Hippocrates, in the back-ground, tells well: indeed the accompaniments throughout are to the purpose. So is the attitude and general air of the figure. It has, moreover, a cardinal merit in portrait painting—that of being an excellent likeness; and the chiaro scuro is sufficiently impressive.

There is, however, a chubby, comfortable-looking lady in the anti-room, who does honour to the place, and must not be overlooked. The work is numbered 246, and entitled "*The Portrait of Miss Midford*." She sits on a garden-seat, under a tree, with flowering shrubs around her, and in the back ground is a snug cottage *ornée*. A pleasing picture this (for the parlour of a bachelor of a certain mature age,) and *homo-geneous* in its parts. The cottage and the lady should go together. They are so well suited to each other, that we hope and trust they will be inseparable.

Here also hangs No. 330, the "*Portrait of Mrs. Hawkes*," presumptively the late mayoress of Norfolk, also by Mr. HAYDON. There is a certain pulpiness in his style of painting *flesh*, observable in the works of this artist, which is peculiar to him, and peculiarly agreeable. We have seen something like it in some of the historical works of the old Italian masters; but we do not recollect that it has hitherto made its appearance in portraiture; and we mention it, and wish our rea-

ders to notice it, as a leading *trait*, or element of Mr. Haydon's style.

Mrs. Hawkes has a certain angularity of brow, which, to a stranger, gives to her face an expression of anxiety; but we suspect that such expression is not there, because it has no business there, and that the angularity, which we are noticing, properly belongs to the *character* of her countenance.

Returning to the Great Room—another of its centre pieces is No. 167, "*Portrait of Sir Gerard Noel, M.P.*" by H. HAWKINS (a new and accepted member of the Society of British Artists.) This has a kind of mock military air, and is very large, and very tame.

In the opposite centre—over the fire-place—hangs No. 53, being a large equestrian portrait, called in the catalogue an "*Historical Portrait of the Emperor Alexander of Russia*," supported by a long extract from the Edinburgh Annual Register, relating (much more at length than we do) that in a morning ride on the banks of the Wilna, his Majesty perceived a group of his subjects dragging forth a drowned peasant from the river; that he humanely dismounted, and helped to strip the body; that in his suite was an English surgeon, who, after trying phlebotomy, pronounced the case to be hopeless (which we are sorry for, in as far as the surgeon was an Englishman); that his Imperial Majesty persevered; used friction; caused his attendants to do the same; and had at last the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing the blood flow. "When the surgeon was looking about for something to stop the blood, the Emperor took out his handkerchief, tore it in pieces, bound up the poor fellow's arm with it, and ordered proper care to be taken of him," &c.

All this is much to the honour of the Autocrat of the Russias; but it is the Edinburgh Annual Register which relates all this, and not the painter. True it is, that he could not relate it all in a single picture, but he might have selected the moment which told of the past, while it represented the present, and was anticipative of the future: he might surely have chosen the most interesting, important, and honourable moment to represent, namely, the moment when the peasant's blood started, and the

royal eye gleamed with emotion. This he has not done. Alexander has not even dismounted. He merely inclines forward to give some directions concerning a man apparently drowned.

As is frequent in the works of this artist, a superabundance of dark grey tints, and of Vandyke brown, have given a certain murky dinginess to the colouring of this piece; and Alexander appears too old for the early period of his life when the imperial act of humanity took place. In other respects, it is a tolerably good picture; painted with a finer touch than generally attends the pencil of an artist so far advanced in life as this academician; and the coldness of its general complexion successfully carries us to the climate and country which were the scene of the event.

This gentleman is the solitary exception to the rule of conduct of the Royal Academicians with regard to other institutions of art. By exhibiting this picture at the Suffolk-street Gallery, he shews that he is actuated by no narrow *esprit de corps*; and he does so with a law threatening expulsion staring him in the face. As Mr. Northcote enjoys the reputation of possessing a creditable stock of good sense, we wish he had gone a step further, and given his assistance to the new society in the formation of their laws, as well as in covering their walls.

Beneath this spacious performance hang three little pictures from familiar life, painted by M. W. SHARP, of which the subjects are "*The Cigar*," "*Physic*," [in a mezzotinto print which we have seen from it, this is otherwise termed the "*Black Draught*"] and the "*Bee's Wing*."

Mr. Sharp seems to have a constant eye to the comic side of things, which perhaps, "in this worky-day world" of sorrow and disappointment, may be wisdom. He seems to say by his pencil, If you look Sharp, you may see abundant matter for joke and *jeu d'esprit* that escapes other men.

"Thus painters leave their names at Cos."

Accordingly we here behold, in one instance, a quizzical smoker of a cigar, a genuine sort of fellow, whom you guess, would despise the elegancies of the oriental *Hooka*; in another, a *bon vivant* holds up his glass of wine

knowingly to the light, and with the eye—for out of his optics is closed, to enable him to see the more keenly,—with the eye of a commoner, is endeavouring to detect the floating, filmy, futuristic glitters, which by the knowing ones is termed “*The Bee’s Hum*.” Again, in a third instance the artist offers, by way of contrast, the nauseous black draught, or a dose of any species of poison which the reader happens most to dislike. [We observed many trifling points of these in the inner room published, or to be published, by Mr. White.]

And now that our attention has been called to the pinkings of his story pictures that adorn the present display, we will mention No. 322, “*The Death of Izzac*,” by W. Ross, which we think shall have a place in the principal room, in preference to many inferior works which are there placed in conspicuous situations. But the name of Mr. Ross is not in the list of members who perceive, and we regret to observe, that partiality to members should appear to operate in the hangings of this society, as it does in that assembly in which its leaders speculate ostentatiously upon that very account.

This seems to be a matter-of-fact picture throughout, representing the event of the death of David Rizzio, with all its attendant localities, as far as sedulous research was able to collect them. It is a portrait of the place, as we happen to know, but the dresses of the queen, the unfortunate favourite, and the assassins, appear to be all copied from extant reliquies of the age of Mary. The table cloths, with its embroidered green cloth, even the dress of which is placed on it, and all the surrounding localities of the costume of the time, have a very set out and particularly a *faux-resemblance* appearance, as if done to satisfy an antiquary, or very exact enquirer. We think, however, that there are authentic portraits of the ill-fated Mary, which come up nearer to the celebrity of her beauty than the present. Of one, we recollect an engraving by Sherwin. And surely, Mr. Ross, the light of your picture is too exclusively devoted to a bright steel breast plate and a satin sleeve, and your objects want massing—they are too severally seen.

Concerning Mr. MARTIN’S picture

of “*Creation*,” No. 226, with every wish to promote the legitimate efforts of that “bold adventurer” in art, who claims to

disclaim
The limit of a little reign,
A thousand regions dates decay,

we must be left to controvert some of the published notions of our friend Mr. H. — or others we willingly subscribe.

In the first place, we have not subscribed to *creation* to which he advert, for representing the great origin of beings, as we represent our mortal men. Our argument is not that he should represent of any other room (we are very sensible that no artist can exist, or even conceive any thing superior), but in no form at all. We are somewhat surprised to find absurd conceptions of the sublimity and fit enthrallments of the powers of the artists of a more advanced and reflective age. As well might we think of representing Cromwell’s age, as they did in the old Gothic cathedral during the middle ages, because he was at that time so represented,—under the absurd idea (a philosophical error of it being a *mystery*), when, in fact, it was the dogmatical mystery.

This convention, however, was never any of the least tacit following of erroneous authority, ignorantly propagated, and the professor Barry completely exploded fifty years ago, by exhibiting proof as well as argument, that to represent the deity, in painting, is to exhibit nothing but mortal folly and vanity. It is in fact, and optically speaking, to present us with the reverse of that scriptural text which is cited as authority, where the converse do shew no means old good. We read in Genesis, “In the image of God created he man,” approximating the picture we read, in the image of man created like God. How widely different! Nor can any logic reconcile us to the deed.

We agree with our Examiner, that Mr. Martin’s picture is technically good, on different accounts in thinking it not virtuously so. No person who looks at it, imagine for an instant that he sees the Deity creating! or even fancies that it assists him to apprehend how that stupendous and incomprehensible advent took place: but,

change its title—call the distant mountain the Aiden, or Ben-lomond of Caledonia; and call the figure floating among mists and meteors, “the ghost of Fingal, ascending on the wings of the blast; or rushing through the storms of night to the airy halls of his father,” and you give a local habitation and a name to the unreal thing which the painter has bodied forth, his eye in a fine phrenzy* rolling; and you will thus arrive at the enjoyment of a feeling of poetic intelligibility.

And now, with regard to the quantity and profundity of the *blue* employed by Mr. Martin, and its value in the picture, we quite agree with R. H. Blue is the element of immensity. If any man doubts it, he must be “a down-looking fellow,” and has only to look up, in fine weather, to have his doubt removed. We agree, also, concerning the other colours, which ably suggest the transition from chaos to order. And the electric fluid which plays through the scene, is in fine apposition.

But, with his closing observation, we are again at variance. He says, “All critics, we believe, will be agreed as to the grandeur of the design in this picture; but many differ from us as to its colour.” The present writer, on the contrary, cannot avoid thinking that all *critics* will be agreed as to the colouring, and that the difference will be as to the grandeur of the design.

But we must leave these lofty speculations, or the landscapes, which, after all, are the best part of the shew, will fancy themselves utterly neglected.

Messrs. Glover, Linton, Stark, Wilson, Nasmyth, and Barker, ably sustain their former reputation, if they do not add to it: but Mr. Holland we deem inferior to his former self. There is, indeed, a clever picture from his pencil, of Ullswater, in

the anti-room; but nothing in the great room of equal merit to his Sunshiny Lake, with the Angling Party, which was exhibited last season. The average of his merit, of the present season, is perhaps best seen in No. 184, “*An overshot Mill on the Rivelan, near Sheffield, Yorkshire.*”

Here also are a party of anglers on a rocky bank, but less intimately, and more tamely, connected with the landscape than in the former instance. Wildness is indeed wanting throughout the picture. The water, which comes forward in small gushes from the mill-wheel, is laboured, and laboured in vain; and there is a local spot of yellow toward the left-hand extremity of the mill-dam, or wear, which to us is unintelligible—maugre our critical spectacles. This spot is not in keeping. There would else be something redeeming in the effect of the whole.

No. 46, is “*Lanphey Castle, in South Wales,*” by the junior Glover. This is rich in colour; and so singular in subject, that it has a foreign air. The artist has contrived to impart a Coliseum-like look to a curved row of Machicolated ornament belonging to the castle, which comes off bright, from a cloudy sky. The agitated water accords with the stormy sky, and is skilfully painted—much in his father’s style, in short. The effect of the whole is forcible; but perhaps overforced by the aid of darkness.

The meritorious pictures of Mr. BARKER have a hermit-like look when associated with works of modern art, and do not attract the observation which they deserve. They are painted to so low a tone, that they would probably appear to more advantage among those old masters, whose tones are lowered by age, dirt, and varnish. Very near Mr. W. Glover’s Welch Castle, we are favoured with No. 32, a View of St. Michael’s, in *Switzer-*

* We would not approach the ludicrous on an occasion so solemn, or, instead of Ossian, we had quoted the old irregular Mad-ode, from which Lord Byron chose his motto, in his controversy with Mr. Bowles; nor will we quote dissemble it at this respectful distance:

*I’m Old Mad Tom—Behold me!
With the sun and the moon I’ll play at Bowles,
And then I’ll scale the weather:
And pluck the rainbow from the skies,
And splice both ends together.*

land, by the above artist. Here, notwithstanding a burst of sun-light from the zenith, there is a want of light in the landscape. A remarkable shaped mountain, near the middle of the picture, is romantic, but looks more like a mountain in a composition of Titian than one of nature's. However, as we have not had the pleasure of visiting this part of Switzerland, we shall not insist upon much attention to this remark.

No. 181, from the same pencil, is a "*Composition of Landscape, with Cattle*," which has great merit, as well as gravity of tone, and reminds us of our favourite Gainsborough, especially the water and the advancing cow.

Mr. J. WILSON's "*Scene on the River Itchin, Southampton*," (No. 126), is very true to nature, when seen under the circumstances which are here represented: that is to say, when the sun-light gleams partially across a landscape of water and woodland. There is a wild tree at the left-hand corner, which, though of no remarkable growth, is well drawn, and pencilled with congenial feeling. One of three fishermen, which are with much local propriety introduced near the fore-ground, is smoking at his leisure, quite regardless of how much he contributes to the effect, while he does nothing.

Mr. LINTON also has hitherto shewn himself a genuine votary of nature, and is ever most successful when she is at his elbow. Hence, we like his beautiful bird's-eye View of the Lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite (No. 122), termed in the catalogue, "*The Lakes of Keswick, Cumberland*," where the very muse of landscape (if there be such a muse), seems to breathe her kindest influence over the scene; and even his "*Chalk Cliffs, near Folkestone, with Shearwater's Cliff in the distance*," which is hung in the anti-room, and whose sky and all seems to be copied immediately from nature—better than we like his (notwithstanding) respectable endeavour to represent "*The Trojans in their flight from the Destruction of Troy, landing in the Island of Delos, to consult the Oracle of Apollo respecting their future destiny*."

If Mr. Linton would listen to anonymous advice, which is certainly not the less sincere for being anonymous

—perhaps he had better—for a few more years, at least, leave such subjects to Delos to TURNER, of whose classical landscape compositions he does but remind us to his own disadvantage. It is much easier for him to beat the painters *on the spot*, than to rival the richer fancy of this highly-gifted academician.

There is, however, a very agreeable mixture in this latter performance of rock, wood, water, and architecture; but some parts are not in perfect keeping, and others not in perfect perspective: and the whole has not that harmony and identity of nature, which we behold with so much pleasure in his Keswick Lakes, and his other best works. Mr. Linton quotes six verses from the third *Æneid*, about the Trojans blessing the sacred fane, and hailing the port that shielded them. The sacred fane, where his vows are listened to, is that of the great Goddess herself! Let no gilded wreath, held forth from a distance, tempt him to turn renegade; and may the Institution, of which he is secretary, be so reformed as to become a port worthy to shield him.

No. 48. "*View from the interior of the Great Cavern of the Peak, Derbyshire, painted on the spot*," by T. C. HOLLAND; is a clever little sketch in oil: much better than many of the artist's larger works, particularly than his *Scarborough Castle*, No. 171.

And No. 49, by an *honorary exhibitor* (W. DELMAR) which is placed next it, is also clever, though perhaps a little too much made out in the details for an English moonlight, or rather a *Scotch* one, if we have "*viewed fair Melrose aright*," for we think we observe Melrose Abbey at a distance, beyond the little one-arched bridge.

Mr. B. BAKER's "*Dead Game*," No. 64, is deservedly placed in the most central and conspicuous situation in the gallery. It is well composed; powerful and rich in colour and chiaroscuro; and beautifully executed.

No. 190. "*Grisedale Pikes, near Patterdale*," by J. GLOVER, is not one of this artist's best performances. The woody copse near the middle-ground is obtrusively, and too variously, overcoloured; and too forcibly contrasts the gloom of those distant mountains or pikes from which the picture is denominated.

No. 225. "*View in Epping Forest*,"

by the same painter. This is a chaste and exquisite specimen of Mr. Glover's art; and we much prefer it, as a work of art, to many of his larger productions. It is a very simple, sylvan scene, consisting of a few trees, and a little wild gravelly broken ground sprinkled with grass and weeds, through which winds a rustic road: but the trees are very picturesque and truly characterized: and the sky is so well

suiting to the landscape; and the colouring is so genially mild, that the whole is quite fascinating. It is worth a score of "Grisedale Pikes."

There are several other beautiful pictures of highly romantic scenes by this artist, hanging near this of Epping Forest, which we regret that we have not, at present, opportunity to notice in detail, and as they deserve.

THE DRAMA.

GERMAN THEATRES.

A minor theatre, called Königsstädter Theater, and especially intended for *vaudevilles* and farces, is about to be opened at Berlin. Such establishments prosper in Germany, while the larger theatres and the heroic drama languish. *Esslair* and *Madame Stich* are still admired; but they are in general badly supported. The most frequent performances on the German stage, are either some of Kotzebue's pieces, or translations from French melo-dramas and *vaudevilles*. The masterpieces of Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, (translated by Schlegel), are seldom represented; they require too large and powerful a company. Even at Berlin, where expense is not spared, melo-dramas and trifling comedies are the only favourites. Goethe, sublime as he is, seems to weary the public; Schiller appears to produce the same effect on the actors; and Germany lacks performers capable of doing justice to the admirable productions of this truly national poet. The greater part of the legitimate German theatres have ruined their proprietors; especially in Frankfort, Breslaw, Hamburgh, Prague, Bremen, Magdeburgh, Königsbergh, and Dantzick. It has not been so in Bavaria and the grand duchy of Baden. Such are the accounts from Germany, which we find bears a close resemblance to England: to what are we to attribute the general falling off of dramatic literature and the drama?

COVENT GARDEN.

A new play, interspersed with music, called the "Hebrew Family," has been produced at this theatre, and,

looking at the present deplorable and almost hopeless state of dramatic literature, it is with great regret that we pronounce it a decided failure. To enter into a detailed account of the plot of this drama, we confess to be beyond our power; for although many of the incidents are familiar to us, and the greater part of them by no means deficient in interest, yet the story has so many different ramifications, and the various scenes bear so slight a relation to each other, that any attempt to unravel them would be perplexing to ourselves, and scarcely intelligible to our readers. The principal points, however, may be given in a few words:—the scene is laid in the city of Valencia, where Forester, an English traveller, having assisted in the escape and marriage of a nun, is sentenced to the flames. Just as he is about to suffer, a storm arises, some of the scaffolds, loaded with spectators, break down, and in the general confusion the criminal escapes.

Once more at large, he first of all pops into the governor's house, and is safely deposited in his daughter's bed-chamber. He then quits this lodging, and jumps in at a Jew's window; and here he flatters the Israelite, and as he had rather "marry than burn," makes love to his daughter, until after an unsuccessful attempt at an escape, he rescues the governor from assassination, receives a free pardon, and with the whole "Hebrew Family" sets sail for England. Besides these characters, there are three or four other persons introduced, principally *pour passer le temps*—one Don Cäsario, a jealous lover—Reuben, a sprightly little fellow, a nephew

to the Jew, who prevents a great deal of mischief—Leonella, a familiar waiting-woman, and a Father Sereno, who is for a long time very incomprehensible; as at first he appears to be a wag, then a bigot, and lastly, a tolerant and noble-minded churchman. The dialogue of this piece, as far as we can judge, seems to be written in blank verse, but it is in general much below mediocrity; a vein of mawkish delicacy and affected refinement pervades the greater part of it, and the imitation of the simple grandeur of the patriarchal language, which is put into the mouths of the "Hebrew Family," is absolutely beneath contempt. Thus, when the old man salutes his daughter, we are told that "the father *claspeth* his dear child;"—when the criminal is pursued, then "the fierce pursuer *roareth* for his prey;"—when there is a knock at the door, then "*peradventure*, it is some great men who *wanteth* much money." "The *erasion* of the criminal" must also be prevented—and even a walking-stick is called a "*staff*," and a suit of clothes "the *covering* of the outward man." So much for its poetical beauties. Of the music, we are almost afraid to speak. To draw down upon us the wrath of seven composers at once, would be no very agreeable concert, and no very gentle visitation;—suffice it to remark, that the first act is full of pretension, and but little else—the second and third, something better, but, with the exception of a ballad and a quartetto, not entitled to much praise, either for beauty or originality. In the way of performance, the principal novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Miss Cawse, a pupil of Sir George Smart, a young lady under

fourteen years of age, with a voice particularly sweet and clear, a distinct enunciation, and, moreover, exhibiting very considerable promise as an actress. The ballad we before alluded to, composed, we believe, by Whitaker, and which is delightfully executed by this youthful *debutante*, called down the loudest applause, and was rapturously encored. Farrow, Fawcett, and Miss Tree, did as much for their parts as they deserved; Sinclair toiled through some very dull music, but was not quite so impassioned in his jealous scene as Kean is in the third act of Othello. Poor Jones, we pitied—his character is so strangely drawn, that even he, with all his tact and knowledge of effect, hardly knew what turn to give it; a man running about the whole evening, with a halter round his neck, every instant in jeopardy—yet attempting to turn every thing into a jest, we humbly conceive to be no very easy character to play. Mrs. Gibbs, who seems to be gifted with perpetual youth and unwearied spirits, was, if possible, more amusing than ever. If the author do not dedicate to her, he must be the most ungrateful of his tribe. The scenery was good—but the dresses very unbecoming. Sinclair looked like a tumbler at a fair, and Miss Tree, *credite posteri*, absolutely frightful. The bars in front of her dress, we presume, must be intended for a representation of "Jacob's Ladder."

A new tragedy, called "Orestes in Argos," has also been produced at this theatre. We will commence our account of it by a list of the *dramatis personæ*, as it will serve to call up ideas in the minds of most of our readers that will spare us minor detail:—

Ægisthus, Usurper of the Throne of Argos,.....	Mr. BENNET.
Orestes, Son of Agamemnon,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Pylades, his Friend,.....	Mr. COOPER.
Arcas, an old Officer of Agamemnon's,	Mr. GERTON.
Lycus, an Emissary of Ægisthus,.....	Mr. EVANS.
Clytemnestra, reigning with Ægisthus in Argos	Mrs. BARTLEY.
Electra, Daughters of Agamemnon and	Miss LACY.
Chrysothemis, Clytemnestra,	Miss JONES.
Namesis,	Miss HAMMERSLEY.

Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Crebillon, Voltaire, and Alfieri, have all founded tragedies upon this affecting story of "Pelops' line," the avenging of the murder of Agamemnon. In

the present instance, Alfieri and Sophocles have formed the principal sources. The tragedy opens with an incantation by Nemesis and the Furies at the tomb of Agamemnon, whose

murderer, Ægisthus, reigns in Argos, in conjunction with the guilty Clytemnestra. The dignified Electra preserves, in the dress and shackles of a slave, the towering spirit of her race, and these three characters are developed in the first act with considerable force. Orestes arrives with his friend Pylades, the sole survivors from a dreadful shipwreck, bearing in an urn the ashes of the son of Ægisthus, who had been slain in a base attempt to assassinate Orestes; which ashes it is intended to present to Ægisthus, as those of the son of Agamemnon, whom he is so anxious to destroy. In a beautifully constructed scene, which very closely follows Sophocles, Orestes discovers his sister Electra pouring out the annual libations, and decorating the tomb of their murdered father; and, contrary to the direction of the oracle, which had enjoined secrecy, he is led by his emotion to discover himself. He subsequently presents the ashes of the son of Ægisthus to his father, as his (Orestes) own; but is discovered by the arrival of a slave, who had accompanied the slain prince. Thus undeceived, Ægisthus, disregarding the entreaties of Clytemnestra, orders him to instant execution. The fifth act details the rescue of Orestes by the people, and exhibits his encounter with, and immolation of, his father's murderer in the palace, having previously slain his mother unwittingly in the crowd. All is exultation until he is informed by Pylades of the latter act; when, reminded of the oracle, he becomes inspired by the furies, utters some verses of exclamatory phrenzy, sinks into the arms of his friend, and the curtain drops. This play is by the deceased Mr. PETER BAILLY, who some time ago so affectingly died in a coach, on his way to the Opera with a part of his family. As a classical adaptation, it will honour his memory; for it contrives to keep up a considerable interest, without materially deviating from the almost sacred story. The character of Electra, which, with Antigone, may pair off as one of the purest specimens of female devotedness that was ever portrayed, is finely sustained; especially in her opening scene with Ægisthus and the well managed discovery of her brother. It was performed with considerable force by Miss LACY, save that we now and then

thought a somewhat calmer expression of resentment would have better suited the lofty superiority, profound sorrow, and deeply-seated thirst for avengement of Electra. Of this, however we are not certain, for it is difficult to render the motions and expressions of the human countenance a perfect copy of the grander and sublimer emotions of the soul, because these emotions sometimes express themselves in proud and stubborn silence, sometimes in the burst of impetuosity, and ungovernable indignation; and hence it is, that even painters themselves, where they have to portray some strong and overwhelming passion, throw a veil over the face, and leave the spectator to conceive the depth and intensity of the passion which the mimic art of the painter is incapable of expressing on canvas. Her performance of the first scene, particularly where she upbraids Clytemnestra at her subsequent meeting at the tomb, where she weeps over the urn supposed to contain the ashes of her brother, was executed in a style of tragic pathos and justness of conception, which we have seldom seen equalled. In a word, Electra was the most effective part in the play, and certainly Miss L. did it every justice. Her shriek upon the discovery of her brother Orestes electrified the house. The Orestes of C. Kemble was also finely conceived, and as energetically delivered, a little exaggerated possibly in a few instances, which was rendered the more apparent by the poet making him repeat very similar threats of vengeance somewhat too often. His interview with his mother—the exact situation of Hamlet—and his discovery by Ægisthus, gave him some admirable scope, and his exertions were very successfully correspondent: his departure to execution in particular, was very powerful. Cooper, as Pylades, was calmly effective. Bennet, in the usurper, fell into his usual failing of excess, by which he loses more than any actor we ever knew, by defeating the fine opportunities for gradation and climax, which his physical capabilities so enable him to bestow. Clytemnestra, the Lady Macbeth and Gertrude of antiquity, was personated by Mrs. Bartley, but the character is not—possibly cannot be—rendered effective in this stage of her guilty existence. There was but one truly constitutional spark of the preceding ambitious mur-

deress afforded, and that was ably conveyed. The character of Chrysothemis, the younger daughter of Agamemnon, a gentle girl, was given to Miss Jones, who performed it as gently. The opening incantation displayed the powers of Miss Hammersley to considerable advantage; but the second scene with the furics was too long, especially as Mesdames Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megara, had evidently the honour of being entire strangers to four-fifths of the audience. For the same reason, we think the concluding madness of Orestes might have been spared, which is scarcely a conceivable result to a modern audience. The diction of this tragedy appeared to us to be tolerably sustained, without much harmony of versification, or strikingly marked passages, regarded merely as writing. Upon the whole, however, Orestes in Argos is the production of no common portion of intellectual skill and good taste, and we sincerely hope that it will prove beneficial to the author's family. A poor prologue, allusive to the decease of the author, was recited by Mr. Cooper; and a miserable string of jokes, in which we hear of the bulls and bears getting among the cows—a classic hit at the milk companies—and similar happy allusions to the bubble market, was delivered as an epilogue by Mrs. Gibbs, who, however, was imperfect. Her good sense, we dare say, could not allow her sufficient patience to be otherwise. These extremely silly talen-pieces to tragedy should be done away with altogether. We must observe, better late than never, that in regard to scenery and costume, the management has exhibited much better classical taste, although we think the colour of the dress of Miss Lacy might be much improved, even at the expense of a little accuracy, if authority has determined the one selected. The applause may be termed unanimous, for the single occasional interruption of an apparently intoxicated individual can scarcely be taken into account. As, comparatively speaking, this tragedy should have a run, we trust that both good taste and sympathy will ensure one.

The King honoured this theatre with his presence on Monday, the 25th.—It was announced, that the doors would be open at six o'clock, and long before the arrival of that hour the

E. M. April, 1825.

various entrances were besieged by crowds, who bore all the fatigue of standing a pressure with exemplary patience, in the hope of being able, by obtaining an early admission, to secure a situation, from which they could command a view of his Majesty. When, at length, the doors were thrown open, the rush was tremendous. Nor was it confined to the doors alone. The struggle to ascend the stairs leading up to the boxes was, for some moments, quite terrific, and rendered more so by the screams of those ladies who had the hardihood to encounter such pressure. There were two who very narrowly escaped being trampled to death, for either their strength or their hold giving way, they were forced down from the second or third stair, thrown upon their backs, and with the greatest difficulty dragged from under the people's feet. In a few minutes the house was filled to the roof. The crowd in the pit was so overpowering, that most of the few women who entered it were obliged to be taken up into the boxes, many of them in a fainting state, and all as if just emerged from a bath. When the King entered the house, the audience rose and greeted him with the most enthusiastic and stunning peals of applause. His Majesty was evidently greatly affected by the warmth of his reception, and repeatedly bowed most graciously. The national air of "God save the King" was then performed. His Majesty was dressed in blue uniform, decorated with the ribbon and many orders, and looked as well as he has for many years. The Duke of York, who sat on his left, was dressed in scarlet uniform. Behind his Majesty sat the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Conyngham, and Lords Salisbury and Mountcharles. They were all dressed in military uniforms. The large box above his Majesty was occupied with lords and gentlemen connected with his Majesty's household, and, with one exception, they were dressed in military uniform also. The play was the German *bon-nese Der Freischütz*, with its peculiar and delightful music.

His Majesty greatly enjoyed the vocal performances and the music in this extraordinary composition. After the play, the audience again loudly applauded his Majesty, and called on the management for "God save the

King." It was complied with in an Hibernian manner, for the performance was "Rule Britannia." Then there was an *encore*, and the request was complied with, equally inaccurate, for, instead of "Rule Britannia," they played "God save the King." The afterpiece was Charles the Second, and Mr. C. Kemble, as the merry monarch, and Mr. Fawcett, as the bluff Captain Copp, contributed largely to the entertainment of royalty, as well as the merriment of the house.

The King and the Duke of York retired, amidst and followed by the most enthusiastic cheering. It was 12 o'clock, and his Majesty, as well as the Duke of York, had not removed from their stations until the final falling of the curtain. Previously to retiring, they bowed most graciously to the house. The brilliant reception experienced by his Majesty must have been most gratifying to him.

KING'S THEATRE.

We have to hail the return of the performers to their proper field of action by the re-opening of the King's Theatre, which has relieved us from that miserable house they have lately occupied, in itself a foe to all musical sounds. We hope soon to record some new production in the way of Opera, at present we have only to notice a new ballet, under the title of "*Cleopatra, Reine d'Egypte*," which has given scope to the scenist, and to the ballet master, who has shewn great skill in his groupings and *cou, s de th'atre*, which has been more than usually effective. Otherwise we cannot say much in praise, for the subject is not a happy one, as it abounds with action rather than dancing, and has the common defect of representing characters with whom the dancing mania seems perfectly inconsistent. Why should Cleopatra be converted into a dancer in modern French costume, and, still worse, Octavia, in one scene, be all agony at the desertion of her husband, and in the next join in a sprightly dance with the most perfect non-chalance? But here we have Cleopatra in a ball room dress, save and except the scanty limits of what may be justly termed her *petty-coat*, which scarcely amounts to a covering, and when seated can scarcely be brought over the knee. Monsieur

Aumer, too, should not forget that Cleopatra was but a mortal, and therefore should not give as attendants upon her far-famed, but in this instance very trumpery galley, huge volumes of cloud to precede and follow her, and winged Cupids flying in the air. Great as her power was, it did not give her supernatural agency to boot. In spite of all its absurdities, however, the ballet, with its aid of dancing, scenery, and pleasing music, was received with great applause, and will, we hope, prove productive to an establishment which seems to stand in need of patronage.

DRURY LANE.

Macready re-appeared on Monday as Romont, in the "Fatal Dowry." He was apparently in good health and spirits, and went through the part with his accustomed talent. The grand scene in the third act, in which he discovers to Charalois the infidelity of his wife, was admirably performed, and elicited, as it deserved, the most marked applause. Our readers will bear in mind that this performance, which was acquiring a high degree of popularity, was interrupted on the third night by his sudden and severe indisposition. It must be seen to be properly appreciated. Mr. Macready's reception was what it deserved to be, warm and honourable.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE new spectacle, called "Bonaparte's Invasion of Russia," is attracting considerable audiences at Astley's Theatre, and deserves to do so. The piece has evidently been got up with the greatest exertion and expense; and the disposition of the horses, sword combats, &c. from the constant practice, probably, of the performers employed in them, is entirely superior to any thing that has been done, either at Covent-garden or Drury-lane. The scene of the burning of Moscow, as a display of fencing and fire-works, and grouping, is the best thing we recollect to have seen. And a snow storm that follows, with the distress and mutiny of the French troops, the charges of the Cossacks among rocks, is still more ingenious in point of arrangement. The management of the horses in this last situation, where Bonaparte arrives,

driven in a sledge, as well as in a previous act, where he addresses his soldiers from the steps of a carriage, is quite extraordinary. The fights on horseback are very well accomplished, which used to be sad failures for a long time. Then the carriage and four, the sledge, the artillery, the baggage-waggons, all are driven to an inch, and through very rapid and intricate evolutions, without the least blot, or

stoppage, or confusion. Of course, much excellence in the way of acting cannot be looked for in a theatre like this; but, as far as regards the exhibitions proper to a circus, those now given at Astley's are of a very improved order; and some portions of them are really so excellent as to be entitled to rank as a feature among the entertainments of the day.—*Times*.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. WHITMORE's intended motion, for leave to bring in a bill to amend the Corn Laws, having been postponed till the 28th of April, it is impossible for us to accomplish our wish, of giving the result to our readers. The expectation, we believe, is, that some plan will be adopted, with a view to render the laws which regulate the importation of foreign grain less uncertain in their operation, and less obnoxious to certain evasions, than they are in their existing state. A scale of import duties will, it is said, be proposed, which, added to the cost of the foreign grain, shall be an adequate protection to the agricultural interest of this country. Thus, supposing 80s. per quarter, for wheat, to be a remunerating price to the English farmer, and that foreign wheat can be brought into the British market at 35s. such a duty must be imposed as would bring it up to 80s. allowing, perhaps, for the difference in quality. Here, however, so great a difficulty occurs, that we anxiously hope the whispers which we have heard may prove correct, that, although the subject may be brought forward, *pro forma*, during the present session, nothing definitive or decisive will be adopted or sanctioned by government. Indeed, the interests which the measure involves are so extensive and so important, that they ought not to be touched without the most mature consideration. This is obvious, from the alarm which has spread itself throughout the country on both sides of the question—an alarm, most strikingly evinced by the numerous public meetings which have been convened.

For our own parts, we do not por-

ceive the necessity of any alteration in the Corn Laws, passed in the year 1822, beyond that of a change in the mode of taking the averages, some suggestions respecting which we may possibly offer at a future period. We are disposed to "let well alone." Under the operation of the bill of 1822, every class is in full employment; we hear no more of political discontents, for comforts are improving in every district; and, with respect to our foreign trade, our annual exports have increased no less than £5,000,000 since that bill became a law.

The subject, however, is so extensive, so intricate, spreads itself out into such innumerable ramifications, that it is impossible for us to enter into any of its details, or even to give a comprehensive view of it, generally, within our circumscribed limits. Indeed, a volume could not render it justice. The mercantile and trading classes of the community appear to feel sore at the remunerating,—not more than remunerating,—prices, which the farmers are now obtaining for their produce. In this, it is evident, the traders are so short-sighted, that they do not see their own interest. At the meeting of the merchants, bankers, and traders of the metropolis, held on the 13th of April, to consider of the propriety of presenting a petition to parliament for a revision of the Corn Laws, Mr. T. Wilson, M.P. observed, that no doubt could be entertained that the unsteadiness of the prices of provisions was an evil. High prices must retard our progress, by checking our manufacturers, and thereby driving them to exercise their industry abroad, and thus leading to capi-

tal being employed in foreign countries.

Now, with all humility, we contend that it is *low*, and not *high* prices, which are destructive, not only to particular individuals and particular classes, but to the public at large. This is curiously enough illustrated, upon a small scale, in Mr. Wentworth's account of the British settlement at Botany Bay. "At one time," says Mr. W. "wheat and grain of all sorts was so abundant in quantity, that the prices fell so low that the cultivators could not pay the merchants and store-keepers, who again could not pay for the goods they had imported; so that a general stagnation of trade and insolvency prevailed throughout the whole colony, till the river Hawkesbury rose and inundated the neighbouring country, by which the granaries of corn were destroyed; after which grain rose to a high price, and every thing went well again."

To talk about low prices being beneficial, is, in fact, to talk nonsense. The public has been some time learning this lesson, and it will not readily forego the advantages of experience. What is it to a starving artisan, or labourer, that the quarter loaf may be obtained for *six-pence*, if he can muster only *four-pence* towards its purchase? Is it not evident, that the loaf would be cheaper to him at a *shilling*, if he could, in a given portion of time, earn *eighteen-pence* to buy it?

It was owing to the high prices of the war, artificial as those prices in some degree were, that our manufactures and commerce flourished—that we readily obtained our *eighteen-pence* to buy our *shilling* loaves—that, in fact, *real* plenty prevailed. On the other hand, when peace arrived, and prices were *reduced* to what some thought their *natural* level, poverty and wretchedness stared us in the face. Even if bread could be reduced to *two-pence* the quarter loaf, if the farmers were ruined, as ruined they must be, the ruin of the manufacturer and of the tradesman would follow, as a matter of course. Open our ports for foreign grain—to the foreign grower—with whom the English farmer, saddled with high rents, high taxes, high prices for labour, expensive cultivation, can by no means compete—low prices (the dead-

liest bane of prosperity) ensue, the agricultural interest is ruined, the manufacturers are deprived of their chief support, and universal misery follows.

As the home market is that of the greatest consumption for manufactured goods, it is of the utmost consequence to the community at large, that the farmers and their dependents, who constitute the most numerous class, should be enabled to purchase and to consume those goods. This they do freely and liberally; and, by the consequent circulation of money, a salutary action and re-action are produced.

When peace came, as we have already observed, prices fell, the farmers were ruined, and the mass of the population suffered with them—all, indeed, but annuitants, and persons of regular stated incomes. Was it not by the Corn Bill of 1822, that relief was, to a certain extent, obtained for the agricultural interest; that our manufacturers again began to feel the animating influence of a more extensive and more rapid circulation of specie, and that the blessings of *real plenty* were again enjoyed? And is it not upon the system established by that bill—upon that very bill—that not only our farmers, but our manufacturers, our artisans, our labourers, and all classes of the people are at this time well-fed, contented, and happy? Mr. Gray, a gentleman distinguished by his practical knowledge, and by his able writings on agricultural subjects, contends, as we think, justly, that whatever the London Corn Meeting might imagine, the principal cause of the improvement in our home and foreign trade, is the improvement in the prices of agricultural produce, and consequently in the incomes of our farmers and land-holders. "The increase in the income of the cultivating classes, in 1824, above that of 1822," observes Mr. G., "was at least twenty-three millions. This immense sum was expended in purchasing home and foreign productions. Thus, while it gave the cultivators the benefit of obtaining more of the various articles which they wanted, it created to the dealers in these a better trade to that amount. The income of the agricultural class of Great Britain is, at present, not far from *one hundred millions*, or not much less than *one-third*

of the national income. The changes recommended would reduce the former thirty millions, and the latter much more. Now, with respect to trading, a class is, to the other classes, what a country is to the other countries. I ask, then, Mr. Wilson, and the merchants who have attended the corn meetings, whether they would rather choose to deal with a country that purchases to the amount of one hundred millions, though, in buying from it, they would have to give a higher average price, for which they would amply re-imburse themselves by counter-charging; or with a country which could only purchase to the amount of seventy millions, though they could buy from it at a lower averaged price?"

This reasoning, we think, is conclusive. Not only does the fair price received by the farmer enable him to purchase more from the home manufacturer, and to pay him better, but also to purchase and consume a greater quantity of foreign articles. This enables the foreign merchant to take up more of our manufactured goods; and thus, again, a most salutary re-action is produced.

Upon what principle of policy should we import corn, when it has been shewn, by calculation and by experience, that we can produce all, and even more than all that we want? The highest average price, for several years, has been 55s. 4d. a price which there can be no difficulty in bearing. The English farmer is obliged to pay, for labour, and for the various articles which he purchases, at from 100 to 300 per cent. more than the foreign grower. Why, then, in the name of common sense and common justice, should he be compelled to part with his employment and his productions at the continental price, to the very persons of whom he is under the necessity of purchasing at the English price? This, we conceive, is any thing but *free* trade.

In the year 1815, when a protecting average was adopted, we were an importing country—we wanted a supply of foreign corn—and a check might be requisite; but we are no longer an importing country; and, therefore, to admit a foreign supply, on whatsoever terms that supply may be tendered, must have the effect of distressing and ruining the English

farmer, by driving him out of his own market, whilst the prices he has to pay those from whom he buys, entirely prevent him from sending his own surplus produce abroad. As Arthur Young said, half a century ago, and the remark is more to the purpose now than it was then, "While our landlords raise their rents, and the farmers are happy in paying them; while all classes of the people expend more than ever they did in former times; while all parts of the island are improved by public works, and ornamented by private ones: in a word, while the great characteristic of a flourishing state in every thing appears, '*abundance with dearth is opulence.*' While the nation is happy in such a variety of circumstances, flowing from our present policy, would it not be madness to adopt, or even to commend, a system which tends so powerfully to eradicate every blessing we enjoy?"

For a few moments, we must now briefly turn to other subjects. On the 19th of April, Sir Francis Burdett moved the second reading of the bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics. A spirited debate ensued, which was adjourned to the 21st; and then, after another very animated discussion, in which Mr. Canning spoke at great length, and with equal power, the question was carried, on a division, by 268 against 241—majority 27.

On the following day, Mr. Littleton obtained leave to bring in a bill for the regulation of the elective franchise in Ireland, intending that the qualification freeholds should, in future, be 10*l.* instead of 40*s.*

On the motion of Mr. Huskisson, a select committee has been some time in operation, on an inquiry into the effect of a repeal of the combination laws.—Mr. Martin, of Galway, has given notice of motion for the 13th of May, "To increase the salaries annexed to the great offices of state, and to high judicial situations in the country, so as to render them more adequate to the labour and importance of the duties to be discharged, and more worthy of the justice and liberality of the nation." Amongst minor topics we are glad to find, that a new law is about to be passed, for the preservation of our Salmon Fisheries, which for many years have been decreasing. The

catching and the sale of salmon will be limited to a certain season; deleterious matter, proceeding from great manufactories, will not be allowed to pass into the rivers: certain nets and baits are to be prohibited; and a new felony will be created, in order to prevent the extinction of this rich tribe of fish.

For a time it was believed that ministers had resolved to defer the dissolution of the present parliament till the autumn of the ensuing year; but it now seems to be generally understood, that a dissolution will take place soon after the prorogation, at the latest, in the month of August.

The return of the net produce of the revenue, in the year and quarter ending on the 5th of April, is eminently satisfactory. The increase of revenue in the year, notwithstanding the immense repeal of duties, amount to 809,000*l*. The public income, from taxation in the quarter ending 5th of April, 1824, was 10,303,174*l*. besides which, there was in that quarter a repayment by Austria of 1,753,333*l*. In the quarter ending on the 5th of April, 1825, there was no repayment by Austria; but the revenue from taxation, was 10,512,567*l*. shewing an increase of 309,393*l*.

It is said, that the government of the Netherlands has signified its readiness to remove all restrictions on the importation of British manufactured goods into the territories and colonial possessions of that country, on condition that the duty on Dutch butter and cheese imported into England be repealed. Should this be carried into effect, the advantage to England will be important.

It is expected that the French government will shortly send consuls to South America. The provinces composing the republic of Rio de la Plata, have agreed to a sort of federal union, which is expected to lead to a recognition of independence by this country. After the great victory obtained by General Bolivar on the 9th of December, that patriotic officer announced his intention of resigning the dictatorship on the 10th of Fe-

bruary, the anniversary of the decree by which that supreme authority had been confided to him, and on which day the congress of Peru was to assemble.

The new President of the United States delivered his inaugural speech in the Hall of the senate, on the 4th of February. His allusions to foreign states were conciliatory, and towards this country more than usually friendly. Mr. de Witt Clinton has declined the appointment of minister to the Court of St. James's.

Reports respecting the crops in the island of Jamaica, are very unfavourable. By an accidental fire which occurred in the Island of St. Thomas, in the month of February, five hundred houses were destroyed, and other property, to the estimated amount of 1,500,000 dollars.

Favourable advices have been received from India. A decisive victory was obtained by the British troops over the Burmese, on the 1st of December, and another on the 15th of the same month. In both instances, the loss of men and of artillery, on the part of the enemy, was immense. The reports of the death, by assassination, of the King and Queen of Ava, have not been confirmed.

On the 2d of March, the city and neighbourhood of Algiers were visited by a tremendous earthquake; and it is said, that of a population of 15,000, chiefly Moors, Jews, and Arabs, only about three hundred were saved, and those in a mutilated state.

The coronation of the King of France is said to have been fixed for the 29th of May. The Duke of Northumberland, on his special embassy on that occasion, is expected to have nearly one hundred persons in his suite; the expense, amounting to 50,000*l*. will be borne by himself.

The Emperor of Russia was expected at Warsaw in the middle of April, to open the diet. At St. Petersburg several conferences have been held between Count Nesselrode, minister for foreign affairs, and the ambassadors from the Courts of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A *LADY* is about to publish the contents of an album, placed some years in her drawing-room, to receive the contributions of her literary friends during their visits. The subjects discussed are exceedingly various and entertaining, and the work, under the title of *The Blue Book*; or, *Characters and Opinions*, is expected to appear early in May.

In the course of May will be published, *The Oracle of Human Destiny*; or, the *Unerring Foreteller of Future Events*, by Madame V. Normand, Professor of the Celestial Sciences at Paris.

In the press, and shortly will be published, *The Travellers, a Tale*, in 3 vols. 12mo. Illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of Modern Greece. By T. T. C. Kendrick, author of *The Kako-Demon*.

A *New Theory of Lights* is in the press, and will be published in the month of May.

This day is published, 8vo. price 2s. 6d. *The Negro's Memorial*; or, the *Abolitionist's Catechism*. By an Abolitionist.

Mr. G. Thomson, of Edinburgh, is preparing a sixth volume of his *Collection of the Songs of Burns*, Sir *Walter Scott*, and other eminent lyric Poets; united to the *SELECT MELODIES OF SCOTLAND* chiefly, and to many of those of Ireland and Wales, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, composed by *HAYDN*, *Beethoven*, &c. who have also arranged many of the Melodies for two and three Voices.

The fourth volume of *Capt. Brenton's valuable Naval History* is in the press, and will be published on the 10th of the ensuing month.

Part of *Dr. Alex. Jamieson's New Practical Dictionary of Mechanical Science*, embellished with many hundred Engravings on copper and wood, will be published early in May.

The *Mexican Mine Laws*, from the Spanish ordinances, with *Observations on Regulations which govern the other Mines in South America*, will shortly appear. This work is under the superintendence of a Barrister.

Just published, *Calendarium Palestinæ*; comprising the *Outlines of a Natural History of Syria*, an *Account of the Jewish Fasts and Festivals*, with the *Service of the Synagogue*; and an attempt to reconcile the Jewish with the Julian Calendar. Beautifully printed on a large sheet, adapted for the Study. By *William Carpenter*. Also, an edition in 12mo. with a *Dissertation on the Hebrew Months from the Latin of J. D. Michaëlis*.

GLEANINGS IN BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.—It was some time ago announced that *Mr. Donovan* had in contemplation the publication of some very interesting materials on *British Natural History*, in the same form and manner as his former well known publications, and which was likely to prove a useful, if not indispensable, companion to them. In part of this design, the prospectus for the *Gleanings in British Ornithology* has now appeared. This portion of the new undertaking will include scientific as well as general descriptions, of the *NESTS* and *Eggs* of every *BRITISH BIRD* at present known, and will be throughout accompanied with very accurately and beautifully coloured plates. An elucidation of this pleasing department of nature upon the comprehensive scale proposed, has hitherto remained among the desiderata of science. The specimens, as it will appear in the progress of the work, have been collected with the most consummate labour by many eminent naturalists, and are the result of researches that have engaged their arduousness for nearly a century past. Orders received for the work by all bookellers.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To *Robert Hicks*, of *Conduit-street*, in the county of *Middlesex*, surgeon, for his invention of an improved bath—Sealed 22d March—6 months for Enrolment.

To *Francis Ronalds*, of *Croydon*, in the county of *Surrey*, Esq. for his invention of a new tracing apparatus to facilitate drawing from nature—23d March—2 months.

To *Richard Wilby*, of the town of *Kingston-upon-Hull*, in the county of the same town, and of *Sculcoats*, in the county of *York*, civil engineer, for his new invented improvement in the methods of lighting by gas, by reducing the expenses thereof—23d March—6 months.

To *John Martin Hanchett*, of *Crescent-place*, *Blackfriars*, in the city of *London*, and *Joseph Delvalle*, of *Whitcross-street*, in the parish of *St. Luke*, in the county of *Middlesex*, Esq. in consequence of a communication made to them by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an improvement or improvements in looms, for making cloths, silks, and different kinds of woollen stuffs of various breadths—24th March—6 months.

To *Joseph Mantou*, of *Hanover-square*, in the parish of *St. George*, *Hanover-square*, in the county of *Middlesex*, gun-maker, for his invention of a certain im-

provement in shot—25th March—6 months.

To Aaron Jennings and John Belteridge, both of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, manufacturers and japanners, for their invention of certain improvements in the method or methods of preparing and working pearl shell into various forms and devices, for the purpose of applying it to ornamental uses in the manufacture of japan ware, and of other wares and articles to which the same can be applied—20th March—6 months.

To Richard Roberts, of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, civil engineer, for his invention of an improvement, or certain improvements, of, in, or applicable to the mule, billy, jenny, stretching frame, or any other machine or machines, however designated or named, used in spinning cotton, wool, or other fibrous substances, and in which either the spindles recede from and approach the rollers or other deliverers of the said fibrous substances, or in which such rollers or deliverers recede from and approach the spindles—20th March—6 months.

To James Haumer Baker, of the island of Antigua, but now residing in St. Martin's-lane, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in the arts of dyeing and calico-printing by the use and application of certain vegetable material or materials—20th March—6 months.

To Maurice de Jough, of Warrington, cotton-spinner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in spinning machines, and preparation machines, generally called mules, jennies, stubbers, and any other machine to which his invention may be applied, whereby much labour hitherto done by hand is performed by machinery—20th March—6 months.

To Edward Sheppard, of Usey, in the county of Gloucester, clothier, and Alfred Flint, of the same place, engineer, for their newly invented series of improvements in machinery for raising the wool or pile on woollen or other cloths by points, by which the process is much facilitated, and a great saving effected, and part of which improvements are also applicable to brushing, smoothing, and dressing such cloths, to the great benefit of the public—20th March—2 months.

To Thomas Patkin, of Baches-row, City-road, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, for his new invented mode of paving, in a certain manner, parts of public roads, whereby the draft of waggon, carts, coaches, and other carriages, is facilitated—20th March—6 months.

To Rudolph Cabanel, of Melina-place, Westminster-road, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on engines or machinery for raising water, part of which

machinery is applicable to other useful purposes—30th March—6 months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, lace-manufacturer, for his invention of certain new or improved methods of figuring or ornamenting various descriptions or kinds of goods manufactured from silk, cotton, flax, or other thread or yarn—31st March—6 months.

To Jacob Jedderly Fisher, of Kaling, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. for his new invented application of rail-ways, and the machinery to be employed thereon—2d April—6 months.

To Simon Broadmeadow, of Abergavenny, in the county of Monmouth, civil engineer, for his apparatus for exhausting, condensing, or propelling air, smoke, gas, or other æriform products—2d April—6 months.

To William Turner, of Winslow, in the county of Chester, saddler, being one of the people called quakers, and William Mosedale, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, in the county of Middlesex, coach-maker, for their new invented improvements on collars for draught horses—2d April—2 months.

To Robert William Brandling, of Low Gosworth, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of Rail Roads, and in the construction of Carriages to be employed thereon and elsewhere—12th April—6 months.

To William Shalders, of the city of Norwich, leather-cutter, for his new invented gravitating expressing fountain for raising and conveying water, or any other fluid, for any purpose.—12th April—2 months.

To William Gillman, of Whitechapel-road, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, and James William Sowerby, of Birchin-lane, in the city of London, merchant, for their invention of certain improvements in generating steam, and on engines to be worked by steam, or other elastic fluids.—13th April 6 months.

To Thomas Sunderland, of Croom's Hill Cottage, Blackheath, in the county of Kent, Esq., for his invention of a new combination of fuel—20th April—6 months.

To Charles Ogilvy, of Verulam-buildings, Grays-inn, in the county of Middlesex, Esq. for his invention of an improved apparatus for storing gas 20th April—6 months.

To J. Gottlieb Ulrich, of Bucklersbury, Cheapside, in the city of London, chronometer maker, for his invention of certain improvements on chronometers—25th March—6 months.

To John Broomfield, of Islington, near Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, engineer, and Joseph Luckcock, of Edgbaston, near Birmingham aforesaid, gen-

Geman, for their invention of certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes—20th April—6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Well-close-square, in the county of Middlesex,

engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for washing, cleansing, or bleaching of linens, cottons, and other fabrics, goods, or fibrous substances—20th April—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—Cottons continue to attract intense interest; the sales at Liverpool from Saturday to Wednesday inclusive are 70,000 bags; the sales here from Saturday to last night inclusive are 60,000 bags; the advance during these extensive operations in London is 4d per lb. on Egyptian, 3d per lb. on Pernambuco, 2d. per lb. on Bowed, and 1d a 1½d on East India: the advance in Liverpool is nearly the same. The value of Cotton sold in the two markets is estimated at three millions. The market this afternoon is quiet.

COFFEE.—Coffee fell 6s. a 6s. on Tuesday, since which the market has been in a languid state, and the prices again becoming nearly nominal; the only purchases reported were St. Domingo at 65s. and it is stated 60s. has since been refused for a large parcel. The public sales brought forward this week have been entirely taken in, and afford no criterion of the market prices.

SUGAR.—The Sugar market continues in a very languid state, and a fur-

ther decline of 1s. a 2s. per cwt. has taken place; new Demerara Muscovades sold so low as 60s.; they were dry, but of a very dark colour; no Jamaicas have sold under 63s. The refined market has rather given way; the best lumps can be purchased at 63s.; the others in proportion.—Molasses 25s. 6d. This morning there is some inquiry for Havana and other Foreign Sugars, on account of the news of last night—martial law proclaimed in Cuba; some white Havannah, rather a large parcel, sold at 48s.

HEMP and TALLOW.—Tallow continues very heavy; the New is to-day 36s. 3d. a 36s. 6d.—Hemp heavy at 51 10s.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market continues in a very depressed state, and if buyers came forward they could purchase at lower prices; but no sales are reported. The Rum contract to-day attracts much attention; it will no doubt affect the market prices. Brandy and Geneva remain nominally at the late quotations.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS.*

FROM TUESDAY, FEB. 22, TO SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1825, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street; unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Barker, J. of Butler's-alley, Little Moor-fields, silk manufacturer.
Cooper, J. of Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
Hall, R. jun. late of Pontton-in-the-Fylde, Lancashire, liquor-merchant, ironmouger and grocer.
Holdsworth, B. late of Leeds, Yorkshire, but now of Calcutta, in the kingdom of Bengal, flax-spinner.
Roeber, J. late of Eton, Buckinghamshire, tailor.
Robinson, J. H. and Robinson, H. S. late of
E. M. April, 1825.

Bidden-court, Hornchurch, Essex,* has salesman
Sweetapple, J. P. of Chisenbury, Wilts, horse-dealer.

BANKRUPTS.

Abrahams, A. of Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, oil-merchant. (Aulton, Whitcomb-street.)
Akers, M. late of Compton-street, Soho, but now of Wallan-green, cabinet-maker.
(Jackson, Thro' Crown-square, Southwark.)
Ash, T. of Birmingham, grocer and druggist, at the Swan Inn, Birmingham. (Ellis,

- Sons, Walsley, and Gorton, 43, Chancery-lane.
- Bertram, M. Philpot-lane, Fenchurch-street, soap-maker. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
- Barron, J. Tarleton, Lancashire, malster. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.
- Blunt, T. Twickenham, Middlesex, grocer. (Humphreys and Cutts, Tooley-street.
- Bennett, G. Seymour-place, St. Mary le-bone, butcher. (Hill, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.
- Bath, J. Devonport, grocer. (Church, Great James-street, Bedford-street, Bedford-row.
- Brealey, G. W. of Aldersgate-street, linen-draper. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury.
- Brown, J. of Austin-friars, merchant (trading under the firm of Sculthorpe, Brown, and Co. (Birkett, Taylor, and Cox, Cloak-lane.
- Burn, J. of Manchester, cotton-merchant, at the Star Inn, Manchester. (Ellis, Sons, Walsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.
- Baker, J. of Clare-market, potatoe-dealer. (Sherwood & Son, Canterbury-square, South-walk.
- Browley, of T. Poland-street, Oxford-street, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street.
- Bray, J. late of London-wall (but now a prisoner in the King's Bench Prison for debt), livery-stable-keeper and job-master. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square.
- Burgess, G. Chatham, baker. (Lewis, Crutched-fruits.
- Baxter, M. of Cambridge, livery-stable-keeper and dealer in houses, at the Red Lion, Cambridge. (Wilson, 7, Barnard's-inn, Holborn.
- Croton, T. and T. Liverpool, ship-chandlers. (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Tokenhouse-yard.
- Collins, B. D. Bristol, hatter. (King and Lukin, Gray's-inn-square.
- Chilcott, T. late of Lantarnam, Monmouthshire, miller and meatman. (Bicknell and Co. New square, Lincoln's-inn.
- Charters, W. and P. Merthyr-Tydvil, Shropshire, tea-dealers (Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-square.
- Caton, E. Preston, milliner. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.
- Candlin, W. Burslem, Staffordshire, shoemaker. (Walford, Grafton-street, Bond-street.
- Canburn, W. A. Black Lion-lane, Bayswater, brewer. (Loveland, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane.
- Clark, W. Elizabeth-place, Kennington-cross, master-mariner. (Boriadalis and Ashmore, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
- Chubb, W. of Bristol, merchant, at the Rummer Tavern, Bristol. (Evans and Shearman, 97, Hatton-garden.
- Camelo, M. J. F. of Devonshire-street, Queen-square, merchant. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
- Carter, H. of Portsea, druggist, at the Navy Tavern, Half Moon-street, Portsea. (Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane.
- Chittenden, H. now or late of Ashford, Kent, house carpenter, at the Guildhall, Canterbury. (Bower, 46, Chancery-lane.
- Cattle J. A late of Green Hammerton, Yorkshire (but now a prisoner for debt in the New Gaol in the city of York), money-lender, at the Red Lion Inn near Monk Bar. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden.
- Cope, H. of Gough-street, Gray's Inn-lane, builder. (Maitland, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street.
- Davis, J. of Liverpool, ale and porter-dealer, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Liverpool. (Chester, Staple-inn.
- Dovey, S. and Cox, J. of 22, Church-street, Soho, tailors and drapers. (Maitland, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street.
- Dixon, J. late of Little East-cheap, baker. (Harmer, Hatton-garden.
- Drury, R. of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, furrier at the Shire-hall, Shrewsbury. (Griffiths, No. 37, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
- Dryden, B. late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common-brewer and victualler (surviving partner of W. Askey, late of the same place, deceased), at the Crown and Thistle, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.
- Drant, J. of Kingston-upon-Hull, perfumer. (Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.
- Dale, U. jun. Waterloo-road, Surrey, butcher. (Garrett, New North-street, Red Lion-square.
- Davy, W. Webber-street, Surrey, carpenter. (Winter and Williams, Bedford-row.
- Dyson, J. Huddersfield, clothier. (Jaques and Batty, New-inn.
- Dickson, G. M. Liverpool, provision-dealer, at (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
- Dean, J. Brompton, timber-merchant. (Hurd, Berwick-street, Oxford-street.
- Evans, H. and W. Oxford-street, lacemen. (Hurst, Milk-street.
- Ekins, J. Oxford-street, cheesemonger. (Fairthorn, Loffy, and Hickes, Coleman-street.
- French, T. Cheltenham, grocer. (Vizard and Blower, Lyncoln's-inn-fields.
- Forsyth, S. S. Hackney, haberdasher. (Brough, Shoreditch.
- Foulkes, J. Cheltenham, haberdasher. (Hurd and Johnson, King's-bench-walk, Temple.
- Fuller, J. and J. and J. Fletcher, Radcliffe, Lancashire, provision-dealers. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple.
- Farley, T. Herston-place, Commercial-road. (Farris, Surrey-street, Strand.
- Fry, R. sen. of East-street, Hoxton, cheesemonger and butter-merchant. (Tate and Johnson, 4, Cophall-buildings, Throgmorton-street.
- Finch, C. F. of Old Cavendish-street, wine-merchant. (W. R. Hutchinson, No. 13, Fournival's-inn.
- Forsyth, P. and Bell, J. Berwick-upon-Tweed, drapers. (Wilson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
- Fitzpatrick, C. C. Great Guildford-street, Southwark, grocer. (Collins, Spital-square.
- Fox, R. Liverpool, surgeon, at the George-inn, Liverpool. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
- Fentum, J. of the Strand, shopkeeper. (Dyke and Lock, Arundel-street, Strand.
- Gardiner, J. Paddington-canal, Paddington, scavenger. (Carlton, High-street, Mary-le-bone.
- Godwin, W. of the Strand, Middlesex, bookseller. (Greenhill, Great Carter-lane, Doctor's-commons.
- Graham, G. of Sunderland near the sea, Durham, master-mariner, and ship-owner. (Blackiston, Symond's-inn.
- Glover, T. Warton-street, Soho, bricklayer. (Hodgson, King's-road, Bedford-road.
- Garth, W. Ballgrove, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Beverley, Garden-walk, Temple.
- Gregory, S. and J. Bowdon, Manchester, merchants. (Appley and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square.

* We were placed last month under the necessity of omitting a considerable part of the Bankrupts and Dividends, which we take the opportunity of now inserting, in addition to those of the present month.

- Griffiths, J. Holywell, Flintshire, corn-merchant. (Jones, Pump-court, Temple.
- Goodwin, W. Strand, bookseller. (Greenhill, Great Carter-lane, Doctor's common.
- Gardner, R. M. late of Deal, Kent, merchant (Simpson, Austin-fruars.
- Gibson, T. Warrington, Lancashire, grocer. (Fitchett and Wagstaff, Warrington.
- Gough, E. of Gospel-end, Sedgley, Staffordshire, nail-maker, at the Royal Hotel Inn, Birmingham. (Wimburn and Collett, 62, Chancery-lane.
- Griffiths, J. of Liverpool, grocer and provision-dealer, at the George-inn, Dale-street, Liverpool. (John, Pal-grave-place, Temple bar.
- Hay, W. Rosemary-lane, victualler. (Templer, John-street, America-square.
- Howell, I. Cheltenham, plumber. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
- Haylett, W. of the Windsor-castle, Hammer-smith, Middlesex, victualler. (Turner, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Howes, W. jun. Robert's-terrace, Commercial-road, Middlesex, oilman. (Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark.
- Hart, J. Gloucester, woollen-draper. (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.
- Henley, G. of No. 299, Strand, cheesemonger. (Florance, 35, Finsbury-square.
- Hawkins, A. Old London-road, St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, shopkeeper. (Alexander, Carey-street, Chancery-lane.
- Haldy, J. F. and Norcott, W. of Castle-street, Leicester-square, Middlesex, wine-merchants. (Smyth, 37, Red Lion-square.
- Hood, J. jun. now or late of Deritend, near Birmingham, grocer, druggist, and tallow-chandler. (James and Whitelock, Ely-place.
- Hawkes, J. of the Old Jewry, hardwareman and general-factor. (Sheppard, Thomas, and Lepard, Clock-lane.
- Hurd, B. Windsor-place, dealer. (Sergeant, Barnard's-inn.
- Hyde, J. of Winchester, grocer. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
- Harrison, J. of Red Lion-street, Holborn, trimming-manufacturer. (John Watson, No. 20, Gerrard-street, Soho.
- Hodgson, S. Halifax, Yorkshire, iron-founder, at the Swan-inn, Halifax. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Innell, C. late of Chalford, Gloucestershire, clothier. (Letall and Paul, Tetbury; and Messrs. Long and Austin, Gray's-inn.
- Jackson, J. Dover, Kent, tailor. (Patrick Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.
- Jay, H. Kilburn, carpenter. (Saunders and Bailey, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
- King, T. Oxford, grocer. (Barrett and Turville, Gray's-inn.
- Knight, R. jun. of Belyklere-place, Southwark, corn-dealer. (Richard Whitehouse, No. 41, Castle street, Holborn.
- Levy, T. Basinghall-street, Blackwell-hall-factor. (Burradale and Ashmore, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
- Lloyd, T. H. Trafalgar-street, Walworth, warehouseman. (Cope, Wilson-street, Gray's-inn-road.
- Mann, C. of Birmingham, victualler, at Waddell's Hotel, New-street, Birmingham. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place.
- Millward, R. Longnor, Staffordshire, grocer. (Kilmister and Challinor, Leek, Staffordshire.
- Mills, J. of St. Clement's Church-yard, Strand, stay-manufacturer and whalebone-cutter. (Mayhew, No. 19, Chancery lane.
- Madge, J. of Southampton, baker, at the Coach and Horses, Southampton. (Brundrett, Spinks, and Reddish, Temple.
- Nicklin, E. of Hulme, Lancashire, joiner and builder, at the Star-inn, Deansgate, Manchester. (Appley and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square.
- Nairne, J. H. formerly of Shepherdess-place, City-road, and of Rose-street, St. Luke's, and late of Frederick's-place, Borough-road, brass-founder. (Wright, 21, Little Alie-street, Goodman's-fields.
- Pinck, J. of Chichester, Sussex, linen and woollen-diaper. (Jay and Byles, 5, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn.
- Pavey, J. Staines, draper. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Buntinghall-street.
- Pettifer, H. High Holborn, cheesemonger. (Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street, Fenchurch-street.
- Quick, J. of Portsea, musical-instrument-seller, at the Navy Tavern, Hall Moon-street, Portsea. Dix, Symonds-inn, Chancery-lane.
- Runder, F. and Campbell, W. F. of Hattón-garden, Middlesex, jewellers. (Robinson, Walbrook.
- Robinson, H. T. of Gun-street, Old Artillery-ground, silk-manufacturer. (Pritchard, 28, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
- Rambotham, C. W. of Clement's-lane, City, merchant. (Blunt, Roy, and Blunt, Liverpool-street, Broad-street-buildings.
- Richardson, J. Liverpool, merchant, at the George-inn, Liverpool. (Allington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Redford-row.
- Robinson, S. Fenchurch-street, stationer. (Kvitt and Rixon, Haydon-square, Minories.
- Smith, C. of Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, silk-mercier. (Aiden, No. 15, Clifford's-inn.
- Sutton, R. of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, colour-dealer. (C. Lewis, 47, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
- Street, G. of Dulwich, Surrey, carpenter and builder. (Carlton, High-street, Mary-la-bonne.
- Shields, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, wire-worker. (Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings, Westminster.
- Smith, C. of East-street, Walworth, builder. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street.
- Trueitt, W. of Wellington-street, Strand, dealer in perfumery. (Digman, Newman-street, Oxford-street.
- Turner, R. now or late of Gerrard's Hall Tavern, Basing-lane, wine and spirit-mercant. (Aspinall, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
- Taylor, J. of Little Pultney-street, Golden-square, cheesemonger. (Gee, No. 4, New North-street, Red Lion-square.
- Tuck, E. G. W. (otherwise E. W. G. Tuck), of Kilmorton, Middlesex, market-gardener. (Pope, Bloomfield-street, Finsbury-crescent.
- Thomson, J. of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, victualler, at the Royal Hotel, Cheltenham. (King, Sergeants-inn, Fleet-street, London.
- Tomsey, J. of Beaumont-street, St. Mary-la-bonne, grocer and oilman (now or lately in partnership with Deliverance Smith Cafe, under the firm of Tomsey and Cafe.) (Carlton, High-street, Mary-la-bonne.
- Uphill, R. West Wyford, Somersetshire, apothecary, at the Council Chamber, Herester. (Orchard and Co. Gray's-inn-square.
- Warrick, J. Austin-fruars, wine-mercant. (Beckett, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street.
- Ward, J. late of the George and Vulture Tavern, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, merchant. (Miller, New-inn.
- Weaver, E. late of Francis-place, Westminster-road, but now a prisoner in the King's Bench, grocer and tea-dealer. (J. J. Tanner, New Basinghall-street.
- Wigglesworth, G. late of Halifax, Yorkshire, factor, at the Magistrates' room, Halifax. (Jacques and Batty, 36, Coleman-street.
- Wall, R. of Brixton, Surrey, wheelwright. (Farden, No. 3, New-inn, St. Clement's.
- Wilson, T. of Barnsley, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer, at the Public-office, Barnsley. (Bartlett, Bartholomew-close.
- Washer, J. K. of Bristol, tiler, painter, and glazier, at the Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (King and Lukin, Gray's-inn-square.

DIVIDENDS:

- Arndt, J. G. and J. C. Moessner, Coleman-street and Old Bond-street, toy-merchants, April 30.
- Ackland, T. sen. Greenwich, butcher, May 7.
- Archer, J. Gun-street, Spital-fields, factor, May 7.
- Albott, H. R. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker, May 17.
- Brooks, A. Oldham, Lancashire, shopkeeper, March 22.
- Beale, W. and J. H. Wrathall, Union street, Southwark, hat-makers, March 1.
- Becher, C. C. Lothbury, merchant, March 5.
- Bedbury, R. Stone, Staffordshire, dealer, March 23.
- Berks, E. Sheffield, grocer, March 19.
- Bryan, W. L. and R. G. Gunnell, Poultry, printers, March 26.
- Beasley, R. G. J. and W. Bell, Austin-friars, merchants, April 16.
- Brown, G. New Bond-street, oilman, March 24.
- Radwell, G. Bury, linen-draper, April 5.
- Barnard, G. Skinner-street, Snowhill, printer, March 19.
- Barlow, J. and W. Sheffield, manufacturers of razors, April 19.
- Brown, S. and T. Hollescott, St. Mary's-hill, merchants, March 15.
- Bryan, R. J. and J. New-year's-bridge, merchants, April 14.
- Bates, T. Chancery-court, Old Broad-street, merchant and broker, April 30.
- Burnett, A. Lisle-street, Westminster, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, April 30.
- Birch, W. and C. L. Birch, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coach-makers, April 30.
- Bryan, R. J. Bryan, and James Bryan, New Year's-bridge, Saddlers'-walk, York-shire, woollen-manufacturers and merchants, May 5.
- Browne, T. 110 of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, plumber, painter, and glazier, May 3.
- Banks, J. and W. Garrod, late of Beccles, Suffolk, linen and woollen-draper, May 6.
- Brundt, C. Jermyn-street, Middlesex, watch-maker, April 16.
- Brown, J. Waterloo-wharf, Strand, coal-merchant, April 19.
- Buckland, T. Langley, Buckinghamshire, brick maker, May 7.
- Brown, C. Dundee, merchant, April 2.
- Burley, R. Coventry, Warwickshire, silk and trimming-manufacturers, April 16.
- Barter, J. of Paul, timber-merchant, April 19.
- Brett, W. of Stone, Staffordshire, grocer, April 27.
- Browne, W. J. and W. Ker, Liverpool, merchants, April 27.
- Brown, G. Regent-street, upholsterer, May 10.
- Brandt, C. Jermyn-street, watchmaker, April 23.
- Bentham, T. Chatham, and Sheerness, Kent, banker, May 10.
- Brodribb, J. D. Bristol, tallow-chandler, May 14.
- Clayton, W. Dockhead, grocer, March 12.
- Cleghorn, W. Hatch-lane, highway, cheesemonger, Croxford, G. jun. Iwer, Buckinghamshire, collar-maker, March 26.
- Chesney, H. High Holborn, fringe-manufacturer, March 26.
- Crawford, W. jun. late of Cheapside, bookseller, May 7.
- Cunningham, J. late of Birmingham, linen-draper, May 12.
- Compland, W. Liverpool, merchant, May 16.
- Collens, J. and F. Nicholas, Lombard-street, and Breachley, Kent, timber-merchants, May 14.
- Cooper, G. Tutbury Mill, Tutbury, Staffordshire, miller, April 27.
- Crisp, J. Peasehall, Suffolk, shopkeeper, April 18.
- Carter, W. jun. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, silk-manufacturer, April 30.
- Carpenter, J. of Wellington, Somersetshire, banker, April 28.
- Carpenter, J. P. Wellington, Somersetshire, draper, April 27.
- Cooper, J. late of Ryam, Yorkshire, grocer and draper, April 28.
- Cooke, J. Frame Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier, April 30.
- Collyer, R. Cheltenham, porter-dealer and wine-merchant, May 10.
- Donn, W. T. Bentham, B. Southam, of Chatham and Sheerness, bankers, April 19.
- Doukin, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen and woollen draper, April 27.
- Durham, J. Catherine-street, cabinet-maker, May 7.
- Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, ironmonger, May 17.
- Ellis, A. Mare-street, Hackney, carpenter, April 19.
- Evans, P. late of Hungerford-market, oyster-merchant, May 7.
- Edwards, R. Morgan's-lane, Tooley-street, brandy-merchant, May 14.
- Fleming, R. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, wine-merchant, April 19.
- Foster, T. Solby, Yorkshire, merchant, April 20.
- Forst, H. late of Portsmouth, and of London, hardwareman, May 4.
- Fearman, W. New Bond-street, bookseller, April 30.
- Fytte, E. C. New Cavendish-street, Portland-place, grocer, May 21.
- Glorer, D. and G. Leeds, merchants, March 19.
- Glover, J. late of Leeds, woolstapler, May 4.
- Gampertz, A. Great Winchester-street, merchant, May 14.
- Gresham, Liverpool, ship-chandler, May 17.
- Humphreys, H. late of Wells-row, Islington, grocer, May 7.
- Hury, W. C. Mincing-lane, merchant, May 7.
- Hutchins, G. late of Andover, Hampshire, victualler, May 10.
- Honeysett, W. of Dalston, St. John, Hackney, carpenter and builder, April 23.
- Humphries, J. Westbury, Wiltshire, wool-stapler, April 28.
- Higgs, W. and G. Hodson, Bristol, leather-factors, April 23.
- Hodge, H. late of Wilke's-place, Hoxton Old Town, brick-maker, April 16.
- Honeybourne, J. Milton-lane, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, coal-dealer and glass-manufacturer, April 18.
- Harvey, H. S. Osborn-street, boxer, April 16.
- Harley, M. and J. Dale, Manchester, ware-housemen, May 2.
- Hould, S. of Laytonstone, Essex, butcher, May 7.
- Hodges, J. No. 1, Aldgate, blanket warehouseman, May 10.
- Jackson, H. W. and W. W. Beaumont, Great Eastcheap, cutlers and warehousemen, April 30.
- Knight, J. Borton-under-Needwood, Tatenhill, Staffordshire, diaper, April 26.
- Levy, S. A. Bucklersbury, merchant, April 9.
- Lynn, J. Chard, Somersetshire, ironmonger.
- Lambert, G. Shance-street, Chelsea, school-master, bookseller and stationer, May 1.
- Lynn, T. of the Jerusalem coffee-house, Cornhill, late master of the ship Albion, merchant, May 7.
- Lee, J. Islington, Essex, innkeeper, May 24.
- Lloyd, P. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, shirt-factor, May 14.
- Morgan, M. Newport, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper, March 25.
- Nowman, J. Upper East Smithfield, slop-seller, March 15.
- Meek, J. and G. Gill, Liverpool, merchants and brokers, April 21.
- Morton, P. of Salford, Manchester, merchant, May 2.

McAdam, W. Leicester, draper and tea-dealer, May 5.
May, N. Albion-terrace, Stepney, builder and brick-maker, April 30.
Melhuish, G. Crediton, Devonshire, tanner, May 4.
Marshall, P. Scarborough, Yorkshire, grocer, May 3.
Mumford, E. late of Liverpool, silversmith and jeweller, May 11.
Miles, R. London, merchant, May 10.
Mackie, F. Watlington-street, merchant, May 21.
Martin, F. of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant, May 9.
Mathewson, E. H. Gateshead, Durham, grocer, May 14.
Mandell, J. Liverpool, draper, May 17.
Nicholson, R. Plymouth, wine and brandy-merchant, April 23.
Nelson, J. Cheltenham, tea-dealer, April 30.
Norton, D. S. late of Exbridge, brewer, May 7.
Ogil, J. St. Paul's church-yard, haberdasher and silk-mercer, April 30.
Palfart, J. London-street, Fenchurch-street, merchant, March 22.
Polyart, J. London-street, Fenchurch-street, April 26.
Ploughman, H. late of Roincey, Southampton, common brewer and brandy-merchant, March 31.
Park, J. Tower-royal, merchant, May 3.
Pence, S. of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, grocer, April 30.
Plue, T. and **E. Davies,** Maidstone, millers, May 7.
Purdy, F. Mark-lane, broker, June 21.
Putley, H. Bedford, draper, May 17.
Ritchie, J. and **J. Richardson,** Watling-street, warehouseman, March 22.
Robinson, J. late of Nicholas lane, merchant, April 16.
Reynolds, J. Swansea, Glamorganshire, tanner, April 14.
Ryder, T. and **J. Nasmyth,** Fenchurch-street, and Old Gravel-lane, merchants and sugar-refiners, April 26.
Roughton, L. Noble-street, Foster-lane, wholesale druggist, May 3.
Rose, T. of the Cafe Royal, Regent-street, Pall mall, wine and brandy-merchant, April 16.
Rooke, W. Noble-street, silk-manufacturer, April 26.
Richardson, W. Horncastle, Lincoln, maltster, May 10.
Sykes, J. and **J. Hollis,** Manchester, iron and copper dealers, March 23.
Spencer, E. Wells, Somersetshire, dealer, April 25.
Smith, E. and **J. Sanderson,** Howden, Yorkshire, tailors and woollen-draper, April 20.
Smith, W. of Bristol, timber-merchant, April 28.

Shipp, J. of Walcot, Somersetshire, carpenter, April 27.
Stevens, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant, May 7.
Sargent, G. F. of Marlborough-place, Great Peter-street, Westminster, patent leather-dresser, April 12.
Sweet, C. Northawton, Devonshire, tanner, May 3.
Spandelow, R. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, ironmonger and grocer, May 2.
Spencer, J. M. Chipping Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, coach-master, May 10.
Smith, G. Bishopsgate-street-without, butcher, May 7.
Stevens, J. S. of Gate-street, carpet-warehouseman, May 28.
Spurrier, T. late of Enfield-highway, coal-merchant, May 7.
Sharpe, W. of Cole Oton, Leicestershire, butcher, May 10.
Smith, J. and **F. Clement's-lane** and **St. Southam's-lane,** hosiers, May 14.
Scott, S. and **W.** and **J. Smith,** Ashford, Kent, grocers, May 11.
Shaw, T. Southampton, wine-merchant, May 14.
Thorncliffe, J. Ipswich, cheese and butter-factor, March 11.
Towse, W. C. Bedford, draper, April 16.
Tee, J. late of Thunsworth, Yorkshire, shopkeeper, April 24.
Thompson, W. Paul, sen. Reddish-mill, Lancashire, cotton-printer and bleacher, May 2.
Thick, E. G. W. Edmonds, dealer, April 30.
Thomson, P. and **C. A. Thomson,** of Ton's coffee-house, Cornhill, and of Northway, Hotten-lane, wine-merchants, April 30.
Tew, H. Weddies-square, tea-dealer, May 11.
Wade, D. P. of Hadleigh, Suffolk, tanner, May 7.
Wood, T. late of Brechin-lane, merchant and underwriter, April 23.
Worrell, W. Liverpool, merchant, April 29.
Walker, S. B. of Warli-lane, Queen's-the, hoop-bender, April 28.
Watts, R. of Laurence Poultney-hill, merchant, April 19.
Welsh, T. Great Tower-street, wine and spirit-merchant, May 10.
Welsh, W. Liverpool, common brewer, May 11.
Winch, B. sen. Hawkhurst, Kent, farmer, April 30.
Wilson, R. Tonley-street, victualler, May 7.
Weedon, J. Albion-place, Blackfriars-road, hosier, May 14.
Wills, W. Sol's-row, Hampstead-road, rectifier of spirits, May 21.
Wilkie, T. Paternoster-row and Charterhouse-square, bookseller, June 11.
Wagstaff, D. and **G. H. Skinner-street,** Snow-hill, carpet warehouseman, May 11.
Wells, T. sen. Union-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer, May 14.
Walthew, J. Liverpool, linen-draper, May 18.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- April 2. The lady of Captain G. Gosling, of a daughter.
2. The lady of C. Thelluson, Esq. of a son.
4. The lady of J. Knox, Esq. of a son.
5. The lady of H. Thomson, Esq. of a daughter.
7. Mrs. Maria Gray, of a daughter.
8. The lady of John Clark, Esq. of a son.
10. The lady of Thomas James, Esq. of a son.
12. The lady of William Hunt, Esq. of a daughter.

14. The lady of John Bernsinham, Esq. of a daughter.
15. The lady of Matthew North, Esq. of a daughter.
17. The lady of John Jones, Esq. of a daughter.
20. The lady of James Nicholas, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 5. in Berkeley-square, by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, George Ferguson, Esq. of Pittou, Captain in the Royal Navy, to the Hon. Elizabeth Jane Rowley, eldest daughter of Lord Langford.

7. At Mary-le-bone church, by the Rev. Philip Gurdon, Henry, eldest son of the Hon. John Wodehouse, and grandson of Lord Wodehouse, to Anne, only daughter of T. T. Gurdon, Esq. of Letton, Norfolk.
7. At Hornsey, John Kempson, Jun. Esq. to Miss Jane Hewetson, niece of the late John Saunton, Esq.
10. At St. Mary-le-bone new church, by the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Win. Somerset, Prebendary of Bristol, John Leveson Gower, of Bill-hill, in the county of Berks, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Gertrude Elizabeth Mitchell, second daughter of Lady Harriet and the late Colonel Mitchell.
13. By the Rev. Alexander Lockhart, at the New Church, Chelsea, the Rev. William Wood, eldest son of William Cole, Esq. of Martock, to Julia, eldest daughter of Vincent Stackey, Esq. of Sloane-street, and of Hill-house, Somersetshire.
14. At the Friends' Meeting-house in Birmingham, Robert, eldest son of Luke Howard, of Tottenham, Middlesex, to Rachel, daughter of Samuel Lloyd, of Birmingham.
17. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, by his brother, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Goldsmith-street, to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Hayter, Esq. of Brixton, Surrey.
20. At Leatherhead church, by the Rev. Mr. Dallaway, Acherson Lyle, of Oaks, county of Londonderry, Esq. to Eleanor, daughter of James Warre, of George-street, Hanover-square, Esq.
21. By special license, in the Duck Yard Chapel, Portsmouth, by the Rev. W. Short, D. D., Francis Baring, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. M. P. to Jane, youngest daughter of the Honourable Sir George Grey, Bart. K. C. B.

DEATHS.

- April 5. The Rev. John Pridden, M.A. F.S.A. in his 57th year.
 5. Mr. William Ruston, in his 68th year.
 7. The lady of Mr. R. S. Cox, in her 30th year.
 9. John Knight, Esq. in his 91st year.
 11. Mrs. Sarah Welsh, in her 20th year.
 13. John Powell, Esq. in his 75th year.
- Henry Fuseli, Esq. R.A. We have to record the death of this distinguished artist and accomplished scholar, which took place on Saturday morning, the 16th instant, at the house of the Countess of Guildford, Putney-hill. He attained the great age of 87, in perfect possession of his faculties, his mind remaining as completely vigorous and firm as at any former period of his life. Mr. Fuseli was a native of Zurich, and came to England

at an early age, more with the intention of making literature his study than art. Indeed he published a few works; but while he was yet undetermined, and speculating, as he said, on the great resolve of life, he took some of his drawings to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and asked his candid opinion whether he thought he had any chance of success as an artist. The President was so struck with the conception and power displayed in them, that, after viewing them attentively, he said, "Young man, were I the author of these drawings, and offered ten thousand a year not to practise as an artist, I would reject the offer with contempt;" this decided him—but it was not until the opening of his Milton gallery, about the year 1798, that the extent of his intellectual acquirements, his lofty imagination and unequalled fancy, were fully appreciated.

None who witnessed it can ever forget the effect produced on them by that sublime exhibition. The pictures he painted for the Shakespeare gallery must also be remembered with feelings of the highest admiration.—His *Ghost of Hamlet*, unquestionably the grandest work in the collection, can never be forgotten while the art exists. Mr. Fuseli enjoyed the friendship of many of the most distinguished literati of the age. The high opinion entertained of him, even in youth, by his celebrated townsman Lavater, was shewn by his putting into his hand at parting, a small piece of paper, beautifully framed and glazed, on which he found written in German—"Do but the tenth part of what you can do." Hang that up in your bed-room, my friend, said Lavater, and I know what will be the result.—The result did not disappoint him; their friendship ended only with life, and on the part of the artist, was continued to Lavater's son, with unabated fervour. Mr. Fuseli enjoyed excellent health, probably the result of his habitual temperance. He was also a very early riser, and whether in the country or in town, in summer or winter, was seldom in bed after five o'clock. He enjoyed perfect domestic happiness, and was, perhaps, one of the most affectionately attached husbands that ever breathed. His lady survives him. He has made a will, leaving her every thing he died possessed of. The body was brought to town on the night of the 17th instant, and received at the Royal Academy, by Messrs. Knowles and Balmanno, his executors. He has, for upwards of twenty years, held the offices of Professor of Painting and Keeper of the Royal Academy.*

* For a portrait and biographical memoir of this great man, see the number of the *European Magazine* for February, published on the 1st of March, 1825.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£. s.	£. s. d.		£. s.	£. s. d.
Canals.			Bridges.		
Ashton and Oldham	260	6	Hammersmith	20	—
Barnsley	325	12 & bs	Deptford Creek	35	—
Basingstoke	19	—	Southwark	17	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh.)	345	12 10	Vauxhall	43	1
Bolton and Bury	3	6	Waterloo	10	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny	170	8	Water-works.		
Bridgewater and Taunton	50	—	Halloway	—	—
Canals	—	—	Chelsea	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	105	5	Colechester	130	5 10
Chesterfield	120	6 10	East London	79	3
Coventry	1200	44 & bds.	Grand Junction	40	—
Cranford	2	10	Kent	140	—
Croydon	5	11	Liverpool Docks	47	—
Derby	225	8	Manchester and Salford	4	—
Dundley	87	3 10	Portsmouth and Farnham	25	1 10
Ellsmere and Chester	115	3 10	Portsea Island	4	—
Erewash	—	53	South London	90	—
Forth and Clyde	530	20	West Middlesex	74	2 10
Glamorganshire	—	13 12 8	York Buildings	36	1 10
GloUCESTER and BERKLEY O.S.	—	—	Insurance.		
Grand Junction	300	10 & 20s. b.	Alliance British and Foreign	187	—
Grand Surrey	55	2	Ditto Marine	2 1, pr	—
Grand Union	26	—	Palladium	6	pr
Grand Western	16	—	Aldon	60	2 10
Grantham	190	10	Atlas	9 5	9
Hereford and Gloucester	—	—	Bath	575	40
Huddersfield	35	1	Beacon	par	5
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Birmingham Fire	430	20
Kennet and Avon	27	1	British	53	3
Kensington	—	—	Do. Commercial Life	5 5	5
Lancaster	47	1 10	County	55	2 10
Leeds and Liverpool	515	15	Ditto Annuity	10 10	10
Leicester	360	11	Eagle	4 10	5
Leicester and North	93	4	European	20 15	1 2
Loughborough	255	200	Ditto New	180	7
Milton Mowbray	1000	11	Globe	21	—
Mersey and Irwell	2200	110	Guardian	6	6
Moulton	220	10	Hope	130	5
Montgomeryshire	72	2 10	Imperial Fire	12	10
Montgomeryshire	17	10	Ditto Life	78	9
North Walsham and Dilham	400	15	Kent Fire	—	2 10
Nottingham	300	12	Ditto Life	12	10
Nuthall	105	6 2	Law Life	23	1
Oakham	50	3	London Fire	21	10
Oxford	800	32 & bds.	London Ship	61	1 10
Peak Forest	193	5	Norwich Union	22	10
Portsmouth and Arundel	17	—	Provident	4 15	2
Regent's	55	—	Royal Exchange	315	10
Rochdale	130	4	Sun Fire	220	8 10
Shrewsbury	210	9 10	Sun Life	27	10
Shropshire	170	8	Union	44	1
Somerset Canal	—	10	Literary Institutions.		
Do Lock Fund	12	10	London	35	—
Stafford and Worcester	900	40	Russel	9	—
Stourbridge	230	12	Metropolitan	par	—
Stratford on Avon	42	1	Gas Lights.		
Stroudwater	450	31 10	Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	67	3 10
Swansea	250	11	Ditto New	5 6 pr	7
Taunton	120	—	City Gas Light Company	170	9 0
Thames and Medway	32	—	Ditto New	43	pr
Thames and Severn, New	35	1 10	Imperial	52	2 8
Trent and Mersey	2150	75 5 bon.	Phoenix or South London	13	pr
Warwick and Birmingham	300	11	General United Gas Comp.	43	pr
Warwick and Napton	260	11	British	45	pr
Wey and Arun	—	1	Bradford	45	2
Wills and Berke	7	10	Broadford	50	—
Wisbeach	45	—	Bath Gas	17	10
Worcester and Birmingham	50	1 10	Barnsley	17	10
Wyley and Easington	156	6	Birmingham	72	4
Docks.			Ditto Staffordshire	94	pr
London	105	4 10	Brighton Gas	18	10
West India	220	10	Do. New	12	10
East India	125	8	Bristol	23	10
Commercial	77	3 10	Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
Bristol	98	2 10	Burnley Gas	—	—
East Country	29	—	Belfast	—	—

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of March to the 25th April, 1825.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Red.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bds.	Consols. for acct.
25			92 3/4			105 1/2				51 54p	92 3/4
26			92 3/4			105 1/2				51 55p	92 3/4
27			92 3/4			105 1/2			77 74p	56 33p	92 3/4
28			92 3/4			105 1/2				56 33p	92 3/4
29			92 3/4			105 1/2			77 76p	56 33p	92 3/4
30			92 3/4			105 1/2			78 77p	51 61p	92 3/4
31			92 3/4			105 1/2			80p	53 59p	92 3/4
1			Holiday								
2			92 3/4			105 1/2			79 82p	61 64p	92 3/4
3			Holiday								
4			Holiday								
5			Holiday								
6						105 1/2	6 1/2		86p	54 68p	92 3/4
7			92 3/4			105 1/2	6 1/2		87p	59 61p	92 3/4
8			92 3/4			105 1/2	6 1/2		88 86p	55 67p	92 3/4
9	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4	99 1/2	59 1/2	105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	87 89p	56 63p	92 3/4
10			92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	86p	57 63p	92 3/4
11	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4	100 99 1/2	59 1/2	105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
12	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
13	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
14	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
15	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
16	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
17	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
18	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
19	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
20	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
21	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
22	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
23	23 1/2	3 1/2	92 3/4			105 1/2	7 1/2	22 1/2	89p	56 63p	92 3/4
24	Holiday										
25	Holiday										

JAMES WILKINSON, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of March to the 19th of April, 1825.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

March 1825.	Rain Gauge.	Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygrom.		Winds.		Atmos. Variations.		
		° A. & N.		° A. & N.		° A. & N.		° A. & N.		° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.
		° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.	° A. & N.
20		43	57	30	30	71	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
21		39	53	30	30	77	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
22		39	53	30	30	74	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
23		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
24		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
25		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
26		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
27		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
28		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
29		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
30		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
31		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
1		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
2		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
3		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
4		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
5		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
6		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
7		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
8		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
9		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
10		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
11		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
12		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
13		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
14		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
15		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
16		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
17		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
18		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
19		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine
20		39	53	30	30	70	31	NE	W	Fine	Fine	Fine

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of March, was 11.103 lbs. of an inch

Shackel and Arrowsmith, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.



Drawn by Miss Ross. Eng^d by Thomson.

THE INFANT LYRA.

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.	
Memoir of the Infant Lyra	389
The Female Hermits; or, The Hermitesses	393
A Take Up	396
A Brief Sketch of the present State of Literature in America	398
Dramatic Sketches, No. I.	401
Selina; or, Women of the Day....	407
Sisiphus	412
Crooked Customs.....	413
The Sun	414
Tell me not Stars	415
May Flowers	416
The Sunset Gun	417
Collins's Ode to the Passions	419
Answer to some Reflections on Dr. Johnson's Moral and Biographical Writings.....	421
Sonnet written on Windsor Terrace	425
Sonnet	ib.
On the Genius of Dr. Johnson	426
To Flowers.....	434
On the Literature of the Nineteenth Century.....	435
Italian Literature, No. I.	441
Lines written on receiving the Portrait of Dermody	449
Sonnet.—Stonehenge	450
LONDON REVIEW.	
The Country Minister, Part II.	451
Tales of Old Mrs. Jefferson	453
Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement	454
Delineations of Gloucestershire	456
FINE ARTS.	
The Fifty-seventh Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.....	458
THE DRAMA.	
King's Theatre.....	465
Coyent Garden.—Drury Lane.....	466
View of Public Affairs	467
Literary Intelligence	472
List of Patents	473
Commercial Report.....	474
Bankrupts—Dividends	475
Births, Marriages, and Deaths....	478
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies	479
Price of Stocks.....	480
Meteorological Journal	ib.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WERE we to follow the footsteps of our contemporary, Christopher North, Esq. we would plume ourselves in the superlative excellence, and increasing improvement of our magazine; but we know how little professions avail: we know the public will always judge for itself, and that mere swaggering, where there is no evidence of real literary talents, will avail little or nothing. If, however, we were inclined to boast, we would not hesitate to say that our present number evidences as much, at least, if not more, talent, than any periodical of the day; but we regret to think that the affectation of talent is frequently mistaken by the *ignobile vulgus* for the real exercise of those powers which distinguish gifted minds from the unthinking multitude. We are happy, however, to find, that we have succeeded, in a very great degree, to remove the literary fanaticism, if we may so call it, that has produced new schools of poetry and criticism, and we hope to witness its absolute extinction.

We shall be happy to receive any communications from the sentimental author of "A Take Up."

We have received several letters, expressing a hope that we would not neglect our promise, to defend the character of Doctor Johnson, as a critic and moral writer. We hope we have done so: at least we certainly feel as much zeal to defend him against the principles of new *doctrines* as any of our contemporaries.

The Author of the Essay on Italian Literature will receive a letter at our publisher's.

Replies to our Correspondents will be left at our publishers on the fifth instant.

We regret that the space which we allotted to a notice of Mr. Wilson's late admirable landscape, in our department of the Fine Arts, has been filled up by the printers. It will certainly appear in our next.

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed, that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row, or W. J. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow Street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number has been printed.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

MAY, 1825.

MEMOIR OF THE INFANT LYRA.

"Nihil intrare potest in affectum, quod in Aure Velut quodam vestibulo statim offendit."
QUINTILIAN.

Music is not only, in itself, the most delightful, and rapturous; the most animating, inspiring, and divine of all the arts, but it may be said to be the soul of all the rest. He who never felt moved by the concord of sweet sounds, never possessed a genius for any art whatever. The beauties of poetry and painting unfold their charms by degrees, and expand with the expansion of taste and knowledge; but music requires no antecedent culture of the mind to make us capable of perceiving and recognizing its divinity. It seizes upon us at once, and makes us beings of another world. It speaks a language which no man understands, but which all men feel. The Frenchman and the Englishman, who stare at each other with unmeaning countenance, each incapable of divining what the other labours to communicate, brighten immediately into rapture at the inspiring voice of music, and assume so intelligent and animated an expression, that they seem to understand each other perfectly. Indeed it exercises a much stronger and powerful influence over the uncultivated and savage mind than over po-

lished society, though it is only in civilized nations that the art itself has been cultivated and brought to perfection.

It may appear, indeed, a phenomenon in the laws of nature that, if music be an art, it should afford more pleasure to those who are immediately placed under the dominion of nature, than to those who are governed, almost in every thing, by the rules and principles of art; but this phenomenon will cease to be surprising, or, rather, it will cease to be considered a phenomenon, when we reflect, that to study and become acquainted with the principles of music, is only to study and become acquainted with those properties or laws of nature, that please us through the operation of sounds that harmonize with each other. The moment these sounds are produced, the pleasing and rapturous effect takes place; but though they are simple natural sounds, what study and attention does it require to get acquainted with them! If men were so highly gifted by nature as to produce these sounds instinctively, music would cease to be called an art; and it is therefore only our igno-

rance of them, and the necessity of being taught them by those who are already acquainted with them, that leads us to call it an art. There is, consequently, nothing of art in music but the art of getting acquainted with nature, and our ignorance of music is only our ignorance of certain properties or laws of nature. That music, therefore, though termed an art, should exercise a more powerful influence over the simple children of nature, than over those who are governed altogether by the adventitious rules and usages of artificial society, is natural; for, an attention to adventitious usages being an attention to that which has no foundation in nature, must unavoidably lessen the influence which nature, if we are left solely to her guidance, would necessarily exercise over us, and consequently render us, in a great degree, the creatures of artificial habits. I call the manners and usages of polished society adventitious, because they are produced by chance or caprice, different in different nations, and eternally varying in each, which would not be the case if they had any foundation in nature, like our passions and propensities. Acquired habits, however, can never draw us aside so far from the walks of nature, as to eradicate our propensities for its intenser and more vivid engagements; and music, accordingly, like love, subjects all men to its influence, except those who are "Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." Accordingly it retains its sway in high as well as in low life, though it exercises a more absolute and unresisted control in the latter.

But it is one thing to be affected by music, another to produce the effect. We are all born with different degrees of sensibility, but nature seldom produces any of us so dormant as not to be, we shall not say merely pleased, but actually thrown into a species of mental and physical rapture by the syren infatuation of music. The body yields to the bounding, buoyant, and indescribable emotions of the mind, so that music exercises its spell over soul and body at the same moment. The degree of sensibility, however, generally determines the degree of pleasure which it communicates, and a musical genius can therefore only result from sensibility of the finest and most exquisite mould. It

cannot therefore be acquired, for art cannot create feelings which nature has denied us, though it may check, or give a new direction to their original tendencies.

These observations are suggested by the surprising and admirable little infant, who forms the subject of our present memoir. We have listened to her divine touches with feelings of too exquisite and ethereal a mould, to be produced either by art, or the disciple of art, and of which we would not only believe ourselves incapable, but of which we could not even form an idea, had we never heard the strains by which they were produced. Could the little Lyra have ever produced this effect, if she had not been a peculiar favourite of nature, if she did not possess that exquisite degree of sensibility which responds to all those finer tones and divine strains which wake us to rapture and delight, and shudder instinctively from all those discordant sounds that intercept the harmony by which this rapture is produced? When we hear her,

"Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescit illo,
Impetus hic, sacra semina mentis habet."

We have always been of opinion, that a genius for music is the result of extreme sensibility, particularly in that organ which is the medium of sound, but had we even entertained a doubt on the subject, this little enchanting minstrel would instantly remove it. The expression of her countenance eternally varies, but always harmonises with the variation of the strains by which it is produced. In the finer notes, her head appears as fixed as a statue, and her ears in an attitude of attention, which no language can describe; but anon she strikes the lyre with a bold and fearless hand, and her countenance becomes then as strongly, but as indescribably, expressive, as her former riveted, and yet angelic, attention. It is not the expression of joy, nor of its absence: it indicates neither pain nor pleasure, joy nor melancholy; it expresses no passion for which we have a name; but it seems to say to the harp, as if in anger, and yet not angry, "you shall obey my will; you shall produce none of your discordant sounds: you were at one time stubborn and reluctant, and would fain produce

sounds that grated on my ear; but I have subdued your rebellious spirit, and you shall now utter not a sound, breathe not a sigh, that is not in harmony with my feelings, and the emotions which I seek to create. It is with this kind of feeling that her fingers fly, or rather sweep, along the lyre, with a boldness and command that is perfectly astonishing. In the intermediate parts, every note is accompanied by a corresponding motion of the body, and expression of countenance. The hand that is not employed upon the harp, is waving gracefully in the air, but always in perfect harmony with the music, and falls at the proper moment on the harp, as if by accident. It is, however, the expression of her countenance, that completely discloses the quick and rapid sensibility that reigns within. Her eyes inform you of the delight which her own harmony inspires, and she unites all the intelligence of age, with all the sweetness, simplicity, and innocence of youth. Indeed every thing that can be noticed in the child proves the extreme sensibility or susceptibility of her feelings; and we have no doubt but she will hereafter claim alliance with the *genus irritabile vatum*. We heard her harp one time out of tune, and the discordant string produced such an instant ejaculation of anger, that the instrument was immediately removed from her, and put into tune. In the finer notes, where she is all fixed attention, she seems as if endeavouring to steal her fingers across the lyre, and to hush it into silent and insensible repose.

If, however, our own observation did not convince us that art had no part in producing the extraordinary musical powers of this infant, the particulars that have been communicated to us of her early propensities, would convince us that she owes all to nature, or to that quick and tremulous sensibility with which nature has endowed her.

When at the age of nine months, while in her nurse's arms, she shewed an evident genius for music, by the rapture she expressed whenever she heard a song or tune; but what is more surprising, this rapture was governed and moderated by the most exquisite attention to the music. It is still more surprising, or, if nothing be surprising in itself, and owes its

supposed existence to our ignorance, it is still more unaccountable, more incapable of being brought within the grasp of philosophy and human comprehension, that at this early age, certain tunes should fret and displease her, a proof that whatever is capable of affording us most pleasure is also capable of giving us most pain, when unaccompanied by all the pleasing qualities of which it is capable. The fairest of all nature's works is a beautiful woman, but what do we look upon as the ugliest and most deformed? St. Pierre tells you, and we believe all mankind will agree with him, that no object is more disagreeable or abhorrent to our nature than an ugly woman. Hence the extreme of pleasure and the extreme of pain are always produced by the same object, whenever it clothes itself in qualities, that do not harmonize with those which rendered it so pleasing in our eyes. The man whose virtues attract our esteem and friendship, is of all men the most reprobate and detestable to us, when we discover that his virtues are feigned, and the fruit of the most refined hypocrisy. A man of exquisite taste cannot endure the productions of common artists, but who relishes more the simple and elegant productions of taste and genius? It is so with music. He who is most enraptured with the concord of sweet sounds, is of all men less capable of enduring their discords; and he who can bear discordant sounds without pain, will, you may stake your life upon it, hear the most enchanting strains with the most phlegmatic indifference. Our little enthusiast's mother, suspecting from her aversion to certain tunes, and her delight in others, that she possessed a musical genius, was induced to put this supposed genius to the test, by running down on her voice seven notes, omitting the key note, which omission the infant instantly perceived or rather felt, and with a most expressive and evident look of surprise, sounded the note which was thus purposely omitted; and when her mother, in running up the eight notes, slowly stopped before the third, she instinctively sounded it, and so the fifth and eighth, whenever omitted by her mother. At the age, if age it may be called, of sixteen months, she could sing every tune which she had an opportunity

of hearing, and, in two months after, she could perfectly distinguish between a major and a minor key, expressing her perception or rather sense of the difference in a manner very perceptible to those who witnessed her, but very difficult to be described to those who did not. To explain mute, though expressive feelings, is as difficult as to define simple ideas. The infant, from the moment her musical propensities were formed, evinced an evident predilection for the harp; but whether this arose from any original determination of nature, or from its being the first instrument that caught her attention and bewitched her imagination, is perhaps a question to which the closest attention to the progress and developement of her genius would not enable even her parents to reply. Even before she was capable of walking, she kept her eyes immovably fixed upon it, nor could any other object attract her attention until it was removed from her presence. As soon as she was capable of moving round the bound without assistance, she tried constantly to get at the harp, and to play or make out tunes upon it. From this period she constantly played tunes with her mother and sister, keeping her own part, and singing perfectly in time and tune. At the age of two, a harp-mistress was engaged to instruct a young lady in the house, and the little infant could not be prevailed upon to leave the room during the hours of instruction; and not only evinced the greatest delight, but paid the most fixed attention to the harp-mistress's instruction, and when she and her pupil retired, the infant climbed up with difficulty the chair or music stool, and practised the instructions she had heard given to the young lady, with such success, that she soon played two or three tunes in perfect time. Her parents, fortunately, had too much good sense to check the current of her genius, and accordingly had her regularly instructed on her favourite instrument. From this period she gave evident and rapid proofs of her surprising talent, and soon outstripped young ladies who began to learn the harp long before her, and she played, publicly at the Rotunda, a variety of national airs, with elegant variations, before she

weighed twenty pounds. Up to this period, however, she only evinced a genius for execution or performance; but from the moment she attained this early degree of excellence, her genius would not suffer her to confine herself to mere imitation, and she could no longer remain impaled within the precise limits which her teachers had prescribed to her. To every thing she was taught, she added new graces and cadences, *pianos* and *fortes*, with the most exquisite taste, and the most refined judgment. About four months after she had begun the harp, she displayed new evidences of her transcendent genius, and composed two or three original airs of her own—not in simple notes, but in chords with three or four transitions from one key to another, returning back to her first key according to the strictest rules. If the right hand part is taught this little prodigy, she invariably and instantly plays the proper bass without the slightest instruction. In fact, she possesses such an exquisite ear, that, so far from playing a wrong note, she cannot endure to hear a wrong note played by others; and, as we have already observed, the only thing that puts her out of temper, is to find a chord out of tune; and though, notwithstanding her infant age, she is not insensible to the presence of a crowded and respectable audience, she instinctively retreats from the harp, as if she had no auditors whatever, the moment she sounds a discordant note. The memory of this infant, is, if possible, still more surprising than her powers of execution, for she plays upwards of five hundred pages of music, without ever mistaking a passage, or even a note.

The infant's father is an Irish gentleman, the descendent of a very ancient and respectable family. After spending the greater part of his life in the military service, he retired to his patrimonial estate, which has been for some hundred of years in his family. The infant's mother is a lady of the first rate accomplishments, the wife of an old baronet, and allied to families of the first distinction in Ireland. Both parents, however, though themselves independent, have judiciously, and honourably to themselves, deemed it a duty to realize an independence for the infant, by the

exhibition of her extraordinary and unrivalled powers, having a very numerous family to provide for. Her first appearance was at the Rotunda concerts in Dublin, about fourteen months ago, and she was then unable to climb the chair on which she performed. It is singular, that her progress, and the industry which she exercised to arrive at excellence in her art, aided, no doubt, by her fondness for the harp, should qualify her to be a performer at the Rotunda at this infantine age, being then little more than three years old. She catches every tune or piece she hears with the most surprising avidity, and even twelve months back, if she only heard the treble of any tune, she would put bases to it, according to the most regular laws of music, and she now plays upwards of two hundred pages of music every day without the slightest appearance of fatigue, and with as much certainty as if she were twenty years old. In this respect, indeed, she cannot possibly improve. If she hears a band or any instrument in the street, she instantaneously catches the tune and plays it off impromptu. There is a full length portrait of the infant at the Picture Gallery in

Lemington, and we should have many portraits of her, if her parents yielded to the wishes of several eminent portrait painters. The painting from which the present engraving is taken, is by Miss Ross, of Charlotte Street, a young lady of very promising and superior talents, and is exhibited at Somerset House. She has been visited by, at least, upwards of fifty thousand persons. It is remarkable that her mother gave as early evidences of her genius for drawing, in which she eminently excels, as the infant has for music, and she is also an excellent performer on the piano-forte. At the early age of ten she finished, in a very masterly style, several paintings in oil, taken from scriptural and other subjects, which have been admired by our most eminent artists. These specimens we have seen, and can consequently speak of them with the greatest confidence. The infant's talent is therefore hereditary, and the result of that exquisite sensibility of feeling from which alone a genius for poetry, painting, and music, can ever emanate. The infant plays upwards of six hundred pages of music by memory alone.

THE FEMALE HERMITS; OR, THE HERMITESSES.

THE Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier contain an interesting correspondence between that Princess and Madame de Motteville, which proves, that in those times, the ladies occupied themselves occasionally with matters totally different from the speculations of the modern belles.

One evening the two ladies got into a long conversation, about the delights of a life of retirement and solitude, and seem to have been as much in love with the subject, as if they had just been perusing Zimmerman's book. "This conversation," says the Princess, "opened an extensive field for speculative reasoning, and we should not have separated so soon, if the Queen had not gone to the theatre immediately. I wandered on the sea shore for some time, quite alone, reflecting upon the plan which a genuine hermit ought to follow, and came to

E. M. May, 1825.

the conclusion, that nobody who had fallen into disgrace at court could be considered in that light."

In short, she went home and wrote an epistle of three sheets upon the subject to Madame de Motteville. This lady was not dilatory in replying; the correspondence continued for several years, and the Princess says, that if all their letters were collected, they would form a very thick volume. "She is very learned," continues the Princess, "and her letters were excellent. We interlarded our correspondence with Italian and Spanish; we quoted the Holy Scriptures, and the fathers of the church, and their fragments of poetry." A charming ragaunt for the literary epicure!

It is curious to see what kind of a plan two ladies, resident at one of the most brilliant courts of Europe, devised for leading a life of Arcadian hap-

piness in solitude. The first law laid down by the Princess is that already mentioned, viz they should not turn their back upon the *grand monde*, because it had turned its back upon them, but purely from conviction of its worthlessness. Married persons were to be excluded from the solitary republic, and only widowed ladies, and such spirits as had made a vow of celibacy admitted. For the establishment of this projected colony of hermitesses, she selected the banks of the Seine on Louviers, unless others should prefer the sea shore. For her own part she had no particular partiality for the water, and would rather see it at a distance. She erected her hut on the border of a thick wood, into which the sun scarcely penetrated at noon-day. The interior of the abode was to be clean and commodious, but void of all splendour or ornament, the hut surrounded by a garden, stocked with the richest fruits. Each colonist was at liberty to build her dwelling where she pleased, for there was plenty of room. The Princess's imagination created huge meadows, carpeted with green grass, and intersected by purling streams. The hermitesses paid visits to each other on horseback, in carriages, and on foot. Their chief occupation was tending their gardens and domestic affairs. The more active members of the community would employ their time in drawing and the like, and the idlers be compelled to amuse them with their conversation. Every lady would possess her library, but all new works and poetry were prohibited articles. All kinds of musical instruments were allowed. For corporal exercise a place was provided in the centre of the wood.

The Princess proposed also, as an innocent recreation, now and then to tend the sheep, upon the lovely meadows, with the crook in hand, and the shepherd's hat upon their heads; then they would prepare a tiramisu on the green grass, and play the romance of Astrea, excluding only love, who was in no shape to be admitted. At other times they would amuse themselves with milking the cows and churning.

In the wood she founded a cloister for Carmelite nuns, because the holy Theresa had ordained that these nuns should be hermitesses. The chapel of the convent was to be the general place of worship. No doubt there

would be found among the colonists many great spiritual preachers, whose sermons were to be attended, often or seldom, at pleasure. Again, she would establish an hospital for the sick, and for instructing the children of the poor in useful handicraft.

Madame de Motteville was lavish in praise of this delightful and romantic scheme, but she thought it somewhat *outré* to talk of paying visits in carriages, or on horseback, and of tending the sheep in frolic, and insisted that greater consistency should be preserved. She would have very small huts, from which, not only every luxury and decoration should be banished, but where nothing but the essential, and barely that was to be found. The libraries should contain such books only, as would teach the colonists the philosophy of life. A few servants might be tolerated, to keep the sheep in wet weather. She considered it quite right to banish love, or rather gallantry, from the hermitage, but she feared that this law would not be very rigorously observed, and they should at length be obliged to give way to the common error which custom had authorised, called marriage!

The Princess expressed anger and astonishment at the heresy of Madame de Motteville. As she looked upon herself as queen and law-giver of the hermitage, and had sworn eternal hatred to the nuptial state, she thought they might be guided by her example, and quoted the village of Randau, in Auvergne, where no lady married a second time, however young a widow she might be, because the Duchess of Randau had not thought proper to submit again to Hymen's bands.—Those who could not exist without marriage might leave the hermitage, rather than profane it by such weakness. She concluded with the observation, that marriage alone had given the men superiority over the women, and the fair sex was called the weaker, merely because it had submitted to these chains. "We will free ourselves from this slavery; there shall at least be one little corner of the earth, where the women are, their own masters. Future generations shall admire us for it, and by this short life of independence, we shall gain an immortal one in the page of history."

Madame de Motteville agreed with her in a great measure. "The little

"mischievous god," said she, "is the cause that the men are become the cruellest enemies of our sex, for they treat us worst of all when they are beloved." Nevertheless, she persisted in the opinion that marriage must be tolerated. There was no cure for this human frailty; the Princess was to govern mortals, not angels, and where Hymen durst not enter, Cupid would steal in.

It must have been a high treat, to hear such a subject debated by a couple of blue stockings of such celebrity. Of course their scheme came to nothing; the shepherdesses remained at court; and that the Princess's hatred to the nuptial yoke was not so inveterate and unconquerable as she would make it appear, is proved by her *affaire du cœur* with M. de Lauzan.

It was an accident that awakened in Count Lauzan the bold thought of aspiring to her love; for, happening to be in company when the probable marriage of the Princess was brought upon the *tapis*, a gentleman present turned to him and said, "and you Monsieur le Comte, why do you forget yourself, with such a noble opportunity before you?" He started and repined modestly, that so rash a thought had never occurred to him; however, the expression deeply impressed his mind. He weighed it in his heart, and at length resolved to venture the attempt. He commenced by redoubling his attentions to the Princess, entertaining her at first, only with his deep admiration and the news of the day. To common places, such as these, Count Lauzan's wit and manner imparted an interest and a grace, which they would have wanted in other hands. The Princess evidently listened to him with pleasure, and he gained courage. He accommodated himself to her humours, and adopted her taste. Already he ventured to offer an occasional word of advice, upon the subject of her relations at court, and recommended her to select a friend, in whom she could place implicit confidence. Where shall I find such a one? demanded the Princess, smiling. He told her she might rest on him, as on a rock. She hesitated for some time, and then delighted him with the assurance that she had selected him.

He then went a step further; for one day he begged her, as she cer-

tainly would soon be married, to acquaint him when her choice was determined, in "order," added he, sighing, "that he might be the first to rejoice at her happiness." She promised this.

"But when?" cried Lauzan, with unusual warmth.

"In three months," replied his mistress, smiling. He called it three ages, but submitted respectfully to her pleasure.

When the last day of the appointed time arrived, he reminded her of her promise. "What!" said she, "are the three months already expired?"

"The three years have crept along," exclaimed the Count.

"And of what service will my confession be to you?"

"It will make me the happiest man on earth."

"Well, then, I will tell you this evening."

"But how?"

"I will write it upon a pane in one of my windows."

"And the first who happens to approach that window will know it sooner than I."

"How shall I do it then? I cannot say it; I will write it in a billet, and hand it to you this evening."

In the evening the Princess appeared at the Louvre. The Count had no sooner caught sight of her, than he hurried to remind her of the billet.

"Here it is," said she, drawing a sealed paper out of her bosom, "but don't open it until after midnight, for to day is Friday, and I have often remarked that this is a day of evil omen to me."

It is torturing a man, thought the Count, to place his happiness in his own hands, and then to command him to delay the enjoyment of it. It struck eleven. He took his watch out of his fob, and held it in his hand the whole of the following hour; scarcely had the hand completed the circuit of the dial, than he shewed it to the Princess. "I have faithfully obeyed your commands; dare I now?"

"Wait yet a quarter of an hour."

He drew back dismayed! The quarter of an hour had also crawled away. "Dare I now?"

"Yes; go and read it, and to-morrow we will talk more of it."

He flew home, broke the seal, and found, what he might have expected to find,—his own name. Was it jest or earnest? This doubt tormented him all night long; at all events it seemed not prudent to believe the former. Morning came at last; and with a pale countenance he entered his mistress's apartment.

"How is this?" exclaimed she, "yesterday you seemed the happiest of men, why so dejected now?"

"The dread of finding myself the object of your ridicule," stammered Lauzan.

The amiable Princess was obliged to give him less equivocal assurances of her affection; and now the enraptured lover threw himself at her feet, and devoured her hand with kisses.

Nothing was wanting to the completion of the Count's happiness, but the consent of the King. Shyly, he sought an opportunity of breaking the matter to him. One day, whilst he was launching forth in praise of his mistress, the King said, jestingly, "Mademoiselle de Montpensier is your constant theme, Lauzan, and I almost think you have made a lodgement in her heart, in spite of all her philosophy."

"Sire," replied the Count, "I flatter myself that I stand so high in her good opinion, that it would rest entirely with your Majesty to render me indescribably happy?"

Madame de Montespan, who was present, enlisted under the Count's banner, and fought his battle so well, that the King said, "God forbid, Lauzan, that I should oppose you. Try your fortune; I promise you my support."

Lauzan flew to the Princess to bear to her these joyful tidings; and the lady who once persisted in banishing

wedlock from her projected colony of hermitesses, who rallied so vehemently at love, was now overjoyed at obtaining the King's permission to put on the chains of the one, since she had been made to feel and acknowledge the supreme power of the other.

She repaired in person to the King, to receive from his own mouth the confirmation of her happiness. Scarcely, however, had the treacherous winds breathed the affair in whispers at the court, than the princesses and princes of the blood royal moved heaven and earth to oppose the match, and besieged the King so long, that he was at length induced to change his mind. One evening he invited Mademoiselle to the Louvre, and announced to her, with considerable embarrassment, and a thousand apologies, that he must retract his word.

She stood for a while, petrified. The first words which she uttered were, "And what is to become of Lauzan?"

"He shall be satisfied with me," replied the King.

"And what is to become of me?"

The King shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. Thus ended a love affair, which created considerable noise and wonder, not only at the French court, but at most of the courts of Europe. The Princess relates in her memoirs most of the circumstances here mentioned, although somewhat differently.

After this mortifying occurrence it had not been surprising, if disgust and disappointment had driven the romantic Princess to seek refuge, in right earnest, from the vanities of courts, in the execution of her former plan of seclusion.

A TAKE UP.

A knowing firk of the coachmen's elbow, put me, in mind that I was growing fatigued, that I had two miles of road before me; besides half the town to cross ere I could get home; the jolting of stage-coaches, is recommended by a certain eccentric doctor, as an excellent cure for the bile, for rheumatism, obstructions, and others the plagues of Pandora's

box, so I answered the signal, and was crammed in with four more into the vehicle, which offered its daily accommodation to merchants, traders, idlers, convalescents, and visitors to the thousand and one boarding schools, seminaries, establishments, and houses of education, with fine names to them, such as *Bellevue*, (marked perhaps by a brick kiln).

Belvedere-house, with *niente a vedere*, (nothing to see) but the Adam and Eve public-house, Rose Mount, standing amongst thistles, and Paradise-hall, as black as Erebus, and such like brick and mortar misnomers in the environs of our colossal metropolis; such work in fidgeting and footing it, in stowing and quartering of knees, such primming up of a governess, unmarried and fifty, with her *ne quad minus*, and such squeezing of a fat builder, who was the *ne plus ultra* of a single place figure, and of whom it might be said, as of the Will Waddle of the lively G. Colman;

"So fat he appeared he was just like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one."

Well, at last I was wedged in between two tradesmen, so intent on business that they would not have perceived me, but for the pressure of being dove-tailed on to fit the seat, for feeling has no fellow. By the way, one fellow, and a fat fellow he was too, had a spy-glass in his pocket, which made no small impression on my ribs; and the other was obliged to suspend his account of the meal and money market, in order to beg me to rise up, as I was squeezing a cream cheese in his pocket into an *Egyptian* mummy, as he called it; I complied, when the spy-glass again took me in flank, and galled me desperately. "Oh! dear," cried I, and by a forward motion came in contact with Miss Sally Sampler's knee. "Oh, dear!" she echoed, and started as if she had received an electric shock. "Oh! dear Sir, you annoy me most monstrously, I am so titillish (ticklish); I'm for all the world like a sensible plant." "Sensitive, if you please, Miss," (muttered our tradesman) "Well, sensitive, or sensible, it is my exquisite sensibility which occasions the *sensuement*. I cannot bear to be titched on the knee." I retorted, and got a dig with the telescope. "There, again my cheese!" exclaimed another neighbour, "it will be as flat as a pancake before I get to Mark-lane." This made me think of the mark that I should have in my side from repeated contusion. "Talking of Mark-lane," said tradesman on my right, (the owner of the goading glass) "corn

went off dull to day." "Yes, Sir," interrupted builder, the *vis a vis*, "but my corn comes off sharp-enough from your treading on it. Zooks, Sir, can't you look about you, stamping on a man's toe, as if it was the step of a door." "Ask your pardon," said the corn merchant. "So you ought," angrily returned the man of brick; "it goes to my very heart." "Oh!" exclaimed the sensitive lady, "oh! Sir, pray, Sir, how you do nudge me on the ribs. I'm sure you've made me all black and blue." "Sorry for that, Miss, but folks must sit as they can." Any change must be for the better in point of colour, thought I, for the lady was as dead a lime white as ever I beheld. "Pray, Sir," recovering herself and addressing herself to me, "what do they say of the catholic question? are the bishops?" Here a sudden pull up, and an introduction of number six stopped her enquiries for a moment, and she begged the new passenger to take the middle, observing, "I never could ride bodkin in my life, be so complaisant." But passenger number six, with an umbrella under his arm, was not so complaisant; "Madam!" answered he, "I could not stand the heat a moment, if I was thrust in between you and that gentleman beside you; moreover, I should be as sick as a horse, if I did not sit with my head out of the vindr all the way," and so saying, he proved himself to be fond of *backing* his opinions, by turning to the right about, and by shoving Miss on the builder's lap. "I wish you would take less room, Miss," was the consequence of this contact of persons. "I'm sure, Sir, your room would be preferable to your company," quoth she, a little nettled; "I never came in *contract* with so disagreeable a body in my life; but, perhaps, Sir," (meaning me,) "you would change places with me?" "Most willingly, Ma'am," so in, she got betwixt cheese and spy-glass—"Oh! my," (trepidatingly articulated she), "what have you got in your pocket? it's an air-gun, or a blunderbush, I dare swear, and if it should go off, we shall be blown up, killed and murdered." "It's only a glass, Miss."—"Yes, but then,"—"Miss, it's in a case."—"Oh! that is a different case; well, Sir, and the catholic question?"—"Get out of the way, you

Irish rebel, you ragamuffin, with your donkey, and your potatoe cart," sung out coachee; "or else I'll capsize you and your rubbidge; a pretty pair of you, you are—man and beast, I wouldn't give a mag for the whole boiling of you."—"Arragh! come down from your woosack, if you please, it's only your elevation that *proticks* you, if you'd put yourself on a *futing* wid me, and give me fair play, I'd show you another story;" a smack of the whip in scorn put an end to the colloquy, and a hearty laugh disposed of the catholic question." "Coachee!" cried Miss through the window, "you are carrying matters too far, that is to say, you are carrying me too far; you was to have me set down at Stone's end, and now you are driving me off to Lunnun bridge." A general laugh, "well done, Miss." "Set me down directly!"—"Wo, oh!" cried coachee to his nags, (to the lady) "well Miss, you got all this way for nothing." "Yes, young man, but then that's out of my way; good morning, gentlemen, your servant, Madam."—Here was another take up, a lame man with crutches: "Where are you going to, Sir," (coachee on his being squeezed in)—"Vy to Crutched Friars," said the cad, which excited much mirth; "I hope," observed the builder, "that he has nothing to do with the friars:" here I was afraid the catholic question would come on again, but the rattling of the pavement, and the passing coaches in the narrow part of the Borough, put all questions at rest, and so shook the corn-factor, that it must have gone *against the grain* indeed—out of his pocket fell a sample, which was all trampled under foot, he was disconsolate for he had

none like it to produce; this came from the introduction of the devil upon two sticks, (for he played the devil with the corn-merchant); an intelligent look between the brother tradesmen conveyed their wishes as to him, namely, that they wished that he had crossed the Styx (or sticks) before he came into their company. "I hope," said the grave builder, "that we sha'n't have no more takes up."—"Why there's no room for any more," contemptuously replied the corn-factor, "unless we set one down soon." "There again!" cried the builder; "you need not set your foot upon mine whether or not—" he was going to rap out an oath; "My good fellow," quoth I, "do not be so hasty, you are more frightened than hurt;" so it proved to be. On we went, but no signs of a move, dead silence, and no *set down* yet. In this interval, I reflected that all life is like a stage-coach, and the journey proceeds with a constant change of passengers, ups and downs, inequalities of fortune and of ground, are encountered together, bad companions and good companions, and all off in a short time. We scarcely make acquaintance together, but separation and regret follow: every stage of life and of the road has its asperities; if we are tacked to a troublesome partner, or fellow traveller, the journey is rough and uncheering indeed. Yes, life and a stage-coach journey resemble very much; but as we have said so much upon "*takes up*," our next communication to our friends, shall be on "*sets down*;" if we are favoured with a *place* in the European conveyance of knowledge and amusement.

A STAGE-COACH TRAVELLER.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

The Americans cultivate, by a sort of predilection, our language and our literature; and in this respect their citizens coming from Germany, France, and Holland, do the same. In agreeable and polite literature, they yield to England, Germany, France, and Italy. They cultivate, however, with success, all kinds of poetry and romance; and their best works in these two branches, have found translators in Europe. They have also a taste for theatrical performances; and a great English actor has acknowledged to receive more encouragement during his stay in four or five of their principal cities, in the midst of a population of

400,000 inhabitants, than he ever experienced in London. In books of education, history, and politics, they are not inferior to the principal European nations; and it is their own works that they use, in their schools and seminaries, and which form their legislators, juriconsults, and physicians. Besides their general history of the confederation, they have the histories of the eighteen states of union, composed by national writers, and all of these are veridical and rich in facts; the biography too of their great men, is far from being neglected.

In mathematics and chemistry, they are not on a level with Europe; but in works of botany, metallurgy, ornithology, astronomy, and navigation, they can support a competition. Their grammatical enquiries respecting the languages of their country, have opened a new field to the philologists of France and Germany. The American maps are copied by the geographers of Europe. The atlas of M. Tanner, displays in this respect, great perfection; they have likewise important treatises upon the hydrography of their states; and their authors have published important maritime discoveries; whilst the learned world is indebted to the encouragement of their congress, for the best and most profound of all the statistical collections extant.

The press of Cambridge and Philadelphia, of the Literary Society of New York, and of the Philosophical Society, as well as that of the Congress and others, bring to light every year very interesting literary productions. One of their papers alone, has lately announced more than 150 American works, all new, and consisting of novels, poems, travels, treatises upon moral philosophy, mineralogy, physical and political geography, history, biography, philology, oratory, chemistry applied to the arts, agriculture, gardening, and mechanics; their official writings upon public affairs, and the reports of their chief secretary of state, are very distinguished works.

The United States are also the firmest supporters of the liberty of the seas, and of agriculture in its relation with commerce. They were the first to prohibit the slave trade, and declare it a piracy. Their doc-

trine of government and the finances, has even found followers in some parts of Europe.

Printing with them is carried on after a more extensive scale, and to greater advantage than with us; and it is in their own editions, that they most generally read foreign works. Our books, when imported to their country, are, as so much seed for typographical harvests. They expend yearly in publishing, from two to three millions of dollars; but they want a law to protect this kind of property. They have published, since these last three years, 7,500 copies of Stewart's Philosophy; and a capital of 500,000 dollars is employed for the reprinting Rees's Encyclopedia. They have also printed 200,000 copies of the novels by the author of Waverley, which make in all 500,000 volumes: and there is always on their public roads, two hundred waggons loaded with books. A single article, the Life of Washington, by M. Meerns, has had a run of more than 100,000 copies. They print also a great number of journals and literary reviews. The North American Review has a sale of 4000 copies, and they reprint an equal number of our Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. Though they have only ten millions of inhabitants, they have more than one thousand periodical papers, or civil and political journals, each of which has many thousand subscribers. But their great advantage is the liberty of the press, which has been ever indispensable to freedom and prosperity. An American would not take the delights of France and Italy, in exchange for the newspapers that reach him from all parts, bringing him the most useful instruction, and grateful refreshment in his leisure hours. He knows by experience, that the happy fruits of the liberty of the press, not only make amends for its possible abuse, but weakens it effectually. Their licentious papers die away for want of readers; whilst those that succeed, are conformable to sound reason and exempt from satire. Each makes his complaint in the journals when he pleases, and as he pleases; the public do immediate justice to all, after the same manner that the most enlightened and impartial jury might be supposed to proceed in a court-house. Yes,

imprisonment, the scaffold and torture, are less efficacious for repressing the abuse of the press, than that liberty which the Americans enjoy. Though you should arm yourself with judiciary labours, for the end of imposing on credulity, or call in the aid of blasphemy and calumny, you only still increase the evil.

The Americans have in exercise, 44,000 commissions for encouraging invention and improvement in the arts. Neither England nor France has so many; and their conservatory of models is as richly stocked as that belonging to either of these countries. Their manufactories for the spinning of cotton, are productive of more wealth than taxes upon this industry could produce. Their mills, too, are superior to those of Europe; and they have invented twenty different kinds of weaving looms, that are moved by steam, water, wind, or animals. Their spinning machines are now so improved by art, that spinning is with them at a much lower price than with us. It is to the Americans that we are really indebted for the invention of steam boats, which are not less important for maintaining civil and religious liberty, than gunpowder, printing, or the compass.

The United States are also greatly distinguished above other countries, for the construction and equipment of ships of commerce and of war. Their merchant vessels, which have crews so few in number, spare the one-third of the time which the vessels of other nations employ in going the same passage; and it is only those of the British navy that can cope with them for speed. In the art of constructing a plough, a ship, or a house, the Americans can contend with the people of any other nation, without exception. In no part of the world has there been greater progress made in the rational use of the four elements, and their produce, than in the United States; for their inhabitants are better fed, and more comfortably clothed, than those of most other countries. They have but one middling city for a capital, and all their towns together scarcely contain a million of inhabitants; yet their bridges, highways, canals, aqueducts, and facility of communication, excel those of many other

countries. In two years time they will have terminated their great canals by an inland navigation of 10,000 miles from the valleys of the west to the waters of the Hudson and the Chesapeake. There is not at present in Europe any undertaking which surpasses that of the canal of New York, and the hydraulical works of Philadelphia.

The instruction of the children of the poor is even attended to with great care, and almost all children frequent the public schools, in which there are at present more than 300,000 students. They reckon 1200 who are educated for physicians, and about 1000 that are given to the study of the law, and there are more than a hundred seminaries, or literary institutions, which are for the most part ecclesiastical. Instruction is in no part a monopoly or a political instrument; and they know not a congregation which shows a tendency to possess either. There are universities where they confine their studies, as in the colleges of Europe, to Greek, Latin, Logic, and Rhetoric; but in all other parts instruction is directed on a plan better calculated to fortify the mind, and procure useful knowledge. Physics, the mathematics, natural science, and the living languages, are there the objects of a just preference. They teach neither Latin nor Greek in military schools. In those countries where they endeavour to suppress a wise liberty, the seeds of revolutions ferment, and sedition and revolt find way into their schools and academies. Nothing of the kind has existed in North America, for the revolution was accomplished there without tumult and massacre. Here even cultivators comprehend the philosophy of politics, better than many monarchs. Poetry, music, and painting, may languish even in Italy, but philosophy and the arts and sciences shall reign in the United States: it is from them that the rulers of the old world can learn what a population is worth who have received, at the public expense, and among ranks of all orders, an instruction always directed towards what is useful.

OCTAVIUS.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

No I.

*The Interior of a moderately furnished Swedish Dwelling.
A knocking from without.*

STRANGER—(Speaking from without.)
For charity, admission! one doth call,
Who ne'er in Sweden, when she was herself,
Need tender a request.

PEARSON—(Opening the door.)
This, then I grant,
To Sweden's sons the voice of woe is grown
Familiar, more than are the courtesies,
The poor embellishments of this strange life.
I pray you sit, for you do hold yourself
As one the more accusom'd to command
Than wait, the tardy homage of the world.

STRANGER.
I thank you, Sir—and I would call you friend,
If such there is to this, about a wreck,
Because it once was noble,—I ut, alas!
I am grown weak, and very lowly now,
Like my worn garb, which tells too true a tale
Of blighted faith, and wither'd up success!
Yet, Sir, I thank you, as a fainting man
Should thank the kind Samaritan that pours
Healing into his wounds.

PEARSON
Be welcome then,
And for awhile, beneath my roof's dull shade,
Forget your own ills and our country's wrong,
In kindly proffer'd, humble merriment.

STRANGER.
I take the proffer'd cup, and pledge you thus:—
The feast is dead, though luxury strews the board
With vands won from Nature's forced smiles,
When interest speaks the welcome. The poor hand
That shares his crust with fellow shepherd boy,
Or helps him gather up his straying herds,
When Evening dons her ever sable cloak,
Is more omnipotent in virtue's roll
Than the proud lord, whose nectar flows in streams,
To rival others' pomp of yesterday.

PEARSON—(After a pause.)
Come, come, another cup.

STRANGER.
But one; and now,
If I may further trespass on your house,
And you dare trust a woe-fatigued man,
I would a couch of straw—a resting-place:—
Indeed I'm faithful, and believ't—would scorn
To sting, as doth a viper, 'neath the flower,—
(For you have cover'd me with sweets but now),
The hand that shelter'd him.

PEARSON—(Calling)

Alice Pearson !—

(She is my wife, Sir), Alice, come hither, girl,

[*She enters.*]

A weary traveller—looks he not so, wench—
 Would be the borrower of a couch to-night.
 How say you, wife—(the women, Sir, do keep
 This province as their own prerogative),
 Stands it now with your humour that we turn
 Thus suppliant forth (and I have drank with him);
 Or, my good dame—oh, she doth love sweet words—
 Is there a decent room, a well-laid couch,
 (We'll talk of straw upon the morrow, Sir),
 That we would rather warm a pilgrim in,
 Than it should lie, like envy, thriftless still,
 Promise, without performance?

ALICE.

Well, master,

Have you done, and troth, for the first time *now*
 You shall not find that Alice lacks the speed
 To run the liberal race of charity.
 Come on, good stranger, this way is your rest,
 And sound and sweetly be your slumbers there,
 You'll have a poor wife's pray'rs, and they may be
 As soon accepted at the throne of grace
 As any monarch's prouder homilies.
 The widow's mite, and Mary's humble song,
 Ascended, when Belshazzar's empty boasts
 Sunk into woe and ruin. Now to rest.

STRANGER.

I thank you both—a ——— (I had forgot again,)
 A grateful man doth thank you with his tears;
 It is so long since friendship's feeling voice
 Peal'd its rich music in my raptur'd ear,
 That foolish drops soil manhood, spite of me
 Good night! good friends, a fair good night to both.

[*Exit Alice and Stranger.*]

PEARSON—(Solus)

The King! it is the King! beneath my roof
 The Majesty of Sweden powerless lies—
 A very infant in a giant's grasp!
 Down busy, crowding hope, ambition down!
 Ye do o'ertumple all my milder thoughts,
 Making my life a storm. The king! What king?
 He that *did* hold the sway and masterdom,
 Not he that *does*! Thou glorious shining star
 That art the highest in my destiny,
 To thee I raise my altar! lead me on,
 As though thou wert the polar light that gleams,
 Shewing the mariners their haven point—
 Till I shall find thee rest by Christiern's throne,
 To marshal me to glory. Gustavus!
 It *was* a name, a word, pure, pure, and noble,
 But *now*,—ay it may do for seasoning fools,
 For preaching patriots—very honest cheats—
 But Judas was a bolder man than he,
 Who thrice denied his lord with cringing speech,
 Yet both betray'd their master—*soft*, my wife—
 I do *not* think but she would "turn, and turn,"
 For a slash'd gown, or gay embroider'd coat—
 All women do so.

[*Enter Alice.*]

Well, my bonny dame,
 You have, I doubt not, well bestow'd our guest;
 But Alice, Alice Pearson,—list me, pray—
 Though poor in worldly gear, I miss the mark
 By a whole arrow's length, if that same brown
 And well-worn doublet doth not cover limbs
 That robes and ermine are acquainted with.

ALICE.

I cannot speak of that; I am content,
 Where that it little doth pertain to know,
 To gaze upon a stately forest tree,
 Not analyze its worth. Yet, I think, he's noble.

PEARSON.

Alice, it is the King! Gustavus' self!
 The King, good Alice—art thou not ashamed
 That thou should'st wear such wretched gear as that
 To wait upon a King? But soft, anon,
 The times will mend, good Alice; thou shalt have
 Suits of the best, feathers shall float about.
 When the breeze kisses thy fair braided hair,
 And golden bracelets shall entwine thy wrists,
 And gilded girdles bind thy pressed waist:
 We will have wine, girl, wine, and silver cups,
 And dainty couches, and gay cover'd boards,
 And menials, dress'd in silks, to honour us.
 The King is here, good wench,—the King, I say—
 Do'st thou not hear? Nay, marry, thou art dull.

ALICE

And well I may, my husband, with this stuff.
 Well, if the King is here, the King is welcome.
 We owe him honour, love, respect—all this
 We've shewn him—what can we do more?
 If he do give us thanks, it is enough,
 Without the wild air-castles you do build.
 Had Icarus been but content to live,
 Without ambition for his caterer,
 The Cretan sea had whelm'd one soul the less,
 And Dædalus ne'er wept his boy's wild fate.

PEARSON.

An ancient fable, made to blind dull souls,
 That read an omen in each accident.
 I tell thee, wife—the king—Gustavus here
 Shall be the star to light us to our joy.
 The stepping-stone from which we will mount up
 To great ascendancy.

ALICE.

But the king is poor,
 His pow'r and forces scatter'd—Christiern's fame
 Shines brightest now.

PEARSON.

And that we'll worship, dame:
 I'll onward to the camp, unfold the tale
 That makes the minute great—keep thou our guest
 With well dissembled show of tenderness.
 Anon, there will be those—you do not mark—
 Shall claim admission—you must give if them.
 Farewell!—'tis vain to court a splendour done—
 Be't mine, good wife, to court the rising sun.

ALICE—(Solas.)

"Anon, there will be those"—said he not so?
 Be still, poor childish fear, quick flutt'ring heart,
 'Tis but a day-dream, which, like summer mists,

Obscure but for the moment nature's face,
 Leaving it brighter after. It will not go,
 But rather creeps, still darker, o'er my eyes,
 As though I stood in those uncertain climes,
 Where night, full oft, will prematurely come,
 Ere we can mark its march. "The rising sun!"
 Greedy ambition, thou has caught us then:
 Crept, like a serpent, to our paradise
 And sow'd dissension there. I have read
 Of very savages that scorned to betray
 The sacred rites of hospitality;
 Nay I have heard that wildest, deadliest foes
 Were all ashamed to barter and betray
 The surety which misfortune might have won
 In some propitious hour: yet we, his friends,
 His subjects, we, whose children oft have fought
 Beneath his conqu'ring banners, we who lov'd
 To pluck the leaf from off our laurel tree
 And wear it for Gustavus; we, whose pray'r
 Was for our country's leader, and who held
 As house and home, as life and liberty,
 That honour'd leader, that lov'd country dear—
 We now—Sweden, I cannot speak thy shame,
 Nor brand our name to after centuries,
 As the betrayers of a helpless king,
 Who humbly broke his bread within our tower,
 Nor deem'd the tyger near. It must not be!
 Teach me, good angels, 'neath your mighty wing,
 To save my husband, yet preserve my king! *Exit.*

Outside of the same House.—Enter Pearson and Officers.

PEARSON.

No further, friends, for yonder is my house;
 As you shall fail or prosper in this errand,
 So, sir, be my reward. I do beseech you,
 Let not my name be breathed in his ear,
 But come upon him, as the wild reports
 Of flying comrades had induc'd your search,
 Into the very ark where he had found
 Brief respite from the deluge of his foes.

OFFICER.

Fear not our caution, when we spread the net.
 To capture things that are grown enemies,
 It would but show requital ill in us
 Then to betray the maker of the toil.
 Kind Sir, farewell, you shall be great at court.

Inside of Pearson's House.—Alice showing the Soldiers in.

ALICE.

It may be as you say, for, yesterday
 There came unto us a much tired man,
 One, that to me, appear'd more hurt by cares
 Than by the years he number'd, and there was
 A nobleness about him, meeting ill
 With the soil'd garments that encas'd his limbs;
 It was as though a noble tow'r was spoil'd
 By uncouth and coarse patched masonry.
 Yet, for my duty, so much care demands,
 If you will bid your followers take the path
 That leads unto the temple in the wood,
 They shall upon the noble quarry pounce,
 Without his deeming that we slip the hawks.

OFFICER.

We thank thy zeal, it shall not lack requital.
Soldiers, you know your path and duty—march.
We'll be the borrower of your house, good dame,
For a short hour or so; it may be him we seek
May here retrace his steps.

Alice places a table, &c. for the Officers, and looking for a chair, observes Gustavus sitting carelessly by the fire, when she instantly seizes a stick, and flying towards him, exclaims,

Humphrey—thou lazy loon, thou sleepy dolt,
Hast no more manners than a surly cur
That basks himself before his master's hearth,
And interdicts, with snarls, companionship.
Come, get thee up, thy betters must have way—
No frowns nor grumblings—faster, faster,
Perhaps that will make thee stir the quicker lad.

[Beating him.]

A word will put a noble steed on fire,
But mules and asses must be beaten, Sirs.

OFFICER.

He seems half idiot, do not strike the youth.

ALICE.

Your pardon yet, upon my life the dolt
Is yet more knave than fool, 'tis laziness;
He can stir fast enough when mischief blows
Her crack'd horn in the province—up, up, quick,
Give place to those, I am asham'd to see,
Do lack thy rude ta'en scat. There, take thy hat
And hide thee in the scullery for awhile,
Or watch from out its windows the plied skiffs
Of our industrious fishermen, and learn,
If in thy soul one spark of pride is pent,
From them a lesson of activity.
There, get thee in. I'm glad at any price
To earn such easy riddance. I pray your pardon,
It angers me, when I have spent on him
Such pains and trouble ever thus to reap,
So foul and thin a harvest. Do now drink,
Forbearance tells a sad tale of a feast.

OFFICER.

Toil, madam, sweetens every friendly bowl,
And hospitality doth ever seem
The daintiest spice that ere can sweeten it.
You do not pledge us, lady, come, "our king."
Let it be honour'd from a woman's lip.

ALICE.

Ay, with the lip and heart, here's to the king.
(What would the leaves be if the trunk were gone!)
The king—my king! oh may each loyal soul
Pledge you as I do now.
(The splash of an oar is heard, and a cry from the waters.)

OFFICER.

What noise was that?

ALICE.

That stupid fool again, I'll lay my life,
He'll ruin me with mischief—sirrah, how now?—
A minute gentlemen—now let us see
If there's a virtue in a faggot stick.

[She goes in.]

OFFICER.

A merry dame this, comrade; on my soul
I'd rather she should pet my neighbour *here*
Than sit the mistress of my family.
Her tongue doth smack of spirit, like her wine,
A little tartish, faith. But peace, she comes—
What news good hostess? you look cheerily.

ALICE.

Laugh with me, gentlemen—I pray you laugh,
Upon my life I hardly ~~hard~~ believe
Yon saucy and ill-manner'd simpleton,
Had heart to show so much of enterprize.
Would you believe it, Sirs, he's gone, aye, gone,
O'er the deep lake, and turn'd a fisherman,
Preferring—there he's wise, to catch the prey,
To being caught himself. Well, let him go,
Great things do oft arise from little cause,
And I have heard of people weaving robes,
And donning crowns, whose dawn was very mists,
And morning but a cloud. You do not laugh—
I marvel much *you* cannot feel the joy,
That makes *me* now so merry—come now,
I'll drink with you, and just to suit the time,
A measure fill up to you, truant fool,
That gives us thus the slip; fill, good Sirs, fill,
I will not have a pin's space in the glass
For light to show itself; fill, good Sirs, fill,
To the rough barque that now is on the way,
And may perchance, like that of Argosie,
Bear the true golden fleece. I thank you, gentlemen,
And now farewell, your pardon for the night,
Heav'n is my help, and God has sav'd the right.
[*As she is going out, enter Pearson.*

PEARSON.

Still here, still here, (is it not sunshine yet!)
Now where, now where's Gustavus?

OFFICER.

Gustavus?

PEARSON.

he, he that you saw, the ill clad man,
Ay, re bides he, wife?

OFFICER.

Quick; where is Gustavus?

ALICE.

Safe, safe! He is—

PEARSON.

Where?

ALICE.

Over the waters!

[*Exeunt.*

J. F. S.

NOTE.—The original story, which elicited this attempt (the first) at sketching a dramatic scene, will be found in Sir Robert Ker Porter's "Sketches in Russia and Sweden." I have but, in a trifling degree, departed from the prose narrative of the travelling knight.

SELINA; OR, WOMEN OF THE DAY.

It was not without a considerable degree of pleasure that I read a recent article, which treated, with much asperity, on the present degeneracy of women's education. There was, indeed, more of satire than warmth of feeling in the critique: the subject, however, interested me, for I have the welfare of the sex at heart, and would willingly forego a portion of the entertainment derived from magazines, could a few of their pages be successfully employed in producing a reformation in the mode of educating the fairer portion of creation. In my opinion, Nature has not given either a fairer or finer specimen of her workmanship than a woman, *as she ought to be*. But what is that? This is a question not easily answered, if we may judge from the diversity of opinions on this head; but it is to be lamented that there are so many *undeniable* examples of *what she ought not to be*. That the society of woman, where a misguided education has not crossed and obviated the purposes of nature, is eminently qualified to soften and subdue the native ferocity of man, and to render him more capable of all the softer charms and endearments of social life cannot be doubted. Her education should therefore be so conducted as to promote, instead of marring, these original, wise, and beneficent designs of nature; but, unhappily, the gifts which nature has so munificently lavished upon lovely woman are most woefully abused; and now only tend to blemish, nay, to despoil her of her native attractions. Affectation is mistaken for *grace*, flippancy for wit (and *what* has a woman to do with wit?), a sarcastic and unamiable suppression of feeling when offended, for gentleness of temper—a forward manner of discussing and commenting upon opinions, for cleverness—loud censure upon other women's conduct, for *prudence*—and as for housewives—

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'—they have not even the decency to dissemble the character. But gently, gently, my pen, it is not the *women* I condemn, but the *system* of their education. How many girls are there now left to the care of a fond mother (herself the victim of an erroneous

education), who are launched into actual scenes of dissipation. Every night a concert, ball-party, or play: the days are devoted to their toilets; so that absolutely their time is wholly divided between their beds, looking-glasses, and the crowd. Coquetry becomes the ruling passion of the mind, nor have they a second idea beyond the frivolities of the day. Yet, strange to say, it is the intention of mothers to get their daughters well married, after thus disqualifying them for the blessings, and preparing them for the miseries of a married state. Undoubtedly there must be a distinct class of men, with an equally refined education, to be wedded to such *comforts*, to such *companions*, to the *solaces* of a man's wearied spirit. There are some women less *dangerous* in their natures—gifted with a tolerable share of beauty, a little observation, an aptness of expression, a versatile imagination, with some talent for letter-writing. Each of these qualifications, if guided and properly directed, is fitted to form one of the elements of mental and social happiness; but it is possible that a too partial father, watching the improvements and attractions of his girl, corrupts all Nature's bounty; for, by misguided praises, and ill-timed display, he chokes up the incipient germs of the growing virtues with vanity, and all that might have been good degenerates, and turns to evil. The majority of girls are now of this cast and character—clever in general conversation, smart at repartee, quick in perception, prompt in observation, and frequently evincing indications of a mind, formed by nature for accomplishments and endowments of the highest order; but from a system of education, which is not only erroneous, but superficial, they become only the *reflection* of what is good; they evince neither *heart* nor application in whatever they do: thus their actions are too frequently productive of ill, both to themselves and their connexions. I once witnessed a melancholy instance of my assertion, and I think it not improper to offer it to public perusal; for although my reader may take little interest in tracing the misfortunes of a fellow-creature through a

child's scholastic routine, yet it may be a hint to the *vanity* of parents; and there is food for reflection to girls, who are now affording glaring examples of this generation's immorality.

George Harrington was the youngest of three brothers, whose parents were not affluent; consequently his pecuniary prospects being very limited, his father apprenticed him to a bookseller; but his qualifications fitting him for the gaieties of a drawing-room, rather than the more serious duties of a counter, business was neglected, light reading, which gave a polish to his mind which his station in life did not require, was his sole pursuit, and the term of his articleship expired, leaving young Harrington very unfit to earn his livelihood, and he was accordingly thrown a dependant on his father. Being handsome, however, well-informed, and possessed of prepossessing manners, he very soon meliorated his fortune by marriage with a young lady of considerable property. Twelve months had not elapsed, when the happy couple were greeted by the dearest pledge which Nature grants to the union of affection. Mrs. Harrington smiled in joy on a little boy; but Harrington expressed many regrets that it was not a daughter. Thirteen months afterwards his wish was granted; his wife presented him with a girl, and many an hour did he lavish in the contemplation of her future brightness. As a child, Selina Harrington (so they christened her) was beautiful; her dark grey eyes and long black lashes, contrasted well with a fine clear complexion, her curly hair, which a mother's taste (not to say her vanity) induced her to train in ringlets, falling on the well-turned shoulders of the little beauty; and Mrs. H. had a peculiar manner of dressing her children, to make them appear different from others. It is a bad plan, as was evinced in the case of our heroine; for she was noticed and caressed by every one. Thus early taught to love admiration, it became her sole aim through life; for it too frequently occurs that, when girls begin to fail in the power of attracting praise, they pursue notoriety with the same unceasing avidity. She was gifted with a general good capacity; but I secretly observed that the

shrewdness and quickness of perception, which procured her the praise and flattery of all her friends and admirers, were the result of the minutest care and study, if not of absolute cunning, the most dangerous as well as the most despicable quality in a woman. At the early age of four she read very accurately—at five, recited several speeches from scenes in Shakespeare's plays—had read them all; with an excellent comprehension. What a pity that innocence, which, at least, should die a natural death, should thus early be wrested from its legitimate abode! I one day found her sympathizing with the heroine of a *romance*; and upon asking her father why he suffered the child to fill her head with nonsense, he replied, that the errors arising from the perusal of novels may be checked when she is older. I argued, in vain, that her taste and ideas would be fixed and vitiated at the same moment. He maintained that the language of the book she was reading was chaste and elegant; and would form her style, while, at the same time, she would become satiated with fiction, and her relish for essential reading become fixed and permanent. Harrington's notions of human nature were collected from books, mine from long experience and strict observation. When eight years old Selina was sent to school, and at that period their family was increased by two girls and a boy; but Harrington's hopes and fondness were centered in his eldest girl, the others were his playthings, his pretty little darlings, while she was his idol. At school the system of education was so different from that adopted by her father, and so much less *entertaining*, that she conceived a dislike to all the pursuits allotted her. The little *manœuvres* that were heretofore *innocent* were now called more vigorously into action, to aid her escape from punishment, for occasional fits of idleness. Possessed of a precocious genius, the younger children were not fit companions for her, and the elder girls, finding her, what they chose to term, too knowing, she was shunned by one part of the school, and repulsed by the other. Thus thrown on the resources of her own mind, she very soon imagined herself peculiarly and cruelly situated, and at length was so unconquer-

ably romantic, that her mind took a discontented turn, a restlessness from which it was never extricated. Her productions were shewn to a parcel of flattering kuaves, who scrupled not to sacrifice their veracity to their interest, and her father's super-added eulogies, combined with other circumstances, served to convince her that she must be the heroine of every transaction at all connected with her; and excitation became so necessary to her existence, that she avowed it *impossible to live the every day life of this world*. When fourteen years of age she left school, possessed of a very superficial knowledge of all that constitutes the education of a true gentlewoman. Many a fruitless effort did her mother make to draw her attention to domestic duties. No! the confinement of school being now at an end, liberty was her constant theme; pleasure and conquest were the only objects worthy her ambition, and where her beauty failed, she would have recourse to some art, or express some very strange sentiment in order to make herself conspicuous. She was one of those ladies who rather choose to be *noticed, even with disgust, than remain in obscurity*. Mrs. Harrington saw, and endeavoured to check, the errors of her daughter; but this was weaving Penelope's web, for her work was undone as soon as executed, by her husband's foolish infatuation. Selina was unfortunate enough to lose her mother before she was fifteen. At that unripe age, with such ideas and propensities as I have described, it was indeed a misfortune to be left mistress of her own actions, (for she discovered that her father was her tool,) with entire sway over her brothers and sisters, except her eldest brother, against whom she entertained a most inveterate dislike, for he was sensible of her errors, and tried various means to correct them; but brothers are not always the most judicious monitors for girls. After the first burst of grief for the loss of his wife had subsided, Mr. Harrington pointed out to Selina the new duties imposed upon her; he besought her to be a mother to his children, (for there were seven younger than herself,) he entrusted the future superintendence of his house to her care, and for a short time the novelty of her situation was sufficient to call forth all her exertion

E. M. May, 1826.

to the task; but the housewife's occupations soon became monotonous; it wanted all the characters of romance, and this was what no *girl of genius could endure*. It was therefore thrown aside, the care of the house left to her next eldest sister, who was then thirteen years old. Selina's time was spent in her own room, writing novels, or *love letters*, except when she strayed from home in search of events, *for life was insupportable* without them. I was walking one day with a friend of mine and met her alone, when her dress was so *outrée*, and herself so highly rouged, that I found it difficult to persuade him she was a girl of respectability. We parted shortly afterwards, he turned back and followed Selina: he addressed her, she entered into conversation with him, and accepted his card; he appointed a place of assignation, and she met him the following day; they corresponded by letter, (for Selina was too proud of her abilities with the pen to lose an opportunity for display,) and he was at length introduced into her father's house, as the acquaintance of her female and *bosom friend*, the *only* one she could preserve. Their characters, though dissimilar in external form were of the same materials, and they acted well in the height of their friendship for each other's ruin; both motherless, and fostered by fond credulous fathers, who were easily imposed upon. I one night saw them alone in the boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, where they soon formed an acquaintance with two strange men, by whom they were escorted home. A new correspondence was the result, and this was a constant practice, until at last Selina was so well accustomed to hear the nonsense which men whisper into the ears of flighty women, that she fancied every man made love to her, whether he did or did not. In the latter case she sometimes found it difficult to impress others with the belief; but Selina thought there was *no harm in a white lie*. I have seen her in a theatre, when her extraordinary conduct, and the extravagant style of her dress, attracted the attention and notice of every man around her; and she mistook their impertinent glances for admiration. I have heard her boast of these conquests to her father, and he was as blind as herself. Nor did he like the friend who-

ever tried to deceive him. The course she ran led her into a species of extravagance, which her annual allowance could but ill afford, although it was a more liberal one than is allowed to many girls moving in the first circles. The society she courted (generally women of dashing appearance, if not of doubtful reputation, the greater her esteem for them), encouraged her propensity for dress, till she was involved to some extent among her father's trades-people. Her mother's trinkets were soon sacrificed at the same shrine of unconquerable folly. She had now made a little world of misfortunes for herself. Surrounded by pecuniary difficulties, a constant dread of her assignments being discovered, she deemed it not only prudent, but necessary, to be accompanied by one of her *younger sisters*, dreading to lose her father's good opinion and confidence, of which she knew herself to be unworthy. All this was too much for a young mind and constitution. She was not yet nineteen; her health became impaired; a deep melancholy took possession of her; and Selina was but a sorry companion, except when under the influence of great mental excitement, which sometimes produced an artificial flow of spirits, which frequently led her into the commission of acts, bringing with them long and unavailing regrets. She became discontented with herself, hated the home where she continually witnessed the disorder and devastation caused by her own wantonness; and gradually degenerated from a lively thoughtless girl, whose faults were of the head, not of the heart, into a fretful designing woman, devoid of every commendable feeling. All affection for her father was choked by her incessant fear of his being undeceived respecting her conduct; he observed an evident change in his girl; but she found it easy to persuade him that it was the result of ill health. The protracted evil at length arrived. A *perfidious friend* (for poor Selina was of too communicative a disposition to preserve her own secrets,) thought proper to disclose to Mr. Harrington the true state of his daughter's affairs. The shock was indeed great, for a father to find the being he had imagined perfect, running a career which, in any one else, he would have pronounced unpardonable; but

it was his Selina, his darling girl, he forgave all, disbelieved half that was told to him, and loved her as much as ever; for, although he could not trace the causes, still he discovered that she was shunned by every woman of respectability; and the very men who had been her flatterers, either with some *'good natured intent or interested purpose'*, would convey strange insinuations to his ear, which he hesitated not to set down to the account of jealousy. The more the world condemned, the more he prized Selina. She made several attempts by her pen to afford herself the means of carrying on her continued routine of extravagance; but she had not talent to succeed, or it was marred by the stings of an uneasy conscience. She *aspired*, but could not be, a literary character; her knowledge was superficial, and her experience still less. Hence arose accordingly another source of chagrin. At length she began to perceive that her utmost exertions were requisite to command the attentions of men, and she was constantly reminded of it by the numberless intricacies in which she was entangled by the falsehoods told to disguise this truth from others. She looked upon every woman whose attractions exceeded her own as an enemy. Their reputations were sacrificed to her revenge and artifice; until at length conscious that her character and her conduct became notorious, she repelled the influence of every better feeling, and set the world at defiance. She thought it sufficient to give even her father the semblance of an excuse for her actions, although he still loved on, still admired; but to keep up the delusion she found it necessary to undermine his opinions of all around him, nor did she spare her brothers and sisters. By commenting loudly on their *little faults*, she at *least* withdrew his attention from her own actual crimes. Selina's *pride*, not principle, had preserved what the world term her honour, and although in no other respect meritorious, and hardly in *that*, she was up to the age of twenty a virtuous woman. I say virtuous, inasmuch as her conduct had caused many *fruitless attempts* on her chastity; but she was too heartless to be betrayed into an ardent affection, and too cunning to be deceived by any man. However, she *was* to be outwitted, and the dis-

trass to which she was reduced by the pressure of creditors made her fall an easier victim. A noble Lord contrived to decoy her into the country, and was married to her by his own valet; and when she was undeceived respecting her aggrandisement, she received news at the same time of her father's utter ruin, caused by her extravagance and neglect of his affairs. The shock was too great for her mind. She was bereft of fortitude by a series of petty, but at length extensive, misfortunes, and she put an end to her existence by poison. Never shall I forget the sight her funeral presented. The desolation of the house, which was once a scene of perfect delight. Even sorrow, to which in this world none are strangers, appeared to come there always in disguise, but now she wore her most deadly livery; the house was nearly stripped of furniture, and the melancholy vehicle of death was seen bearing away the origin of this devastation, when it was but too late. My blood now freezes when I call to recollection the father's look of wreckless despair; I rushed from his presence; a little gold was all I had to offer—this was not consolation. Selina's last sad knell fell heavily on my ear, my heart sunk low as it died away; yet I would that it were now pealing in the ears of many a girl who borders closely on poor Selina's fate; in the ears of fathers who are working for their own, and the ruin of their children, who treading closely in the paths of the unfortunate Selina, must inevitably, without a particular interposition of providence, share her fate, and leave her friends impressed with the same mournful and heart-rending recollections. A woman should avoid cunning, as Eve should the serpent. By attempting to deceive others, she only succeeds in deceiving herself. Woman should be much more tenacious of her happiness than man, and should therefore more cautiously avoid all the paths and snares that lead first to temptation, and afterwards to misfortune; for to the rough nature of man, those trials, to which, from her soft and tender nature, woman falls so easy and hapless a victim, are but as the March

breeze, which braces and invigorates all sound and hardy constitutions. Man, like Atlas, gains new strength by every fall, unless he be at once strangled like Hercules; but woman has neither strength to endure nor fortitude to encounter the rough blasts of adversity. She is not formed to buffet with the world. Nature seems to have intended her solely for enjoying and dispensing all the softer delights and milder felicity of social and domestic bliss. Capable of enjoying a more refined and exquisite portion of happiness herself, she is also capable of imparting a greater portion of it to others; for as it is only those who weep themselves that can melt the soul to melancholy sadness, so is it only those who feel the inspiring glow of pleasure, that goddess who is painted with eyes so fair and measure so delightful, that can raise the soul from the dull tenor and monotony of every day life. Woman is always either happy or miserable. While happy, she is the happiest of beings—while unhappy, the most wretched. She should therefore, as I have just observed, be more tenacious of her happiness than man, because it is of more value to her, and more fearful of losing it, because less capable of enduring its absence. How careful then should parents be to guard their daughters against all those habits, pursuits, and fashionable follies which obtain among the higher classes of society, and which, when pursued by those who are just placed below them, though too proud to acknowledge their secondary station, lead frequently to misery, and not unfrequently to infamy and abandonment of character. The fate of woman generally depends on her education and early habits, and to her parents, consequently, she owes her fortune or misfortune through life. Unlike man, she is easily converted to good or evil, and therefore cannot be handled too tenderly; but handle man as you will, and educate him as you please, he will always retain a portion of the good or evil disposition which he inherited from nature.

M. S. M.

SISIPHUS.

IN despair, young William rushed into his uncle's library. "How now, boy?"

"Oh! uncle, can you conceive any thing so scandalous? Last week I found a poor girl sitting on the step of a door, with her feet all frozen and covered with chilblains. I carried her home; my mother kindly took her in, cured her, clothed her, and finding her utterly destitute, has retained her in her service. So to-day comes that *petit-maitre* of a parson, who is always leering in the looking-glass, draws my mother aside with a great deal of mystery, and, after shrugging up his shoulders, drawing a long face, and humming and hawing, asks if it be true that she has received my mistress into the house, as all the town maintains? Is it not enough to make one mad, uncle? A good deed gains one an ill name."

"Hem!" rejoined the uncle, "when you were silly enough, a few months ago, to fight a duel about some trifle or other, it was reported throughout the town that you had taken up the cudgels on behalf of an old man, whom your opponent had insulted; and every body extolled you. That report was no less false than the one which you now complain of, therefore set off one against the other."

"Alas! reputation is a miserable affair after all; the good and the bad are alike but half true."

"Often not so much as half true," replied the uncle, "and every day increases the uncertainty of all our knowledge. A few centuries after the death of the most famed, we know not what to think of them. Kings, heroes, and poets must submit to this as well as you; and yet do they pant with such maddening desire after a thing that assumes a new form every instant, like the cloud of smoke issuing from my tobacco-pipe. I was just reading of Sisiphus, who may serve us for an example. He reigned in Corinth. Many poets assign him a place in the infernal regions, and give him a pretty troublesome task to perform, namely, to roll a huge stone up a mountain, and when he has reached the top, and

thinks his labour completed, the stone suddenly rolls down again to the bottom. Why does he endure this penance? One says, that he betrayed the secrets of the gods. Jupiter had carried off Egina, the daughter of Asopus. The sorrowing father entreated Sisiphus, who was privy to the abduction, to reveal to him the place of her confinement. This Sisiphus consented to do, upon condition that Asopus should supply his castle with water. For this treachery Jupiter banished him to Pluto's dominions.

"Another maintains that his crime was the seduction of his niece, Lyro.

"A third draws his information from Demetrius, an old commentator of Pindar on the Olympic games. According to him, Sisiphus had commanded his wife not to inter his corpse, but to throw it into the middle of the market-place. She obeyed him punctually. However, the ghost of Sisiphus took this in dudgeon, for he had done it only to try her love. He begged permission of Pluto to leave the lower world for a few hours, in order to punish his unfeeling widow. It was granted, upon condition that he should be punctual in returning at the time appointed. But as it is the common failing of our nature to despise what we possess, and to hanker incessantly after things which are beyond our reach, so it happened that Sisiphus was so much delighted with his return to the world which he had lost, that he totally forgot his promise to Pluto; and it was not until after many years' absence that he was forcibly dragged down again by Mercury, when the punishment before-mentioned was awarded him.

"Others say, that he made incursions as a robber into the Attic territory, where he caused all who fell into his hands to be executed under the most cruel tortures, until Theseus, the king of Athens, conquered and slew him.

"What think you now, William? Can a man have a worse reputation than this Sisiphus? For, let which you will be true, he was either a traitor, a voluptuary, a fool, or a robber. But, hear now, what Homer says of

him: 'Sisiphus had cast Death in chains, and held him a prisoner many years; until, at length, Mars, instigated by Pluto, set him at liberty; for the lower world remained empty, because men no longer died.' "And how does Homer explain this? *How* did Sisiphus hold death in chains?" "By PEACE. He was the wisest of mortals. He not only lived in personal concord with all his neighbours, but it was his constant endeavour to keep them at peace with each other.

By this means he brought prosperity and affluence into his kingdom, and his subjects were no longer a prey to the havoc of war.

"Let this be a lesson to you, William. Avoid evil and do good; prefer the approbation of your own conscience to the good opinion of the world; the former is the certain consequence of well doing; the latter is often the reward of the undeserving and the wicked."

S.

CROOKED CUSTOMS.

'More honour'd in the breach than in the observance.'

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Vivere est cogitare, et videre, is a very ancient, but a very wholesome adage, and when I look upon many customs which the inhabitants of this well-peopled world so affectionately and so pertinaciously cling to, through tide and time, I begin to think that not a few of these may be dispensed with, and that without putting the national faith in jeopardy, or banishing its politeness to the north pole. What a number of superfluous, and troublesome, and incongruous ceremonies are still maintained, at the expense of elegance and comfort in our social intercourse with each other; and so absurd are they, so little conducive to the dignity of society, or even to the consequence of individuals, one would really think we preferred playing our parts in strait waistcoats, or to walk through the world with fetters upon our actions.

It has been exceedingly well observed, that true politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

Should we not think it a very March madness to stickle for precedence, when a matter of consequence demanded that we waste not a single moment? And yet Mistress Snooks,

from the city, will stand bobbing and curtsying to her neighbour, Madam Higginson, and exclaim—"La, no, madam—indeed, ma'am—'pon my honour, I can't go first"—and all about—the rain coming down by bucket-fulls the while—who should first ascend the steps, and ensconce themselves on the leathern seats of a dirty hackney-coach.

"Then again—oh, it is horrible, most horrible!"—after we have endured, sat out, these thirty minutes of awkward ceremony and awful suspense,—the half hour before the summons of a dress party dinner reaches the drawing-room—then again, when all are "like hounds new slipped," ready to dash towards the savoury fragrance of soups and sirloins, to have the main body deranged, and the rear thrown into disorder, by the starch and brocaded ceremony of two silk-rustling dowagers, debating who should first enter the "promised land," and marshal the hungry detachment to the object of all their wishes. Shakspeare must have had this custom in his "mind's eye," when he wrote the words of my motto. It is crooked enough, truly.

But at the feast-board, after the preliminaries have been arranged, and the seats duly apportioned, even

there misfortunes—they never will come singly, and like angel visits, “far between”—follow us, and politesse spoils our fish and cools our soup. We must wait till every one at the table is provided for, before we venture to taste the viands the bounty of our host has piled upon our plate. The onset must not be made till the commissariat has delivered out every ration, and (in comparison) until the “little drummer-boys and all” are prepared to charge in company. This is another touch of policy, which runs, like Hogarth’s line of beauty, only it lacks its utility. It should be reformed altogether.

Then your health-drinking, that perplexing and dissonant practice, with what an increase of comfort might that be abolished! Like bidding for a favourite lot at an auction, one is actually obliged, in a large company, to wait chances, and race for speaking time between the discordant Babel of rival toasters; and we think ourselves too happy to catch the eye of our hostess, and to escape with a mere nod from the vociferous ceremony. They lay its introduction at a monarch’s door; but I can assure all fashionable people, that the “drink weal” of the Saxon is quite out *now* at palaces and in “king’s houses.”

Song singing—I mean the indiscriminate chaunting of mixed societies, when the bowl and bottle make those

“Who once could sing, sing now the more,
And those to sing, who never sung before,”

that is an abomination which will admit of lopping. I do not quarrel with a good sea, or sporting song, with a cheerful catch, or a cheering melody, but with the absurd custom

of asking and expecting all to sing—from the pouting miss, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies, to the eager balladmonger, who, having half a dozen ditties, ready cut and dried, is uneasy and restless till he has poured their full flood of discord upon your much injured ears. I quite agree with some writer of an earlier day, when he says, that “if a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice (and knows how to use it, he should have added), it is sensible to entreat them to sing, and it is good humoured when they comply;” but I also go along with him, when he adds, that if “the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one’s senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will, like Timon, avoid the society of man.” Certes, your sing-song companies are equivocal comforts, for

“What ear, ye syrens, can endure the
past

Of a man roaring, like a storm at west?
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
To hear some hoyden miss for evenings
squal?”

Give me, ye gods, my cabin free from
care,
And jingling nightingales in darkling air.”

These are only the advanced guard, my good masters, of the army of *Crooked comforts* I have under my command—some other time I may take the field again, and parade a second detachment before you, and for your warning. Mr. Beresford may probably be content with the two volumes he has already written; but, if not, I am quite sure I have matter “deep and dangerous” wherewithal to furnish him for the compilation of two additional tomes, descriptive of “*The Miseries of Human Life*.”

S.

Burton Crescent, May 10, 1825.

THE SUN.

THOU art a radiant giant, mighty Sun!
To whom the universe for life and light
Must trust for ever, as it, ay, hath done—
Unto the hour in which I proudly write
Of thy divinity and splendours bright,
That make the skies transparent, and the earth
And eloquent ocean, in its billowy height,
Things of surpassing beauteousness, and mirth,
And all sublimity from thee hath glorious birth!

Thou hast no home, thou universal king!
 Thy wand'rings last for ever, and no rest
 Shall ere be thine allotment: wild birds sing
 In air awhile, then seek their quiet nest,
 Within whose down they slumber and are blest;
 Ships, which the lordly billows long have hurl'd
 Across the many-colour'd ocean's breast,
 At length repose, with every proud sail furl'd;
 But thou dost ever roll, untir'd, from world to world.

As little as the eagle heeds the chirp
 Of sparrows, the base clouds dost thou regard
 Which linger round thee, and thy throne usurp:
 For a brief moment is thy face debarr'd,
 From gazing upon earth, and they retard
 Awhile the brightness of thy seven-fold beam;
 But scarce an instant is its grandeur marr'd—
 The clouds dissolve before thy wrathful gleam,
 Again the mountains glow, and sparkles every stream.

Thou art the source of each diviner thought,
 That wakes the soul to passion; every ray
 Of thine with inspiration's self is fraught,
 And where thy fires, in their resistless play,
 Pour on the dry earth a terrific day,
 Here beat the bosoms unto which belong
 The wildest feelings that the spirit sway,
 And prompt to actions, great in right, or wrong,
 Which form th' immortal themes of never-dying song.

Thou priest over all lands, majestic globe!
 Giving new seasons unto every clime;—
 The torrid earth by scorching fires enrobe;
 Thou bring'st to northern realms their summer time,
 Making the frozen ground burst forth sublime
 With kindling verdure, and the icy Pole
 Of the same beams that turn the gentle rime,
 To healthful moisture, feels the stern control—

Its fetters slowly break—and forth the free waves roll!
 May, 1825. H. AD.

TELL ME NOT STARS.

TELL me not stars that your splendour is bright,
 That ye yield the clouds with a beauteous light,
 What will ye be when the moon sets sail,
 But the tinsel spots that gemmeth her veil?
 Tell me not snow drops, though sweet ye be,
 And crocus too, there are none like we—
 Where will your humbler fragrance flee,
 When the rose asserts her victory?

Tell me ye birds that warble now,
 On the budding sprig, and the bursting bough;
 What shall we think of our chirping spell,
 When we hear the song of the nightingale?

But bright as the moon comes my lady love,
 And her voice is as nightingale's song in the grove,
 And her lips, and her breath, is a rose blown full,
 And nothing is half so beautiful!

March 4, 1825.

J. F. S.

MAY FLOWERS.

TEN years ago—what a revolution does a little span of time make!—ten years ago I joined in its pleasantries, enjoyed its simplicity, participated in its orgies, and was the wildest, merriest, faithfulest—it may be—silliest votary (for, after all, some may say, what is there in the gambols of healthy and happy lads and lasses about a pole), of May-day, like that which is now rising in beauty and splendour upon half the world. What a “change” has come over “the spirit of my dream” since that period! But wherewithal has the world to do with the blighted and blasted designs, the vanished hope visions, baseless as a spectre, of an individual? Why should I thrust a tale of disappointment upon those who may themselves be enduring that silent grief which cracks the heart’s strings?

“To each his sufferings: all are men
Condemn’d alike to groan;
The tender for another’s pain,
Th’ unfeeling for his own.”

Let us, therefore put on at least the semblance of joy; to be merry is to be wise, and we will discourse cheerfully for a little time of May-day and May-flowers—ay, even as we were wont to do ten years ago.

Come, come, let us away to the great city, where flowery branches are decorating every door, and the hawthorn waves gracefully on every bonnet—let us join with the morris-dancers, the maskers, the revellers that ply their innocent antics in every part—see, see,

“With coat of Lincoln green, and
mantle, too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle
bright,
And arrows winged with peacock’s fea-
thers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the
yew.”

Here cometh the Lord of the May, high Robin Hood himself, and by his side stalketh the jolly Tuck, that Prince of Friars; and there his “green wood beauty,” Maid Marian, “habited in pretty forest plight,” trips it feathery, the presiding goddess of the pageant. But out upon it, I do forget myself, these are of the olden time, very things of antiquity which have yielded

to time and change, and though innocent and fanciful, have been unable to withstand the all-powerful hand of novelty. They have fallen and left us nothing at this day but to regret their disuse, even as we did ten years ago.

But the May-pole is not yet quite banished the land whereon it once stood, a pride and a pleasure to the lowly and the great. I know a place—’tis but an hour’s walk—where we shall see rosy-cheeked damsels, and sun-embrowned peasants, vindicating the primitive simplicity of our forefathers, and still maintaining, in rustic mirth and unsophisticated jollity, the honest and hearty pageantries of the day. Is not the green and verdant carpet, figured and embossed with real, not mimic flowers, and those hued over with the dyes of nature, as pleasing to the eye, and delightful to the sense, as the chalked floors of the artificially decorated ball-room? Are not those violets and primroses, gathered from her cottage garden, which adorn yon blue-eyed maiden’s brows, equal in becoming splendour to the wreaths of pearl and strings of diamonds which glitter among the polished tresses of the fair creatures that dwell in palaces? Come, come, we are all of us but “children of a larger growth;” let us therefore throw away fashion, clothe ourselves in good-nature and humility, and hie away to the village of my progenitors. We shall have a hearty welcome at the good vicar’s; his daughters will play and sing to us, and the home-brewed will o’erwarrant the family tankard for our refreshment; and that which “maketh glad the heart of man”—wine, generous wine, will not be withheld. Come, come, these shall be for our use and service, and the merriment shall cease not till we have made the rustics “crow like chanticleer” at our participating agility around their May-pole. Let us “up, up and be doing,” it will put me so much in mind of ten years ago.

But it may be, that *you* look with envy upon the day, my indefatigable sportsman. The “choice time of the year” has put a negative to your hare-hunts and your fox-chases. Your

occupation is for a time gone your horn is not again to be sounded in the vallies, or upon the hill-top, and the huntress of the chase has retired to her summer bower, till the leaf shall have again dropped, and the bud shall have withered. But do not be angry, my hearty son of the sport-field, that you must say,

"Go, rest thee, old gun, in thy case;
In the kennel go, sleep thee, my dog;
There's Summer must pass o'er our face;
Ere again—the threegraces—we jog."

There is yet amusement healthy and cheering for you, and May is the queen that comes smilingly towards you, beckoning to their embrace. There is the busy race-course—there is the silent river—there is the bowling-green and the cricket-ground. *Idleness* and inactivity are strangers to them, and therefore they should be of your acquaintance; now it is that they put on "newest gloss,"—hie away to their enjoyments, and may you, in the vortex of their influence, find half the innocent amusement which was conferred upon me ten years ago.

This is May-day, and it is a beautiful day with us in the country; the spring-buds of promise are shooting out from my honeysuckles and sweet-briars; my tulips are as gay as a stately vessel, with the streamers of many nations flying about her; and

my peas are already throwing out from their white blossoms dainty fruit; the birds are chirping their love tales, and stealing the apple flowers beneath my study window; and

"Bounteous nature, deck'd so gay,
Shows 'tis her genial holiday."

May all this meekness and splendour trace the picture of your lives, my young friends—you that are just entering upon the May of your career—and I am sincere in the wish, and strong in the hope, may the fragrance and beauty, which providence now dispenses, to gladden and profit its creatures, impregnate themselves with your fortunes, and scatter a balm of healing about you, so that the thorns which will arise, the clouds which will lower against and over the best of us, may be robbed of some of their virulency, and lessened of some of their danger; and when you look back, in later years, upon "the joys of your dancing days," and smile again at the ocean of sweets the influential spirit of the day sets in agitation, may you, on this annual holiday, this commencement of a "merry season," this chamberlain to Summer's palace of plenty, bless the great first cause of your comforts, and say I am still as heart-whole and happy as I was ten years ago. J. F. STUART.

May-day, 1825.

THE SUNSET GUN;

A RECOLLECTION ADDRESSED TO * * * *

THEY were sweet hours, when I with thee,
Wander'd beside a sunset sea,
Whereon the mellow day-beams all
Seem'd ripening for their autumn fall;
While in the east fair Cynthia dawning,
Open'd a kind of moonlight morning,
And every billow hush'd its roar,
Save those that were unheard before,
Lashing the steep and far-off shore,
And now just murmur'd through the stillness
Of the west wave, whose careful tread,
Mov'd softly by day's dying bed,—
It was a sweet and soothing chillness
That crept upon us as we stood,
And o'er the watery solitude,

E. M. May, 1825.

3 H

Look'd for the small flash of that gun,
 Whose lips ere long, with a dull peal,
 Of earth-born thunder, must reveal
 The death and burial of the sun,
 Who, like a warrior, finds his grave
 Ev'n where he falls—in the red wave.
 Remember'st thou, as long we waited,
 And thought the courier sound belated,
 Upon its dim and trackless way
 Over the wild of waters, how
 We listen'd, till a strange dismay
 Grew upon either's cheek and brow,
 From the accumulated thought
 Of that slow-coming shock, now wrought
 Up by our fancies, thus left free,
 To something dread as dread may be?
 Remember'st thou the childish terror
 That expectation raised within us,
 As though the crash could break that mirror,
 Of ocean into storms, and din us
 With such o'erwhelming noise, that life
 Would sink beneath the very clangor,
 Of such a devilish, deafening strife,
 Subdued ev'n by the voice of anger?
 And when it came, so soft, so low,
 And half melodious, too, as though
 The Nereids of the wave, who brought
 That harsh-tongued spirit o'er, had taught
 Their music to him on the road!
 Oh! how our little faces glow'd,
 Blushing that they could ever fail
 In blushes, and be cold and pale,
 With fear of what could hardly fright
 A leveret from its dream, and might
 Pass for the rush of a rude gale!
 Then first would we begin to feel
 The night air of the ocean steal
 Round us its damp and icy finger;
 And as we scamper'd from the cliff,
 Whence nought was seen to bid us linger,
 Nor beam, nor bird, nor even a skiff—
 Laughingly home, we pray'd that *if*,
 Which Heaven forefend! in after days
 The black magician, Fear, should raise
 Demons, commission'd yet with ill,
 Before our eyesight—such as kill
 Joy's tender life, without a wound,
 They might be false and fleeting sound,
 As those he *now* had conjured up;
 Or, if *some* wormwood in the cup
 Of life *must* mingle, or to know,
 Be not to ward a coming blow—
 That we might find the draught far less
 Tinged, than we thought, with bitterness;
 And that the rod, whose threat could shake
 Our souls thus dreadly, should it take
 Effect, might only serve to make
 A theme for laughter, as had done
 The terrors of the **SUNSET GUN.**

COLLINS'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

THE duty of a critic is not merely to praise; for though he who delights rather in exposing blemishes than in discovering beauties, must be wanting both in charity and in taste, yet indiscriminate applause is not only worthless but censurable, as it tends to confound the distinctions of right and wrong, and to procure for the one a portion of that respect which exclusively belongs to the other. Impressed with this opinion, even Addison, the great panegyrist of Milton, devoted several papers to the consideration of the defects in *Paradise Lost*; and after him, Johnson, I think, accumulated his objections to that poem, into an essay in either one or the other of his two periodicals. Thus authorised, I feel no hesitation in addressing to the readers of the *European Magazine* a few critical remarks on a poem, which has long and deservedly been esteemed as among the noblest of English lyrics, and which the learned Dr. Langhorne, himself an elegant poet, has ventured to call even the very best ode in our language. I allude to "The Passions," by Collins; and, as to its general character, I see no reason for dissenting from the opinion his great encomiast has given in the following words: "Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them; but in *this* we have the whole soul and power of poetry,—expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery, of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds." From the censure implied in the first part of this extract, must be excepted Dryden's two odes on Music, and also Pope's rival one;—Gray's Bard, too, had appeared when Langhorne wrote the above. But, without staying to compare these four beautiful compositions with the master-piece of Collins, I will proceed at once to point out wherein it is that *this*, however noble a production, is tinged with the imperfection that sullies the brightest of human works.

The introduction of madness, as "ruling the hour," when the passions

were merely exercising their musical skill, appears too serious an incident, when we consider that at least half of the emotions which the bard afterwards personifies, are of a pleasurable nature. Besides, too, the impersonation of madness, by making him "*rule*" the hour, although he is never again mentioned, has a confusing effect, and takes from the prominence of those characters which really are essential objects in the picture. I cannot help noticing here,—though merely to commend, which, as I have said, is not my present purpose,—the poet's ingenious and very successful use of the phrase, "by fits and starts," which common—nay—vulgar as it is, wears a most dignified and expressive aspect in the line—

"'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild."

And, at the same time—(how much pleasanter it is to praise than to blame!)—let me observe what occurs to me as being a metrical manoeuvre, which is quite unique, highly elegant, and yet hitherto unperceived by the eye of criticism. It is the suspension of a rhyme over eight verses in the inimitable passage on Hope, beginning "But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair," and keeping the ear in anxious but agreeable expectation of the corresponding final sound, even to the close of the description. Had the circumstance occurred in any composition of our older lyrists, it would have been but in conformity with their general and ungraceful practice of leaving so long an interval between rhymes; but in the whole of Collins's Ode no similar irregularity occurs to an equal extent; and, therefore, the happy effect of it may, and ought, to be attributed to the author's intention.

In representing Hope as *prolonging* the strain, and calling on Echo, he has hardly distinguished her from Memory, whom we can imagine doing the same, and with a propriety more peculiarly her own.

From the line—

"Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe,"

it may be suspected that Collins thought (as Johnson laid to the

charge of (Gray), that whatever was the most remote from common use was the most poetical; for there seems no sufficient reason for that quaint and monotonizing inversion of the two first words,

"Ne'er were prophetic sounds so full of woe,"

would have been a much more spirited line, and quite a relief from the wearing sameness of the metre adjacent.

There is a strange complication of logical error in the line

"Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd."

To veer is to turn about, to change; and to be mixed is to be composed; so that the changing song is said to be composed of differing themes. Strictly speaking, a song is composed not of its theme, but on it; and differing (instead of different) implies a sort of prosopopœia, though this can hardly exist in a part, the whole of which is not personified. Then, how does the song *change*, or *veer*? From one theme to another. And yet the song is intrinsically *composed* or *mixed up*, of them all! As it happens, the sense is sufficiently intelligible,—unless, indeed, we follow the metaphor; but the same inaccuracy would not be so trifling in every case where it might occur. Buskins are very unpoetical, as a word, however classical they may be as a part of dress. The sound reminds one of *buckskins*, and the very idea of their constituting any portion of "a nymph's" attire is not only disgusting, but quite alarming. And why must cheerfulness have a *bow* at her back? Is it essential to reserving the temperament so called, that we should mangle and murder those harmless tenants of the plain and forest, whose songs and gambols give the country its chief air of cheerfulness? Then, again, "Sport" is nothing without his beechen spear. And what is the sportive use of this said beechen spear? To be thrust into the bleeding entrails of such ill-fated dumb animals, as Heaven has taken the liberty of enduing with bodily strength superior to that of the "lords of the creation,"—the creation of which these *lords* are themselves a part. I have supposed that manly sport is looked for only in the perilous kinds of hunting; if the *spear*

were to pierce the vitals of the timid and "dappled foresters" that Jacques pitied, my animadversions on "Sport" would be more serious.

Joy's favourite instrument, "the brisk *awakening* viol," is said to have an *entrancing* voice. This is something of a bull. Soon following, is an awkward instance of the impropriety there is in shifting the second person, during the progress of a single sentence, from the singular number to the plural, and thence back again.

"Why, Music! why to us deny'd?

Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As in that loved Athenian bower,

You learned an all-commanding power,

Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!

Can well recall what then it heard."

Music, perhaps, can hardly be too chromatic; but grammar admits of little modulation. *You* and *thy* in two successive lines,—*non di, non homines*.

"Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime."

Another syllable introduced into that word *energetic* would make the metre much more energetic, and the "diction" as much less affected. Moreover, it may be observed here, that the whole of the concluding apostrophe to music is a lamentable falling off from the preceding parts of the ode. The ideas are feeble, the language cramped, and the versification monotonous. The very last line but two—

"Revive the just designs of Greece."

has a doubly broken metaphor, not a whit less defective than that which I have before analysed. Let the words be turned into Latin, and the confusion of sense will be more obvious than it is even at present. On the whole, however, this ode amply merits the encomiums with which it has been honoured; for, as yet, no officious "lover of poetry," or "constant reader," has had the folly to single out its faults for commendation. Were the amiable author alive—poor Collins!—very likely the above strictures would not have been made; but they now can wound no individual's private feelings, and they may, perhaps, be not unserviceable to the cause of poetic taste. It is a pity that no man of first-rate abilities has given the public a critical and minute

dissertation upon the anomalies which unhappily exist in the best of our standard poetry—in those pieces which are given us in our earliest youth as models in their particular style of composition; so that the rising generation of poets might derive every be-

nefit from the works of their predecessors, and yet avoid those improprieties in them which no authority can sanction, and which nothing but a most radical corruption of the public taste can ever bring into esteem.

ANSWER TO SOME REFLECTIONS ON DR. JOHNSON'S MORAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH you have promised that the forthcoming number shall be enriched with some comments of your own upon the subject of this letter, yet, as it appears to me little likely that we shall both view the matter in exactly the same light, and as an attack upon the character of a most celebrated and highly esteemed author, cannot, if unjust, be repelled from too many quarters, nor, if otherwise, be too generally assisted, I have no hesitation in submitting to you and your readers my opinion of the article that you last month published, under the title of, "Reflections upon the Moral and Biographical Writings of Dr. Johnson."

One who sits down to answer a series of outrageous invectives, will find his task to be attended with many peculiar difficulties and facilities. As to the latter, he will immediately perceive, that the violence of his antagonist's fury has made him often strike wide of the mark, and not unfrequently crush the weapon itself with his blow. "Paper bullets of the brain," will, if hurled with too great velocity, fly in pieces, like clay balls from a sling. But, notwithstanding that unreasonable abuse is so easily combatted, and that the wise are so readily brought to reprobate it, even supposing them not to have done so in the first instance—yet, those unthinking persons, upon whom mere assertion would have its greatest effect, are not speedily convinced of the error into which they have fallen: either from blindness or from vanity, they will not see, or will not confess, that they have been "bamboozled

and bit." But to whom, if not to readers of this weak-minded class, ought the defence now undertaken be addressed? One would not deem it necessary for the guidance of any intelligent and accomplished scholar, to a knowledge of Dr. Johnson's true merit! "The colossus of English literature," as he properly has been called, over-strides the whole civilized world; and the proudest spirits that have come after him, have thought it an honour to "walk under his huge legs," and learn from him to lay themselves in *honourable* graves. But let me not assume a tone too haughty—too flatteringly similar to that of the good doctor's intemperate vilifier. From all, then, learned or unlearned, who love truth and respect the immortal dead, I alike solicit a short attention.

The author of the Reflections, professes, near the opening of them, "to dismiss, as beyond his purpose, the style of Dr. Johnson, as a writer," and then continues the same paragraph to the extent of a whole column, without touching on any subject save the very one he has abjured! And what is it he says? Among other "Balaam," this: viz. that "persons of heavy imaginations, and of no fecility of thought—men whose minds are not nicely discriminative—are generally found to be the admirers and the imitators of the Johnsonian periods;" and that these heavy, dull, and indiscriminative persons, "regret through life that they could not acquire the author's valuable matter, but at the expense of his ponderous turgidity." What is meant here by the phrase "*acquiring* the author's

matter," is rather doubtful, when the acquisition is said to be "at the *expense*" of his turgidity: but whether we interpret it that the said heavy, and infelicitous, and indiscriminative persons are capable of profiting by the doctor's writings, or that they are capable of rendering their own as profitable as his; or whether it be that the turgidity *expended* is an annoyance to them as readers, or that it is so to the readers of their imitative writings, the hypothesis of our reflector is, either way, self-contradictory; for a heavy, infelicitous, and indiscriminative person, must, from his nature, be unable to make use of valuable matter, either in studying or in composing; and one who has the good sense, the felicitous taste, and the critical discrimination, to see the defects of a certain style, and to regret having imbibed them, cannot very well be heavy, &c. &c.; or, on the other hand, writings which have the power of infusing those good qualities into intellects of that ordinary description, must either have very little imperfectness of style, or must be impregnated with so much of substantial merit, as to make the consideration of their style nugatory and invidious.

But the attack is made principally on the morality of the good doctor, and yet, strange to say, the only work of his which pretends to an ethical purpose, is not so much as alluded to, far less mentioned or quoted. To read the reflections on Dr. Johnson, one would think that the inditer of them was not aware that any book, such as *THE RAMBLER*, was in existence, or had ever been so. What can have induced him to venture on so unauthorized an assertion, as that Johnson's greatest and most useful work, is his *Biography of the Poets*, I am utterly at a loss to conceive; unless I conclude, that the assessor is himself one "of the tuneful craft;" and that, consequently, he esteems the Muses more than the Virtues, having never aimed at ingratiating himself with the latter, and being, therefore, unblest and unendowed by them. Poetry, spoken of abstractedly, may properly be held as an art of mere amusement. Instruction or information is not the object which it proposes to itself. And the insight, consequently,

which it affords, is not so transcendent as alone to give life its quantum of happiness, although too frequently it unfits us for well appreciating any other higher species of pleasure than what itself alone has to bestow. The science of ethics has a far more liberal and noble end—a more extensive, though more determinate object. It aims directly at the promotion of human happiness, through the medium of moral amelioration. And yet this railer at immorality, thinks the history of some dozen or more lazy rhymesters, is a work of more importance, than what is, perhaps, the very finest collection of virtuous precepts, and of moral arguments, that ever was made by one single hand. It is true, that there is much in the manner of treating a subject. It is equally true, that Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* contain a world of invaluable observations upon human conduct. But these are no more than incidental—accidental, and, if they form any striking feature of the work, it is a spontaneous and gratuitous benefaction of the author's. It was not demanded or expected from him, by the booksellers who set before him his topic; and had all these "invaluable observations," as the reflector, perforce, must own they are, been struck out of the book, the purpose of its publication (as developed in the title-page) would be fully as well answered as it is now. The Rambler proposed to itself an effect quite different from that of a mere poetical biography. "It has been my principal design," says the author, "to inculcate wisdom or piety;" and he concludes with the following explicit declaration of what he hoped for his periodical labours. "I shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth." And yet a work of these lofty pretensions,—pretensions which the public judgment confesses to have been amply sustained, is absolutely unnoticed by one who dares to call in question the purity and propriety of its author's moral lucubrations! But where censure is determined on, "the lie by omission" seldom sticks in the throat of the critic's conscience; and it would be well if no falsehood of a

more positive kind ever disgraced his peevish page.

Our Zoilus begins his snarling with four columns of assertions, which, with a candour too constrained to be virtuous, he confesses, "are very general;" and he proceeds to acknowledge, that they "appeal rather to the experience and consciousness of our (*his*) readers, than to any proof we (*he*) has given of their truth." He therefore proposes to address himself to "facts." Let us examine these *facts*, which, by the bye, are not presented until another discharge of venom has taken place.

The first charge against Johnson is, that he terminates the life of Hughes, as a poet, by telling us that Hughes was *not* a poet. Now if he really *had* said so of any one whose works were included in the edition of the poets, which he was illustrating with memoirs, there would have still been no inconsistency in the censure, for it was the booksellers, and not the biographer that selected the poetry which was to form their collection, and he was instructed merely to write a life of each author, whether worthy or not of being classed among our standard English bards. And few, it is to be feared, are they who would have ventured upon the same freedom of criticism, as did Johnson; few who would not rather have made themselves and their opinions subservient to the sordid views of their employers, and have pronounced on the merits of each writer's compositions, no decision but such as might recommend them to a purchaser. Thus, the asperity of Dr. Johnson's remarks upon many of our "wooden spoons of verse," is to be looked on as evincing an upright liberty of soul that scorned stooping to bestow unmerited praise, even although by doing so his interest, (which, of course, was involved in that of his employers,) would have been ever so materially advanced. But with respect to his having stated Hughes to be no poet, the reflector has strangely distorted the truth. In the whole biography alluded to, which would hardly fill four pages of this periodical, and which therefore any idler may take the trouble of reperusing, there is nothing which affords the least reason to suppose that the biographer thought meanly

of his subject. On the contrary, he most decidedly acquiesces in the determination of the public as to the chief work of Hughes, his *Siege of Damascus*; and he is even at the pains of accounting for a certain degree of impropriety which exists in the plot, in its present conduct, by apprising us that the piece had been altered at the request of the players, and that the cowardly and selfish apostacy of Phocyas, which, in the play as originally written, made his misery seem just, and also justified Endocia's renouncement of him, had at *their* suggestion, and as the only means of procuring a representation of the piece, thus exchanged for the lighter guilt of his desertion to the enemy, making the punishment, which remains unaltered, appear wholly disproportionate to the offence. The passage which has misled the author of the "Reflections," or which has been used by him as an instrument to mislead others, is a mere transcript from the correspondence of Swift and Pope, the former of whom calls Hughes a *mediocrist*, and the latter concedes in the saying. With respect to Johnson's *own* estimate of Hughes's merit, the remark upon his "Discourse on Allegorical Poetry," gives every needful information. The Doctor scruples not to avow that he thinks the author (Hughes) was "well qualified for the work." What more need be said of his poetical character? But it is time to enquire into the very heaviest of our all Reflector's matter-of-fact accusations. He loudly declaims against what he is pleased to call "the monstrous brutality" of what we shall here extract. "*After which*," (the apostacy of Phocyas, in the *Siege of Damascus*) "the abhorrence of Endocia would have been *reasonable*, his *misery* would have been *just*, and the horrors of his *repentance exemplary*." Truly, this does appear too rigidly orthodox. But mark how little trust-worthy are appearances. At the time of Dr. Johnson's making the observation above quoted, the play in question was highly popular, and its incidents and sentiments were quite familiar to the public. This being the case, it was not then requisite to enter minutely into a detail of the circumstances of this drama, nor for enabling a reader to comprehend the force of

a particular comment upon it. Accordingly, Johnson, when mentioning the apostacy of Phocyas, perceived no necessity for informing us that the conversion was effected, not by argument, or conviction,—but by threats of death, and of the consequent separation from a beloved object. Surely one who forswears or forsakes his religion for no better reason than to save his life, or to obtain possession of a woman, is deserving of the severest reprobation that can be framed, and also of the severest punishment that can be inflicted; especially when the renegade is a soldier, and one who has shewn that the dread of dying is not before his eyes: in a citizen, such weakness, though not pardonable, would be somewhat less culpable. If our Reflector will refer to the tragedy, he will find that Caleb, Abudah, and the other Saracens used no single argument to Phocyas, that was likely to have weight with any tolerably honest or brave man. The only attempt, and a feeble one it is, at enlisting on their side the *reason* of their proselyte, is couched in the following shallow terms:—

‘ABUDAH. Turn thy eye to Mecca!
mark

How Faith from Cuaba first, that hal-
lowed temple,

Her glory dawn’d—then look how swift
its course,

As when the sun-beams, shooting through
a cloud,

Drive o’er the meadow’s face the flying
shades!

Have not the nations bent before our
swords,

Like ripened corn before the reaper’s
steel?

Why is all this? Why does success still
wait

Upon our laws, if not to shew that hea-
ven

First sent it forth, and owns it still by
conquest?”

Argument like this can have no sort of authority over the belief of a true christian; for he is taught not to hope for his reward in this world, nor to expect that the right will always prevail: so that, he who, as Phocyas did in the original “Siege,” should renounce the creed of the cross (or any religious belief whatever) without being influenced by an adequate moral motive, must by consequence have yielded to the dictates

of a shameful pusillanimity, and would therefore be well deserving of whatever wretchedness the abhorrence of those dear to him, and the compunctions of his own conscience, might bring on him. Where, then, is *now* the brutality of Johnson’s sentiments? Where is the effectiveness, or the propriety of our anti-Johnsonian’s anathema? Let him learn, before we leave Damascus, that Eudocia was not the wife (as he styles her) but only the “intended” of her lover. This blunder alone proves him not much acquainted with the tragedy.

This unwarrantable aspersion on the Doctor’s character, is followed up by a most violent query, that has so curious a relation to another sentence in the same piece, that I shall transcribe them both in succession, to give every facility of comparing them. The production referred to in both is the “Lives of the Poets.”

“This work,” says our faithful reflector, with as little flattery as is chargeable to reflectors in general, though we shall afterwards prove him to be not quite so true and unvarying in his reflections, as a mirror,—“this work *abounds* in the most *PROFOUND* and *DISCRIMINATING* *CRITICISM*, and is replete with *INVALUABLE* *OBSERVATIONS* upon *HUMAN CONDUCT*.”

Having amused ourselves with *this* picture, now let us look at *this*—another treatment of the same subject, and by the very same hand.

“Who can place reliance upon the writings of a man, whose works *abound* in such complications of *ABHORRENT SENTIMENTS* and *ABSOLUTE INANITY*?” Bear in mind that no other book than the *Lives of the Poets* has in the preceding, or is in any subsequent part of the reflections, even hinted at—the Dictionary alone excepted—so that the contradiction is quite irreconcilable.

The next allegation is, that Johnson has not harshly enough stigmatized the drunkenness of Addison; nay, that he has taken the best way of palliating that “odious and disgusting vice, and of luring others to its practice.” Oh! for a Hotspur to read this, and dissent on it! Yet he would, certainly “divide” himself, and “go to buffets.” Listen, ye lovers of the grape, to the great

Johnson's alluring invitation to ine-
briety!

"Who that ever asked succour from
Bacchus, was able to preserve him-
self from being enslaved by his aux-
iliary?" Why, this is striking at the
very root of the vine! He would
fain pluck it up, root and branch!
Not even for the innocent purpose of
letting loose the powers of conversa-
tion—not even for the very natural
one of releasing ourself from the ser-
vile timidity of our sober hours—pre-
suming that we are habitually bashful
—not even for either of these harm-
less, and even laudable purposes, will
"the rough moralist" hand us the
rosy cup! "No," he says; "do but
touch it, and you are poisoned. None
ever sought aid from it, whom it ruin-
ed not."

It is really not worth while detain-
ing my readers much longer in con-
templation of the review under re-
view; but lest it be thought that I
shrink from the performance of the

duty which I conceive to be imposed
on me, whether as a venerator of
truth, or as an admirer of her great
champion, the Hercules of Mind, I
will proceed to correct a few more
misrepresentations in the said essay.

Your correspondent, Mr. Editor,
seems not to have read the life of Addi-
son; at least, not as Johnson wrote it.
If he had, he would have found there
the story of Gay's ill-treatment, which
he recommends as a substitute for the
death-bed scene at Holland House.

His strictures on the life of Savage
are next to be considered. It is de-
signated as the most pernicious and
impure of all works not absolutely
outraging decency by profane or im-
moral language; and in it every spe-
cies of vice, including even the most
cowardly and atrocious murder, is
(our reflector saith) either palliated
or unblushingly defended. This has
not been said before; and, I trust to
prevent its being ever said again.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONNET WRITTEN ON WINDSOR TERRACE,

During the Performance of the Military Bands.

How palls the sun adown the welkin blue,
Gilding each tall gray tower with mellow light;
Old Thames rolls winding on in splendour bright,
And all around puts on its loveliest hue:
Young summer flowers their sweetest fragrance strew,
And the full swell of harmony awakes,
While many a form of loveliest beauty breaks,
Like some gay vision on the raptured view.
And many a maid in beauty's softest bloom,
Bright as a morning beam comes gliding by;
And many a lofty helmet's nodding plume,
Sports with the breeze that sweeps the evening sky.
As the gay warrior with majestic pace
Moves gladly on in military grace.

SONNET.

I stood upon the hill top,—down below
Were ruin'd palaces and wasted towers
Unspringing weeds where once bloom'd fruits and flowers;
The setting sun, bright in his parting glow,
And sinking into evening's azure bed,
(From which a rim of radiant light did flow,)
On the scathed scene his latest splendours shed.
Methought that scene was emblem of my fate,
And then I fashion'd out its parallel,
The torn down temples, the wide waste of weeds
Were as my hopes and fortunes desolate,
Whilst the great day-gods' smiles did truly tell
Of those which in dust my woes from friendship fell—
But all in vain! to heal the heart that bleeds!

J. F. S.

ON THE GENIUS OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN our last number we inserted an article, entitled "Reflections upon the Moral and Biographical Writings of Dr. Johnson," which we promised to comment upon in the present ensuing number. In doing so, it has occurred to us, that as Dr. Johnson is the only general commentator on the genius and writings of the British Poets, an essay on his own genius, and qualifications for the great task in which he engaged, would be interesting to our readers, if we could only prove ourselves capable of doing it justice. We shall therefore combine two objects in one, and unite our opinions on the genius of the British Hercules, with our comments on the article to which we allude. We shall afterwards proceed with an Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope.

Such is the restless condition of human nature, and particularly, so capricious, inconstant, and uncertain, are the energies of the human mind, and the decrees of human reason, that every century produces new schools of poetry, painting, music, criticism; and of every other art that equally appeals to our reason and to our feeling. In the rigid sciences there can be no schools, because, here feeling, with all its intrusive suggestions, is not permitted to enter into council, and disturb the decisions of reason and experience. Hence the esteem that was entertained for Euclid, Archimedes, and Newton, in their respective ages, was neither more nor less than the esteem which is entertained for them at present, and in all the intermediate ages from their time to ours, because we know exactly the just standard of their merits: we know the exact limits to which they reached, and beyond which they could not travel, and so did all ages from their time to ours. Hence, in the rigid sciences, there is only one school in all ages, and in all countries; but it is different in the arts as they all appeal to our taste, and taste is that sensitive, fastidious, and delicate faculty, that is eternally changing,—that is always in good humour or

bad,—that rejects to-day, because the weather happens to be dull, what it admired yesterday, because the sun not only clothed it in its celestial radiance, but expelled by its enlivening and exhilarating influence, that morbid sensibility which cannot be pleased, which discovers faults in perfection itself, and which flies the approach of pleasure, as the dark clouds of night recede from the presence of the rising sun. But, if taste possess such a Proteus and inconstant nature, it will be replied, that we deny the existence of any standard of taste. Had we even done so, we would have only coincided in opinion with Payne Knight, and some of the ablest writers on the subject; but we beg to say, that in our opinion, there is a fixed standard of taste, in the common, unsophisticated feeling of mankind, and that it is only those over-refined, over-fastidious, over-delicate, over-dainty, squeamish, and weak-stomached folks, that make it a point to be pleased with nothing that pleases the vulgar, and who always go wrong when the multitude go right;—in a word, it is only those folks that will have a fashion in every thing lest they should be confounded with the throng, that prevents us from being acquainted with the common feeling of mankind. By engrossing the whole of public attention to themselves, they conceal from us the true standard of taste. But if the common feeling of mankind could be consulted on any question of taste, if every individual could throw his opinion into a box without knowing or being influenced by the opinion of any other, we should then find what mere fashion had brought into vogue, rejected by an alarming majority, and we should again be brought back to that true standard from which we departed. If it be asked, why do we rather go with the few than with the many? we reply, because the many are silent on these subjects, until new fashions are carried to such ridiculous extremes, that common sense and common feeling are awakened from their trance, turn from them with indignation,

and wonder how they had suffered such a perversion of taste ever to have taken place. If it again be demanded, why the many are silent until things are brought to an extreme? we reply, because they are not fond of distinguishing themselves in such matters. Their unperturbed feelings make them relish all the simple beauties of nature, they know not why and they care not wherefore. This enjoyment of, and relish for simple beauty, is not the result of any exercise of judgment. They do not, like our exquisites, examine the shape, colour, motion, and attitude of any object, and then determine whether they ought to be pleased with it or not, for the pleasure or displeasure, which they derive from the contemplation of any object is instantaneous, and precedes any inquiry into its cause. Hence the object that pleases them would continue to please, let it deviate ever so far from the standard of fashion, unless they were made to believe, that what gave them this pleasure was out of fashion, and that it was a proof of bad taste and vulgarity, to be pleased with it. If they were weak enough, or vain enough, to yield to this imputation on their taste, and, through a fear of being deemed vulgar, chose to sacrifice the pure taste of their own feelings, to the super-critical taste of a fop, all the pleasure they could afterwards feel would be of a negative character; for when fashion deviates from nature, it can yield no positive pleasure, that is, it yields no pleasure, but what is yielded by all ugly and deformed objects in the first instance, though custom and habit reconcile us to them afterwards by degrees. Indeed the only pleasure we aim at, in affecting to admire whatever is fashionable, is simply the ambition of being thought connoisseurs, or mere observers of what is graceful and elegant, not any pleasure which the object itself, abstracted from this ambition, is fitted to impart by its own actual grace and beauty. Let it not be supposed that we consider every thing fashionable a deviation from natural beauty, for at particular eras nothing is admitted, particularly in writing (and unhappily there is at present a fashion in writing as well as in dress) but what has the grace and elegance of nature.

There are particular eras, when no other fashion prevails but that of discovering what is in harmony with nature, and what is opposed to it. This was the age of Pope, of Addison, Thomson, Hutcheson, and Mead; of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett; of Sterne, Akenside, Gray, Goldsmith, and, to close the list, of the celebrated critic, whose writings have been attacked by our correspondent. But this fashion of exploring, and adhering to real nature, which prevailed during the æra of our classical writers, was not the result of chance, nor had chance any influence whatever, in inducing the romantic and indefinable taste of the present age. Both were the result of the natural action and re-action of the human mind, which, like the ocean, that acts and re-acts in eternal succession, never can travel beyond a certain boundary, until it retraces its course. The taste for pure nature that prevailed during the classical æra, was solely the result of the disgusting pedantry, quackery, affectation, and eternal violation of nature, that strongly characterized the writers of the preceding age. Cowley and his contemporaries were versifiers, but they certainly were not poets, if poetry be the language of feeling and passion, if it appeal to the heart, not the head—to the powers of imagination, not those of abstraction. They never copied from nature, and wrote merely to surprise us by their wit, and forced association of ideas, not by their description of external nature, or their delineation and development of the heart and its affections, emotions, and passions. Dr. Johnson properly calls them, the “metaphysical poets,” for their sole ambition was to shew the extent of their learning or acquired knowledge. Hence this tribe of poets hardly ever produced an original idea, but exercised all their industry in clothing old ideas in a new dress. They wrote not to add to the stock of ancient literature, but to shew their acquaintance with it. Hence they addressed themselves, not to the public at large, but to the learned few, who knew classics and metaphysics, as well as themselves. It was unfortunate, that the vanity which led them to this display of their knowledge, led them also to display it in verse, for even had the knowledge which

they laboured to impart, contributed to enlighten the age, still poetry, the smiling daughter of pleasure and imagination, should never be made the vehicle of knowledge or science. Poetry is the language of pleasure, prose of instruction. Poetry is to prose, what woman is to man. Life, without the soft converse of woman, would be irksome, tedious, and perhaps insupportable; and prose, with all its dry precepts of science, would be equally so, if the gladdening trumpet of the bright-eyed muse did not occasionally rouse us from our reverie, awaken us into life and existence, bedew our minds with all the freshness of youth, and transport us once more to those happier and fonder recollections, which preceded our entrance into the fields of science, experience, and abstract literature. The metaphysical poets, then, are equally a stain to our poetry and to our literature;—to our poetry, because it is not the language in which those should express themselves, who seek only to display their knowledge;—to our literature, because they added nothing to the literature of the age, and left the sixteenth century, with which they commenced their career, as ignorant as they found it;—or, in other words, they left it to feed on that stock of native and foreign literature, which preceded them, and on which they fed themselves. All they added to it was pedantry, bad taste, false wit, false imagery, and an eternal abandonment of nature. They were deeply read in classic literature; but they neither imitated the great masters to whom they owed their knowledge, nor yet did they strike out a new path for themselves, and imitate nature. They seized on the thoughts and sentiments of their predecessors, and twisted them into a thousand different shapes; so that, instead of adding any thing to the literature of their own age, they only laboured to disfigure, and caricature the literature of the ancients. They never dived for those pearls that can only be found at the bottom, but chose rather to pick up the straws which float on the surface.

"Errors like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would seek for pearls must dive below."

As to their wit, Dr. Johnson very aptly describes it when he says, "their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering how he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found." Of this perverse industry, Dr. Johnson has given several examples, from which we shall select a few. How sweetly does a lover describe his affections in the following lines:—

"By every wind that comes this way,

Send me at least a sigh or two,
Such and so many I'll repay,

As shall themselves make winds to get
to you." COWLEY.

How closely does Cowley approach to nature, and how tender, does he describe his love-sick pain, in the following stanza.

"Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine
come

Into the self-same room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within.
Like a grenade shot into a magazine;
Then shall love keep the ashes and torn
parts,

Of both our broken hearts:
Shall out of both one new one make,
From her's the alloy, from mine the
metal take."

That such trumpery, such cold-blooded metaphysical poetry, should, in the course of time, produce nausea and disgust, and consequently a reaction from art to nature (by art, we mean that art which imitates) was natural, and indeed inevitable. We may sit a few hours and enjoy the pranks of a monkey, or the waggeries of a clown: but common sense has its reign as well as folly, and always succeeds it. He who has acted foolishly to-day repents of it to-morrow, and sees his error, (we speak of the bulk of mankind, for there are individual exceptions) and so it is with the exhibition of a monkey or a clown; we forget ourselves in the first instance, and feel amused, but when the novelty is over, we return to our home, and to common sense. It was so with the taste for metaphysical poetry; the world began to blush at the perverseness of the taste, and the abandonment of nature which they had hitherto sanctioned, and even some of their own contemporaries, though they could not entirely escape

the perverse taste, of the age, yet shewed examples of an adherence to nature and poetic melody, which if it did not serve to reform the metaphysical versifiers, at least served not only to remove the influence, which their example exercised over public taste, but also to guide their poetical successors into the forsaken paths of nature and common sense. Of these, Waller and Denham were the most conspicuous. Waller, says Dr. Johnson, "seldom fetches an amorous sentiment from the depths of science. His thoughts are, for the most part, easily understood, and his images, such as the superficies of nature readily supplies. He has a just claim to popularity, because he writes to common degrees of knowledge, and is free, at least, from philosophical pedantry." Denham was also free from philosophical pedantry. Johnson tells us, that his judgment was naturally right, that he forsook bad copies by degrees, and advanced towards a better practice, and adds, that "he is one of the writers that improved our taste, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though having done much he left much to do."

The work of reformation, which was thus happily begun by Waller and Denham, was carried on by Dryden, and completed by Pope. Thus the metaphysical poets, having carried their conceits and pedantry to an extreme, they could not proceed farther, for extremes always awaken public attention, and call forth the common sense and common feeling of mankind. It was not therefore chance, but the natural progress of the human mind, and the laws of human nature, that founded the classical school on the ruins of the metaphysical; and it is from the operation of the same laws, that the romantic school has succeeded to the classical. If it be asked how this has taken place, we reply, that Pope having attained the highest excellence both in the strength, harmony, and melody of his versification, and in the truth, pathos, delicacy, propriety, energy, simplicity, and *naïvete*, of which our language is capable, his successors found it an idle dream to attempt surpassing him. What then was to be done? His numbers were divine, his melody enchanting; his images

natural; his sentiments refined, his invention exquisite, active and versatile, his imagination luxuriant, his fire clear, vivid, and constant; his pathos inimitably sweet, tender, and affecting; in wit inferior only to Swift; in satire and delicacy, superior to Horace; in description animated, in colouring chaste, in selection judicious, in combination logical; and in taste, superior to all his predecessors and successors.

To excel a man of such varied powers, was not a matter of easy achievement, and to acknowledge our inferiority, is of all other acknowledgments the most humiliating and repulsive to the pride of human nature, and to the lofty aspirations of intellectual ambition. Among the gentlemen of the sword, there may be, and there have been a few, who could endure no equal, but *aut Caesar aut Nullus*, is generally the motto of all candidates for literary fame. Hence it has happened in all countries, where the arts and sciences have been brought to perfection, that the very point of perfection has been always the point that separated their progress from their decline. When we find it impossible to excel our predecessors, when we find them approach so closely to the finest models that nature can produce, or imagination create, that to proceed a step farther is only to violate nature, we feel that the utmost we can effect, is to imitate successfully the models which they have placed before us; and as our object is not to equal but to surpass, we throw aside the model and nature at the same moment, strike out a new path for ourselves, lose sight of "the naked nature and the living grace," to produce an ideal nature, and an ideal grace of our own, and establish, accordingly, a new school of criticism, to support this declension or abandonment of nature. To adopt the principles of this new school, is obviously and unavoidably to reject the opinion entertained of the great writers who preceded us, as they were guided by principles entirely different. Hence it is that Pope is no longer a great poet, nor Johnson a great critic. The former has been tried by many new standards of criticism, and as it was impossible to make the principles by which he was guided, harmonize with standards

that did not harmonize with each other, as he could not possibly conform, at the same moment, with the pulsing simplicity of the lake poets, the unbridled, untamed, and capricious licentiousness of the romantic school, and endure the iron crucible of Bowles's "invariable principles," they have all agreed to reject him; so that many of the reputed wits and critics of the present day, and the dunces of his own day, perfectly agree in opinion, that Pope is a mere versifier. To reject Pope, is evidently to reject his great commentator, Dr. Johnson, for so long as we admit the force of his reasoning, the acumen of his discrimination, and the truth of his reflections, we must also admit, that Pope had no superior in any species of poetry which he attempted, either in his own or in any other country, and that the world produced nothing equal to his translation of Homer, nothing superior to his "Rape of the Lock," his "Eloisa to Abelard," or his "Essay on Criticism." Pope and Johnson must therefore fall or rise together: if Pope was no poet, Johnson was no critic; and this has been pretty broadly insinuated by many of our present critics, and would be roundly and dogmatically affirmed by them, had they the hardihood to venture on so perilous an assertion. Our correspondent is not therefore, singular in his opinion, and is supported by some of the most popular critics of the day. Of their opinions we shall have occasion to take notice hereafter, but in the present paper, we shall confine ourselves to the commentaries of our correspondent, and see how far they accord with reason abstractedly, and with each other collectively.

"The present age," he says, "in this country at least, is by far too enlightened and advanced, to be seriously injured by enthusiasm of any sort; but it is clear, that we are equally removed from that period, when either public measures or social life, are safe from the baneful effects of bigotry."

The truth of the first positions advanced in this sentence are not only doubtful in themselves, but absolutely contradicted by those which conclude it. Is an enlightened age an enemy to enthusiasm? If it be, there can be no alliance between genius and illumina-

tion; for every man of genius, every man who possesses a soul of that fine and exquisite mould that yields to all the agencies of external impressions, is, and cannot help being, an enthusiast. If genius and madness be not closely allied, at least genius and enthusiasm are inseparable. To say that a cold-blooded, cold-hearted stoic is capable of those divine and heavenly emotions, those rapt conceptions and celestial musings which wait even upon the very slumber of genius, is to acknowledge that we know as much about genius as a horse does of a geometrical problem. Those distinguished eras that produced all the immortal geniuses of antiquity were the great eras of enthusiasm, not only of one sort, but of every sort, if we except religious enthusiasm, or fanaticism, as it is more properly called. When we say all the great geniuses of antiquity, we must except the ages of Homer and Sappho; but, in excepting these ages, we do not except the individuals, we have mentioned, nor would we except, perhaps, the ages in which they flourished, if we were better acquainted with them. With regard to these two what has made Homer the Prince of Poets? Why the divine enthusiasm, the maddening energy, the whelming impetuosity of his muse; the glowing, speaking and living pictures which he gives of his immortal heroes. Of Sappho, the few fragments that remain of her works have rendered her immortal; and to what does she owe her immortality but to her enthusiasm alone. When we come down to that celebrated era which produced the great geniuses and heroes of Greece, enthusiasm marked the character, not only of all its distinguished citizens, but of the age itself. It was an age of enthusiasm, and yet it was the most enlightened that Greece ever saw, or perhaps ever will see. It was the age that produced Demosthenes, Isocrates, Thucydides, Themistocles, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Menandre, Philip of Macedon, and his immortal son Alexander the Great, Anacreon, Pindar, Euripides, Xenophon, Theophrastus, Theocritus, and a host of other poets, warriors, legislators and philosophers. When this age passed away, and the spirit of Greece was broken, its enthusiasm, its literature, its genius and its valour departed, at the same moment, and winged their

right to happier confines. The enthusiasm and the genius of Greece hovered for a moment, with hesitating and undetermined wing, over the once happy, but now cloud-collecting and withering soil that gave them birth, and then passed with airy bound to the happier shores of classic Italy. Here also the age of enthusiasm was the age of genius and military glory. It was the age of Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, Lucretius, Horace, Sallust, Catullus, Plautus, Paterculus, Persius, Pompey, Brutus, Cassius, and of thousands of others who looked down with proud contempt and pity on that apathy of mind, which placed man beyond the genial and vivifying influence of enthusiasm and mental fervour, and clung to the cold calculations of judgment at the expense of all that is great and noble, and exalted in the nature of man. After this celebrated age, the Italians, as if worn out by an excess of enthusiasm, dwindled into a cold, affected, scholastic, and pedantic race, so that, as in Greece, the genius and enthusiasm of the Latins perished together, and ushered in their place the mental darkness and intellectual barrenness of the dark or Gothic ages, which continued until the revival of learning in the sixteenth century. But was not this revival the revival also of that enthusiasm which immortalized the great geniuses of Greece and Rome. Did not Italy, France, Germany and Britain start up like a giant from his sleep, and exulting in their strength and mental enthusiasm, scatter the glowing seeds of illumination and science over the whole face of Europe. But why talk of ages? whatever is true of individuals in particular, must be equally so of society, in general, and if enthusiasm be found a prominent or distinguishing feature in all men of genius and intellectual endowments, it is obvious, that an enlightened age must also be an age of enthusiasm. Now, that all writers of genius are inspired with this hallowed and sacred enthusiasm, which our correspondent thinks can have no alliance whatever with an enlightened age, is best proved by their own testimony, for who can know a man's disposition better than himself? Listen then to Du Bos, in his admirable essays on poetry and painting, where he gives not only his own opinion on the subject, but cites that of others:

"J'ai supposé," he says, "que le

sens de celui qui compose s'échauffe; car les peintres et les poètes ne peuvent inventer de sang froid. On sait bien qu'ils entrent en un espèce d'enthousiasme, lorsqu'ils produisent leurs idées. Aristote parle même d'un poète qui ne composoit, jamais mieux que lorsque sa fureur poétique alloit jusque à la phrénésie. Le Tasse n'enfantoit ces peintres admirables qu'il nous a faites d'Armide et de Clorinde qu'au prix de la disposition qu'il avoit à une demence véritable, dans laquelle il tomba avant la fin de sa vie."

Here we have the authority not only of Du Bos himself, whose essays, unlike those of Bossu, will ever be admired, but also the authority of Tasso and of the great Stagyræ, the prince of critics, and the founder of the principles and elements of criticism, that rapture and enthusiasm are the inseparable attendants of genius. But we have names of equal, and to many of greater, authority than either Aristotle or Tasso. Cicero in his *Lib. 3, de Orat.* says, *Pacuvium putatis in scribendo leni animo ac remisso fuisse. Tieri nullo modo potuit, sæpe enim audivi poetam bonum neminem sine inflammatione animorum existere posse et sine quodam afflatu, quasi fornaris.*" And in his oration for Archias he says, *"Poetam natura ipsa valere et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu uti."*

Ovid is still stronger when he says,

"Est Deus in nobis, agitante callescimus illo,
Impetus hic, sacre semina mentis habet."

What is it that leads men of towering and surpassing genius to burst through all the fetters and empalements which circumstances and situations oppose to the tide or current of that nameless intellectual impulse which allures them softly but irresistibly to the gratifications of its own propensities, whether it woo them to those "happier islands in the watery waste," where the muse and the poet love to hold sacred converse, or lead them to paint those islands and their inhabitants, if not in more living, at least in more palpable and sensible colours, than emanate from the lighter but diviner pencil of the ecstatic muse? We tell our correspondent, it is that very enthusiasm which he imagines cannot exist in an enlightened age. It is this enthusiasm that bursts through all the

fetters which would enchain its energies, and restrain its progress. Hence Juvenal properly says, "*Custode et cura natura potentior omni*;" and Horace nearly expresses the same sentiment when he says, drive nature out at one door and it will steal in at the other, *naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret*. What is the soul of genius according to Perrault? Why it is,

"Ce feu, cette divine flamme,
L'esprit de notre esprit, et l'ame de notre ame."

What thinks Montaigne on the subject? Does he think that genius and enthusiasm have no alliance? Hear him and be convinced. "*Les Saillies poëtiques*," he says, "*qui emportent leur auteur et le ravissent hors de soi : pourquoy ne les attribuerions nous à son bonheur? Puisqu'il confesse lui-même qu'elles surpassent ses forces, et les reconnoit venir d'ailleurs que de soi, et ne les avoir aucunement en sa puissance.*" If then we can trust to the authority of the greatest writers of antiquity, we must admit that genius and enthusiasm are inseparable, nor indeed is it necessary to quote authorities, except to men who are destitute of genius themselves, for every man who possesses it feels within himself, even in his coolest and less impassioned moments, the embers of that fire which the slightest spark kindles instantaneously into light and flame. If the present age then can lay no claim to enthusiasm, and has nothing to apprehend from it (and it must be confessed that the enthusiasm of genius is frequently dangerous, not only to him who possesses it, but to many others,) we fear our correspondent will have some difficulty in proving that this age, so far from being, as he says, "*too enlightened*," is enlightened at all. "But if we were even to grant him that it is too enlightened, how could we admit with him, in the conclusion of the same sentence, that "*it is clear that we are equally removed from that period when either public measures or social life are safe from the baneful effects of bigotry.*" Can our correspondent really hope to make us believe, that bigotry and not enthusiasm is the characteristic of an enlightened age, or that any age can be enlightened and bigoted at the same moment? Bigotry is the offspring of ignorance, and according-

ly there is nothing to expel it, and its baneful influences from society; but the progress of knowledge and science, of the arts and mental illumination. Indeed our correspondent himself unwittingly acknowledges this truth when he says, in a few lines after, that, "*an unpolled impartiality and freedom of opinion can be found in England only amongst a few highly educated or richly gifted individuals.*" If then it be only highly educated or enlightened men that are free from bigotry, it is obvious that if this be a bigoted age it cannot be an enlightened one, and this in fact is told in very plain terms by our correspondent himself, when he says that the "*highly educated*," and "*richly gifted*," in England, are only "*a few*." If a few highly educated men constitute an enlightened age, we would ask what age was unenlightened from the earliest annals of literature to the present?

That our correspondent is one of those enlightened few, we doubt not, but in the present article he runs riot, and seems to have been carried away by that enthusiasm which his principles will not suffer him to associate with genius. In a word, he is eternally at variance with himself: he tells us, that "*there is a stage of society in which reason and philosophy will be the test of all things.*" We are at a loss how to reconcile *is* and *will be* in this sentence, but with regard to the truth of the prediction, if we may call it one, he admits himself that no such stage ever has, or ever will take place, for he tells us, that "*our opinions are frequently formed, and almost always tinged by prejudice: we take them up without sufficient inquiry, and transmit them from age to age.*" Succeeding generations receive them blindly, until chance and circumstance create opposition, probably as extravagant as it is novel and unexpected." That this assertion is not only erroneous in itself, but a perfect refutation of that ideal stage of society in which "*reason and philosophy will be the test of all things*," is very easily shown. CHANCE is here made an agent, the creator of an opposition to the blind prejudice of ages. But chance creates nothing: there can be no effect without a cause, and where a cause exists, the effect must necessarily and unavoidably happen. To say that it may not

happen, may be said, but he who says it, not only proves that a man possessed of the power of articulation may say any thing, but that he himself, individually, is either ignorant of what he says, or says that which he knows to be untrue. The very ideas of cause and effect are inseparable: no man can be made to understand, by the most ingenious experimentalist, what *cause* means, without being made acquainted at the same time with the meaning of *effect*. How our correspondent should think of making chance and circumstance joint agents, is not easily divined: had he said chance or circumstance, we could explain his meaning by saying, that he knew something of circumstance, but nothing of chance, for circumstance may be an agent, though chance cannot. Our correspondent's mistake would then only be in supposing that one might be an agent as well as the other; but why chance and circumstance should necessarily act together, even admitting chance to have the power of acting, is certainly placed beyond the niggard sphere of our comprehension. But admitting the truth of what we are here told, what is the consequence? Why the consequence is simply this, that if our prejudiced opinions be transmitted from age to age, and received blindly by future generations, it evidently follows, that there can never be "a stage of society in which reason and philosophy will be the test of all things." To say that chance may create opposition to these prejudices, amounts to nothing, if it be as our correspondent testifieth, "*extravagant*," for that which is extravagant can neither quadrate with reason or philosophy. Besides, what depends upon chance, admitting chance to be an agent, may never happen; and to say that that will happen which is merely possible, is not only a hazardous, but a untenable position. It is, also, hazardous to assert, that what never has happened may happen hereafter; and our correspondent admits that this stage of society has never yet been realized, though he thinks that Geneva and

the western shores of the Atlantic has made a nearer approach to it than any other. The wisest of men has said, that *there is nothing new under the sun*, and if, therefore, this philosophic stage of society should ever be realized, Solomon's sagacity will be hereafter looked upon with less veneration and esteem than it is at present. Madame de Staël raves about something like this fancied state of unapproachable perfection: she tells us, that the human mind will become ultimately perfect, and philosophy become the test of all things. If our correspondent borrowed the idea from this celebrated authoress, we can only say, that instead of borrowing or imitating any of the many good things which she has said, he has unhappily taken up the most extravagant and absurd opinion that either she herself or any other writer has ever ventured to advance. But some people prefer following their originals, whenever they boldly step aside from the path which reason and common sense has chalked out before them, and pursue them through the erratic wilds and mazes of theoretical and speculative error. It is with error, as it is with dress; a fop who outstrips in his dress, the modesty of human nature, is more likely to attract public attention than he who dresses like the generality of mankind; but the attention which he attracts, excites contempt instead of admiration. It is so with heresiarchs in literature, religion, and philosophy; many of them have rendered themselves immortal by the superlative extravagance and absurdity of their opinions and theories, but they have no disciples, and they are known only to remind us of the lengths to which an undisciplined, fanciful, and hypothesizing mind is capable of wandering in its unfixed, undetermined, and wandering course.

How our correspondent applies the observations we have noticed to the writings and literary character of Dr. Johnson, will form the matter of our next paper on this subject.—

EDITOR.

TO FLOWERS.

Blue flowers and white!
 Red flowers and golden!
 For many an hour's delight,
 To you I'm beholden.

I've smiled upon your bloom;
 And I've sigh'd above your fading
 Deeply as o'er the tomb,
 That one I lov'd was laid in.

And, sure, I lov'd ye much,
 Or I never thus had sought ye,
 Day by day, as the magic touch,
 Of Spring into beauty brought ye.

Why do I ever shun,
 Ev'n the loneliest, loveliest spot,
 Where ye bloom not in shade nor sun,
 If it be that I love you not?

When did I hurry by,
 As a prince by his harem slaves,
 Who must there unmated lie,
 Till himself their beauty craves?

No, though I knew ye'd bide
 My return, however slow,
 Yet I laid me at once beside
 The meek charms that pleased me so.

And I look'd into your bosoms,
 But ye never minded me;—
 Why are not other blossoms,
 As innocently free?

No rose ever blush'd the more,
 No violet's veil e'er closed,
 Because I was bending o'er,
 Because I with it reposed!

And yet ye are not faithful,
 For ye drop off, one by one,
 When old Autumn's air is wrathful!
 Alas! your days are gone.

When the friends of my youth time gathers,
 Leaving me with the fruits of their stem,
 These honor me not as their fathers,
 But fain would I sleep with them.

Then come, white flowers and blue,
 Golden flowers, and red—
 I shall have no mourners but you,
 Drooping over my green turf bed.

ON THE
LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

To Christopher North, Esq. the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

Excuse me for addressing you by so endearing a term, as I have had neither the pleasure nor the displeasure of being ever acquainted with you; but as I understand that you intend putting down all the literary ideots in Athens and Babel, by which cities I suppose you mean London and Westminster, and as I have formed an intention of doing the same myself, surely you and I should be dear to each other, engaged as we are in the same cause. Pope, it is true, put down all the scribblers of his age single-handed, but would he have done so had you or I been alive at the time to become their advocates, and prove that he himself was a mere rhymers, a creature who had "learned to crawl upon poetic feet," and merely fit to write such doggerel as "Number a hundred," prefixed to the last number of your Magazine. But, pardon me, my dear fellow, I forgot that this doggerel was written by yourself. But let this pass—Homer himself has nodded, and you who write such an enormous mass of matter every month, must surely write some portion of it half asleep. Besides the high bumpers, which it appears you were gulping at the moment, have a most somniferous effect. But to the point. You have determined to crush all the literary ideots in London and Westminster, for thus I interpret your meaning, and I have determined to do the same. Now we must either go hand in hand or oppose each other; for though my motto is not, *Aut Caesar aut nullus*, though I can endure an equal on the throne, I cannot endure a superior. If, therefore, you will not admit me as a partner in the great work of literary purgation and reformation, I am determined, like Pope, to act single-handed, and prove that you belong to the very race of scribblers which you intend to extinguish.

But taking it for granted that you

are too wise or too cautious to refuse acceding to the friendly offer, which I now make to you, I feel it necessary to ascertain the principles by which you intend to be guided in this grand affair, for unless you and I agree upon principles of a fixed and definite character, we shall be eternally at loggerheads, and instead of proving others to be dunces, our want of harmony may prove us dunces ourselves. At least the world may laugh at us for uniting in a design where one of us is eternally overturning the superstructure which the other has laid. A divided house cannot stand, and if it fall, we may be both buried under the ruins. I shall, therefore, propose to you what I consider most likely to promote the interests of literatures, and the extinction of that brood of scribblers, who infest the literary world, and who, while they corrupt good taste and good morals, create in their stead that intellectual anarchy which now extends the empire of dullness to vast and fearful limits. There are now, as there ever have been, three distinct species of writers. The first have instruction only for their object;—the second, according to the precept of Horace, love to mingle instruction with delight;—and the third, incapable of imparting any species of instruction or knowledge that ranks above truisms or common place observations, or, in other words, any thing that is worth the ink with which it is printed, seek merely to make you laugh at their ramby-pamby, clap-trap, buffoonery and literary swaggering. To the first of these classes belong all writers on science and the useful arts. To this class of writers we owe not only the progress of science, but that refined and mental luxury, that *otium cum dignitate*, which the useful arts have introduced into social and domestic life. These writers cannot do harm, while they are certain of doing much good. They cannot vitiate public taste, like

the two latter classes, because their writings, inventions, and discoveries, are addressed to the understanding, reasoning, and perceptive faculties alone; neither can they pervert the understanding, because whatever powers, energies, abstractions, or combinations of ideas they may be obliged to exercise, before they can produce any contemplated effect, through the agency of art, or the instrumentality of the laws of nature; we know instantly, when we see the effect produced, whether it be just as they describe it to be, or not, because in these cases, we are always guided by the testimony of the senses, which can no more deceive the savage than the philosopher. There is no reasoning on matters of fact, so that neither he who has produced the fact, can convince us, by any power of reasoning, that he has not produced it, nor can he who has not produced it, persuade us that he has. We have no interest in deceiving ourselves in matters of science and experimental discoveries; and even if we had, the testimony of our senses is too powerful for the doubts and hesitations of scepticism. We must believe, whether we will or will not. This class of writers, then, is always harmless, to say the worst that can be said of them; for they cannot, like poets and orators, obtain a usurped reputation: they cannot convince the world that they have discovered what they have not discovered, nor produced what they have not produced. Neither can they vitiate public taste, either in writing or in the arts, for in neither are they looked upon as models, nor do they affect it. With this class of writers, then, we have nothing to do, as the interests of literature have nothing to fear from them. If they don't do good, they cannot possibly do harm. It is true that the same cause which prevents them from vitiating public taste, prevents them also from improving it. This is reserved for the second and third classes alone.

The second class, as I have observed, seek to mingle pleasure with instruction, and so far they are all engaged in a laudable object, for instruction, devoid of pleasure, cannot properly be called instruction, as the object of instruction itself is to create

and promote our social happiness and mental delight. But how is this pleasure communicated? It is in the solution of this question that the great secret of writing consists. Things are sometimes pleasing in their own nature, sometimes from the manner, in which they are presented to us. Where the things described are extremely pleasing in themselves, the only art required is to paint them simply as they are, without addition or subtraction. Beauty, when unadorned is adorned the most. Who can improve the Apollo of Belvidere, or the Venus de Medicis, by giving them a new attitude or a new expression? Who would not diminish their effect by removing any ideal blemish which his imagination may discover in them? What is then already beautiful, requires neither the clothing of art, nor the imagery of fancy, to give it new charms; it is only where we describe objects that are not perfectly beautiful in themselves, or where the beauty is veiled by some accidental disguise, that we are obliged to have recourse to the aid of art, in order to remove the disguise, or in the former case to steal from some other portion of nature—from some beings of kindred mould, but of more beautiful form or delicate hue, that grace or attraction which gives the object we would paint, all the elegance and simplicity which had been denied to it by nature. Hence it is, that the *dulce*, the pleasure, imparted by writers, consists sometimes in the simple idea or conception, and sometimes in the mode or manner of describing it; so that elegance of style, whatever some John Bull writers, who look to the substance and not to the dress, may think to the contrary, is as essentially necessary to produce that pleasure, that *dulce*, which Horace prized not less than the *utile*, as beauty of conception or sublimity of idea. Indeed beauty of conception will always lead to beauty of expression, though there are instances of writers, whose style and sentiments do not appear in perfect harmony with each other.

I should not detain you so long, Kit, on the subject of grace, elegance, and beauty, if I really imagined that you were yourself the author of number one hundred, for I know how irksome all refined subjects are to dog-

grel writers. They are always sick of good company; but whether you are weary of me or not, I will dismiss this second class of writers by saying, that while they succeed in producing that pleasure and instruction which they seek to produce, they are, in my opinion, not only a legitimate class of writers, but the most agreeable companions which we meet with in our wanderings through the moral and intellectual world. They are not, therefore, proper game for us: let us turn to the third class, and we shall find that they are the hornets who consume the honey without collecting the sweets, and who consequently ought to be all laid prostrate long before the destroying angel of number two hundred, brandishes his flaming sabre over their devoted heads.

This class, as I have already observed, seek merely to make you laugh at their clap-traps, and buffoonery. The pleasure they impart is not the handmaid of instruction, and consequently they please only the canaille, who throw instruction to the dogs. Hence, like the butterfly, they are only beings of a day. Their gaudy colours attract for a moment, and the next moment they are cast aside, and generally perish in the fall. But even while their novelty gives them a factitious interest and importance, they are pleasing only to children and fools. The delicate eye of taste can never rest upon their productions, and it views them with averted glance, or philosophic pity. But these gentlemen are not to be mortified by contempt. No, no, they are better versed in the tactics of literary warfare and literary cunning. They have always the laugh on their own side. They attempt to say something clever, and imagining they have succeeded; they stare at you like the clown, with a foolish face, if not of praise, at least of laudatory expectation. They laugh at their very attempt at excellence, and expect you will laugh also to keep them in countenance. This is the utmost height of their ambition. If you laugh they know you are pleased; and if you are pleased, they are satisfied, because they have performed their task. This was all they aimed at. They imagine that every man that laughs is naturally pleased, with-

out reflecting that there are different modes and species of pleasure, and that the man who laughs at their folly to-day, will turn from it to-morrow with disgust; whilst he always returns to the refined pleasures of taste and fancy with renewed delight. Your money is all they want, and they have philosophy enough, or cunning enough, to know that no man but a fool puts with his money without some equivalent. Accordingly, feeling their own inability to make you more wise, or more learned than you are already, or rather afraid of exposing their own absurdity by making the attempt, the only equivalent they can give you for your two and sixpence, or three and sixpence, is that of making you laugh at their own absurdity, literary capers, and high-sounding pretensions. Is not this a truth, Kit, which you know by experience? Do you not know that more than half the world are fools, and derive more pleasure from laughing at each others' folly, than from imbibing the wisdom of Solomon, or the philosophy of Socrates.

Tous les hommes sont fous,
Et malgré tout leur soin,
Il ne différent entre eux,
Que du plus ou du moins.

Now, my dear Kit, is it to be endured that these literary jack-puddings, who live solely by exposing their own folly, should succeed better than you or I, who look down from the proud eminence to which we have exalted ourselves, not only by those stores of acquired and treasured knowledge, which have been so industriously collected, and so prudently dispensed, but also by the bold, restless, and daring energies of our native genius, a genius that moulded into grace and elegance those rough masses of shapeless, crude, and unmodified knowledge which we had so laboriously and tardily collected from the rust and dregs of antiquity. We only look to the praise and esteem of those whose esteem is worthy our ambition, but they seek the applause of the canaille. They are willing to be looked upon as fools, provided they gain more by their folly than we do by our wisdom. Now this is the brood of scribblers which I intend to extinguish; not because they are the most stupid of the literary tribe, but because they are the

most impudent, and you know better than I do the irresistible and magic effect of impudence. Demosthenes was aware of its power, and Bacon attributes to its potent spell all the triumphs of oratory. All pretenders to literature, and to that species of knowledge which is just placed beyond the ken of vulgar apprehension, are perfectly harmless, however ignorant, unless these pretensions be supported by their impudence and buffoonery. The reason is very obvious: the greater portion of mankind are naturally ignorant, at least the fancied perfectability of human reason is yet a mere speculative hypothesis, for the radiance of science and of universal knowledge sends forth as yet no dawning rays, no auspicious and welcome harbingers of its dazzling, cloud compelling, and irradiating influence. As the great bulk of mankind are therefore ignorant, partly from native indolence and mental imbecility, partly from the sources of, and avenues to, knowledge being placed beyond their reach, and partly from their avocations, in life requiring an exclusive appropriation of their time and labour, we are not to be surprised that they are more liable to attend to those literary quacks, who are placed just one degree above themselves, and who, from a knowledge of their credulity, know they believe every thing that is dogmatically and unhesitatingly stated, without ever enquiring into the grounds of their belief, than to writers who forget their existence altogether, and address themselves solely to minds of a higher and sublimer order. It is then our duty, as well as our interest, to extirpate this brood of literary heretics from the face of the earth, for you know well that dunces will preserve her ancient right while they are suffered to exist; and what is worse, Kit, you and I must slumber in the shade, while they are permitted to vitiate public taste and public morals; for you know we have too much genius to write nonsense, and too much greatness of soul and stubbornness of principle to prostrate those higher faculties with which providence *and melior natura* has endowed us before the reptile taste of congregated dullness,—before those to whom our sublimer and diviner mu-

sings will appear the frenzied ebullitions of insanity. It is then only by extirpating this class of writers that we can ever hope to gain the ear of the public. By the public I mean the majority of readers, for all men are now-a-days readers of books, however ignorant of their contents. These readers must naturally turn over to us the moment their present favourites are extinguished; and the consequence will be, that they must either learn good sense, good taste, good manners, and good morals, or lay down their books, and rest content with their native ignorance. Now this will be as it ought to be, for it is much safer to study from the book of nature than from the crazy productions of those scribblers whom we purpose to extinguish. But here I should apologize for using the plural pronoun *we*, for as yet I am ignorant of the class of writers who are to fall victims to the lightnings of your fulminating wrath. I merely suppose them to be the class whom I have just described, for against what other class could my worthy friend turn his potent arms. It is true, indeed, that I should not hesitate to rank you with this doomed and devoted tribe of scribblers, were I to judge of you by the character of the magazine which you conduct; but as you tell us yourself that no person has ever doubted your literary prowess, or your ability to strangle all literary pretenders, I can easily perceive that having once secured immortality by your writings, you now take your rest, and leave the conduct of your magazine to undisciplined and uninitiated understrappers, who travel in the same road to fame with the scribblers whom I have just described. Let me tell you, however, that highly as I value your aid, and redoubtable as I esteem you, no partnership shall ever be formed between you and me, unless you discharge those miscreants, and evince your zeal for the extirpation of dunces and the reformation of literature by putting your own shoulders to the wheel. I really think, Kit, that so far from attending to the editorship of your magazine, you do not even read it after it is published. It is, in real truth, as stupid, as laboured, and as farcical as the New Monthly. You know,

Kit, the New Monthly is like the mountain in labour. If it cannot get hold of any thing great in nature, it flies to Baker-street, or some of the squares, and lays hold of something great in art. Mr. Campbell, however, should recollect that, according to Mr. Bowles, there is nothing great or sublime in art, and Mr. Bowles's theory should hold good until the contrary is proved. Now Mr. Campbell has attempted to prove the contrary, but he has not succeeded, even aided as he was by the genius of Lord Byron, and a host of some other ten or a dozen writers and reviewers. Mr. Campbell then, for decency's sake, should avoid all commerce with art. Such a commerce must always be attended with disagreeable associations, and remind him not only of Bowles's triumph, but teach him that while he draws his images from art, he sinks from the lofty regions to which the descriptive and pathetic muse had been supposed to elevate him, and mingle with the creatures of every day life. Mr. Campbell, however, seems to have entirely altered his opinion on the subject of the controversy between him and Mr. Bowles, and to think at present that it matters not a rush where or from what source we derive our images, provided they are in themselves, or by some kind of association connected with the bon ton of fashionable life. He who is always talking of high life is supposed to associate only with people in the highest circles; and, as the language of this circle is the language of art and disguise, as nature is a bore to them, and the sublimer images and conceptions of the muse absolutely unintelligible, so neither can they endure any novel or periodical that is not stuffed with balls, operas, masquerades, the theatre, Vauxhall, Carlton-house, Regent-street, Baker-street, and by way of contrast, and as a fall to greatness, all the petty resorts of the petty nobility. Thus is nature sacrificed to art in the New Monthly; and instead of being permitted to wander with Goldsmith, or with Thomson, through the softer scenes and calmer retreats of nature, we are thrust into a drawing room, or an opera box, to listen to the intolerable loquacity of Lady Fudge, or the

scrapes, contortions, and elegant prostrations of Monsieur —, the devil knows who, some French or Italian protégée of the Duchess —, but we must not use real names, and we hate mystery. If we cannot speak out, we choose not to speak at all. What a pity, Kit, that the New Monthly should thus forsake all commerce with nature, and the human mind, as it exists in rational and natural society, to play such tricks, if not before high heaven, at least before high people, as to make any person who is acquainted with Tom Campbell lament his fate, and those who are not, to conceive him a dancing-master, or a master of ceremonies.

But is there not in the whole range of fashionable life, and in all the varied scenes of dissipation, affluence, wretchedness, and reverses of fortune that follow in its train, any thing to relieve the tedium and nausea of the hours that the distempered fop and the fashionable profligate take to recover the exhaustion of their physical and mental energies, but a dry catalogue of fashionable and unfashionable streets and squares? Is there nothing to amuse them but the residence of the great? Or is the object of the Editor merely to shew that he is intimate with all the dashing, and fashionable people in London? If so, I regret it on his own account, both as an editor and as a poet. Such an intimacy cannot exist without a complete sacrifice of his time; and, perhaps, it is to this sacrifice, not to his unconquerable laziness, as is generally supposed, that we should attribute the late poverty of his muse, a poverty that extends, not only to the quantity of his productions, but to their quality also.

If literature is to be thus sacrificed to fashionable follies and perverted tastes, what will be the result? Why, that neither those who write to instruct, nor those who love to mingle pleasure with instruction, will be read, and the republic of letters will be laid open to the devastations and impurities of scribblers alone. Science must stand still for a moment.

"Yet, yet a moment one dim ray of light,"
And then hail to great chaos and eternal night.

With regard to instruction, with regard to principles of reasoning and deduction, with regard to invention, discovery, and every thing that expands and imbues the mind with moral, physical, and intellectual knowledge, where are we to look for it? Why in those few works that frequently perish as soon as they make their appearance, because their fame and circulation depends, in the first instance, on the periodical works of the day, whether Reviews, Magazines, Journals, Chronicles, Gazettes, Albums, Magnets, or call them by whatever name or denomination you will, for they all occasionally take upon themselves the office of reviewers. Now, Kit, need we tell you, that when works of profound erudition are sent afloat into the world, they must sail between Scylla and Charybdis, while their fame rests upon the periodical press, where, if they be not engulfed, they rise, not by the press, but in the very teeth of its censure, or amid the affected slumbers of its neglect and silence. And how could it be otherwise?

Suppose a new work is published, of very extraordinary merit; the subject is language, style, oratory, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, mathematics, the sublime, the beautiful, the picturesque; or any other subject that requires profound thinking and extensive reading. Suppose the author of this work to be unknown to the public, for if he be not we must form either an erroneous estimation, or a right one by chance, of the influence of the review, in extending the circulation of the book and the fame of the author, as a writer once celebrated by his former writings or unpublished discoveries is certain of having his works known and appreciated without any aid from the reviewers. Let this unknown author, then, send forth this work of extraordinary merit, and what will the reviewer do with it? Why, if it be too profound for him, he seals his lips and says nothing, writes nothing, never saw or heard any thing about

it. He says nothing about it, lest he should expose his own ignorance by commenting upon a subject which he does not understand. If, on the contrary, there be some points or passages in this work, as there must be in every work of any length, which comes within the little range of his nicely selected and sprucely decorated knowledge, he lays his claws on it with all the tenacity of a cat, and seeks, with all the toil of laborious dullness, to prove that this point or this passage is either below mediocrity in style or in argument, or, at least, not equal to what might be expected from a writer who ventured on so hazardous and arduous an undertaking. And why does he so? Why, forsooth, because if he can convince you that he is acquainted with any part of the work, he thinks you have a right to take it for granted that he is acquainted with the whole, and could analyse its most knotty and profound points with equal ease. What, then, has such a work to gain by the cooperation of the reviewers, who either totally neglect it, or raise their own reputation at its expense. Had there been no reviews, no flimsy periodicals, this would not be the case. The public would then be obliged to judge and examine for themselves, and the result would always be favourable to works of merit. But it is now late, and I must take my leave of you, hoping to convince you in my next letter, that it is only works of merit that suffer by the reviewers; that works of no merit would die a natural death, had there not been a reviewer in existence; and that works of merit have nothing to fear, except from ignorant, superficial reviewers, and the periodical press. Until then, believe me to be as zealous in the cause of literary reformation, and as replete with the hope of extinguishing that brood of scribblers, who have neither drunk deep, nor even tasted the Pierian spring, as you are yourself.

MARTIN M'DERMOT.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

No. I.

THE COURTIER.—CASTIGLIONE.

THE work, which we have chosen for the present paper, is to this day called by the Italians "the golden book"—and richly does it deserve its title. But an unkind fate, by some chance or other, has pressed upon it, and its lustre has grown dim of late years, without our being able to explain exactly the why or wherefore—it is forgotten or neglected in all countries, save the one which gave it birth, but which, like an affectionate parent, still hangs with fondness over its offspring, still thrills with emotion, as it watches its progress adown the vale of years. If you travel into the flowery realms of Italian literature, your steps will be continually interrupted by inscription stones to the memory of "the eloquent and admired author of the Courtier;" and if you talk with an Italian, his eyes will still sparkle at the name of Balthasar Castiglione. But England, which once rang with his praises, and which has shared in the benefits resulting from his literary labours, has ceased to worship at his shrine; or if some solitary spirit starts from his midnight haunt to invoke a name, that once shone bright and glorious, as he mutters out his prayers, it is not the name of "The Courtier," but the "Latin imitator," which falls upon your ear. But it is not our sorrow at this undeserved neglect—nor is it the mere pleasure which we feel, when able to vindicate his dues to the child of genius, and which alone would be a sufficient inducement in the present case, which has persuaded us to devote a paper of our miscellany to the "Courtier"—we have a nobler aim—it is our firm and determined opinion that the work we are about to notice, is of a nature which ought to entitle it to become a stock book in every country. And so it once was—the Spanish and Italians still pretend to form themselves upon its model—how far

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they succeed is nothing to our purpose—but it shows that they know how to appreciate worth; that they know and acknowledge what they might be, if they have not the virtue or resolution to put those stern and severe rules into practice, which would eventually make them so. In England, in France, and Germany, there are existing translations of the Cortigiano, which, if they lie now unheeded amongst dust and cobwebs, were yet one day decorated with gold and silver; and although they are now neglected, it still tends to shew the general estimation in which the work was one day held; for, as Lord Byron has observed, the best proof of a writer's real value is, his having been translated into other languages.

It would be harsh, and perhaps unjust to say, that the book has been laid aside without any cause. If we consider the Cortigiano as the mere model of a courtier, it would be indeed hard to assign any reason; for a change of customs and manners affect not these amphibious beings. Courtiers are just the same sort of things which they were five centuries ago—they are alike in all countries—they are actuated by the same principles, be they good or bad—they have the same interests to accommodate—the same wishes to gratify—and the same routine to go through. The only alteration between this and former ages is, that there is now more ceremony, and less frankness, more foolish and outward shew, but less innate truth and feeling. Castiglione's *courtier* then is the same person all the wide world over; and so far, in its main principle, the Cortigiano is as interesting and as instructing, as it was five hundred years ago—a character which might figure just as well at the courts of Paris or St. James's, as his native place Urbino. But there was a secondary intention in the work; for

whilst Castiglione drew the portrait of a perfect courtier, he also formed a perfect gentleman—he shews what every man ought to be, who lives and moves in the highest circles of society. This made his book of general utility—this gained it universal praise, and made it universally read; for so long as he wrote for courtiers only, he wrote for a very small portion of society, as few are born to spend their days amid a court;—and this perhaps has laid it in oblivion. The manners of different countries are now-a-days widely different; and an Italian signor, an English gentleman, and a French Monsieur, would as soon think of jumping over the moon, as of forming their rules of conduct upon the same model. But this was not the case at the time when Castiglione wrote. During the ages of chivalry and romance, the manners of the different nations of Europe were much more similar than they now are. Those high, and, in some cases, absurd notions of honour, which pervaded the whole of the south of Europe, and which had spread from thence over France and England, intimately connected as they were with the feelings of all who pretended to the fame and name of a cavalier, gave the tone to society, and formed the character; for when the same principles, the same notions, and the same feelings actuated the Spaniard, the Italian, the Frenchman, and the Englishman, it is natural that the mode of life and conduct of these different people should all assimilate, in a great measure, to the same standard. But when that spirit, which actuated and pervaded these component parts, had evaporated; when there was no longer any ruling principle to maintain its influence over these different nations, that large body, which had hitherto been united in action as well as interest, split into various parts, and each formed for itself certain rules and punctilios, which were found more consonant to the national character, than that universal one, which it had in a manner been forced to obey, and which it had conceded to with a sort of blind and superstitious veneration. Hence the difference of customs and manners in Europe. Heretofore one spirit pervaded all—that spirit was the key-stone to the fabric; and when that was removed,

each part fell off, and formed different combinations of its own, as circumstance or casualty might direct. And for this same reason, although there is less uniformity of character between the existing nations of Europe, when compared together, and considered as a whole; yet each individual nation, in its manners and society, is more harmonized within itself, and presents less singularity or marked individuality of character to the eyes of the poet or the painter. But Castiglione wrote when the flame of this chivalrous spirit had not quite gone out, when it was emitting its last sparks from Charles V. and Francis I., and yet, before its influence had ceased to operate throughout Europe. Castiglione's *gentleman*, then, whatever he might have been, is not now a citizen of the world. And this is the most probable reason we can assign for "The Courtier's" not being so generally known and read as it deserves to be—because there are some remarks and rules which do not apply to ourselves, we reject or will not trouble ourselves to discover the worth of these which do. If this conduct is wise, we leave for others to determine.

Castiglione was born at the village Casatico, near Mantua, in the year 1468, and, whilst young, served as page to Lewis Sforza, duke of Milan. On arriving at manhood, he entered the service of Guidubaldo, duke of Urbino, in whose court, then the favourite resort of letters, he resided several years, and on whom he wrote a panegyric in Latin, under the form of a letter to Henry VII. King of England. He was sent by Guidubaldo, in 1506, ambassador to Henry VII. from whom he received the order of the garter, which, as the author of his life, Bernardino Marliani, observes, "il re solea dare a pochissimi, e di grandissima condizione." In the year following, he was appointed ambassador to Louis XII. then resident at Milan. On the death of Guidubaldo, he remained in the service of Frances Maria delta Rovere, whom he accompanied in several expeditions, as lieutenant-general of the church, under Pope Julius II. As a reward for these services, he was presented, in 1513, with the castle of Nuvilara, near Pesaro, which grant was afterwards confirmed by Leo X. though at that time the Pope

and Duke of Urbino were not upon amicable terms. This grant, with the immunities and liberties contained in it, is very singular—we would willingly quote it, had we room. In 1524, he was sent by Pope Clement VII. nuncio to the Emperor Charles V. at which time several of his letters, which are extant, were written. He was a great favourite with Charles, and was to have been his second, if the challenge sent by him to Francis I. had been accepted. But he could not bring the papal and imperial powers to an agreement, and his chagrin at this is said to have brought on the illness of which he died, at Toledo, 1529, aged 51. His funeral solemnity lasted nine days, and was attended by the whole court of the King of Spain, then resident at Toledo. Few men have enjoyed so great a share of admiration and esteem, during their life time, as our author, and none ever received from princes and potentates more exemplary honours. And this redounds no little to his praise, considering the dangerous path he had to tread—always living in public life, a warrior, a statesman, and an ambassador—amidst jarring and conflicting interests, and yet managing with so much address, ingenuity, and faith, as to be esteemed by all, honoured by his enemies, and dwelling in strict friendship with all the masters whom he served. He was intimately acquainted with the classics; he wrote Latin with elegance and purity, as may be seen from the poems he has left, and which we may hereafter make the subject of a paper. He is represented to us, by the author of his life, as being liberal, brave, courteous, affable, and tinctured withal with a deep sense of religion; of the firmest integrity, extreme prudence, sharp and ready wit, and peculiarly eloquent in common conversation. He understood music tolerably, architecture thoroughly, and was so well skilled in painting and sculpture, that Raphael and Michael Angelo were in the habit of submitting their works for his opinion, before they submitted them to the public. He was tall and well-proportioned, active, strong, and graceful: a perfect master of all the military exercises of the time, both foot and horse; a good wrestler, and a noted swimmer. With these endowments of nature and art, we need not

be surprised at its having been said, that he drew his own picture, in sketching a perfect courtier—and so Ariosto thought.

“Dianzi Marullo, et il Pontan per vici
Sono, e duò Strozzi, il padre, e 'l figlio
stati;

C'è il Bembò, c'è il tappel, c'è chi,
qual lui

Veggiamo, ha tutt'i cortegian formati.”

Orlando Furioso, xxxvii. 8.

Be that as it may, those alone who knew him must be the best authority. In his preface, he himself remarks, “Alcuni ancor dicono, ch'io ho creduto formar me stesso, persuadendomi, che le condizioni ch'io al cortegiano attribuisco, tutte sieno in me. A questi tali non voglio già negar di non aver tentato tutto quello ch'io vorrei che sapesse il Cortegiano; e penso, che chi non avesse avuto qualche notizia delle cose che nel libro si trattano, per erudito che fosse stato, mal' avrebbe potuto scriverle: ma io non son tanto privo di giudicio in conoscere me stesso, che mi presuma saper tutto quello che so desiderare.”

The Cortigiano is one of those pieces, which are drawn up in the form of a dialogue—a mode, which is perhaps the best adapted for conveying instruction, because its dramatic form awakens the imagination, and excites interest, whilst it informs and enriches the mind; at the same time, it represents a lively and polished conversation, which we cannot but fancy ourselves partakers in, as we alternately favour one party or the other, but without that prejudice or party feeling, which in real life blinds our senses, and shuts our eyes to truth. Sanctioned by such names as Plato and Cicero, it is not likely that we shall find many to rise up against the form or plan of the work; but the idiom, for we ought not to say style, is another consideration. Upon that subject, it is necessary that we should offer a few remarks. Every one, who is at all conversant with Italian literature, must know, that the Tuscans have assumed their dialect to be the only pure and elegant one for writing or conversation, and that they measure out the degrees of praise due to all those who have not the fortune to be born in their happy climate, according as they approximate nearest to their own idiom. How far this is right or wrong, it is not our business

to decide, more particularly as Castiglione, in his first book, has canvassed the subject fully, and, in our opinion, with great wit and justice. But let that be as it may, he several times asserts, in the *Courtier*, that he does not use the Tuscan dialect, and that he does not wish it. It is very difficult for a foreigner to pass a true judgment upon an author's merits, who writes in a language which is not his own, and still more so to appreciate fully the beauties of that language, or point out accurately its defects. For our own parts, had the book been placed in our hands, without our having any previous knowledge about it, we should not have had the slightest supposition, that it could be taxed with offending against Tuscan purity, or, at least, only in a word or two here and there, which might have struck us as not being usual—for we dare affirm, that they are not inelegant, although they may not be pure Tuscan inflexions. But as we do not wish others to take an Englishman's "*ipse dixit*," upon a subject which he cannot be so competent to decide as an Italian, we will go to the fountain head for authority, and strengthen our own surmises by the declaration of Varchi. He says, "*il Conte Balchassare Castiglione, che fu quel grand' uomo, che voi sapete, così nelle lettere, come nell' armi; dice pure nel suo Cortigiano, che non si vuole obligare a scrivere Toscanamente, ma Lombardo. Vada per quelli che scrivono Lombardo volendo scrivere Toscanamente; perchè, se io v' ho a dire il vero, egli disse quello che egli non voleva fare, o almeno, che egli non fece; perchè chi vuole scrivere Lombardo, non iscrive a quel modo. A me pare, che egli mettesse ogni diligenza, potesse ogni studio, e usasse ogni industria di scrivere il suo Cortigiano, opera veramente ingegnosa, e degna di viver sempre, più Toscanamente che egli potera e sapeva.*" In addition to this, the Cortigiano has been received by the della Cruscan academy, as a test of the Tuscan dialect, which is of itself a sufficient authority to silence all profane babblers and backbiters. So much for the idiom; we must now beg to be indulged with a few words upon the style of the *Courtier*—we do not mean the peculiar constructions and phrases, but the manner in which our author

has expressed his thoughts, as distinguished from the usual plain prose narrative, that is to say, the ornaments with which he has dressed his ideas, the similes and metaphors by which he has expanded and explained them, and other artificial aids, by which he has embellished and beautified them. In this sense, then, we consider the style of the *Courtier* to be perfect. It is not prose run mad, for were it so, we should be far from praising it, and yet it is very poetical prose; but, withal, so chaste, so pure, so unlike meretricious ornament, that it is impossible net to be delighted with it. Castiglione had a fine poetic imagination; but he had judgment likewise—he knew art was necessary to set off nature, and he knew how that art should be applied. He does not go out of his way to hunt after poetical images, but he takes them as they rise up in his path, and uses them where they are more than a mere ornament—where they are a real improvement. His fancy was prolific in the extreme, and he could well spare to throw away all that was not choice and perfect, and he was fortunate in being possessed of a taste, which prompted him to do so.

We know, and have met with many great and clever men, but with a certain chill and callousness of imagination, that would exclude all sort of ornament from prose writing, and reduce it to the same monotonous equality with a boundless plain, or clothe it with the same stern and gloomy dignity, as that which is depicted in their own countenances. But let these enemies to embellishment look out upon the sky, just after sunset, while all is one cloudless expanse of pure ethereal blue; let them look again upon this same sky, towards midnight, when the monotony of azure is studded with ten thousand glittering stars, and tinged with a new lustre from the silvery rays of the "chaste cold moon;" and then let them say which of these two objects is the most beautiful! Such is the style of the Cortigiano. The ground-work, or thread of the narrative, is as pure, as chaste, and as simple, as "the azure sovereignty above;" but the ornaments which are scattered over it, are like those ethereal fires, which render that firmament the most glorious sight in nature. There are, doubtless,

times and subjects, which do not admit of poetical ornaments. We would not have Euclid's system of geometry transposed into a pastoral, with your "straight lines" turned into a rural May-pole, your "curved lines" into a rainbow, or a meandering streamlet, or your "circles" into a Cheshire cheese. Nor would we have a "practice of physic" metamorphosed into a tissue of vapid sentimentality, as Dr. Goode has done. A poor wight is confined to his bed, in a high fever, but Dr. Goode's pupils must listen to one of his own inimitable dithyrambics, before he will consent to explain to them the symptoms. He lays him upon his bed of down, but it is harder to him than the flinty rock—he tosses and tumbles about, like the waves of the ocean—his mouth is as parched as the torrid sands of Africa—the rosy bloom of his complexion has faded into the palid hue of the lily—his eyes have lost their lustre, and appear like—like what?—oh! any thing will do for the "practice of physic"—well, then, like the sun in a Scotch mist,

"Spectatum admitti risum teneatis,
amici?"

But we do not intend here to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits of particular styles in prose writing. All we wish to say is, that such poetical illustrations as are scattered throughout the *Cortigiano*, so far from detracting from its worth, are the chief causes which constitute its excellence. They are not mere froth and sound—they are not empty ornaments, which only embellish, without improving. They do not only recreate the mind of the reader, but they confirm, strengthen, and elucidate each argument as it rises, and render it so palpable, so clear, and so convincing, that it is impossible to be mistaken or misunderstood. If an architect shall discourse to you, for hours and hours, on the plan of a building he is about to elevate, you may at last comprehend his design, and be able to sketch out in your mind's eye the different forms and proportions, which are to unite and harmonize the intended whole; but you would arrive at the same conclusion in one quarter of the time, and with ten times more accuracy and precision, had a drawing of the plan been submitted to your consideration. Of the same use as this

drawing are the poetical illustrations of the *Courtier*—if we may use the expression, we would say, they embody and personify the argument, and set that personification, like a real and animated object, immediately before our eyes. And this is the best and shortest method of producing conviction:

"*Segnius irritant animos demissa per
aures*

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

Those who expect to find, in the work before us, such a character of a courtier as Lord Chesterfield has drawn, will find themselves vastly mistaken. Chesterfield—and we blush to own it—but it is, indeed, too true—Chesterfield has drawn his courtier as he really is—Castiglione, as he should be—as he might be—as he would be, in his nearest and most exalted approach towards the Divinity. But it may be objected, and with a show of reason, that this character is beyond the stretch of human nature, too good, too great, too glorious. This is, perhaps, true—there never has been, and it may be, there never will be, so many good qualities and endowments, both of art and nature, combined and concentrated in the perishable frame of an individual. But if an author is to restrict himself merely to what he sees, and to consider that the sum total of human perfection which his own immediate observation has placed before him, without being allowed to sketch out an ideal state of virtue, to which mankind may direct their hopes and aspirations, how shall the world improve? Days, months, years, ages may roll on, and on, but the limits of human knowledge will never spread beyond their existing land mark. There are now many experiments and works of art, not only practicable, but easy and familiar to us, which were, an hundred or even fifty years ago, either totally unknown, or considered impossible. The positive and absolute knowledge of mankind, that is, that which we see and know to exist by our own immediate and ocular observance, is very contracted. Look out upon the face of the globe—go up the highest mountain, from which you can command the widest prospect around you, and if you trust to that only which is within your view, you will ex-

claim, that the world, on which we live, is a wide plain, and, in your own conceit, may be tempted to laugh at the philosophers who have said that its form is spherical. But when you are told, that your powers of vision are narrow and confined, and that the circumference of this earth is vaster than your comprehension, you will readily imagine, that the small part of it, which your eye surveys, may appear flat, because your prospect does not extend far enough to take in a sufficient segment of the circle to show its rotundity. Then, why should the capability of the mind, "which supaseth all understanding," be estimated by the degree of knowledge which it can drink in by its eye-sight? why should it be chained down to any existing model of perfection? and why should we point out this or that individual, and say, he has reached the highest pitch of excellence already known, and therefore cannot be surpassed; or that it is absurd to go on refining upon virtue, till we render it too dazzling to behold? It is only a weak mind which can prompt such arguments. The little bird, that picks the crumbs from your window-seat, can raise itself but a few yards from the green sward beneath it—but the eagle dares a nobler flight, and soars upwards to the sun. Let us not then judge of others by the measure of our own littleness. Genius will never plod upon the earth—it must rise; and as it claps its sparkling wings, be it our duty to collect and treasure up the glittering dew drops that rain from them. For our own parts, we would rather have the mind's imaginings encroach upon probability, than clogged with the bonds of homely, plain reality; and we are convinced, that these ideal creations tend more towards the march of knowledge, and completion of human perfection, than all the prosing matter-of-fact narrations and discussions of all the grey-beards in Christendom.

Besides this, in all works, at least all those which are to gain fame and estimation among the nations, it is an absolute necessity that nature, and, in some cases, even truth itself should be over-drawn. This may appear a dangerous tenet, and bad doctrine to dispense; but although it militates against our caprices and received opinions, it is too true—or the favour of

mankind has ever been bestowed upon unworthy objects. Did the portrait-painter ever send into the world a likeness (and we are speaking of those only which are the *chef-d'œuvres* of the art), which copied the imperfections as truly as the perfections of its original? There is either a wrinkle smoothed down, a curl supplied, or a fresher bloom given to the complexion, a keener lustre to the eye, or a deeper expression to the countenance—in short, did ever any man employ an accomplished master to paint his portrait, who did not afterwards wish that he could transform himself into his own picture! And where is the author who has not assumed to himself the same liberty as the artist? We will take our own inimitable novelist, run our eye over his characters, in high life or low, in the palace or the cottage—and what are they but finished portraits, as true to life as art *should* make them—but do they not flatter their originals? Again, in landscape painting, is there a man all the wide world over, who, after he had surveyed one of the finest paintings of any school or any country, and then set himself out upon his journey to enjoy, amid the fresh air, and in the reality of nature, that scene, which he had beheld glowing on the canvass—is there a man who has not, in such a case, felt his expectations somewhat disappointed, and whose conscience did not whisper him, that he should have viewed the original before the imitation, if he wished to appreciate its beauties? The truth is, that all imitations, and such are portraits, sketches of character and paintings, must be somewhat heightened and coloured to create interest. And so it is in sculpture—at least, in those works which are considered the highest stretch of art, which have commanded and rivetted the admiration of all time, and which shall last as an eternal monument of the lofty aspirations of genius. Let the man, who has stood gazing upon the Apollo Belvidere, who has felt his eyes, his thoughts, his whole soul rooted to the spot, almost without the power to move, without the energy to tear himself away from the object he is contemplating—let that man say, if he has ever seen any thing one half so grand, so beautiful, so sublime, in the reality of human nature. And this

statue, *outragé* as it is to all we have seen or known—superior as it is even to the conceptions of every mind, save that only, and mighty one, which formed it—this very statue has ever been considered as one of the noblest works of human genius. And what has gained it that fame? Not its faithful delineation of real existing beauty—not its being an almost living, breathing, and moving copy of animated nature—but that it hath surpassed the original whence it was taken—that it hath exceeded in grandeur, beauty, and sublimity, all that was ever seen or fancied in the fairest and most perfect works of real nature. Sculpture, in short, is the object of admiration, so long as it “represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity, which is never to be found in actual nature”—and when it ceases to do this, it ceases to become interesting. Of poetry in general, as its very essence is a fiction, and a stretch of nature, we need say nothing;—it is a language too delicious for mortals, and only fit for the hours of Mahomet’s paradise. But of the drama, which is supposed to be the most faithful representation of real life, and truest imitation of nature, we shall offer a few remarks, and we shall find, that those poets and actors please most, whose visions leave truth and reality behind them. In fact the drama does not represent life as it is, but as the imagination would have it. Look at our Lears, our Othellos, our Richards, our Macbeths—characters various, wonderful, magnificent—whose affections, actions, and sentiments are what have been, and what shall be—whose histories have figured in real life—who have been moving and active beings—and who have experienced the actions and sufferings attributed to them in their respective dramas—but did those afflictions or villanies, when they happened, affect the minds of men, who saw the crash, and who were perhaps doomed to participate in its weal or woe, in the same degree, as the representation of them affects us? We think not. And these intense emotions which agitate our bosoms, as we watch the rise and fall of their fortunes, cannot be attributed to any thing else, but the heightened depiction of the poet, and in the next place, the art or rather

artifice of the actor. Many have witnessed heart-rending scenes in real life, and have perhaps felt their bosoms melted to sorrow, or pity, or roused to indignation, but has any man ever felt the same strong convulsive contest of passion, ebbing and flowing within him, and heaving as though it would burst his very heart-strings, in any of the deepest calamities he has looked upon, as he has, during the representation of either of the four plays above alluded to? The poet then has shown him scenes, and made them of deeper interest by his art, than nature, if left to her own workings, would produce.—Such was Shakspeare!—the first, the grandest, the greatest—the only one, who never has met, and who, in all probability, never will meet with a rival!—It is almost too obvious to say, that the language put into the mouth of any character is an embellishment of nature, but it all tends to show, that nature herself, as represented and imitated in writing, is not of sufficient interest to command esteem. Are we to imagine that Richard, when he started from the horrors of his midnight dreams, ever compressed into language such a concentration of thrilling thoughts and words, as the soliloquy, which Shakspeare has given him? We read it—and it appears natural—we believe that he did burst forth into such strains; but it is the art of the poet to show human nature in colours more bright than it really possesses, yet still without the appearance of improbability, as it is of the artist to draw the human figure in attitudes that cannot be formed, but with so much ease, that they shall appear natural, though known to be nearly impossible. Again, comedy, though the representative of every day life, is only amusing, whilst it colours and embellishes the scenes it describes. Take the most ludicrous circumstance, the most amusing character, that reality presents—represent them on the stage just as they are, without any further ornament or acting than that used by the characters, who figured in the scene, and then let the spectator say, if he has ever witnessed any thing more dull, more flat, or more vapid. The wit and humour of the poet, and the drollery of the actor,—and neither of these are in nature,

—are absolutely requisite to render comedy amusing—its *verre* reality is insipid enough. In acting, lastly, nothing is a more mistaken notion, than to say, that such or such a thing is not natural; and we contend, that no man can pass a just decision upon an actor's merits, who measures them by such rules. For upon such grounds the veriest stick who walks the stage is the one who acts with the greatest consonance to nature, and then the candle-snuffer, or the footman who comes in with "a letter, my lord," gives us the most faithful delineation. There is of course a medium, beyond which an actor should not go; for he, like the poet and the painter, is to outrage nature only so far as to keep up the appearance of probability. We have sat in the theatre, and we have heard a single tone of Kean's voice—we have watched a long, breathless pause, whilst his eyes were fixed on vacancy—and we have felt the blood thrill and creep through our veins—and we have heard it said

around us, that this or that is not natural—be it so!—we do not say it is; but we are convinced, that all the *natural* acting in the world never can, and never will raise in our bosoms the deep, and almost agonizing feelings of that moment; and callous must be the heart that does not vibrate to them.* And this doubtless is the perfection of acting, provided it is not carried too far; for it were better to fall below the allowed limits, than to exceed them.

If this reasoning be considered to be true, the ideal perfection of Castiglione's Courtier will rather be considered as a beauty than a blemish; and then the whole work may safely be pronounced to be complete and perfect in all its parts. The character is conceived with a great depth, penetration, and judgment, and delineated with the hand of a master; the language of the book is incomparably beautiful beyond that of any other we are acquainted with; and the moral sentiments and rules of

* In quoting Kean, we merely meant to produce an instance of what was the greatest perfection in the dramatic art; for our argument is, that nature herself, as imitated by acting, is not of sufficient interest to be pleasing or impressive in any very great degree. And we speak of Kean's acting not as a whole, but a part—we allude to those occasional bursts, starts, pauses, under-tones, &c. which, when introduced with *taste* and *judgment*, produce that wonderful effect, which all who have witnessed them must have experienced: we speak of Kean, when he assists and improves nature, not when he tears her to rags and tatters. However, as there are two opinions on the merits of this actor, which are yet combated with as much animosity and virulence, as ever was any measure of Whig or Tory; and as that discussion is quite irrelevant to our present business, we will cite an instance in which we are certain to have an universal agreement of opinion. Every one, we believe, acknowledges Garrick to have arrived at the summit of perfection in his acting; and as we have not now the means of canvassing his merits or demerits, we can have no grounds upon which to call in question the decision which has been passed upon him, and may therefore safely take him as our model. Now, then, did Garrick, the greatest actor known, care one straw for this cant about nature? Did he act consistently with nature? Did he portray the reality of life? or did he form an ideal perfection of his own, which was not in nature, but *above* her, and towards which all his conceptions and delineations were directed? We poor graceless mortals, who are doomed to live and flourish in the nineteenth century, cannot answer positively to our own questions, as we have never witnessed the magic spells of our modern Roscius; but from all we have read, from all we have heard, from all we have collected, we have no hesitation to answer in the negative. Let any one read the following sketch, and then say if it is a description of what is called 'natural acting.' "How did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh! against all rule... my Lord.... most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus—stopping, as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which, your Lordship knows, should govern the verb, he suspended his voice a dozen times, three seconds, and three-fifths, by the stop-watch, my Lord, each time. Admirable grammarian!—but in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I look'd only at the stop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent observer!"—Tristram Shandy. Is this nature? Then what a dilemma we fall into by looking for nature only in rigid acting, and upholding and eulogising that very actor, whose perfection consisted in transgressing her!

conduct are such, as could not proceed from any but the most sound and reflecting mind. Chesterfield may be read and admired, but Castiglione should be studied and acted upon. Highly as we esteem them, we do not think the Cortigiano in any respect inferior to Plato's "Republic," or Xenophon's Cyropedia, (to each

of which it partly assimilates, the first being a description of a perfect government, the latter of a perfect general,) or the splendid dialogues of Cicero and Tacitus; and whilst these master-pieces continue to challenge our admiration, never should the "Courtier" be forgotten.

LINES

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT OF DERMODY.

WHEN I gaze on thy features, poor fellow, and see
 What a curse thy rich genius has been unto thee,
 How it led thee to leave the sweet comforts of home,
 In thy youth among cold-hearted strangers to roam;
 How poverty chill'd thy young hopes in their bloom,
 And intemperance brought thee a premature tomb;
 With grief for thy follies thy fate I deplore,
 And half wish that the muse may ne'er visit me more;
 Yet the muse, tho' thus slighted, like woman, returns,
 And the lamp of my fancy unchangingly burns.
 Then still let it burn, so it lure not away
 From the paths of correctness, in error to stray.
 So, that 'stead of a blessing it bring not a ban,
 Nor light me to deeds that disgrace bard and man.
 Yet, let me not judge thee, forlorn as thou wert,
 Thy unhappiness sprung from the head, not the heart;
 For that was still just in the bitterest hour
 That destiny gave o'er thy being to low'r;
 Like the light in the firmament clearly it shone,
 When the strength of thy mind lay like giant o'erthrown.
 O calm be thy slumber, for thou wert a gem,
 Whose rough'ned exterior let no man condemn;
 Let the rigidly just, and the prudently cool
 Ne'er say that though gifted, thou still wert a fool;
 Nor the quiet in soul, nor the even in mood,
 Exult, because thou wert by passion subdued:
 Well for them 'tis, their blood like calm rivers can roll,
 Though thine was the wave that wrecks body and soul.
 They know not the cause that first led thee to sin;
 Nor can fathom the whirlpool that drew thy youth in;
 Too oft like weak woman's is, Genius, thy fall,
 With thee, as with her, goes, poor victim, thy all;
 In vain she may suffer, in vain may repent,
 The hearts never tempted, will never relent;
 So the hearts of the prudent against him are closed,
 Till silent in death the frail bard has reposed.
 High price hast thou paid, but thy aim is attain'd;
 Though misery's bowl to the dregs thou hast drain'd;
 Thy fame still survives tho' thy sorrows are o'er,
 While those happier than thou are remember'd no more.
 E'en now as I mourn thee my sad spirit turns
 To thy equal in sorrow, the warm-hearted Burns;
 The Charybdis and Scylla of poetry's sea,
 Between whom I must steer my frail vessel, are ye;

And I learn from your fates a stern lesson, of worth
 More intrinsic than gold to the children of mirth,
 And which kept, may preserve me from sorrow and shame,
 And lead me through error's wide shoals safe to fame;
 For not quite unscathed thro' this world have I past,
 Nor unmote by its wave, nor unbowed by its blast;
 I have been among creatures I ne'er can forget;
 Been hemm'd round by their snares, but escap'd them as yet;
 Have foolishly lavish'd the little I had,
 On the wantonly poor, and the seemingly sad;
 And when choosing no longer my hand to enclose,
 Have found them the bitterest turn of my foes;
 A hater of strife e'er avoiding a brawl,
 I have sought to please some, and been laugh'd at by all,
 Till beholding that self was the compass of each,
 I seiz'd my own safeguard while yet within reach;
 Cool indifference, daughter of sacrificed truth,
 The useful successor of light-hearted youth.
 The time has now come when the mind's settled tide,
 Will lave in sweet quiet my heart's wounded side.
 Thank heaven, uncorrupted in mind or in health,
 Tho' as yet unrewarded by fame or with wealth,
 Nor a slave to the muse, nor a striver for gain,
 Like the tomb of the prophet, 'twixt both I remain.
 Let me live with enough for life's wants in my purse,
 My health undecaying, my genius no worse;
 If but just independent, I shall not repine,
 Though my tomb have no marble, my table no wine;
 With a conscience at ease, I shall never regret
 The lack of much gold, so I be not in debt;
 For debt more than all things debases the mind,
 And makes man the slave or the prey of his kind.
 Oh! it lessens his worth, be he gifted or great,
 Be he peasant, or peer, or the head of a state;
 Subdues the high feelings by nature his meed,
 And waves him at will as the wind does the reed.
 The fruits of experience these feelings have been,
 Nor left till too ripen'd, nor gather'd while green,
 May nought but death's hand be enabled to break
 The useful impression they now on me make.

L. R. J.

SONNET.—STONHENGE.

As yet there ye stand, athletic monuments—
 The quest of ages gone—mysterious, grand,
 Spirits of awe and wonder, and command,
 Defying centuries, and angry elements:
 Nor time nor earth engulf ye, nor the storm
 Which levels towers, and strewn with spoils the strand,
 When on the billow rides death's fearful form.
 Ye mock our boasted wisdom, and we gaze,
 Wrapp'd in surmise, as on a stranger host;
 And, lost in superstition's chilling haze,
 We deem thee fathomless as is a ghost—
 And yet ye vanish not, but nights and days
 Dark sentinels of the plains, where sleep the brave,
 Ye hold your watch, and guard the warrior's grave!

Salisbury, May, 1825. J. F. STUART.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TORPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Country Minister, Part Second, a Poem in three Cantos, with other Poems, by the Rev. J. Britteli. G. B. Whittaker, London, 1825.

WE are all delighted, at least all of us who possess a relish for the softer and calmer delights of nature and rural simplicity, with those poetic descriptions that dwell on the charms and enjoyments of a country life; but there is in these descriptions something of a relaxing and lulling nature, something of so sweet and humanizing a mould, that we insensibly and unavoidably slumber amid the delightful scenes and romantic situations in which we are placed; and we wake from the reverie of intellectual infatuation to seek for something more poignant and stimulating—something to rouse us from the calm of melting and laugblishing emotions: hence it is that when descriptive poetry is not mingled with historical or fictitious narratives, when human life, with all fortunes and misfortunes, is not mixed up with the fairy scenes and elysian creations of the poet, we read a few pages, close the book, and slumber amid the sweets of too happy, too delightful, and, for us rough mortals, too celestial an abode. Too much enjoyment satiates the mind as too much sweets satiates the palate, and we seek for a relish in rougher and coarser fare. Hence it is, if we mistake not, that the first part of “*The Country Minister*” has been unsuccessful, and we fear that the same cause will render the second part equally unpopular. It does not address itself to the busy and active world; it removes from the scenes of real life, to linger amid those softer and more retired retreats where meditation and philosophy love to take up their abode. But the bulk of mankind are not philosophers by nature, and they are seldom rendered so by the accidents and circumstances of real life. Hence, the *Country Minister* leads them into a world with which they are little acquainted, and as it is

only “birds of a feather that flock together,” they soon get tired of the Minister and his solitary musings. There is little in the work itself, taking it in piecemeal, that we can find fault with; but taking it as a whole, it wants all that is calculated to rouse and animate those passions which are eternally craving for enjoyment. It addresses itself to no particular passion whatever; it presents no commanding, no interesting character. It brings us acquainted with a man who rather shuns than courts our society, and we soon feel a desire of leaving him to enjoy his own sequestered and unsocial meditations to seek the society of such men as ourselves. In a word he is too devoid of passion, and has therefore nothing in him that interests. He is a gentle inoffensive man, and a lover of nature, we mean of external nature, not of human nature, for he seems to look down upon the rest of mankind, and to consider himself the only perfect being among the human tribe. He moves along unnoticed and unnoticing, as regardless of the world as the world is of him. What interest can we take in the fate of a man who turns his back upon mankind, and seems only to feel for himself. There is no man on whom we look with more perfect indifference than a selfish person; and it is doubtful, whether the Deity itself does not prefer, as we do, men of many faults and frailties, where they are mingled with some virtues of a redeeming character, to him who has neither the ambition to be good, nor the courage to venture into the forbidden paths of iniquity. “Be either good or evil,” says the sacred writer, “or I will spew you out of my mouth.” In fact, where there is no passion, there is neither vice nor virtue, for we approximate too closely to inanimate being to possess any property, attribute, or stimulus capable of inclining, alluring, or urging us to become the disciples, or yield to the attractions of either. Alfred was a

teacher, and imagined himself, no doubt, too good to fill so labouring and unprofitable a situation. He was accordingly discontented, though he evinced, at the same time, no evidence of those lofty and aspiring powers that deserved a better and a happier fate. We are told, indeed, that he was "worn out with labour and oppressed with care," and that, consequently, "his mind no more domestic joys could share;" but if it was real physical labour that actually wore him out, how greatly ought we to pity those happy mortals who drudge in the field from morning to night, and labour as much in an hour as Alfred in a week. It was not then labour, but an unsocial and selfish mind that made Alfred discontented with his lot. Even his own family could not soften the stubborn asperity of his mind.

"In vain his wife to greet his coming
smiled,
Used all the arts that care have oft be-
guiled;
With pleasing skill arranged the decent
room,
And raised the hearth's warm blaze to
cheer its gloom;
In vain his children played around his
knees,
And tried with winning hearts their sire to
please.

* * * *

When from his school, the day's confine-
ment o'er,
He sought, fatigued, the parlour's wel-
come door,
His former smiles were changed to looks
severe,
His words less kind oft caused the startling
tear.
To gentle questions his too brief reply
Drew from the wounded breast a heart-
breathed sigh;
A sad impatience marked his altered
mien,
And bliss was banished from the social
scene.

That the office of a school-master is not only a most thankless, but a most disagreeable one, we can easily conceive, and, what is still worse, if the emoluments arising from it were ten-fold what they are at present, it would still continue disagreeable, while teachers are required to devote so great a portion of their time to the instruction of youth. This arises solely from the ignorance of parents, who imagine that their children

must improve in exact proportion to the time devoted to them by their preceptors, whereas the fact is the very reverse; for a child recollects and treasures up every thing he is told, provided you do not trespass on his natural impatience of restraint. If you detain him too long, so far from recollecting all you tell him, he recollects nothing. His mind is elsewhere; or if it be at home, it is only employed in counting the hours and minutes that are to compose the time of his bondage, and set him at liberty. When at liberty, books are his aversion; they are equally his aversion when obliged to return to them; while they would form the most pleasing portion of his time if they were exactly suited to his own taste and relish, for children of reflective and meditative minds will grasp at instruction long after others are weary of it. The teacher and the pupil are therefore mutually injured by a mistaken idea of education. One idea or principle of knowledge properly understood, and strongly impressed upon the memory, is worth a thousand vague and fleeting notions that serve more to lead us into the labyrinth of dulness than to increase our knowledge, our wisdom, or our experience. Hence it is that men of genius have frequently been looked upon as dunces, until they got rid of the trammels of the school, and began to reflect and think for themselves. But why is teaching so painful and disagreeable? This is a question which our limits will not permit us to enter into at present. We may, and perhaps it is as probable, that we may not, have occasion to examine it in a future number; and we shall, therefore, at present, only say that we cannot help thinking Mr. Brettel has painted his Country Minister from his own feelings and experience. There is much simplicity and *naïveté* in the style, much of romance and picturesque imagination in the scenery, and what is still more interesting, it is not a scenery borrowed from the ideal world. The proper or real names of places are mentioned, and to the resident inhabitants, and those who have visited them, the Country Minister will consequently be an acceptable present.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn, collected by Young Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn. Vol. III.
G. B. Whittaker.

THE old prejudices against the reading of novels are considerably abated, and must gradually decrease, while novelists continue to improve with the spirit and intelligence of the age. This branch of literature must be considered highly important by all who reflect on its influence upon society; it forms with most readers the third stage of education, as it immediately succeeds their elementary or classical studies. Our circulating libraries, which now contain so many works of sterling merit, at once attractive and instructive, were formerly crammed to repletion with the crudities and diseased imaginings of dis-tempered brains; and a work of understanding and sense, in this department, rarely met the eyes of the youthful part of society. Critics in vain derided these absurd effusions of dwarfish intellect; and parents in vain put them under the ban of their interdiction. A thirst for ornamental rather than useful knowledge existed, and was gratified by tasting the surface, not by drinking deep in the Pierian spring. A few novelists, however, of transcendent merit, rose as beacons to guide posterity out of the trammels of unnatural romance and sentimental jargon: and as long as literature is cherished in any country, the writings of Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, and Smollet, will exist to instruct and amuse mankind. What an inexhaustible fund of amusement and instruction would have been the works of such men, had there been any such, in the ages of Grecian and Roman history! How intimate would have been our knowledge of the manners and customs of antiquity! How much more able should we have been to judge how far different forms of civil and religious government affect the sum of general happiness, and how, and in what degree, it has been increased or diminished by the various religious and political dogmas, that have united to afflict and debase the intellectual faculties of mankind! That this species of writing is capable of expanding and improving, while it delights the mind, needs not now any proof. Most of our best novels are

founded on nature and experience, and may be divided into three classes, describing either "things as they should be,"—"things as they were"—or, "things as they are." Those of the first class chiefly spring from system-mongers, or well-intentioned writers who found theories upon prejudices. The second class appears now to have many votaries who fill up the chasms of history with matter inferred from present, rather than from past, circumstances; and they appear unconscious of the difficulty of their task. To describe the manners of past ages in detail, and to develop their prejudices, to pourtray their passions, and to delineate the reciprocal bearing of ignorance and dawning intelligence, are efforts of the mind that require the brightest genius and the most profound erudition. These two classes of novelists are but of little value; their study is to amuse and to be paid: the first affect to guide us out of the labyrinth of present error into the brightest regions of knowledge, and yet predicate of futurity what is founded on neither past nor present experience, neither in reason nor in philosophy. It is therefore no wonder that these novels become a prey to the devouring tooth of time; and perhaps of all the creeping things that slime the earth, from the cringing courtier to the lazy mendicant, the book-worm should be esteemed by man the most valuable.

The third class of novelists, those who write of "Things as they are," deserve much higher praise than the others. They bring before us palpable and tangible subjects, and exhibit portraits of existing objects, which we can compare with the originals. They teach us what theories to detect, and what to admire; they unveil to us the vices and the follies which daily beset us in the path of life; and their descriptions of virtue and vice are the more efficacious, because they cannot be overcharged without detection: they become the very road-book of life. In this class we must rank the novel which is now under our notice; and we think it a sign of the decay of prejudice, that the first two volumes have already reached a second edition, even before the appearance of the third, of which we now intend to give a short account. In this volume there are two tales; *The Proselyte*;

or, *Brahmin's Son*, and *The Last Will and Testament*. The first appears to us to have been derived, in part, from a well authenticated fact, contained in a sensible pamphlet, written a few years ago, by a Mr. Bowen, and extracted from the third volume of the proceedings of the Missionaries in India. This tale elucidates, in an appalling manner, the dreadful effects of fanaticism, and the practices of Missionary zealots. Every domestic tie is broken in their rage for proselytism; and their blind zeal is here forceably exposed. It is a short and unaffected narrative of a Brahmin's son, of that order of fiery intellects that are capable of great crimes, or splendid virtues, as circumstances may direct; full of virtuous sentiments, noble thoughts, and overwhelming enthusiasm, and entirely governed by sudden and violent emotions. In such a mind as this, the seeds of fanaticism easily took root, and rapidly grew to a frightful maturity. The duties of a son are lost in fanaticism; and the deaths of his father and mother are expiated by the suicide of their unfortunate and misguided son.

The second tale, called *The Last Will and Testament*, makes up by far the greater part of the volume; and although evidently written with haste, we think it by no means unworthy of the author of *Mandeville*, which was so much admired on the first appearance of the former volumes. The characters are well sustained, and drawn from nature. The style, which is perspicuous and easy, is always nervous, and at times not destitute of pathos. The fatal consequences, that often result from the sudden influx of testamentary wealth operating on an inexperienced, credulous, and confident tradesman, are awfully described: and form a powerful moral lesson. The mode in which electioneering struggles are often conducted in counties is clearly described, and lashed with ridicule and truth. The cant, hypocrisy, and venality of low, uneducated Methodist preachers, are exhibited in a strong light. Speculations in the funds, made by great men possessed of State secrets, are boldly exposed; and the means by which men, even in the lowest situations, may accidentally avail themselves of such secrets, ingeniously accounted for. An episode is introduced, that

powerfully exposes the folly of sacrificing children in marriage to sordid old age. The egotism and Proteus character of a Swiss servant is happily delineated. In the *Last Will and Testament* there is little of love; but that little is drawn in a natural and unaffected manner, and is too rational to admit of the sacrifice of principle, duty, or honour. Our limits will not allow us to give extracts, although there are passages that well deserve such a preference. For the same reason we are precluded from giving an outline of the story, which we recommend to all readers who delight in a plain, unsophisticated narrative, that describes in a bold and fearless way, the common virtues and vices of mankind. We cannot, however, conclude without remarking, that this volume contains several proofs of negligent and even culpable taste: and we would recommend the Author to consult in future his own reputation, rather than the wants of a publisher. He has talent enough to acquire reputation legitimately, if he will take the trouble. He ought not, therefore, from haste, to degrade himself to a level with those authors, who derive their reputation from their publishers, many of whom procure an ephemeral circulation for their cheaply acquired trash by means of disgraceful puffs, that fill the pages of their own venal periodicals.

Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement.
In three volumes. Colburn. London, 1825.

MYSTERY and prudery are now so commonly exhibited in the production and publication of any new work, which at all aspires to popularity, that the impotent discussions between the publisher of these volumes, and the critics who have volunteered for them a particular author, afford us neither interest nor amusement. "What is in a name?" applies so forcibly to the intrinsic merit, or demerit, of works of the kind before us, that we think it beneath criticism to herald our observations with surmises as to the great, or little *unknowns* by whom they may have been written. A good volume will, in this reading time of peace, sooner or later command success, though its author were one,

hitherto a stranger to fame; and a bad one will neither deserve or receive it, though its inventor might add the crest of nobility to his title page. We therefore dash in *mediæ res* at once, and proceed to have some talk with the "Man of Refinement," who has just stepped into the fashionable world, from the Burlington-street academy of letters.

The intent and whole bearing of the work is evidently to inculcate useful, religious, and moral lessons, through the agency of certain conversations and discussions, held by and between the several characters of different education and principles which are introduced in it. The hero, and his history, are mere adjuncts to these objects, and, like the simple air which forms the ground-work of very complicated variations, are often lost sight of in the redundancy of the players' execution, or only glide in at intervals, when the flourishes of the composer have exhausted art.

Tremaine, a man of family and fashion, and of much nobility of mind, is one "a weary of the world," that is, the gay world, its follies and its vices; and he retires from the sphere of their influence to seek relief and forget their infatuation, for a commerce with books and nature, in the quiet of the country, and at the seat of his ancestors.

We will give a short quotation here, which will explain the character of the hero's feelings on his arrival, and save us much circumlocution of analysis. The scene is about as good as any in the three volumes, if we except that of the dinner-party, where, under fictitious appellations, Beau Brummell, and other characters of his day, figure to much advantage. Its length alone prevents its transfer to our pages.

"It was the middle of August; the great gates of Belmont were thrown open by the obsequious porter at the lodge; a barouche and four, well appointed, drove in at a gallop, and rapidly neared the hall, the steps of which were lined with servants, and every thing denoted the arrival of a man of consequence, at his seat in the country.

"It was Tremaine, a name known in the political world for talents and integrity; in the fashionable, as an ornament in the higher circles; and in the female, as belonging to a man whom all prudent mothers wished to obtain for their daughters, and many a daughter for herself.

He was, in truth, a person of great polish, refined taste, and high reputation.

"To the salutations of his servants of the upper class, he replied as if he received their attentions kindly, but was too much self-absorbed to think about them.

"At the same time he complained of fatigue, said the roads were execrable, and the weather hot.

"Now the roads had been very good, and the weather temperate. His housekeeper, a respectable woman who had lived with his mother, and with whom he usually interchanged a few words of civility, on his arrival at home, lingered behind the rest. 'I have no orders for you, Watson,' he said, 'but that dinner should be served at eight.' The housekeeper slowly moved off, wondering, if not hurt, at the reserve of a master, whose affability had always been uniform to his servants, and fluttering to herself. 'And how to pass the time till then,' continued he to himself, 'how to find here what London cannot afford,' (and he paced the room in serious musing); 'these are questions after all; yes, after all,' (and he laid stress upon the words) 'not easily settled—yet serenely' (throwing up the sash, which opened upon a diversified country) 'seems to live in these woods; and equally' (turning to the interior of the apartment) 'in these rooms.'

"The pictures of his grand, and great grandfathers, their wives, and a train of uncles and aunts, some in hunting coats, with dogs and fowling-pieces, some in full suits of velvet, some with distaffs, and some with crooks, caught his eye as he said this.

"They seemed all to partake of the general quiet. All the little cares and vexations of life were over with them, if, indeed, they had ever had any, so composed was their air, and so placidly did they appear to look upon their descendant.

"'After life's fitful fever, they sleep well,' said Tremaine, as he moved slowly along, and contemplated them one after another. 'Without dying, I will endeavour to do so too; and here will be the best chance of it. And yet,' continued he, after a pause, and returning to the prospect, 'there are not wanting persons who think woods and fields dullness, and a pulchre in the country a prison.'

"He paused again, but added, 'thank God! I am not of that opinion; on the contrary, it is the world that is dull and uninteresting; or were it otherwise, only so because it is wrangling, knavish, and false.'"

The bent of Tremaine's mind will be fully understood by this quotation: ennui and disappointment attend his

schemes in pursuit of happiness, and whilst his morbid fancies from time to time lead him further in the thriftless chase, like the magician in the pantomime, he is still unable to clutch the golden ball that rolls onwards, dazzling with hope, but eluding his grasp. Dr. Evelyn and his daughter are the two other most important personages in the tale. The former is a worthy clergyman, that might have sat as a model for Goldsmith to panegyricize; he, to quote from a contemporary, "performs all his duties to a marvel; finds time for a thousand agreeable and useful occupations; is always cheerful, and never speaks without saying a wise or a kind thing." It is with him and our hero that the principal conversations and discussions we have before alluded to are carried on, and in the course of these the peculiar opinions and tenets of the younger, in argumentation, are often successfully and amusingly combated. Sometimes, however, the pertinacity of Tremaine rejects the sensible advice or assertions of his friend, and obstinately continues to declare the worse to be the better reason; it is at such hours that Georgina Evelyn, with her eloquent looks, and her gentle exposition of his self-deceit, shakes, to the very foundation, his false philosophy, and the opponent in argument soon becomes the lover in reality. This now gives the author an opportunity of playing off his favourite pastime of disquisition, and we accordingly have very lengthy discussions regarding the claims of religion upon the reason and faith of man, and which arise from the inquiry made by Dr. Evelyn, for the happiness of his daughter, as to the firmness and consistency of her lover's religious opinions, and the condition of his mind with regard to other than mere worldly views. They are found sad and unsettled, and Tremaine's offer of his heart and fortune to the reciprocally attached Georgina is rejected, until he can assure her that his and her religious hopes and views so far coincide, as to impress her with no apprehensions or despair for their present, or his future happiness.

On this blight being cast upon his hopes, Tremaine departs suddenly, quits the society of his friends, and his no one knows whither. Georgina the victim of a virtuous relation, for fifteen months pines

away, till her father determines to visit the south of France, in the fond hope that the geniality of the climate will restore roses to the cheeks, and health to the wasted frame of his pain-stricken child. They arrive in safety, and they meet—Tremaine. He is an altered man, he begins to feel "the folly of his ways," and to give evidence of the "truth that is in him." The happy revulsion proves a balm stronger than medicine to the reviving Georgina, and the tale concludes, abruptly enough, with the anticipation, that, at no distant period, every obstacle yet remaining to the union of the lovers, will be effectually removed and entirely destroyed.

Such is "Tremaine," simple in story and brief in incidents and characters. We are quite sure it will not please the million, and those who seek for interest in tales of wonder, or chivalric histories, will hardly master the editor's preface. Yet, whilst we cannot conceal from ourselves that there is much of dry and unamusing matter, and some little of what is termed "cant" in the work, we must still admit, that the volumes contain a great deal of deep, moral interest, many wholesome truths, and some not inelegant composition. The perusal of its pages can do no harm, but may much good. We would have our readers try the experiment. S.

Delineations of Gloucestershire, being Views of the Principal Seats of Nobility and Gentry; and other Objects of prominent Interest in that County; with Historical and Descriptive Notices. Attached to the Views of the Seats are the Armorial Bearings of the Proprietors. The Drawings are all made, and the Plates Engraved by J. and H. S. Storer. The Historical and Descriptive Notices by J. N. Brewer, Esq. London, Sherwood, Jones, and Co.

We have real pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers, one of the most elegant works on Topography, that has appeared in this age of topographical investigation. Although much has been done, in many different ages, towards an elucidation of Gloucestershire, it is well known that no work, embracing a collective display of the mansions and other

principal objects in this fertile district, has appeared since the time of Sir Robert Atkyns, whose history was published in 1719. The operations of time, since the date of that publication, have done much towards altering, or obliterating, the domestic architecture of this county; and the vicissitudes of fashion, or the vagaries of wealth, have done still more. Indeed, we speak from our own opportunities of intelligence, when we observe that the county of Gloucester presents entirely new scenery, as regards the seats of its gentry, and their attached parks and pleasure grounds, compared with its formal, but richly-ornamented, aspect, in the early years of the 18th century.

The present work must therefore be peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of this county, and the very superior merits evinced by its conductors, promise to render these graphic and literary "delineations" acceptable additions to its topographical literature.

The work is published in parts, or numbers, each part containing four engravings and one sheet of letter-press. Five parts have already appeared, and the whole of the undertaking is to be completed in twenty-five. The subjects of such of the engravings as are already before the public, afford fair specimens of the design and execution of the work, as they are not confined to the mansions of nobility and gentry, but comprise representations of the city of Gloucester and the town of Cirencester, together with a truly excellent view of the church of Fairford.

The plates are all engraved by the two Storers, from original drawings made by themselves; and the points of view most favourable to the pictorial exhibition of buildings, are selected with a most picturesque felicity of taste. The engravings are executed in their best style, and are highly valuable as graphic productions, independent of their attractions as portraits of interesting places.

Mr. Brewer has obtained much credit, as author of the "Introduction to the Beauties of England," and other typographical works; but, if we may venture to form a judgment from the parts already produced, his best claims as a writer on topography must be founded on these Gloucester delineations.

R. M. May, 1825.

tershire delineations. Residing on the borders of the county he has undertaken to describe, and possessed of literary leisure, and an extensive connexion in the midland parts of England, Mr. Brewer has proved himself peculiarly well qualified for the task in which he engaged. His descriptions are evidently drawn from local observation, and an intimacy with the place of which he treats. Mr. Brewer's style is at once classical and elegant. We give the following as a specimen. It is his description of OAKLEY PARK, near Cirencester, THE SEAT OF EARL BATHURST.

"At the name of this mansion a train of pleasing associations arise in the mind. The shades of Addison and Steele; of Pope and Swift;—of all we have been accustomed to admire and venerate, as the brightest ornaments of early years in the eighteenth century; press on the fancy in a glorious assemblage, and shed a lustre on the seat in which wit and worth resided with Allen Lord Bathurst.

"This noble and interesting residence is immediately contiguous to the town of Cirencester, and occupies the eastern extremity of a very extensive and beautiful imparked demesne.

"In our account of the neighbouring town, we have briefly stated the descent of the manor and hundred of Cirencester, and have there traced them, through several transmissions, to the possession of Sir Benjamin Bathurst, father of the first Earl Bathurst, by whom they were purchased in the year 1695. Allen, the first Earl, shortly after he acceded to the paternal estate, purchased, of Sir Robert Atkyns, of Saperton, a large contiguous property, comprising the district termed Oakley Woods, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of Cirencester, and afterwards, among other proprietors, to Sir John Danvers.

"When these conjoined estates came into the possession of Lord Bathurst, there stood on the site of the present mansion, a very spacious house, in the form of one half of the roman letter H, which was built in the reign of James I. by Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby. For some time Lord Bathurst occupied, when at Cirencester, the central division; but this ancient house was, at length, either wholly, or in much the greater part, taken down, and a mansion, constructed under his direction, which, although apparently intended merely as an occasional residence, and not as a specimen of architecture, appropriate to the beauty and extent of the attached grounds and park, was still better suited to the increasing elegance of the limits, and the splendour of his habitation.

The house, indeed, evidently formed a secondary object of consideration, whilst his chief attention was directed to the planting and disposal of the noble parks and pleasure grounds. The consummate taste he displayed in the execution of these designs, was applauded by Pope, in the emphatical question,

“Who plants like Bathurst, and who builds like Bayle?”

“The mansion of Allen, Lord Bathurst, has been greatly altered, and augmented, by the late and present Earls. Though each alteration be confessably an improvement, the examiner will look with primary interest, on those parts that retain marks of days in which the wits of England’s Augustan age, as regards its literature, were here assembled, round their general friend and tasteful patron. The

house, in its present state, is a spacious and respectable, but irregular pile. The east and west fronts are of considerable length, and the former, which looks towards the town, is a handsome elevation of freestone. We present a view of this structure, as seen from the park, with the tower of the parochial church of Cirencester, rising over the central compartment of the western front. From the position we have chosen, the building is undoubtedly seen, to advantage; and, it must not be concealed, that, from such a point of inspection, a flattering idea is imbibed respecting the site of the mansion. On other sides we cannot avoid perceiving, that this large and interesting structure is placed much too near the town, for the attainment of real beauty, and dignity of surrounding circumstances.”

THE FINE ARTS.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academicians have, this year, presented the public with a very capital exhibition. The display of sculpture is, on the whole, inferior to that we have seen in some of the former years, but the shew of pictures is probably the best that they have ever set before us: and what is still more exhilarating, is, that the principal part of the display, is—as it ought to be—historical. It is delightful to see the long neglected muse of history again look cheerful and majestic.

The hanging committee has been publicly complained of for its supposed misdoings, but surely without reason. As the Exhibition rooms are but ill contrived for their ostensible purpose, this is a thankless and ungracious office. The *hangmen* are somewhat in the predicament of the painter in the fable who pleased nobody and everybody; the interests to be accommodated or conciliated are necessarily separate, and even opposite; and what dissatisfies one exhibitor or his critical friends, pleases another. When the pictures are hung, as well as they are at present, the officers of the season, should surely not (in our opinion) be discomfited. Some of the inferior performances might perhaps have been better disposed of, but look at the

principal pictures. Where else could Hilton’s capital work of *The Crowning of Jesus Christ with Thorns* have been hung with half so much propriety as where we find it? Where could Mulready’s *Itinerant Druggist* have been to more advantage than against the chimney-piece, centrally and on a level with the eye? Etty’s picture might perhaps have had a more central place, (if such a one could have been found) but Thomson’s beautiful representation of Shakespeare’s Juliet, could no where have appeared with more éclat, than opposite the entrance. G. Hayter’s masterly performance is beneath it, and very properly; as the figures are small, it demanded a place *under the line*. Cooper and Leslie have also good places in the Great Room, and on a level with the eye, and so has Wilkie.

But the published complaint seems chiefly levelled against the disposal of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s portraits. Now we do not see that it is at all necessary that all the stars of magnitude and lustre should shine in one hemisphere. The Inner Room, or School of Painting, is not inferior in light, and need not be so in sterling attraction, to the great room; and the portrait of Mr. Lambton’s beautiful and intelligent-looking son, hangs

there centrally and with great effect; six of Sir Thomas's other portraits are in the Great Room, and, generally speaking, in very conspicuous places; but the laws of impartiality require, that the President should not be exclusively entitled every year to the very best places; and who would wish the comparatively few historical works that are exhibited, to be displaced for the sake of portraits, when the general complaint made against the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy has been the paucity of historical pieces.

Even the hanging of the very indifferent portrait of the Duke of York in a principal situation is not done, as we conceive, without a wise motive. The picture looks the worse from those which surround it being of high quality (by *quality* we do not mean rank in society), while they derive some advantage from the toil; but the great moral lessons are, that good pictures lose much more from being placed in bad lights, than bad ones gain from being hung in good lights; and that it shews those who have eyes to see, that H. R. H. notwithstanding the *discernment* he evinces in politics, is not always very select in the choice of an artist.

MR. W. ETTY, the newly created associate, has presented us with a larger and grander picture than we have before seen from his hand. It is designated "*The Combat; Woman pleading for the Vanquished*"—an ideal groupe, and is a work which in composition, colour, and academical prowess, transcends those of his compeers. The weapon of the victorious warrior is uplifted, and about to deal the death-stroke; meanwhile the unsuccessful combatant seems to claim more of our pity than he is likely to meet with from his impassioned enemy, who owes his advantage to a sword having proved treacherous, and broken in the conflict. The fairer combatant is else the stronger man, and bears a countenance which most persons would have felt more disposition to take part with than that of his ferocious adversary.

The eager and imploring action of the female comes in at this critical juncture, and does honour to herself and her sex; while as a work of art, her fairness of complexion is in good counterpoint to those of the robust and athletic warriors. In colour this

picture strongly reminds us of the great heroes of the Venetian school, while in learned intelligence of form, and energy of action, it greatly surpasses them. Feeling as we do, for the honour of England, we should not have the least objection to seeing this picture placed in one of the very first galleries, by the side of Titian and Paul Veronese.

No. 8. *The Regent Murray shot by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh*, painted by W. ALLAN, is a multifarious composition, well brought together, and arranged so as to tell the story of Murray's assassination in all its details with excellent effect. The materials are good. The civil and military and ecclesiastical dresses which are introduced, and the old domestic architecture of the back ground, or rather of the whole scene, with the High-street of the ancient town of Linlithgow, are very picturesque. All the numerous figures are engaged; and each contributes his part to the general purpose with the utmost local propriety. The group which surrounds the fallen Regent is capital; so is that of the terrified women, one of whom clasps her infant in vague apprehension of ulterior consequences. The exulting and garrulous old female catholic, and the feeble beadle (with his staff of office, and look of petty authority), who is about to descend the steps, and interfere, when his interference will be unavailing, are in the spirit of Hogarth, and at the same time, highly characteristic.

A little smoke oozing from behind a black curtain, indicates whence the fatal shot proceeded; and soldiers are applying their halberts and crow-bars to wrench open the house door.

The chiaroscuro of this picture, is effective. The colouring we think would have been better, had the painter enjoyed the privilege which the academicians seem but too sedulously to keep to themselves—that of re-touging up their pictures after they are hung up. We think Mr. Allan would, in this case, have employed a little more white with advantage on the nearer objects, and perhaps a few sparks of other brilliant colours.

The spectator of this work should know that Bothwellhaugh, the assassin, had owed his life to the Regent's clemency, but his estate had been bestowed upon one of Murray's favour-

ites, who turned out Mrs. Hamilton, of Bothwellhaugh, naked in a cold night into the fields, where before next morning she became furiously mad, and from that moment her husband resolved to be revenged. He determined, at last, to wait at Linlithgow, through which the Regent was to pass. He took his stand in a wooden gallery, and hung up a black cloth that he might not be observed; the Regent proceeded along the street, and the throng of people obliging him to move slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him with a single bullet through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his other side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house whence the blow had come; but before it could be forced open, Bothwellhaugh, who had a fleet horse in readiness behind, was already far beyond the reach of pursuit.

No. 64, by RICHD. WESTALL, R. A. is entitled "*L'Allegro*"; but both *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are introduced into the picture. Its form is circular, and it is decidedly the best work from the pencil of this artist, with which the present exhibition presents us. Mr. Westall quotes from Milton,—

"Hence loathed Melancholy

"But come thou, goddess, fair and free,
"In heaven yeapt Euphrosyne."

And certainly the preference given to cheerfulness over a train of melancholy thought, is well expressed by the action of the principal figure of flesh and blood (which is supposed to be that of the poet) when that action is taken with the reference it bears to the two imaginary or poetical figures of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

The expression of the poet too is to the faithful purpose; but the character of his countenance is not sufficiently poetical. It looks too much like the portrait of some modern man of fashion, constitutionally cheerful; dressed à la Vandyke, and playing the part of Milton; whereas it ought to have resembled that great poet in the days of his youth, when among his companions he was called "the lady of Queen's College," so at least

should have suggested a man of Milton's cast of mind.

Neither can we entirely commend the taste of this gentleman—at least for ourselves, we like the—

"Pensive nun devout and pure,
"Sober, stedfast, and demure."

better than we like the somewhat Frenchified Euphrosyne.

The roses and other flowers on the cheerful side of the picture, are well introduced, and the colouring is good throughout. The ultra-marine in the sky, across which floats the light clouds and transparent veil of Euphrosyne, is worth its weight in gold.

Some capital portraits hang on this side of the Great Room. Among them, are those of *H. R. H. the Princess Sophia*, No. 57, and his Grace "*the Duke of Wellington*," No. 71, both from the pencil of the PRESIDENT.

The Princess is habited in a rich dress of red velvet, and is a splendid, and, at the same time, delicate work.

The Duke is in a very inconspicuous dress of dark blue and grey—a regimental cloak, we believe, and pantaloons. He looks just as if he was reconnoitring some distant post of the enemy, with his portable telescope in his hand. In complexion his Grace owes much to Sir Thomas's palette; but the likeness is, nevertheless, strong.

The portrait of *Daniel Jarvis, Esq.* No. 49, painted at the request of the inhabitants of Margate, to be placed in their Town Hall, hangs as the pendant to Wellington. It is also a whole length, and is of the same rich, grave, and unostentatious character. The portfolio, old carved table, and velvet backed chair, are well introduced, and the whole is in good harmony. But the painter seems to have forgotten a cast shadow from the feet of his figure, which is requisite in order to connect it with the shadows of the back ground. This portrait is by our friend J. Jackson, R. A., and, we prophesy, will be one of the future *Lions* of Margate.

No. 70. *The Battle of Bosworth Field*, by A. COOPER, R. A. is composed with much ability, and a strict attention to the costume of that eventful period; but is not painted, we think, with the same degree of taste and talent which distinguish some of

Mr. Cooper's former battle pieces. Yet the leading circumstances and facts of the fight, which are as follow, are accumulated with great generalship and power over the materials of this species of art.

Richard being informed of Henry's station in the battle, determined on an immediate attack in person, and exclaiming "let all true knights follow me," made a desperate effort to get at Henry, and on his way overthrew the powerful Sir John Cheiney, killed Sir William Brandon, Henry's standard-bearer, took the standard (the red dragon of Cadwallader, on the Tudor colours) and immediately attacked Henry, between whom and himself the fight was desperate.

To the left is seen Lord Stanley closing in upon Richard's men, having waited till Richard made the charge, to save his son's life. In the middle ground, and under Lord Stanley, is Sir John Byron supporting his dying friend Sir Gervoise Clifton, who though engaged on opposite sides, were mutually pledged to assist each other in danger; near to which is, the Duke of Norfolk, who while fighting with the Earl of Oxford lost part of his helmet, Oxford disdaining to fight a man so unguarded, reined back his horse, when instantly an arrow from an unknown hand hit the duke in the face and pierced his brain.

On the other side, and near Henry, is Sir Gilbert Talbot, who overthrew and took prisoner Lord Surrey; near the extremity of the picture is Sir John Savage, leading on his men. Sir Richard Ratcliffe is dead under the principal group, having attended Richard in this his desperate and last charge, accompanied by Lord Ferrars of Chartley, Lord Lovel, Catesby, and others.

No. 83, is a richly coloured "portrait of the Right Hon. G. Canning," in a thoughtful attitude, by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A. Though thoughtful, it is frank, good-humoured, intelligent, and finely painted. A dark coat and a red curtain are nothing new as the accompaniments to the portrait of a man of intrinsic worth; but are so good in themselves that they will bear frequent repetition, with those variations which a skilful harmonist knows how to introduce.

Near the above, hangs a Lady with a lute or guitar, habited nearly in the

Florentine costume of the 15th century. It is numbered 76; is from the pencil of H. HOWARD, R.A. and is simply designated a *Study*; but it is a kind of Leonardo da Vinci "made perfect," as the scripture phrase is. The character of the head is elegantly simple: the lady is dressed in red and green, with gold ornaments, and the lute or small guitar, inlaid with mother of pearl, all of which are imitated with sufficient care, and in a simple taste. The figure relieves from a blue sky agreeably warmed in the horizon.

No. 101. "*Slender, with the assistance of Shallow, courting Anne Page*," is by C. R. LESLIE, A.

This picture is as strictly true to the text of Shakspeare, as was that of Don Quixote's Duchess (which in the last exhibition hung in the same place) to Cervantes. Some wagging rhymist in compliment to Macklin, wrote over a drawing of his Shylock—

"This is the Jew,
"That Shakspeare drew."

In the present work we not only behold the characters, but seem to be in the very house that Shakspeare drew.

By the way, there is an inscription in golden letters, over the door of the inner room, which we dare say is something to the purpose, but which our eyes were too uncritical to be able to read in the light in which the picture hangs at present.

Mr. Leslie's Justice Shallow, is as shallow as possible. Nothing can be more lack-a-dainically so, than the air with which he says to the beautifully artless Ann Page,—"Mistress Anna, my cousin loves you." Meanwhile cousin Slender is just as slender and as silly as is proper to the occasion. The scene of courtship between him and "sweet Ann Page," who is here also represented true to the spirit of the author—appears to have commenced shyly—for this artist has the faculty of telling of the past, as well as the present—and commented, by the parties endeavouring to relieve their bashful deference toward each other, by picking flowers to pieces, which is no uncommon incident in country courtship. Slender, together with his stock of love's artillery, has exhausted his means of relief from his modest embarrassment—the torn fibre and leaves of his flower bestrew-

ing the ground—and while “*Mistress Anne*” is very earnestly engaged in the same occupation, the wooer turns his head round for the ready assistance of his cousin Shallow. This is the moment represented, from the 3d Act and 4th Scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Windsor Castle is seen at a distance over part of the garden; and, as we have before intimated, the old fashioned apartments and their furniture, carry back the mind of the attentive student of Shakspeare to the age of Falstaff and the *Merry Wives* with complete success. Every thing is painted, as if from the real things, with almost fac-simile fidelity, and a degree of clearness, the concomitant of fine summer weather, pervades the performance. This is literally a brilliant work, far outshining most of those by which it is surrounded.

No. 105, is by W. HILTON, R. A. The subject taken from the following text of St. Matthew, is “*Christ crowned with thorns.*”

“And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted him a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!”

We cannot hesitate to pronounce this to be a work of superlative merit. The character and expression of Mr. Hilton's Christ, is the most heavenly mixture that has ever been displayed on canvas, of meek and patient resignation under extreme suffering, with godlike consciousness, of all that is grand, engaging, and perfect, in human nature, with all that is pure and condescending in divine nature, that has yet been set before an admiring world. Contrasted to this is the brutality of the scoffers, and the savage energy of him who presses down the crown of thorns. The polemical Sadducees and Pharisees lead off attention towards the cross, borne by Simon of Cyrene, and other preparations for the final scene: and Mount Calvary appears in the extreme distance, under a lowering sky. The whole is in the richest harmony of colour, the drawing masterly, and the chiaroscuro powerfully impressive.

MULREADY's “*Travelling Druggist.*” No. 106, which hangs imme-

diately beneath Hilton's *chef-d'œuvre*, is also a work of first-rate merit and first-rate beauty. In force of effect and sparkling vivacity of colour, it far outshines all the smaller pictures in the room. Of all the admirable pictures which this artist has exhibited, this “*Travelling Druggist*” is the most admirable.—“Every servant hath done well, but thou excellest them all.” Its charms, in short, are transcendental.

The subject is a common domestic occurrence at a cottage wicket, yet it has its moral. A child, sickly from over-eating, as the spectator is taught to perceive by his pale looks, and both his hands being still full of provisions, is held over the wicket by a nurse-girl, probably his elder sister; while a travelling Turk, with his box of drugs, is weighing out rhubarb; and a healthier sister stands on the threshold, having suspended her exercise of skipping, in order to gaze on the turbaned and crimson-vested stranger.

No. 112. “*The Highland Family,*” by D. WILKIE, R. A. is also a tranquil domestic scene, full of home feeling. A weary Highlander, with his two dogs, having recently returned from his field sports, his wife brings their child to kiss him. This picture affords the most complete idea of the interior of a Highland farm house, with its appropriate furniture, we have ever met with in painting, (or can meet with in any other way whatever, without visiting Caledonia itself) the fire being on the ground, and no chimney or hearth-stone. The effect,—studied in the taste of the Rembrandt school,—is admirable, and the sentiment deeply interesting to all who feel for the happiness of human nature.

No. 119, is an admirable “*portrait of the Lord Chancellor,*” from the pencil of the PRESIDENT. It should rather, we think, have been designated the portrait of *Lord Eldon*, for he is here divested of his robe and other paraphernalia and insignia of office. It is, however, a very impressive likeness of his lordship, with a certain urbane benignity of look, as if relaxed from the severe duties of the bench, Lord Eldon was at home, and in a pleasant mood among his friends. This performance is richly coloured, and well drawn throughout.

the head and hands are painted with masterly power in both these respects, and are particularly fine.

No. 142, by T. PHILLIPS, R. A., is the *portrait of Lord Alexander, in the dress he wore as Page to his Majesty, at the Installation of the Knights of St. Patrick, in the year 1822*. It is the likeness of an interesting looking boy, simple and graceful in his attitude, and affords in the dress of his lordship, and the various local ornaments belonging to a parade occasion, a beautiful display of vivid colours. His habit is of blue and white, with a Vandyke frill and crimson belt; but the table, covered with rich scarlet, the flowers which decorate it, and the yellow curtain behind the figure, have altogether a stately and picturesque effect.

No. 146, which hangs near Lord Alexander, is also a richly coloured picture of a very officer-like looking man; hardy, brave, if countenances may be trusted, and who appears to have seen his share of service. It is entitled the "*portrait of General Burr*," by M. A. SHEK, R. A. and at a distance has much of the tone and general appearance of a work of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But we must not pass (No. 127), the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. G. HAYTER, which in the catalogue is designated the "*Trial of Lord William Russell, at the Old Bailey, in 1685*," by which time we may hope for much better things than to have our best patriots brought to the bar of the Old Bailey.

This, however, is a very interesting national subject, dear to our recollections as Englishmen, and truly an historical picture. It reminds us of a celebrated passage in Pope.

"Who, noble ends, by noble means obtain,

Or, failing smiles, in exile or in chains;
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed,

Like Lord Russell—that man is great indeed!"

and great indeed, Russell appears in the present work: calm, dignified, upright, dauntless, self-collected; equal to the event, whatever it may be. "He was assisted during his trial," (says the catalogue, quoting the *State Trials*), "by his wife Rachel, Lady Russell, attended by many of his friends. The two first witnesses

(seated in the centre of the picture) having been examined, Lord Howard of Esrick was sworn." The oath is here being administered, while as usual on such occasions, the advocates and judges are in a state of bustle and preparation; of this the artist has availed himself with much professional adroitness; the attitudes being happily varied, and each individual properly employed.

The oath does not seem to sit very comfortable on Lord Howard; whilst he is taking it, he seems well aware how much of the issue will depend upon what he is about to utter: all this is well expressed, and Rumsey, the Republican Officer, (who had been a reluctant witness), is whispering Shephard, who had just been examined, and who seems also to wear an air of discomfort. A contemporary has already noticed the concerned looks of the spectators, and "the malignant face of the judge, who is a specimen of too many judges, in their cruel or blind opposition to the assertors of freedom, when kings or their ministers have been the prosecutors." Was not this judge the infamous Jeffries?

We shall not add that the solicitude of Lady Rachel is overstrained; but there is something a little so in the turn of her head and figure—transgressing, we think, the almost imperceptible boundary between gracefulness and affectation. The picture is, in other respects, a capital work and has been justly praised for its good drawing, temperate richness of colour suited to the gravity of the occasion, and for the correct attention to costume, and powers of composition, which the artist has displayed.

No. 126, is Shakespeare's *Juliet*, by H. THOMSON, R.A. We cannot approve of that newspaper tone of criticism which has pronounced the subject of Juliet to be "hacknied," insinuating that it is now scarcely fit for the pencil, because worn out by repetition. What is more *hacknied* in painting than moonlight?—unless it be, indeed, sun-light. What subject of painting so *hacknied* as the Holy Family? Yet painters of genius have shewn that "custom cannot state its infinite variety." If we were to admit the principle of this plausible writer, we might cease to

read the bible, and banish Shakspeare from the stage: for what are more hacknied?

We think that this academician (Thomson) has been very happy in his treatment of Juliet. It is the best picture we have seen from his hand for many years: perhaps the best we have ever seen. This painter studied in Italy, and seems well able to recollect and imitate the tone of an Italian moonlight. The whole work is highly poetical, and the introduction of the embracing group of Cupid and Psyche, as if adorning the garden of the Capulets, more especially so.

No. 152. "*The Harbour of Dieppe, (changement di domicile)*" by J. W. TURNER, R.A. has been justly said to be "one of those magnificent works of art, which may make us proud of the age we live in, and the associations of our birth. Not even Claude in his happiest efforts, has exceeded the brilliant composition before us: in transparent effect it is equal to that great master; while in the drawing and grouping of the numerous figures, it is superior."—It is indeed a rich, glowing, mellow, and masterly performance. Perhaps no landscape is more poetically coloured: but yet it seems more like the sea port of a southern clime, seen under the most exhilarating circumstances, as if prosperous trade and delicious weather, or rather the seaport of a poet's description, than one on the northern coast of France. Probably we ought to allow the artist credit for illuminating the Port of Dieppe *allegorically*, rather than topographically, under the *changement di domicile*.

No. 167 is "*Chester*," by G. JONES, R.A. Although denominated Chester, this picture presents us with but a small portion of the interior of that very picturesque and ancient city. It is floridly coloured, and as clear and brilliant in its effect, as it is picturesque in its materials. The domestic architecture of Chester, in which more wood was employed than in any other old town in England: and in which the *R'ws*, or rustic piazzas raised above the ground-story, form a very peculiar feature, are very happily adapted to the pencil of this talented academician: but there is a view, which is apparently taken from nearly the

same spot with the present, engraved in Lysons's *Britannia Depicta*, after Mr. J. Varley, which shews that either the present picture or the print after Varley, must be erroneous, with regard to the situation of the Tower of Chester Cathedral, as it bears relation to the rest of the landscape.

No. 185, is one of those humourous scenes for which Mr. M. W. SHARP has become celebrated. It is called "*The Barber Politician*." The Barber has a *patient* under his hands, and in the overflowing of his zeal or his news, seems to have paid too little attention to the due heating of his hair tongs. The would-be dressed gentleman is accordingly wincing, but *Quid-nunc* seems reckless, and perfectly insensible to his sufferings. The vacant stare of a blockhead is made to contribute ludicrously to the Hogarthical comedy, which, however, on the whole, is somewhat overcharged—so much so, indeed, that it would have been more critical to have called it a caricature. It is a small picture, and not quite so well coloured as some of this artist's former productions.

Having thus accomplished our first circuit of the *Great Room*, where it is impossible satisfactorily to see the whole of its contents—or even of the superior part of its contents at a single visit, we shall defer conducting the reader into the *School of Painting* and the Gallery of Sculpture till our next publication, when we shall also re-enter the *Great Room*, time and space permitting.

The *Antique Academy* contains some excellent miniature portraits, as well as other works of merit. At the head of the latter may be mentioned a water-colour landscape by Turner.

The best miniatures are by ALFRED CHALON, R.A., A. ROBERTSON, MR. GREEN, MR. HAUGHTON, J. LENDREEL, MRS. MEE, and J. W. HIGHAM. From the pencil and furnace of the latter the visitor will find enamelled heads of our old and tried friend *Munden*, and of the professor *Fuseli*, lately deceased.

That of *Munden* is an excellent likeness, after a picture by G. CLINT, Associate. *Fuseli* is after *Mosses Haughton*, and has a little too much of a look of assumed importance, but

is nevertheless a strong resemblance of what the late professor was some twenty years ago. It is numbered 757.

TURNER'S water colour picture, No. 465, is a landscape of much milder effulgence than his gorgeous sea-port of the upper room: but is also very poetically treated, without violating or exaggerating any of the truths of nature, or the rules of art. It represents "*The Rise of the River Stour, at Stourhead.*"

"From his two springs in Stourton's
woody glade,
Pure willing out—into the lake
He pours his infant stream."

Its falling waters are adorned with architecture, swans, and a party of elegant figures, and embellished by English sunshine, and a luxuriant foreground; and the harmony of its chiaroscuro is delightful!

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON the 16th instant, Madame Pasta, who, it is reported, has had some difficulty in detaching herself from the Parisian Opera, made her first appearance this season as *Desdemona*, in Rossini's opera of *Otello*. To an Englishman, and more particularly to a reader of Shakspeare, there appears something not only exceedingly ridiculous, but almost amounting to profanation, in these parodies (for we can give them no better name,) of some of the finest productions of our immortal countryman; and more than an ordinary degree of talent in the poet, the composer, and the actor, is required, to bespeak his favour, and reconcile him, even in a remote degree, to the unnatural and uncalled for change. In the piece before us, the translator, or adapter, or parodist, or whatever title he may be called by, has taken infinite pains to destroy every particle of interest of which the story is capable; and had the actors treated his production as he has his great original, the effect must have answered his most sanguine expectations. As it is, however, the impassioned energy of Garcia and Madame Pasta, who are really very able representatives of the *Moor* and *Desdemona*, threw occasionally some spirit into the scenes, and assisted in relieving, as far as their exertions would admit, its length and insipidity. The former was honoured with loud and frequent notice, both for his acting and his singing; and the latter was not only greeted at first most kindly and most cordially, but re-

E. M. May, 1825.

ceived, throughout the evening, the most enthusiastic marks of favour and applause—a tribute which, for her talents, natural and acquired, the most envious must allow she was fully entitled to receive. Caradori was the *Emilia*, and, as usual, was unobtrusive and charming. Of Curioni's *Iago* little need be said—the part itself is quite insignificant. At the fall of the curtain some empty-headed persons insisted upon seeing their favourite once more; and *Desdemona*, with her hair dishevelled—a strip of scarlet riband to represent the life-blood issuing from her wound—and arm-in-arm with her subtle murderer, revisited the glimpses of the lamps.

On the 17th instant *Scenaramide* was to have been performed at this Theatre, but for some reason not very satisfactorily explained, *Otello* was substituted in its stead. The house was crowded in every part; but the change was so little approved of, that upon the rising of the curtain the performers were driven from the stage, and the manager called for in no very gentle terms. After considerable delay, a gentleman came forward and informed the audience that Mr. Ebers should be sent for forthwith; then another delay, and Signor Garcia made a speech in French; then a little more waiting, and the gentleman again appeared, to announce that Mr. Ebers was *non est inventus*. By this time it was nine o'clock, and the malcontents being completely tired out, suffered *Otello* to be acted. The cause of all this confusion is stated to have arisen

from some of the principal performers having preferred singing at certain concerts, to the duty of attending their theatrical rehearsals. This, of course, must be expected; poor creatures, they are so badly paid: the highest salary upon the establishment is only 150 guineas a night!

COVENT GARDEN

Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, which of late has been but seldom acted, was revived at this theatre on the 21st inst. The fate of this author's productions has been somewhat singular: for many years they held almost exclusive possession of the stage: so great a favourite, indeed, was "rare Ben Jonson" with the public, that even Shakspeare himself was comparatively neglected, and writers of more humble attainments were content to

"Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,

To find themselves dishonourable graves."

If, however, we are disposed to condemn the taste of our ancestors in thus preferring art to nature, we must allow that their posterity are equally unjust when they exclude him altogether from the stage, as many of his plays are not only curious, so far as they display a faithful picture of the "olden time," but are, as dramas, specimens of the most correct and elaborate composition that any age or country has produced. In the comedy before us, *Katey*, which was one of Garrick's most celebrated parts, and which was also successfully sustained by Cooke and Wroughton, is now assigned to Mr. Young; but we doubt much if his assumption of it will make any great addition to his dramatic reputation.

Miss Kelly's benefit will take place on Wednesday, the 8th of June. We sincerely hope that the public will evince the estimation in which they hold her dramatic talents, and that a crowded house will prove, that those who have cramped her genius, and kept her in the back ground, have been guided either by prejudice or a perverted taste of dramatic excellence. Had Miss Kelly been afforded the same facilities, and brought forward as frequently as ———, but we must not mention names, we are confident that she would rival the most popular

performers of the day; and when we say *rival*, we must confess that if we were to express our opinions candidly, instead of rival we should confidently say equal. We have been always of this opinion, and we think the public judge as we do; but neither we nor the public have any direct power of interfering with, or controlling the judgment, (if we may not call it by any name that is allied to prejudice,) of the managers. We are determined, however, so far as lies in our power, to bring these sapient managers to a sense of their duty; or, if we should prove unsuccessful, to expose, at least, the narrow prejudices that have opposed the career of her dramatic genius.

DRURY LANE.

Where is the man who, from his earliest youth, from the time when he could first distinguish "sweet from bitter" and "good from evil," has not heard of the renowned Faustus, and his connection with the Devil? Two centuries and a half ago, our countryman, Marlowe, wrote a drama upon the subject, which is still read, and by many persons much admired. At a more recent period, a German author of great celebrity has had recourse to the same story, and produced a dramatic poem, which has made a great noise in that land of horrors; and, on the 16th instant the manager of this theatre, who appears to have been seized upon the sudden with an active and enterprising spirit, favoured the public with a grand romance, made up from the same materials. — That such pieces are congenial to good taste, or, in our opinion, at all likely to promote a relish for theatrical entertainments, in those who frequent a play-house for amusement or instruction, we never can admit; but we must at the same time fairly say, that upon no former occasion, in no theatre whatever, have we ever seen a piece so well cast, so splendidly got up, so richly embellished with all the beauties of dress, of scenery, and music, or one in which the machinery was more ingeniously contrived, or more carefully and correctly worked. Stanfield, who, as a scene painter, has left all his competitors at an immeasurable distance, has contributed no less than seven complete scenes upon this occasion. To

distinguish any one in particular, as superior to the rest, is quite impossible; they are all true to nature, have all the same harmony of colours, and all equally sustain the same character of excellence for beauty of design. We only wonder how this artist can find sufficient time to cover so elaborately so many yards of canvas. The music, also, which is the joint production of Bishop, Cooke, and Horn, is entitled to great commendation. The opening glee, and chorus, an air by Miss Stephens in the second act, and a plaintive ditty by the same lady in the third act, were greatly admired, and will, we have no doubt, become universal favourites. Our native compositions indeed appeared to great advantage, after Weber's dull Overture to *Euryanthe*, which preceded the performance. The performers likewise exerted themselves most strenuously, and contributed their full share to the general success. Wallack and Terry conceive their parts happily, dress them admirably, and act them with the greatest zeal and spirit. Harley is as he always is, though no great actor, most entertaining as a cowardly collegian. Miss Stephens is as fascinating as ever in appearance, as bewitching in voice, sings with (if possible) more than her accustomed taste, and throws more than ordinary force into her acting; whilst Mr. and Mrs. Noble, and the *Corps de Ballet*, exhibit their best graces in a pretty Venetian Dance. Here, however, we must close our panegyric,

"The rest is nought but leather and prunella."

The author, whoever he may be, (for we have heard the piece attri-

buted to so many, that we forbear to mention any,) has literally done nothing. He has thrown *Faustus* into a greater variety of situations than either Marlowe or Goethe has done; but the incidents has not the slightest novelty to recommend them, nor does the dialogue display the least pretensions to sentiment or wit. The *Devil* is an exceedingly dull fellow, who is for ever striving to be funny, but never attains his object; and the catastrophe is strikingly faulty, inasmuch as not only *Faustus* himself is conveyed to the abode of his satanic majesty, but the whole party, the lord chamberlain, the courtiers, the maids of honour, the poor mad victim whom he had seduced, and in fact every person who is present at the expiration of the hour, are sent to the Devil without the slightest exception. For this, and many other deficiencies, we may possibly, after all, be wrong to blame the author. In such pieces as these, we believe that he is the last person attended to: what the manager and the carpenter lay their heads together to propose—to that he must submit. The whole, except in one or two slight instances, went off with the greatest *éclat*.

William Tell is gaining ground nightly in the estimation of the public; there is too much declamation in it, but it is still a very clever play. Macready, in the hero, "outdoes all his former outdoings." He is tremendously in earnest in every part of his performance. The character will prove to him of the same value as *Virginius*, confirm the high opinion his admirers have always entertained of his abilities, and convince those who have hitherto shut their eyes to them.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT's bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics passed the House of Commons; but, as might have been anticipated by all reasoning persons, it was thrown out, upon the motion for its second reading in the House of Lords, by a decisive

majority. We traced this Bill in our last to its second reading in the lower house, on the 21st of April. In consequence of the alleged indisposition of Sir Francis Burdett—alleged, we say, for in certain quarters its reality was suspected—Mr. Brougham under-

took, on the 6th of May, to move for passing the Bill into a committee, which was agreed to, with little or no discussion. The Bill was recommitted for the 9th; and, on the 10th, Mr. Curwen moved its third reading. To that motion the Solicitor-General moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. On a division there appeared, for the amendment, 227—for the third, 248—majority in favour of the Bill, 21. The Bill was accordingly read a third time, and passed.

On the 11th of May, on the motion of the Earl of Donoughmore, it was read a first time in the upper house, and ordered for a second reading on the 17th, when the Lords were summoned. On that eventful day, the motion for the second reading having been made, Lord Colchester, conceiving that further concessions to the Roman Catholics would be dangerous, moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. The Marquis of Anglesea, convinced that ascendancy, and not emancipation, was the object of the Catholics, opposed all further concession, and supported the amendment. The Marquis of Camden, and the Earl of Darnley, spoke in favour of the original motion; the latter contending, that whilst we had a Protestant King, a Protestant Commander-in-chief, and a Protestant General, like the noble Duke (Wellington), with a Protestant army under his command, it was absurd to argue that any thing was to be feared from the measure.—The Earl of Longford considered that it had been passed through the Commons by a hesitating majority of not one twentieth part of the number of that great council of the nation;—that justice did not exact the measure, necessity did not demand it, nor did expediency require it.—The Bishop of Llandaff opposed the Bill; which was supported by the Bishop of Norwich, who regretted that the guilt and folly of 1525 should be renewed in 1825. There was nothing incompatible with the safety of the Established Church in the concessions now proposed.—Lord Carberry also supported the measure, which, he was convinced, would continue to advance till it

should be finally carried.—The Bishop of Chester, believing the Catholic Hierarchy to be determined as to the distinction of the Protestant Establishment, and knowing what doctrines were at issue on the subject of church property, could not but expect, should the question be carried, that daring attempts would be made on the Protestant Church when thirty or forty members should be seated in the lower house, whose duty it would be, consistently with their opinions, to make those attempts. Considering that the proposed measure would not conciliate the Catholics, or tend to the tranquillity of Ireland; he implored their Lordships not to pass the Bill. After the Earl of Limerick and the Marquis of Lansdowne had respectively delivered their sentiments in favour of the measure, the latter in particular, considering that it had become an act of justice no longer to exclude six millions of people from the enjoyment of their civil rights—the Earl of Liverpool rose to meet it with his decided opposition. His Lordship, adverting to the new and extraordinary situation in which they had been placed at the commencement of the session, when they were called upon to pass an Act for putting down an illegal association; and when committees of both houses were appointed to take into consideration the state of Ireland—could not but express his opinion that it would have been much more satisfactory had they been enabled to legislate upon a full view of the subject. The House of Commons had, by its proceedings, brought their Lordships into a most extraordinary and awkward dilemma. Not content with sending up a Bill, the ostensible object of which was the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, they had accompanied it by two other measures, which had no connexion with the original question; and having, by means of those two collateral measures, secured a majority in its favour in their own House, they expected, upon that account, to secure a majority with their Lordships. It was a most disgraceful proceeding, and it would fall of its effect. The question rested in reality upon one plain and simple plea of expediency.

Were the Roman Catholics entitled to all the rights and privileges which their other fellow-subjects enjoyed? He would answer this question with a direct negative. The Roman Catholics were not entitled to the enjoyment of equal privileges with their Protestant fellow-subjects, under a Protestant constitution. All subjects, it was true, were entitled to equal rights, but only upon equal conditions. Roman Catholics would not enjoy their liberties upon the same conditions as Protestants. The latter paid an entire, the former only an imperfect allegiance. He could not admit that the Roman Catholic, whose allegiance was divided between a spiritual and a temporal master, was entitled to the enjoyment of the same civil rights and privileges as the Protestant, whose allegiance was undivided, and who acknowledged but one ruler. We had nothing now to do with the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, with transubstantiation, and the invocation of saints; he should confine himself to the power which, notwithstanding all that had been said to the contrary, he insisted the Pope still maintained over the great body of the Catholics. The evidence before their Lordships proved, in a most astonishing manner, the extraordinary influence exercised even at this day by the Pope. Here the noble Earl entered into a close examination of Dr. Doyle's evidence on this point; after which he alluded to the doctrine of confession, and other tenets of the Roman Catholic church—to the question of education, &c. which was beset by insurmountable difficulties. All other dissenters acknowledged one common foundation for instruction—the Bible; but, for the indiscriminate use of that sacred book, the Roman Catholic was debarred by his priest. The law and the Roman Catholic priest were at issue respecting the validity of marriages; marriages contracted within certain degrees of kindred, though allowed by the law, were not recognized by the Roman Catholic church. He had known instances, in which the priest had refused to marry a Roman Catholic gentleman to a Protestant lady, without the engagement that all the children should be educated as Ca-

tholics. How could the profession of such opposite systems of faith and practice be ever united and knit together in the bonds of social harmony? And if they could not be so united and knit together, whose fault was it? It was not the fault of the laws, it was not the fault of the Protestants, it was not the fault of England—it was owing to the Roman Catholics and the conduct of their clergy, the natural effect of which was to excite disunion and perpetuate distrust. The Protestant succession to the crown was an essential part of the constitution; but, grant what the Catholics now desired, and the Protestant succession would not be worth five farthings. If the Bill should pass, this would be no longer a Protestant state.

The noble Earl, after pursuing his arguments at great length, and with great force and precision, sat down amidst loud cheers.—The Earl of Harrowby supported the Bill, which was opposed by the Lord Chancellor, and then again supported by Earl Fitzwilliam; after which the House divided:—For the Bill, 84—proxies, 46—130; against it, 113—proxies, 65—178; majority, 48. This majority, it will be remarked, is greater by nine than that by which Mr. Plunkett's Bill was rejected in the year 1821.

We have judged it proper to place this brief outline of the debate upon record, as an important matter of historical reference. It now becomes necessary to advert to one or two other points, precedent in time, and deeply connected with the subject. The reader will probably anticipate that we refer to a memorable speech delivered in the House of Lords on the 25th of April, by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, on the presentation of a petition by his Royal Highness for the Dean and Chapter of St. George's, Windsor, against any further concessions to the Roman Catholics. His Royal Highness, in supporting the prayer of the petition, wished it to be explicitly understood by their Lordships, that, in decidedly opposing the claims of the Roman Catholics, he spoke only his own individual sentiments;—that he must not be supposed to utter in that house the sen-

timents of any other person. His Royal Highness concluded a speech of considerable length—a speech very incorrectly reported in most of the newspapers—with assuring their Lordships that he had uttered his honest and conscientious sentiments, founded upon principles which he had imbibed from his earliest youth; to the justice of which he had subscribed, after serious consideration, when he had attained more mature years; and that these were the principles to which he would adhere, and which he would maintain and act up to, to the latest moment of his existence, whatever might be his situation in life—so help his God!

In consequence, as it would appear, of this speech, Mr. Grenfell, three days afterwards, is reported to have expressed a hope that, in the House of Commons, some member of weight would bring forward a measure for altering the Coronation Oath.

Now, without venturing to offer an opinion with respect to the necessity or propriety of the Duke of York's thus publicly and manfully avowing his sentiments upon a great national question, we must take leave to remark, that, had a certain honourable member of the lower house understood the nature and tendency, the object and obligation of the Coronation Oath—or had he fully comprehended the observations of his Royal Highness, upon that oath—he would not have suggested an idea for its alteration. His Royal Highness, towards the close of his speech, begged to read the words of the Coronation Oath:—"I will, to the utmost of my power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law,—and I will preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them."

After His Royal Highness had read these words, he proceeded as follows—and this we regard as by far the most important passage of his speech, for it involves a most weighty consideration respecting the King's responsibility—respecting the King's inability to relieve himself from the obligation of the Coronation Oath—with the whole of which a certain honour-

able member of the lower house appears to have been totally unacquainted. "Their Lordships," said His Royal Highness, "must remember, that ours was a *Protestant King*, who knew no *mental reservation*, and whose situation was different from that of any other person in this country. That His Royal Highness and every other individual in this country could be released from his oath, by the authority of Parliament; but the King could not. The oath, as he had always understood, was a solemn obligation entered into by the person who took it, from which no act of his own could release him; but the King was the third part of the state, without whose *voluntary* consent no act of the legislature could be valid, and he could not relieve himself from the obligation of an oath."

On the 26th of April, on the motion for the second reading of Mr. Littleton's Bill for the Regulation of the Elective Franchise in Ireland, Mr. Bankes moved as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. On a division, however, the second reading was carried by 233 against 185. On the 9th of May the bill passed through a committee, and, on the 12th, its third reading was postponed till the 27th.

On the 29th of May, a resolution, moved by Lord F. L. Gower, for the purpose of making a provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, was agreed to, on a division, by 205 against 162.

As we anticipated in our last, no alteration in the Corn Laws will be attempted during the present session. This was distinctly stated by the Earl of Liverpool in the upper, and by Mr. Huskisson in the lower house, on the 26th of April. The Earl of Liverpool observed that he had no hesitation in saying that they could not adhere to the importation price of 80s. Their Lordships would, therefore, have to proceed on one of these principles—1st. They might alter the importation price, and in other respects retain the present system. 2nd. They might alter the existing system altogether, and, adopting the recommendation of the committee of 1822, impose protecting duties with a *maximum*, beyond which importation should be perfectly free,

and a *minimum*, under which no importation should be allowed. 3rd. a general protecting duty might be fixed, getting rid of the present system of averages. Either of these latter plans would afford a complete alteration in the present state of the Corn Laws; but the last mode could not be resorted to without placing somewhere a discretionary power to remove the duty altogether in a time of scarcity. Much difficulty would be found in establishing a *maximum* or *minimum*, along with a fixed protecting duty. If, therefore, a fixed duty should be rejected, their lordships would have the option, either of adhering to the present system, with an alteration of the import price, or establishing a system of protecting duties with a *maximum* and *minimum*, or else of taking a *maximum* and *minimum* without any protecting duty.

On the same evening, in the House of Commons, Mr. T. Wilson presented the petition alluded to in our last, from the merchants, bankers, &c. of the City of London, praying for a revision of the Corn Laws. Mr. Gooch thought the subject should not be tampered with. It was absurd to talk of distress in the City of London, with trade and commerce in their present unexampled state of prosperity. He did not say that the Corn Laws did not want revision, the time might come when it would be necessary; but that time had not arrived. Many persons were fearful that, should the system be altered, they would be reduced to the situation in which they were placed some years ago; and that they would be again borne down by the poor rates. The country gentlemen would be duller.

"Than the dull weed that rots on Lethæ's wharf,"

if they did not exert themselves on this occasion. It was in answer to a question from Mr. Gooch, that Mr. Huskisson said it was not the intention of His Majesty's Government to propose any alteration of the Corn Laws this session. Early in the next session he should think it his duty to propose a full enquiry into the subject.

On the 28th of April, agreeably to previous arrangement, Mr. Whitmore

brought forward his promised motion "that the House do resolve itself into a committee for the purpose of considering the Corn Laws." We confess that, in the remarks by which the honourable gentleman introduced his motion, we can discover but little of novelty or of effective argument; and we are the less anxious on the subject, as the whole affair stands over till the ensuing session. Mr. Gooch, considering that the honourable member had not made out a case, moved the previous question, by way of amendment; which amendment was, after a debate of considerable length, in which Mr. Huskisson took a distinguished part, carried, on a division, by 187 against 47.

On the 2nd of May, Mr. Huskisson, agreeably to notice, proposed a series of resolutions, the object of which was, that all the corn at present in bond, and which was in a state of deterioration, should be gradually brought into the market before the ensuing harvest. The resolutions were agreed to; and a bill founded upon them, was read a third time, and passed in the lower house, on the 14th of May.

We now hasten towards a close. On the 16th of May, in a committee of the whole House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a resolution for increasing the salaries of the Judges. The Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench received from the Civil List 4000*l.* a year; and, with the addition of fees, his income amounted to about 9,200*l.* He proposed that the fees should all be paid into the Exchequer, and that a clear salary of 10,000*l.* a year should be paid. A salary of 8000*l.* per annum, he proposed for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; 7,000*l.* instead of 4,000*l.* for the Master of the Rolls; 7,000*l.* instead of 5,000*l.* for the Chief Baron; 6,000*l.* instead of 5,000*l.* for the Vice Chancellor; and 6,000*l.* instead of 4,000*l.* for each of the Puisne Judges. The resolution was agreed to; but, on bringing up the report of the committee on the 20th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer consented, in conformity with the general feeling of the House, to fix the salaries of the Puisne Judges at 5,500*l.* per annum, and to add the 500*l.* a year so taken off, to the retiring allowances. On the latter evening,

in a conversation on the Juries' Bill, it was agreed that persons inhabiting houses with fifteen windows, or assessed to the poor-rates at 30*l.* in Middlesex, or 20*l.* in any other county, should be liable to serve. On the 17th of May, Mr. Hobhouse's motion that the duties on windows, should cease after the 5th of April next, was negatived, on a division, by 114 against 77.

Parliament appears likely to sit longer than was expected; but the general understanding is, that a dissolution will take place shortly after the close of the session.

Before this paper can meet the public eye, the coronation of Charles X. of France will have taken place. His Grace the Duke of Northumberland has been received with great state at the Palace of the Tuileries.

The French Chamber of Peers passed the law of indemnity to the emigrants, by 159 against 63; an amendment having previously been agreed to, by 124 against 99, that no stipulation of the new law should in any manner affect the rights to

property, acquired before the confirmation of the constitutional charter.

The king of Spain, seems most pertinaciously determined to resist all attempts at reform, or any measure which may lead to the establishment of even the semblance of a representative government. He states, in a recently published decree, "that he has the most solemn and positive assurance, that all his august allies, who have given him so many proofs of their sincere affection, and their efficacious co-operation in the welfare of his kingdom, will continue to support, on all occasions, the legitimacy and sovereignty of his crown, without proposing to him, directly or indirectly, any innovation in the form of his government."

The negociation between Portugal and Brazil, appears to have been closed. The emperor will retain the sovereignty of Brazil during the life of his father, and will continue to reside at Rio Janeiro, even should the kingdom of Portugal revert to him by right of succession.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols. the History of the principal Transactions in British India during the Administration of the Marquess of Hastings, enlarged from the Narrative published in 1820.—By Henry J. Prinsep, of the Bengal Civil Service.

In the course of the present month will be published, *A Short Liturgy, or Morning and Evening Prayers, for the Use of Schools*, chiefly compiled from the Public Services of the Established Church, by F. A. Cannon, master of the classical and commercial school, Reading, Berks.

In the press, *Sonnets, Recollections of Scotland, and other poems*.—By a resident of Sherwood Forest.

In the month of June will be published, a small volume, entitled, *A Summer's Ramble through the Highlands of Scotland*, giving an account of the remarkable scenery, towns, villages, &c. in that romantic country, during a tour performed last summer.

The First Part of Mr. Nichols's Collection of the Progresses, Progressions, and splendid Entertainments of King James the First. Illustrated by historical, topographical, and biographical notes.—The 18th Part of *The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, which completes the work.

Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England, Wales, and Part of Scotland, on the Plan of Richard's Itineraries; containing an account of all the direct and cross roads; together with a description of every remarkable place, its curiosities, manufactures, commerce, population, and principal inns: the whole forming a complete guide to every object worthy the attention of travellers.

Just published, No. 1, of *A Series of Examples of Ornamental Metal Work*; partly collected from various public and private buildings, and partly designed by H. Shaw. Published by Priestley and Welfe, 5, High Street, Bloomsbury.

In the Press, *Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States, and the Antilles, from the year 1812 to 1825.* With original instructions for the perfect preservation of birds, reptiles, &c. for cabinets of natural history. By Charles Waterton, Esq. of

Walton Hall, Wakefield. In one volume, 4to.

Just published, in 1 vol. 8vo. *A Review of the Financial Situation of the East India Company in 1821.* By Henry St. George Tucker, Esq.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To Augustin Louis Hunout, of Brewer Street, Golden Square, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for certain improvements in artillery musquetry, and other fire-arms—Sealed, 23d April—6 months.

To Thomas Alexander Roberts, of Monford Place, Kennington Green, in the county of Surrey, gentleman, for his discovery of a method of preserving potatoes and certain other vegetables—23d April—6 months.

To Samuel Rider, of Gower Place, Euston Square, in the county of Middlesex, coach-maker, for his invention of an improvement in carriages, by affixing the pole to the carriage by a new-invented apparatus—26th April—2 months.

To Daniel Dunn, of King's Row, Pentonville, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, manufacturer of essence of coffee and of spices, for his invention of an improved apparatus for the purpose of beneficially separating the infusion of tea or coffee from its grounds or dregs—30th April—6 months.

To William Davis, engineer, of Leeds, in the county of York, and of the Vale of Charlford, Gloucestershire, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, for reducing or converting wool into slivers or threads of any desired length, unlike worsted, presenting more numerous hair points projecting from the surface of the slivers or threads—7th May—6 months.

To Thomas Hill, the younger, of Ash-ton-under-Liue, in the county of Lancaster, land surveyor and engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of rail-ways and tram-roads, and in carriages to be used thereon, and on other roads—10th May—6 months.

To Edward Ellis, of Craxton, near Rochester, in the county of Kent, lime merchant, for his invention of an improved brick, or substitute for brick, made by
E. M. May, 1825.

manufactured from a material hitherto unused for or in the making of bricks—14th May—6 months.

To Samuel Pratt, of New Bond Street, in the county of Middlesex, camp equipage manufacturer, for his invention of an improved manner of combining wood and metal, so as to form rails or rods, adapted to the manufacture of bedsteads, cornices, and other works, where strength and lightness are desirable, which he denominates union or compound rods—14th May—6 months.

John Charles Christopher Raddatz, of Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, in the City of London, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by Ernst Alban, of Rostock, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, doctor in medicine, for his invention of certain improvements on or connected with steam engines—14th May—6 months.

To Jean Francois Gravier, of Cannon Street, in the City of London, merchant, in consequence of a communication from a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of a certain method or methods of regulating the emission of flame of gas from portable reservoirs, and increasing the safety or security of such reservoirs—14th May—6 months.

To Thomas Pyke, of Broadway, near Hammersmith, in the county of Somerset, dissenting minister, for his invention of a machine or apparatus to prevent the overturning or falling of carriages—14th May—2 months.

To Alexander Galloway, of West Street, in the City of London, engineer, for his invention of a machine or machines, for the forming and moulding of bricks and other bodies usually made from clay plastic, or any of the usual materials from which building or fire bricks are commonly made—14th May—6 months.

To William Grimble, of Cow-cross Street, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of apparatus—

tus for distilling spirituous liquors—14th May—6 months.

To John Badams, of Ashted, near Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, chemist, for having invented, or found out and discovered, a new method of extracting certain metals from their ores, and of purifying certain metals—16th May—6 months.

To Henry Oswald Weatherley, of Queen Ann Street, in the parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of certain apparatus or machinery, for the purpose of splitting, rending asunder, cutting or cleaving of wood, and forming and securing the same in bundles—14th May—6 months.

To Goldsworthy Gurney, of Argyle Street, Hanover Square, in the county of Middlesex, surgeon, for his new-invented apparatus for propelling carriages on common roads or on railways—14th May—6 months.

To John Young, of Wolverhampton, cooper, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of locks

for doors, and other purposes—14th May—6 months.

To Edward Garsed, of Leeds, in the county of York, flax spinner, for his invention of certain improvements in a machine or machinery for hackling, combing, or dressing flax hemp and other fibrous materials—14th May—6 months.

To James Fox, of Plymouth, in the county of Devon, rectifying distiller, for his invention of an improved safe, to be used in the distillation of ardent spirits—14th May—2 months.

To Charles Macintosh, of Crossbasket, in the county of Lanark, in Scotland, Esq. for his invention of a new process for making steel—14th May—6 months.

To Isaac Riviere, of Oxford Street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, in the county of Middlesex, gun-maker, for his invention of an improved construction, arrangement, and simplification of the machinery by which guns, pistols, and other fire-arms are discharged—20th May—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—The decline in the prices of Cotton at Liverpool is about 1d. per lb. from the late highest quotations; but the request is again expected in that market next week, as the trade are reported to be out of stock in the manufacturing districts. In London there have been few or no sales for the last week; there are no parcels pressing on the market: the former prices could not, however, be realised in the present languid state of the market.

SUGAR.—The Sugar market advanced 1s. 6d. on the brown, and 1s. on the finer qualities, on Tuesday; since which there has been a steady demand, without the slightest variation in the currency.

As Friday advanced, the request for Muscovades became general and extensive, and nearly all the sugars on sale were disposed of at a farther improvement of 6d. a 1s. since Tuesday.

The refined market is firm; very few low lumps are to be bought at 85s.; the finer qualities are in better supply, and rate low in proportion.—Molasses are 28s.

The holders of foreign and East India Sugars asked prices 2s. higher on Tuesday last; this has prevented much business, which otherwise would have taken place; on Friday, however, there appeared some disposition to purchase at the advance, particularly Bourbon sugars.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee this week have gone off very heavily, and

a shade lower, but we cannot for the present alter our quotations: some parcels of St. Domingo have been forced off at 62s. 6d. and 63s.; but we would quote 63s. a 64s. as the nearest market rate.

There were no public sales on Friday.

[At a late hour on Friday, the request for Coffee greatly revived; for 220 bags St. Domingo 64s. was paid, and for several parcels 63s. refused; fine ordinary Brazil 68s.]

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—The Rum market is quite in a nominal state; the purchases reported are very limited; the holders do not appear inclined to sell, till the question of the Rums expected to be used in Distilleries is finally settled.—Brandy is very heavy, and offered on lower terms, without facilitating sales; parcels to arrive 3s. 2d. sellers; and housed of last year, 3s. 3d.—In Geneva no sales are lately reported.

HEMP and TALLOW.—The price of New Tallow is 38s.; the market still heavy.—Hemp maintains the late advance; the New, £48. By public Sale on Friday, 400 casks Yellow Candle Tallow, shipwrecked in the Baltic last year, sold 34s. 9d. and 35s. The quotations of New continue 35s. 9d. a 36s.

RICE.—The good New Carolina Rice sold at 35s.; the holders now will not sell under 37s.; 300 bags Bengal, of fair White quality, sold at 15s. 6d.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, APRIL 20, TO SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1925, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Braleay, G. W. of Aldersgate-street, linen-draper.
 Halford, R. late of Orchard street, Old street, and Brighthelmstone, Sussex, but now of Prospect-place, Southwark, jeweller.
 Morris, T. late of Oswestry, Shropshire, mercer and draper.
 Osborne, T. of Stroud, Gloucestershire, linen-draper.
 Wallis, J. C. of White Horse-yard, Coleman-street, farrier.

BANKRUPTS.

Alexander, W. of Bath, hatter and bowler, at the Christopher Inn, Bath. (Elles and Blackmore, 1, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn.)
 Anderson, W. late of Watton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier and victualler (but now a prisoner in the Court of King's Bench prison), at the Commercial Rooms, Corn-street, Bristol. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.)
 Barnett, C. Waterhead-mill, near Oldham, Lancashire, at the Star Inn, Manchester. (Makin-on, Temple.)
 Boulton, E. of Liverpool, merchant, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Paradise-street, Liverpool (Wheeler, 25, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Brown, F. of Oxford-street, cheese-monger. (Rush, Crown court, Threadneedle-street.)
 Browne, W. H. of Kennington-road, Surrey, merchant. (Farris, No. 27, Surrey-street, Strand.)
 Bowen, G. of Bristol, oil and colourman, at the Bush Tavern, Bristol. (Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Bridgman, J. of St. Peter, Herefordshire, corn-dealer, at the Sun Tavern, Hereford. (Robinson, 32, Walbrook.)
 Brown, H. late of Twickenham, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. (Harmer, Hatton-garden.)
 Boddington, T. and Oland, J. late of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, brown stone-ware potters, at the Rummer Tavern, All Saint's-lane, Bristol. (Hicks and Braiken-ridge, Bartlett's-buildings.)
 Baily, J. late of Bristol, merchant. (Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Mr. Gregory, Bristol.)
 Boomer, T. of Sutton, Surrey, horse-dealer. (Kirkman-lane, Marshall-street, Golden-square.)
 Carler, J. of Hanover-street, Hanover-square, Gloucester, milliner. (Kaye, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn.)
 Campbell, G. of Liverpool, merchant, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Liverpool. (Wheeler, 25, Lincoln's-inn-fields.)
 Chawner, R. of Hanbury, Staffordshire, brick-maker, at the Red Lion Inn, Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. (Howes, Orme, and Wedlake, King's Bench-walk, Temple.)
 Crane, R. now or late of Liverpool, tailor, at the office of Mr. Mawdsley, solicitor, Doran's-lane, Lord street, Liverpool. (Robinson and Hine, 32, Charter-house-square.)
 Crowther, T. of Lundley, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, manufacturer and clothier, at the office of Messrs. Whitehead and Robinson, solicitors, Huddersfield. (Clarke, Richards, and Metcalfe, Chancery-lane.)
 Coates, S. of Hales-road, Essex, plumber and glazier, at the Three Cups Inn, Colchester. (Hall, Thompson, and Sewell, Eaters'-hall.)
 Chave, W. of the city of Bristol, provision-merchant, at the Commercial Rooms, Corn-street, Bristol. (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside.)
 Clay, W. of Cullum-street, flour-factor. (Smith and Weir, Cooper's-hall, Basinghall-street.)
 Chambers, T. of Fenchurch-street, hardware-man. (Brooking, 80, Lombard-street.)
 Crokat, C. and T. Wilkie, of Lawrence-Pountney-place, merchants. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place.)
 Chamberlain, W. late of Bristol, but now of Bath, corn-dealer and hotel-keeper, at the Angel Inn, Westgate-street, Bath. (Makin-on, Middle Temple.)
 Dare, G. late of Liverpool, grocer and tea-dealer, at the George Inn, Liverpool. (Cheater, 3, Staple-inn, Holborn.)
 Dietrichsen, F. of North Church, Hertfordshire, heretofore of Rathbone-place, afterwards of Newman-street, agent and woollen-draper. (Ludwich, John-street, Blackfriars-roads.)
 Durrant, J. T. of Lambeth-road, Surrey, victualler. (Hull, 43, Chiswell-street.)
 Davison, J. of Gutter-lane, warehouseman. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street.)
 Dixon, T. jun. of Clitheroe, Lancashire, corn-merchant and grocer, at the Swan Inn, Clitheroe. (Hurd and Johnson, No. 7, King's Bench-walk, Temple.)
 Edmond, J. of Siza-lane, warehouseman. (Lawledge, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street.)
 Edmans, J. late of Warwick-lane, cheese-monger. (Butt, 97, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.)
 Escott, H. late of Dunster, Somersetshire, maltster, at the Luttrell Arms Inn, Dunster. (Blake, No. 1, Palgrave-place, Temple-bar.)
 Foulkes, J. of Wood-street, Cheapside, tea-dealer and grocer. (Wilks, Finsbury-place.)
 Fearson, M. and J. Gordon, of Holborn, Middlesex, linen-draper. (Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook.)

- Fuller, R. of Reigate, Surrey, shopkeeper and coal-merchant. (Nettlefold, 12, Clement's-inn.
- Gardie, L. formerly of New-street, Covent-garden, but now of Regent-street, St James's, jeweller and hurdwain. (Blacklow, Frith-street, Solo.
- Gough, J. of Dursley, Gloucestershire, linen-draper, at the Ram Inn, Gloucester. (William and White, Lincoln's-inn.
- Griffiths, W. H. late of Lime-street, wine-merchant. (Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
- Hart, G. of Church-street, Deptford, and W. Pittock, of Dartford, Kent, brewers. (J. B. Mills, 101, Hatton-garden.
- Haswell, J. E. of the Fox and Hounds-yard, Charlton-road, horse-dealer and livery-stable-keeper. (Isaacs. No. 6, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe.
- Hallford, R. late of Orchard-street, St. Luke, Old-street, and Brightelmstone, Essex, but now of Prospect-place, St. George-the-Martyr, Surrey, jeweller. (Cousins and Hyde, 6, Winchester-street, Old Broad-street.
- Hollins, J. of Ardwick, near Manchester, iron-founder, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench Walk, Temple.
- Henson, S. of Brownlow-street, Holborn, tailor and draper. (Harvey and Wilson, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Harling, F. of Portland-street, Brighton, Sussex, brazier, thimble and smith. (Goddard, 54, Basinghall-street.
- Hodgson, S. of Hebbden-bridge, Yorkshire, and S. Hodgson, of Halifax, Yorkshire, iron-founders, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench Walk, Temple.
- Hancocks, R. late of the parish of Arenbury, Hereford, dealer, in horses, wool and sheep (now a prisoner for debt in Worcester gaol), at the Falcon, Bromyard, Hereford. (William and White, Lincoln's-inn.
- Jones, W. of Wormwood-street, corn and coal-merchant. (Oricland Leader, Wormwood-street.
- Lloyd, T. of the Grove, Winstanlow, Shropshire, timber-merchant, at the Angel Inn, Ludlow. (Lloyd, No. 5, Furnival's-inn.
- Morris, T. of Regent-street, Blackwall, carpenter and builder. (Wells, No. 29, London-street, Ratcliffe.
- Morgan, T. L. of the city of Bristol, mason, at the Commercial Rooms, Bristol. (King and Lukin, Gray's-inn-square.
- Menda, G. of Bath, horse-dealer, at the White Lion Inn, Bath. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
- Mathews, R. of Watling-street, warehouseman (trading under the firm of Robert Mathews and Co.). Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.
- McKinnon, T. of Wapping High-street, oilman. (Younger, John-street, America-square.
- Moss, A. of 206, High-street, Shadwell, slop-seller. (Norton, 34, Whitecross-street.
- Marler, T. E. late of Canbalton, Surrey, coin and coal-merchant. (Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
- Moore, J. of Manchester, corn-dealer, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row.
- Milne, J. late of Liverpool, tavern-keeper, at the office of Mr. Robert Frodsham, of King-street, Liverpool. (Blacklock and Bunce, King's Bench Walk, Temple.
- Parlett, T. of Bristol, cabinet-maker, at the Commercial Rooms, Bristol. (Smith and Biggs, 29, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
- Payne, J. of Sidmouth, Devonshire, linen-draper. (Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings, Walbrook.
- Phillips, J. of No. 1, New-street, Horselydown, Surrey, cheesemonger. (Bramley, Cophall-court, Throgmorton-street.
- Phillips, W. R. of Boreham Wood, near Kistree, Herts, horse-dealer. (Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster.
- Quinlan, J. T. and Stokes, J. T. late of Grosvenor-market, dyers and glazers (but now prisoners in his Majesty's Prison of the Bench). (Allen, Gylby, and Allen, 17, Car-Hale-street, Solo-square.
- Quirk, W. of Liverpool, ale and beer-brewer, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Paradise-street, Liverpool. (Wheeler, 23, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Tanner, J. late of Brighton-place, Kent-road, timber-merchant, and of the City-road, grocer. (Lewis, 47, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.
- Robertson, J. of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, jeweller. (R. and J. Patten, 76, Hatton-garden.
- Roper, F. of the Haymarket, Middlesex, hostler. (Taylor, Fenchurch-street.
- Richmond, R. of Leicester, woollen-draper, at the Three Crowns Inn, Leicester. (Jeyes, 69, Chancery-lane.
- Ridgway, J. of Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer, at the Macclesfield Arms Hotel, Macclesfield. (Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard.
- Smith, R. of Northampton, lace dealer. (Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings, Walbrook.
- St. Albion, W. late of Warrington, Lancashire, music seller, at the Angel Inn, Dale-street, Liverpool. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
- Stinchcomb, A. of Oldbury-on-the-Hill, Gloucestershire, inn at the White Lion Inn, Bath. (Nethercotes and Barron, 15, Essex-street, Strand.
- Sheppard, C. formerly of Swan's Mead, Bermondsey, but now of Chiswick, Lambeth, Surrey, leather-dresser. (Walker, Rankin, and Richards, Basinghall-street.
- Shannon, J. of Liverpool, merchant, at the office of Messrs. Keen, Stafford. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn.
- Skaif, J. of Leeds, draper, at the Star Inn, Manchester. (Ellis, Sons, Walmale, and Gorton, Chancery-lane.
- Share, C. late of St. Peter's, Worcestershire, cider-merchant, at the Albion Inn, St. Peter's. (Charles Pugh, King's-road, Bedford-row.
- Stanton, J. of the City of Worcester, coal and timber-merchant, and of Birmingham, wine-merchant, at the Littleton's Arms Inn, Penkridge, Staffordshire. (Wheeler, No. 23, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Sawyer, G. of Wynyatt-street, Goswell-street, Middlesex, dealer in lace and general commission agent. (Thomas Bennett, No. 7, Tokenhouse-yard.
- Sommerville, W. of Liverpool, victualler, at the George Inn, Dale-street, Liverpool. (Chester, 3, Staple-inn.
- Smith, G. of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler and innkeeper, at the George Inn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard, Cheap-side.
- Thatcher, J. of Stockport, saddler, at the Warren Bulkeley Arms Inn, Stockport. (John, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar.
- Vandermoole, V. L. of No. 9, Castle-street, Houndsditch, warehouseman. (Norton, 34, Whitecross-street.
- Wilkinson, W. of Ulverston, Lancashire, merchant, at the Golden Lion, Whitehaven, Cumberland. (Falcon, No. 4, Elm-court, Temple.
- Woods, C. late of Stowmarket, Suffolk, corn-merchant, at the King's Head Inn, Stowmarket. (Dixon and Sons, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn.
- Wood, T. of Bilston, Staffordshire, ironmonger, at the Royal Hotel, Temple-row, Birmingham. (Montagu, 48, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Wilson, T. of Edgeware-road, Paddington,

shopkeeper. (Dennett, Graves, Baxendale, and Tatham, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Wells, G. of No. 200, Oxford-street, St. Mary-la-bonne, Middlesex, trunk and camp equipage-maker. (Lindsay, St. Thomas-street, Borough.
Wilford E. of Boston, Lincolnshire, corn-factor. (Drice and Sons, Billiter-square
Wills, J. of Queen Ann-street, boot and shoemaker. (Dill, Welbeck-street.
Wakeford, J. W. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, linen-draper. (Milne and Parry, Temple.
Wright, W. C. of Paternoster-row, book-eller. (Jay and Styles, No. 5, Gray's inn-place, Gray's-inn.
Yorston, R. of Mitre-court, Fleet-street, law-stationer. (Chapman Barber, Chancery-lane
Young, J. G. late of Austin-draws, merchant (Van Sandau and Tindale, Dogwater-hill.

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, J. jun., Whitby, York-shire, merchant, May 26.
Beale, W. and J. H. Wrathall, Union-street, Southwark, hatters, May 17.
Birt, G. Pickett-street, Strand, tea-dealer, &c. May 17.
Blake, T. Cowes, Isle of Wight, brewer, May 18.
Beaumont, J. Wheathouse, Huddersfield, merchant, &c. May 26.
Barge, B. Clifford-street, Bond-street, wine-merchant, May 21.
Bignold, T. Bridge-street, Blackfriars, dealer in boots and shoes, May 28.
Budl, W. H. Gerrard's-cross, Bucks, May 28.
Barnes, T. and H. Wentworth, New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, May 28
Browne, J. H. Clapham, Surrey, linen-draper, June 4.
Bentley, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant, June 5
Bithell, R. Tanyppill, Denbighshire, cheese-factor, June 15.
Barron, L. 52, Strutton-ground, Westminster, June 4.
Bentham, B. Chatham and Shoerness, banker, May 17.
Bouth, W. and R. Booth, Bishopwearmouth, Durham, June 2.
Buckmaster, J. and W. Buckmaster, Old Bond-street, Middlesex, tailors, June 17.
Cragg, J. Salnesbury, Lancashire, dealer, May 18.
Coaser, W. Millbank-street, Westminster, timber-merchant, May 21.
Crole, D. Old Broad-street, stock, &c. broker, May 28.
Clarke, R. Newport, Isle of Wight, brewer, &c. June 4.
Collinson, T. Bridlington, Yorkshire, brewer July 7.
Dunderale, N. Holbeck, Yorkshire, clothier, &c. May 17.
Dartnall, J. Dover, ironmonger &c. May 11.
Daun, W. T. Bentham, B. Bentham, and J. Balke, Chatham and Sheerness, bankers, May 10.
Denne, J. Lamb's Conduit-street, watchmaker, May 28.
Dawes, J. Oxford-street, orange-merchant, May 31.
English, F. Birmingham, draper, May 20.
Edwards, W. Chatham, linen-draper, May 28.
Edwards, G. and T. Hoggart, St. John-street, West Smithfield, stationers, June 4.
Fyffe, H. M. Holborn, grocer, June 4.
Golding, H. Philipot-lane, wine-merchant, May 3.
Goff, W. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, linen-draper, May 21.
Glover, E. Hardsaw, Lancashire, shopkeeper, May 28.

Gardner, C. Mile-end-road, merchant, May 29.
Gravenor, W. Bristol, sugar-refiner, July 9.
Harrison, H. Southwark-bridge, Stone-wharf, May 17.
Hopkins, W. D. Dunster-court, Mincing-lane, May 21.
Hayne, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, haberdasher, May 21.
Hibbert, J. Hylford's-court, Crutched-frars, wine-merchant, &c. May 28.
Hillingsworth, H. A. Fowey, Cornwall, wine-merchant, June 1.
Harrison, S. New Bleaford, Lincolnshire, merchant, &c. June 1.
Howks, J., T. Morris, and W. Constable, Regent-street, Blackwall, builders, June 7.
Hughes, J. T. High-street, Shoreditch, haberdasher, &c. June 7.
Jogger, J. East Stomach, Devonshire, stone-mason, May 23
Keast, J. East-lane, Cornwall, money-scriver, May 18.
Kirkman, J. High-street, St. Giles's, brewer, May 21.
King, F. Warwick, upholsterer, &c. May 28.
Knibb, A. Barnwell, St. Andrew, Northamptonshire, miller, &c. June 8.
Lewis, J. Gwyfey, Monmouth-shire, timber-dealer, May 18.
Levy, J. Smith's-buildings, Gootman's-fields, May 28.
Leach, H. Bristol, linen-merchant, May 31.
Lea, J. Houghton, Flint, miller, June 15.
Morgan, J. M. G. M. Morgan, and R. Morgan, Belle Sauvage-cord, Ludgate-hill, May 17.
Maldock, C. F. Plymouth, linen-draper, May 31.
Marshall, J. Mincing-lane, May 31.
Mottin, J. Bolton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer, June 7.
Meybruch, F. Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, tailor, June 28.
Needham, E. Marete-field, ironmonger, May 23.
Pepper, H. T. Kingston-upon-Thames, stone-mason, May 24.
Powell, E. Dover, miller, May 11.
Parker, M. and F. Parker, Wapping, merchants, May 31.
Powell, F. Forest Wharf, Earl-street, Blackfriars, May 14.
Pine, T. and E. Davis, Maidstone, millers, June 4.
Shand, F. Liverpool, iron-merchant, May 20.
Skaiff, H. Whithy, Yorkshire, linen draper, &c. May 26.
Sims, C. Crown court, Broad-street, merchant, &c. May 21.
Smith, T. Horkham, timber-merchant, May 7.
Street, J. F. and W. Street, Bucklersbury, stationers, May 28.
Shirley, R. Bucklesbury, carpet-manufacturer, May 28.
Sentenys, W. F. Langbourne-chambers, merchants, May 24.
Seager, S. F. Maidstone, dealer, June 5.
Thomas, J. 46, Piccadilly, draper, May 28.
Thompson, J. Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, May 28.
Veira, A. J. L. and A. M. Braga, Tokenhouse-yard, merchants, June 4.
White, T. Regent-street, Westminster, whitesmith, May 17.
Wilkes, J. A. and T. E. Hammond, Birmingham, glass-toy-makers, May 18.
Wise, S. and C. Brencley, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry, paper-makers, May 17.
Wren, J. Great Titchfield-street, Portland-place, carpenter, May 31.
Weichman, T. Rathbone-place, feather-maker, May 31.
Wood, J. Leeds, woolstapler, June 3.
Watson, G. B. Rock-lodge, Durham corn-merchant, June 1.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

- May 2. in Park place, St. James's, the lady of Thomas Rose, Esq. of a son.
 3. In Russell-square, Mrs. Spangle, of a son.
 4. The lady of Sir Alexander Don, Bart. M.P. of a son.
 5. At Castle-house, Torrington, Devon, the lady of A. W. J. Deane, Esq. of a son.
 7. At the house of her father, Wm. Leader, Esq. M.P. Putney-hill, the lady of the Rev. Alex. Fownes Luttrell, of a daughter.
 15. At Lawn-house, Hanwell, Mrs. Francis Juvrin, of a son.
 16. At Prospect-hall, near Killarney, the lady of the Hon. Thos. Brown, of a son.
 — At Wembley Park, Middlesex, the lady of the Rev. John Edward Gray, of Gayton, Northampton, of a daughter.
 — At Great Yarmouth, Mrs. John J. Robinson, of a daughter.
 18. At Warblington-house, Hants, the lady of Wm. Padwick, Junr. Esq. of a daughter.
 19. On Thursday, Mrs. Davison, of the Brand, Salop, of a daughter.
 26. In Upper Grosvenor street, the lady of H. Ferguson, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- May 3. Thomas Bridges, Esq. of Clifton, to Mary, third daughter of the late Joseph Tiltone, Esq. of Staffordshire.
 5. At St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, by the Rev. Edward Rice, Thomas Hood, Esq. of Islington, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Reynolds, Christ's Hospital.
 12. At Mary-la-bonne New Church, by the Rev. R. Grant, B.C.L. Fellow of New College, Oxford, Thos. T. Grant, Esq. to Emma, fifth daughter of the late Richard Grant, Esq. of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.
 14. At Kwell (for Kpsom) Surrey, William Ellis, Esq. of Weymouth-street, to Mary, daughter of Sharon Turner, of Red Lion-square, Esq.
 16. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Rev. John Warneford, John Martin Ardlie, Esq. to Miss M. A. Leighton.
 17. John Nugent Barberie, Esq. to Miss E. P. Dyke, of Brunswick-square.
 — At Mary-la-bonne Church, Mrs. Henry Davison, of Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, to Wm. Horne, Esq. of Upper Harley-street, and of Epping-green, Herts.
 18. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Dr. Stephens, of Devonshire-place, John Oliver Jones, Esq. of John-street, Bedford-row, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Dix Pittman, Esq.
 22. In the Chapel of the Russian Ambassador, by the Rev. Mr. Smirnov, E. Ralli, Esq. of Broad-street, to Miss Mary Mavrogordato, eldest daughter of J. Mavrogordato, Esq. of Bush-lane.
 23. By the Rev. Dr. Rudge, at St. Anne's, Limehouse, Richard Lawrence, Esq. of Mile-end-road, to Miss Tyler, of Stepney.

23. At Sub-deanery, [Chichester, by the Rev. William Holland, William Dilke, Esq. to Mary, widow of the late Henry Silverlock, Esq.

DEATHS.

- May 2. At the Vicarage-house, Buckden, in the 54th year of her age, Mary, wife of the Rev. Dr. Maltby, Preacher at Lincoln's-inn.
 — Mr. John Stride, of Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, Solicitor, in the 80th year of his age.
 3. At his house in Grosvenor-street, Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart. in his 80th year.
 4. At Tong-hall, Yorkshire, most deeply lamented, a few days after the birth of a daughter, Frances Penelope, wife of Thomas Rawson, Esq. and daughter of Colonel J. P. Tempest, of Tong-hall.
 6. After a protracted illness, at her house in Berkeley-square, the Lady Ann Barnard, relict of the late Andrew Barnard, Esq. She was sister to the late Earl of Barbours, and to the present Countess of Harwich.
 — At the Rectory, Aisholt, Grace, wife of the Rev. John Brice.
 7. At Wellingtonborough, Northamptonshire, aged 34, Mary Ann, only daughter of Mrs. Corrie, of Dunroon, Scotland.
 8. Mrs. Hoisey, wife of the Rev. John Horsey, of Northampton.
 — Frederick, the only son of Mr. Smith, of New Basinghall-street, and of Newington-place, Kennington.
 9. By a fall from an open carriage, Mrs. Brodie, wife of P. B. Brodie, Esq. Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn-fields.
 10. At the house of her son-in-law, Mr. William Crew, Highgate, Margaret, widow of the late John Thistlewood, Esq. of Staines, in her 16th year.
 11. In the 20th year of his age, John, second son of Thomas Hardy, Esq. Walworth.
 12. William Nurse, Esq. of Pinner, aged 64.
 13. At Knole, in Kent, after a short illness of three days, Earl Whitworth, aged 71.
 14. At his house, at Islington-green, also of Leadenhall-treet, Thomas Wilson, in his 57th year.
 15. At Tunbridge Wells, aged 22, Caroline Sarah, wife of Herbert B. Curteis, Esq. eldest son of Edward J. Curteis, Esq. of Windmill-hill, M.P. for the county of Sussex.
 16. In South Audley-street, after a protracted illness, the Right Hon. Lady Isabella Hutton, youngest sister of the late Marquis of Hertford.
 — At his house in Devonshire-street, George Mowbray, Esq. in his 78th year.
 18. At the Hailes, Lancashire, Elizabeth Mary, wife of Joseph Birch, Esq. M.P.
 — Catherine, wife of Thos. Bayles, Esq. surgeon, Woolwich, aged 42.
 21. At Montreal, Sevenoske, Julia Mary Herries, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Herries, and sister of J. C. Herries, Esq. M.P.
 26. At Hampstead, J. P. De Roure, Esq.
 — The infant son of Lady Charlotte Calthorpe.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

<i>Canals.</i>	<i>Per Share.</i> £. s.	<i>Div. per Ann.</i> £. s. d.	<i>Bridges.</i>	<i>Per Share.</i> £. s.	<i>Div. per Ann.</i> £. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	275	6	Hammersmith	30	—
Barnsley	325	14	Deerford Creek	35	—
Basingstoke	19	—	Southwark	17	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh.) ..	310	12 10	Vauxhall	44	1
Bolton and Bury	150	5	Waterloo	10	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny ..	170	8	<i>Water-works.</i>		
Bridge-water and Taunton ..	90	—	Holloway	—	—
Carlisle	—	—	Chelsea	—	—
Chelmer and Blackwater ..	105	5	Collyer	—	—
Chesterfield	120	6 10	East London	131	5 10
Coventry	120	44 & bs	Grand Junction	78	3
Croft	—	2 10	Kent	40	—
Croydon	5	—	Liverpool Boat	140	—
Derby	225	8	Manchester and Salford ..	47	—
Dudley	50	3 10	Portsmouth and Farnham ..	4	—
Ellesmere and Chester	120	3 10	Do. New	25	1 10
Erewash	—	58	Portsea Island	4	—
Forth and Clyde	550	20	South London	90	—
Glamorgan & C.	—	14 12 8	West Middlesex	72	2 10
Glamorgan and Breckley O.S.	—	—	York Buildings	37	1 10
Grand Junction	310	10 & 20s. b	<i>Insurance.</i>		
Grand Surrey	55	2	Alliance British and Foreign	16	—
Grand Union	25	—	Ditto Marine	—	—
Grand Western	14	—	Palladium	—	—
Gwent	190	10	Albion	60	2 10
Hartford and Gloucester ..	—	—	Atlas	9 2 6	9
Huddersfield	34	10	Bath	575	49
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Brace	—	—
Kennet and Avon	27	1	Birmingham Fire	430	20
Kensington	—	—	British	50	3
Leicester	46	1 10	Do. Commercial Life	5	5
Leeds and Liverpool	520	15	County	35	2 10
Leicester	360	11	Ditto Annuity	10	10
Leicester and North	98	—	Eagle	4	10
Loughborough	—	200	Empire	20	15
Melton Mowbray	255	11	Empire	20	15
Mersey and Irwell	1050	35	Empire	20	15
Monkland	2500	100	Empire	20	15
Monmouthshire	230	2 10	Empire	20	15
Montgomeryshire	72	—	Empire	20	15
North Walsham and Dilham	21	—	Empire	20	15
Neath	400	15	Empire	20	15
Nottingham	300	12	Empire	20	15
Norfolk	105	6 2	Empire	20	15
Norwich	50	3	Empire	20	15
Oxford	800	32 & bs.	Empire	20	15
Peak Forest	100	5	Empire	20	15
Portsmouth and Arundel ..	17	—	Empire	20	15
Regent's	52	5	Empire	20	15
Rochdale	125	4	Empire	20	15
Shrewsbury	200	9 10	Empire	20	15
Shropshire	150	7 10	Empire	20	15
Somerset Canal	—	10	Empire	20	15
Do Lock Fund	12	10 5 15 p. ct.	Empire	20	15
Stafford and Worcester	900	40	Empire	20	15
Stourbridge	—	12	Empire	20	15
Stratford on Avon	44	1	Empire	20	15
Stourwater	450	31 10	Empire	20	15
Swansea	250	11	Empire	20	15
Tavistock	120	—	Empire	20	15
Thames and Medway	32	—	Empire	20	15
Thames and Severn, New ..	53	1 10	Empire	20	15
Trent and Mersey	2100	75 5 bon.	Empire	20	15
Warwick and Birmingham ..	300	11	Empire	20	15
Warwick and Napton	260	11	Empire	20	15
Wey and Arun	—	1	Empire	20	15
Wilts and Berks	7	10	Empire	20	15
Widened	45	—	Empire	20	15
Worcester and Birmingham	52	1 10	Empire	20	15
Wyrley and Essington	155	6	Empire	20	15
<i>Docks.</i>			<i>Literary Institutions.</i>		
London	105	4 40	London	30	—
West India	220	10	Russell	9	—
East India	120	8	Metropolitan	—	—
Commercial	76	3 10	<i>Gas Lights.</i>		
Bristol	100	2 10	Gas L. & Co. Chart. Comp.	67	3 10
East Country	29	—	Ditto New	5 pr	7
			City Gas Light Company ..	160	9 0
			Ditto New	43	pr
			Imperial	52	2 8
			Phoenix or South London ..	11 pr	—
			General United Gas Comp.	39 pr	—
			British	4 pr	—
			Bradford	40	2
			Brentford	17	10
			Bath Gas	17	10
			Barnsley	72	4
			Birmingham	91	pr
			Ditto Staffordshire	18	10
			Brighton Gas	12	10
			Do. New	23	10
			Bristol	—	1 6
			Ditto (from Oil)	—	—
			Burnley Gas	—	—
			Belfast	—	—

Messrs. EDMONDS and WOLFE, No. 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS from the 25th of April to the 25th May, 1825.

Days.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. C. Red.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Cons.	3 Pr. C. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols. for aert.
26	2123 3/4	91 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	107 1/2	22 3-16	282 1/2	83 85p	57 61p	93 2 1/2
27	2123 3/4	91 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	107 1/2	22 3-16		84 86p	59 54p	92 1/2
28	2123 3/4	91 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	282 1/2	83 85 1/2	54 67p	92 1/2
29	2123 1 1/4	91 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	106 1/2	22 1-16		84p	51 58p	92 1/2
30	2123 1 1/4	91 1/2	92 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 1/2		81p	52 48p	92 1/2
1	2123 1 1/4	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	101 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	75 78p	17 50p	90 1/2
2	2123 1 1/4	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 15-16	280 1/2	72 73p	18 52p	91 1/2
3	2123 1 1/4	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	73p	51 4p	91 1/2
4	2123 1 1/4	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	101 1/2	22 15-16	279 1/2	73p	53 19p	90 1/2
5	2123 270	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	101 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	74 73p	51 53p	91 1/2
6	2123 270	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	72 71p	52 15p	90 1/2
7	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	70 68p	53 55p	91 1/2
8	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 15-16	280 1/2	70p	53 55p	91 1/2
9	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 15-16	280 1/2	70 72p	55 53p	91 1/2
10	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 15-16	279 1/2	71 68p	53 50p	91 1/2
11	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 15-16	279 1/2	68 67p	53 50p	90 1/2
12	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 13-16	279 1/2	69 63p	51 47p	91 1/2
13	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 11-16	279 1/2	60 65p	45 41p	90 1/2
14	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	104 1/2	22 11-16	279 1/2	60p	44 36p	89 1/2
15	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 11-16	279 1/2	54p	35 42p	90 1/2
16	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 11-16	278 1/2	51 47p	36 41p	90 1/2
17	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	105 1/2	22 11-16	278 1/2	48 52p	37 46p	89 1/2
18	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	104 1/2	22 11-16	278 1/2	37 39p	39 30p	89 1/2
19	2123 300	90 1/2	91 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	104 1/2	22 11-16	278 1/2			

JAMES WETENHALL, 15, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

From the 20th of April to the 19th of May, 1825.

By Messrs. Harris and Co. Mathematical Instrument Makers, 50, High Holborn.

April 1825.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.		Barom.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmo. Variations.			
			9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	9 P.M.	10 P.M.	
20			18 52	10 30	01 29	91 66	78	W	WSW	Fine	Fine	Silky	Clou.	
21			50 00	19 29	85 29	71 74	70	W	SSW	Fine	Fine	Silky	Clou.	
22			51 42	18 29	56 29	47 86	84	SW	SW	Rain	Rain	Silky	Clou.	
23	44		51 66	18 29	31 29	33 78	81	WSW	SW	Show.	Fine	Fine		
24			52 40	18 29	31 29	60 80	86	SSE	NW	Clou.	Rain	Clou.		
25			52 58	15 29	53 29	57 80	80	E	WSW	Clou.	Clou.			
26			50 58	16 29	48 29	35 86	84	E	SSE	Rain	Fine	Clou.		
27	18		54 59	14 29	20 29	21 80	86	ESE	SW	Foggy		Rain		
28			53 60	10 29	20 29	29 76	72	S	S	Fine		Clou.		
29			52 60	17 29	30 29	55 76	70	S	S	Rain				
30	21		52 59	17 29	57 29	64 74	76	SSW	S	Clou.	Clou.			
1			54 58	14 29	57 29	40 76	96	SW	NK	Rain	Clou.	Rain		
2			54 59	14 29	54 29	50 82	7	SW	S	Clou.	Fine	Clou.		
3	12		56 64	17 29	53 29	72 67	70	W	SW	Fine	Fine			
4			55 57	15 29	77 29	76 73	66	SSW	SE	Fine	Fine			
5			56 64	15 29	70 29	70 76	72	R	SW	Rain				
6			64 70	15 29	66 29	68 71	75	SW	SW	Fine				
7			60 65	13 29	63 29	75 75	70	WSW	SW	Clou.				
8			62 08	12 29	75 29	75 67	70	WSW	SW					
9			38 06	18 29	70 29	86 70	73	SW	SW	Rain	Clou.	Clou.		
10	8		53 65	18 29	91 29	93 72	76	W	NK	Fine	Fine	Fine		
11			56 62	18 29	91 29	88 69	73	NE	ENE					
12			49 30	15 29	89 29	68 80	92	SSE	S	Rain	Rain	Rain		
13			60 52	10 29	73 29	90 82	80	E	ENE					
14	16		44 58	18 29	30 29	05 72	60	NE	ENE	Fine	Fine			
15			51 56	13 29	05 29	95 85	68	NE	ENE	Clou.	Clou.	Clou.		
16			53 56	13 29	30 29	90 68	70	ENE	SE	Clou.	Fine	Fine		
17			53 56	17 30	00 30	05 67	62	ENE	ESE		Clou.			
18			58 60	12 30	11 30	06 65	64	ENE	NNE	Fine				
19			54	11 30	08 30	06 68	70	ENE	ESE	Clou.	Fine			

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of April, was 1.30 of an inch.

Shackell and Arrowsmith, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.



Drawn by H. Corbould Esq. Engraved by Thompson.

Spurzheim

London. Pub^d for the Proprietors of the European Mag. by Sherwood & Co. Peter Noster Row July 1 1825

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1825:

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF JULY, 1825.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.	
Memor of Dr. Spurzheim	485
The Infant Lyra and the Periodical Press	493
A Treatise on Precision, as it regards Style, Language, and the Drama	497
Poetry.—The Feirin Vasal	501
A Set Down	506
Sonnet	506
Modes of Idolatrous Faith	509
On the Various Uses of Cuffs and Blows among Different Nations	510
Literary Reviews	512
The Utility of Letters of Recommendation to Young Men Visiting Paris	514
Sonnet	517
Reflections upon the Moral and Biographical Writings of Dr. Johnson	518
Reflections on the Increased Sensibility of the Age	522
The Quiet Man	524
Religious Belief of the American Indians	528
Tales of My Study; or, Collections of a Stay at Home	530
On the Early Fate of Genius	533
The English Labourer and American Slave Contrasted	539
Mixedred of Conchitthe	542
The Maxims of Motios	546
LONDON REVIEW.	
The Novice, or the Man of Integrity	548
Origenes, or Remarks on the Origin of Several Empires	550
FINE ARTS.	
The Twenty-first Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours	553
THE DRAMA.	
Drury Lane—King's Theatre ..	560
Haymarket—Vauxhall Gardens—Covent Garden	561
View of Public Affairs	563
Literary Intelligence	567
List of Patents ..	568
Commercial Report.....	569
Bankrupts—Dividends	570
Births, Marriages, and Deaths....	572
Prices of Shares in Canals, Docks, Water and Fire Assurance Companies	574
Price of Stocks.....	575
Meteorological Journal	ib.

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And Sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

{ TWO SHILLINGS }

Hasell and Arrowsmith, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street

Collectors of Portraits, illustrative of works of Biography and History, or those who are desirous of enriching their portfolios, are respectfully informed, that they may, on application to Messrs. Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row, or W. J. White, Printseller, 14, Brownlow Street, Holborn, be accommodated with proof impressions that have accompanied the "European Magazine" for some time past, and of which the Publishers beg to observe, a very limited number has been printed.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

WE have to apologize to MR. CHRISTOPHER NORTH for the chasm which has taken place in our correspondence with him this month; but the unprovoked, unjust, and malignant attack of the Editor of the "Literary Gazette," on the INFANT LYRA, whose Portrait and Memoir appeared in our last number, has induced us to direct our arms against another enemy. Perhaps it would be wiser in us to pretend fear, for we know Kit is an arrant *literary* coward, who would trample us in the dust, if he imagined we dreaded the potency of his arms, but who will keep in close quarters while he knows there is no chance of success.

We should wish to hear again from Z. A. Z. if he addresses us in as musical, tender, and delightful a strain as that which enchanted us in his last effusion.

Would the author of "The Quiet Man" make a Bustling Man the subject of his next communication?

We have received some papers relative to the translation of the Bishop of St. David's to the See of Salisbury, which have been mislaid at the Printing Office. They will appear in our next, with some errata that occurred in his memoir.

Several communications are left at our Publishers, for their respective authors.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW.

JUNE, 1825:

MEMOIR OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

DR. SPURZHEIM, the celebrated subject of our present memoir, was born on the 31st December 1776, at Longuich, a village near Treves, on the Moselle. We are told that his parents cultivated a farm of the rich abbey of St. Maximin de Treves, and that he received his college education at the university of that city.

He was destined by his parents to become a clergyman; but in 1799, when the French invaded that part of Germany, he went to Vienna to study medicine, where he became acquainted with Dr. Gall. He entered with great zeal into the consideration of the new doctrine; and, to use his own words, "he was simply a hearer of Dr. Gall until 1804, at which period he was associated with him in his labours, and his character of hearer ceased."

Having completed his medical studies, he and Dr. Gall quitted Vienna, in 1805, to travel together, and to pursue, in common, their researches into the anatomy and physiology of the whole nervous system. In the period which elapsed between the introduction of Dr. Gall's lectures in 1802, and the time when he and Dr. Spurzheim left Vienna, the doctrine had made a rapid progress, not only in general diffusion, but in solid and important additions; a fact of which any man may be satisfied, by comparing the publications

by Dr. Gall's auditors, with those of his hearers in the different towns in Germany, which he visited in the course of his and Dr. Spurzheim's travels.

From 1804 to 1813, Dr. Gall and Dr. Spurzheim were constantly together, and their researches were conducted in common. They left Vienna on the 6th of March 1805, to go direct to Berlin, and afterwards visited Potsdam, Leipzig, Dresden, Halle, Jenna, Weimar, Göttingen, Brauerschweig, Copenhagen, Keel, Hamburg, Bremen, Munster, Amsterdam, Leyden, Dusseldorf, Frankfort, Wurtzbourg, Marbourg, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, Lastall, Freybourg en Brigaw, Doneschingue, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, Zurich, Bern, and Basle. This tour commenced on the 18th of March 1805, and ended on the 24th September 1807. In June 1813, Dr. Spurzheim paid a visit to Vienna, from which he proceeded to Britain, and arrived here in March 1814. During his stay he published, "The Physiological System of Dr. Gall, and Spurzheim," in 8vo.; an outline of the system, in 12mo.; and a work showing the application of phrenology to the subject of insanity. He also delivered lectures in London, Bath, Bristol, Dublin, Cork, Liverpool, and Edinburgh. He returned

in London in 1817; delivered again a series of lectures, became a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, and, in the month of July of the same year, returned to Paris. He has lately given lectures in London, and, we believe, at present in Paris.

The object of phrenology is to discover certain relations between certain portions of the brain and certain faculties, as well of the mind as of the body. Hence the phrenologists maintain, that it is only through an attention to the conformation of the skull that we can arrive at a knowledge of the mental faculties. Their adversaries, on the contrary, maintain, that no relation whatever exists between the form of the skull and the internal powers. For our parts, we must candidly say, that we believe both parties are in error. The phrenologists are egregiously mistaken to suppose, that an attention to the form of the head is the proper means of ascertaining the nature of the mental powers. All we can derive from this attention is the knowledge, that certain mental powers more strongly predominate in certain individuals than any of the other mental powers; but unless we know antecedently to the study of phrenology what the mental powers are, their connections, and modes of operation, we shall never become acquainted with them through the medium of phrenology. And yet the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh maintain, in a late work which they have published on the subject, that the philosophy of the human mind can only be known through the philosophical arrangements of the phrenologist. What philosophical blindness! Through what organ of the brain can we arrive at a knowledge of simple ideas, abstraction, comparison, analysis, of moral, speculative, or practical principles; of primary and secondary qualities; of contemplation, imagination, attention, &c. &c.? Phrenology can never make us acquainted with metaphysical science, though it may indicate, from a certain conformation of head, that a certain individual has a metaphysical turn of mind. Dr. Gall says, for instance, that a prominent

forehead, such as the ancient artists gave to Jupiter, denotes a metaphysical genius; but admitting this to be true, which no doubt it is, does it follow that the phrenologist must be a metaphysician himself, because phrenology enables him to discover the metaphysical organ in another. If so, he is a perfect Profeta, and may become what he pleases. If he discover, for instance, the organ of "time" in any individual, he instantly becomes acquainted with the science of music, and can amuse himself with a display of his newly acquired art. If he discover the organ of "amativness" in another, he becomes immediately attached to sensual pleasures and the fair sex, though his head should even be hoary with age. Now, if these sorts of transformations be possible, if a benevolent man becomes bent on mischief the moment he discovers the organ of combativeness, or on murder when he discovers the organ of destructiveness, an engineer or an architect when he discovers the organ of constructiveness, we readily admit, that the study of phrenology is not only the surest way of becoming acquainted with the philosophy of the mind, but that it saves the trouble of learning any art or science whatever, because according to his own reasoning, knowing phrenology he knows every thing, and is at once a philosopher, an artist, an engineer, an architect, a musician, a metaphysician, a geometrician, in a word, a Jack of all trades:—but if phrenology cannot produce these surprising effects, how ridiculous and unphilosophical must it be in the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh to attempt founding phrenology on the ruins of metaphysics, and to maintain, that a knowledge of the latter science can only be obtained through the medium of phrenology! Locke knew nothing of phrenology, and was a profound metaphysician. Even the work above alluded to, published by the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh, and edited, it seems, by one of its members, the editor observes, that "the object of the investigations of Dr. Reid, Mr. Stewart, and Dr. Thomas Brown, has been to present an analysis of the human faculties, with the view of establishing a just system of man-

tal philosophy; but it is well known that no two of these agree in the results of their analysis. Phrenology, by presenting to observation a corporeal organ, by means of which a particular faculty manifests itself, will tend considerably to do away with the airiness and shadowy uncertainty which at present attend this branch of metaphysical science."

If any thing could bring phrenology into ridicule, it is the promulgation of such perfectly absurd and whimsical principles; for there is no more alliance between metaphysics and phrenology than between black and white. What follows is still more ridiculous, not only in the position advanced, but in the arguments that support it:

"Phrenology contains elements, by the various applications of which every variety of sentiment and intellectual power occurring among individuals may be explained on fixed and philosophical principles."

If, in the first place, metaphysical writers do not agree in their analysis of the powers and faculties of the human mind, this surely only evinces the limited faculties of our nature, and the difficulty of arriving at perfect truth; but what do their differing in certain points argue in favour of phrenology, unless it can be shown that the phrenologist can set them right? This, we believe, the Phrenological Society will never venture to maintain, for we defy any phrenologist living to settle the points on which they differ on principles that are purely phrenological; and we are equally certain, that if Drs. Reid and Stewart were to devote twenty years to the study of phrenology, this long and laborious application would not enable them to agree a whit more than they do at present in their views of the philosophy of the human mind. As to the fixed and philosophical principles that phrenology brings in aid of the philosophy of the human mind, we could never see any thing either of principle or of philosophy in the whole of it. If a bump on the back of the head denote a certain propensity, on what philosophic principle, we would ask, does it do so? This is a question with which the phrenologist never meddles, and until he can answer it, he must not

talk of philosophic principles. His knowledge in this case is the knowledge of a mere fact: how the fact is produced he neither knows nor seeks to know. He knows, then, only what a child would know as well as he. If he were told that the peasant to whose sandals the magnet first attached itself, knew as well as Newton that when a magnet and iron are placed near each other, the one attracts the other. But on what philosophic principle does he know it? On none whatever; he is made acquainted with it by the evidence of his eyesight. He knows, however, as much about the matter as Bacon or Newton: they have never been able to explore the cause, and consequently they know as much about the philosophy of the matter as the simplest boy who has witnessed it with his eyes. All the phrenologist can do is to make observations, to discover a number of men who have one particular organ largely developed, and inquire whether all these men agree in one particular propensity or endowment of mind, and if they do, he is justified in concluding, however ignorant he is of the cause, that the enlargement of such an organ denotes a certain mental faculty or animal propensity, which, consequently, may be very properly called, the organ of, that faculty or propensity. We believe, however, that all who have written upon this subject have been completely mistaken in attributing the propensity to the enlargement of the organ that indicates its existence. We do not believe, for instance, that it is a prominent forehead that causes genius or talent, but we are credulous enough to believe that genius or talent causes a prominent forehead. If we are asked why it does so, we cannot tell, and so far we stand on the same ground with the phrenologist; but we differ with him in this, that what he calls a cause we call an effect, and what he calls an effect we take to be a cause. If, however, we should happen to be right, the phrenologist should rather congratulate us upon the discovery, than feel an unwillingness to acknowledge himself in error; for all the prejudices that have been so long entertained against phrenology must in this case subside. If it can once

be shown that a certain mental or physical propensity produces a certain enlargement in a particular part of the head, the propensity is consequently anterior to the enlargement of the organ, and cannot therefore be the result of a material cause. Now, though we cannot tell with certainty why a particular propensity should produce an enlargement of a particular organ, we can, at least, assign a more probable reason for it than the phrenologist can in showing how the enlargement of the organ produces the propensity. In fact, all the ingenuity of man could never invent any thing like a probable cause to produce such a phenomenon; but the cause we are going to assign in support of our hypothesis is not only probable, but we feel almost certain, that we could make every man convinced of its truth, if we were ourselves well acquainted with the anatomy of the human body, and the degree of power or momentum with which all the parts act upon each other.

We know then, in the first place, that all parts of the body are strengthened and enlarged by action, and that any particular member being more frequently exercised than another, will be larger and stronger in proportion. Thus, a smith is stronger in his arms than any other part of his body, because he has more frequent occasions to put them in requisition. In all men, the right arm is larger and stronger than the left, for the same reason. Now, if action enlarges the part put into action, and if the mind or head of a man of genius be more frequently exercised than any other, it is surely natural that a corresponding enlargement should take place in the head, which will easily account for that prominence or enlargement of forehead that is generally found to be the attendant of genius. So far as we ourselves have made observations, we have always found enlarged minds and large heads in comparison with each other; and nothing appears to us more natural, than that a vacant head, which is never put into action, should decline from the erect or perpendicular to the horizontal line. Stagnation and elevation of mind produce a certain action on the fore

part of the head, which whosoever attends to it minutely will easily perceive; and that this action, continually repeated, should extend and elevate that part on which the action falls is in our opinion perfectly in harmony with the laws of nature. That other propensities should act upon other parts of the brain, and produce on these parts similar effects, or a similar enlargement, is equally natural; and if phrenologists should take the hint, and make the anatomy of the body as well as of the head their particular study, we doubt not but they would succeed in discovering how certain passions, emotions, and propensities act upon particular parts of the head and not upon others, and consequently enlarge them.

Of one thing, however, we are certain, that phrenology can never promote, in the least, the philosophy of the human mind—that no country ever produced a phrenologist that equalled Mr. Locke as a metaphysician—and that Locke would not have been the metaphysician he was, had he studied it through the medium of phrenology. The Phrenological Society should, therefore, be more guarded when they talk of metaphysics, and tell us that “phrenology contains elements, by the various combinations of which every variety of sentiment and intellectual power occurring among individuals may be explained.” Indeed the writer of this sentence proves that he knew next to nothing of sentiments and intellectual powers; for it is not phrenology that explains intellectual powers, but intellectual powers that explain all that can as yet be explained in phrenology. Our sentiments and intellectual operations are infinite in number; but phrenology is confined to the development of thirty-three organs alone, consequently it can denote only thirty-three powers or faculties, but even of these it cannot explain one. What an immense number of powers are necessary to the man of genius, as memory, understanding, discrimination, judgment, the powers of inventing, comparing, concluding, combining, resolving, analysing, generalising, reflecting, meditating, contemplating, &c. &c. But phrenology can-

not point out all these elements, for no organs corresponding to them have ever been discovered. All it can point out is that power that embraces them all, namely, genius. It tells you that a certain enlarged organ denotes genius, but it has neither a particular organ for each particular element of which genius consists, nor can it even define to you what genius is. Besides, if the disagreement of metaphysicians among themselves be an argument against it, the phrenologists have no ground to stand upon, for they are infinitely more divided than the metaphysicians themselves. Phrenology and metaphysics, however, are so completely distinct, that the phrenologists will never bring their art to perfection while they attempt to unite it with the philosophy of the mind. Metaphysics embrace not only the leading faculties of the mind, but all the elements and operations of these faculties. It leaves not the slightest principle of our intellectual nature unexamined or unexplained. But phrenology explains nothing, assigns no reason for the effects of which it takes cognizance; and, as to the range of its operations, it extends only to those few strong and predominating propensities that determine character. It leaves all the finer shades of character and of thought untouched, and marks only those which prevail as much, or more, in the savage state as in civilized life. "The metaphysical emotion," says this writer, "of instant resentment affords no explanation of the pleasure derived from the battles of gladiators and boxers, from bull-baiting, and similar exhibitions. The phrenological propensity of combativeness, being in its primitive essence a disposition to contend, explains the source of these delights at once."

This is as great nonsense as ever proceeded from the pen of man. How can an emotion explain any thing? The power of explanation belongs to the active, not to the passive powers of the mind; to the reasoning, not to the passive faculties. But we are told very complacently, that the phrenological propensity of combativeness explains our propensity for bull-baiting! And why? Why, forsooth, because

E. M. June, 1825.

this combative propensity is a propensity to contend!!! So that because a propensity to contend is a propensity to contend, (for this is the real sense of the expression,) we must be naturally fond of bull-baiting, whether we ourselves possess the propensity or not. But we must beg leave to tell the Phrenological Society, that many possess a propensity for witnessing bull-baiting who have no inherent propensity for fighting. The fair sex are fond of this horrifying amusement, and we believe there is not one man out of one hundred thousand who would not stop to witness it, if he were passing at the time. But if the propensity for witnessing bull-baiting arise from the organ of combativeness, so must the propensity for witnessing executions from the organ of destructiveness, so that every individual going to witness an execution must be in his heart a murderer. This is, in our opinion, a murderous charge, for we are certain that none avoid such spectacles more than those whose breasts are most devoid of pity—or, in other words, thieves and murderers, unless indeed they go there to pick pockets. But if it be the organ of combativeness that inclines men to witness bull fights, all men must have this organ completely developed, for all men delight in it; at least the exceptions are so few that they are not worth taking into account. If then all men have the organ of combativeness, how is the phrenologist to discover where this organ resides, as he is always obliged to draw his conclusions with reference to the seat of the organ? The similarity of disposition, which exists in all who have a particular organ more strongly developed than others? But where the organ is more developed in all, it is less to ascertain where it is situated. We never would know the real cause of the pleasures derived from witnessing bull fights, the fights of gladiators, boxers, &c. will find it completely developed in a work lately published, entitled, "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Source of the Pleasures derived from Tragic Representations, by M'Dermot." It is conjectured by the Phrenological Society, that all Irishmen have the or-

gen. of combativeness, from their love of fighting, but if all men who wish to witness bull-baiting, boxing, &c. have this combative organ, we are certain that the English have as strong a claim to it as the Irish.

But while we object to the unphilosophic view which has been taken of phrenology in this work, we not only believe that an enlargement of certain organs is indicative of certain propensities, but we are admirers of the art while it is confined to its proper province; and it is in so confining it that Dr. Spurzheim is entitled to the highest credit. He does not attempt the slightest investigation into the nature of the mind,* but merely seeks to discover whether certain external appearances are not marks or signs of certain internal propensities. "We never venture," he says, "beyond experience. We neither deny nor affirm any thing which cannot be verified by experiment. We do not make researches either upon the dead body or upon the soul alone, but upon man as he appears in life. We consider the faculties of the mind only so far as they become apparent to us by the organization; we never question what the moral and intellectual faculties may be in themselves. Here is a simple and modest profession of the nature and object of phrenology, in which all pretensions to an acquaintance with the philosophy of the mind is totally disclaimed. That certain forms of the head indicate certain internal powers, seems to have been an opinion entertained by the ancients themselves; and we are speaks of a "forehead *visibly low*," and Milton, describing our first parent, does not omit noticing his "fair large front." It was also a common opinion, both of Shakespeare or Milton, that the mind creates its own habitation, which habitation is proportioned to its own excellency. Hence arose the idea that a deformed mind clothed itself in a deformed body. With this opinion, we must

confess, ancient and antiquated as it is, we are, with some exceptions, very much inclined to agree; but from our ignorance of the internal structure and form of the internal parts, particularly of the womb, we cannot say whether that form which the foetus would assume, if unrestricted by any particular form of the womb, be the form which it actually assumes. But this we certainly do believe, that it is the mind, and its propensities, that determine the form of the body, except so far as this form is altered or modified by the form or compression of the womb, or by any changes caused in it by accidents in the womb.

Many systems have been adopted and experiments tried, to ascertain the internal propensities from external signs; but the results have always proved to be unsuccessful, or, if depended upon, found in a short time to be fallacious. Dr. Spurzheim's system is, that the different parts of the brain, consisting according to his opinion of a combination of various organs, are differently developed; the functions of those which are most so are conceived to manifest themselves with most energy, those of the parts which are least developed being correspondingly less active. The development of the different parts of the brain is conceived to be appreciable by respective modifications of the bones which include and protect it. And hence from these modifications it is asserted to be possible to infer the functions themselves; and, therefore, in a great degree, the propensities, talents, and characters of individuals. From the great number of experiments made by Dr. Spurzheim, we are strongly inclined to believe in this theory; but we totally object to the idea, that the mind and its propensities are the result of organization, feeling as we do, a sort of intuitive conviction that it is the mind and its original propensities that determine the organization. Dr. Spurzheim, however, does not, we believe, venture to offer an opinion on this subject, though from his manner of

* We know a person who has this "VILLANOUS LOW FOREHEAD," described by Shakespeare; and having been often rallied on the subject, he has recourse to the experiment of shaving the fore part of his head, which unhappily made him a greater subject of ridicule than before.

reasoning, it is obvious that he believes the character of the mind depends entirely on organization. With regard to phrenology, however, it matters not a rush which is the cause or which the effect. If, for instance, a prominent forehead be the effect of original powers of mind according to our theory, or if, according to the phrenologists, it be the cause of genius, and not the effect, it is obvious that the phrenologist can determine with as much certainty in the one case as in the other. Phrenology is, therefore, in our opinion, a science that ought to be highly encouraged, as it may lead to the disclosure of some secret laws of nature that have never been discovered; and in the hands of so watchful, so guarded, and so discriminating an observer as Dr. Spurzheim, we have no doubt that it will soon make a rapid progress. Dr. Spurzheim is happily one of those men who is solely influenced in his pursuit of this study by the sole love of truth; and it is obvious from the tenor of his writings, that he would be the first to abandon and acknowledge the fallacy of all conclusions drawn from the cerebral organs, if he once discovered that no connexion whatever exists between them and the mind. He is, therefore, of all the philosophers of the age, if we except his colleague Dr. Gall, the most roughly and shamefully treated by the critics of this country. It is a pity that literature itself cannot tame the John Bull character of our learned men. Our critics, at least, all seem possessed of the organ of combativeness; their praise or censure is seldom the result either of impartiality or of judgment; but it is certain that their severity and arrogance is always in proportion to their ignorance. By smiling contemptuously at great men, they fancy they will appear still greater men themselves. Dr. Spurzheim was not thus treated on the continent, and we fancy that all the abuse of the critics will fall of their own devoted heads. Indeed a great portion of it has fallen upon them already, and brought their judgment into deserved contempt. The following passages from the *Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and others, will serve as specimens of their pure, classical, luminous, and impartial style of criticism.

"Examples from the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 49, June 1818.

"We look upon the whole doctrine taught by these two modern peripatetics, (Dr. Gall and Spurzheim) anatomical, physiological, and physiognomical, as a piece of thorough quackery from beginning to end.

"There are a certain number of individuals, however, in every community, who are destined to be the dupes of empirics, so it would be rather matter of surprise if these itinerant philosophers did not make some proselytes wherever they come.

"Well has the learned and most witty historian of Mrs. John Bull's indisposition remarked, 'there is nothing so impossible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm.'

"Were they (Drs. Gall and Spurzheim) even to proceed in shaking off the suspicion of male fides, which we apprehend is inseparably attached to their character, we should not hesitate to say, &c.

"We have two objects in view in a formal exposure and exposure of the contents of the volume before us. The first is to contradict directly various statements, in point of fact, made by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim with unparalleled boldness and audacity, which persons, perfectly sensible of the general absurdity of their notions, may not have the same opportunity of refusing as ourselves: the second, and the most important, to save the eyes of our readers, if possible, before it be too late, by satisfying that curiosity which might otherwise lead them to purchase the book themselves, or attend the lectures of these cunning craniologists.

"Such are the opinions of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim on the faculties in general of man, and on his intellectual faculties in particular. We have seen the more minute in our sketch of them, that their absurdity might be the more apparent. To enter on a particular refutation of them, would be to insult the understandings of our readers. Indeed, we will flatter the authors so far as to say, that their observations are of a nature to set criticism entirely at defiance. (This has two meanings.) They are a collection of male absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency; an incoherent jumble, which nothing could have induced any man to have presented to the public, under a pretence of instructing them, but absolute insanity, gross ignorance, or the most matchless assurance.

"Such is the trash, the despicable trumpery, which two men, calling themselves scientific inquirers, have the impudence gravely to present to the physiologists of the nineteenth century, as specimens of reasoning and induction.

"We are so heartily tired of the mass of nonsense we have been obliged to wade through, that we could now most willingly have done. But the anatomical discoveries of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim yet remain to be considered, and these are on no account, to be passed over in silence. It appears to us, that in this department they have displayed more quackery than in any other; and their bad faith is here the more unpardonable, that it was much more likely to escape detection. These gentlemen are too knowing not to have perceived that the science of anatomy is in general cultivated with the most zeal by those who have the least leisure to devote to it; that is, by persons who are toiling with weariness through medical practice, and that those whose profession it is to improve this department of human knowledge, are usually content to bequeath it to their sons, just as it was handed down to them by their fathers and grandfathers. They calculated, no doubt, that as the number of individuals is considerable, who are not only zealous in anatomical pursuits, but, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, are enabled to bestow their whole time on them, the chance that a few bold affirmations respecting the structure of a delicate and complicated organ would be put to the test of experiment, was proportionally small. Perhaps it would occur to them, too, that as unprofessional people are in no respect aware how very little familiar even physicians of the first eminence are with the structure of the brain, it might contribute materially towards their reputation with the public to delude a few of the medical men, who are naturally to be looked upon as judges in questions of this sort.

"The writings of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge, respecting either the structure or the functions of man, but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, downright misstatements, and unmeaning quotations from Scripture, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men, as to the real ignorance, the real hypocrisy, and the real empiricism of the authors."

"We have not a shadow of doubt," says the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, "that, if the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* could, he would gladly recall this most impudent manifesto. Our belief is, that he will not again meddle with the subject, al-

though he will thereby be placed in an awkward predicament; if phrenology becomes, as it cannot fail to do, a subject of general interest. The old refutation will not suit the present state of the science. A new attempt by the *Edinburgh Review* would be good fortune quite beyond our hopes.

We deem a short notice enough for the *Quarterly Review*, which has dealt in more measured abuse than the *Edinburgh*. In concluding their manifesto, in which, as in duty bound, they reject the new science as "sheer nonsense," they take merit in softening their appellation of Dr. Spurzheim to "Fool." No. XXV. p. 128. They had expressed their opinion of Dr. Gall, more than a year before, when reviewing Madame de Staël's *L'Allemagne*.

"The natural philosophers of Germany are too well known to need commendation; but Madame de Staël is by far too indulgent to such ignorant and interested quacks as the cranologist Dr. Gall, and the magnetist Dr. Maindieu, if she regard them in any other light than (that of) imposters."

Examples from other publications.

Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine* has distinguished itself as the most persevering, and, of course, the most absurd of the assailants of phrenology, and enemies of phrenologists. It would indeed be matter for wonder if such a work had abstained from abuse.

"We have already said, that, in our opinion, fool and phrenologist are terms nearly synonymous, as can be found in any language. One writer in this work demolished the *Edinburgh Phrenological Society* by one article, equal to any thing in Arbuthnot or Swift. (In names we presume) The phrenist called out against wit, and clamoured for pure argument. Here they have it with a vengeance!" *BLACKWOOD'S Magazine*. No. lxxii. p. 100.

"These infernal ideas, the phrenologists, &c." *BLACKWOOD'S Magazine*, No. lxxvi. p. 593.

"It is not by extreme cases only, but by much more common facts, that the flimsy theories of these German illuminators are to be demolished."—*REANELL on Scepticism*.

"A tribe of crazy ascots, denominating themselves cranologists—"these visionary abortions"—"this crew"—*London Literary Gazette*, 13th September, 1823. p. 387."

We shall conclude our notice of Dr. Spurzheim as a phrenologist by observing, that though phrenologists may enable us to prove, from a number of facts harmonizing with each other, that the development

et certain cerebral organs denote certain animal propensities or intellectual endowments, the phrenologist will still be unable to shew that it is the enlargement of such organs that produce these propensities. He adopted the theory which we have proposed. We have no doubt but he will succeed in proving, that the enlargement of the organ is an effect, and not a cause. In either case, however, mankind can derive no advantage from phrenology, so far as regards the removal of evil propensities, or the creation of good ones. They will still continue of the same elementary mould as if phrenology was never heard of. But if phrenology cannot change the disposition of men, it may importantly serve to promote the interests of science and extend our acquaintance with human nature; and if so, it will greatly tend to correct our evil propensities, though it cannot change the elements of which they are composed.

Of Dr. Spurzheim's works, we can hardly speak too highly, whether we consider him as a philosopher or a metaphysician. These are not subjects necessarily connected with phrenology, but all the sciences are so intimately connected, that they mutu-

ally aid and assist each other.' If we could once discover *why* certain propensities of mind produce certain enlargements of particular organs, or *vice versa*, phrenology would then have its philosophy as well as other sciences; but while we cannot tell why or wherefore, phrenology must remain a mere system derived from a collection of observations. If any man can discover the *why* or the *wherefore* of phrenology, we think Dr. Spurzheim is that man, for he possesses all the knowledge necessary to aid him in such a task; for he is himself not only a philosopher and metaphysician, but a physician also; and if the theory which we have proposed be the true one, a knowledge of the human structure and of the anatomy of the human body is, of all other acquirements, the most useful and efficacious.

As a man, we are happy to say, that Dr. Spurzheim is the most simple, the most unaffected, the most widely removed from all the trickery of false refinement, but still the most elegantly natural in his manners, we have ever witnessed. Ease, simplicity, and an unreserved openness of manners are, in our opinion, strong indications of genius, though they are not phrenological ones.

THE INFANT LYRA AND THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

THERE is a particular feature of character in the manners of the lower order of Englishmen, which distinguishes them from all other nations, and which, happily, does not extend to the higher classes. And we believe it is this feature that has procured the former the appellation of John Bull. To describe this feature more particularly, an Englishman, when he has got the slightest footing or approach to independence, finds, from experience, that the more indifferent and inattentive he appears to his customers, the more they will flock around him, because they attribute his inattention to his independence and wealth, which is the god of their adoration. Wealth and power make a Frenchman more courteous and polite, an Englishman more imperious, purse-proud, and haughty. With the pride of exquisite sensibility, tenderness, and to use a phrenological term, adhesiveness of feeling, he

no acquaintance: all his ambition consists in making you believe, that he is a man of greater wealth and influence than yourself. Hence, many of our periodicals seem to set the public taste, and public opinion, at defiance, by asserting, with an air of dogmatic authority, what they know to be false, and in perfect opposition to public taste, for no other purpose whatever than, first to elevate themselves to a factitious and usurped importance, by affecting to despise what the public admire; and secondly, to convince the world that the circulation of their works renders them *independent* of public praise or censure, knowing it is John Bull's creed, that no man can rise to independence without merit, and consequently, that he estimates the merit of every periodical, not by its intrinsic worth, but by the extent of its circulation. This trick, however, of gaining public approbation, though

laudable when exercised to a certain limited extent, is solely and exclusively trusted to, only by works of no merit whatever. He who is conscious of his own powers, scorns to raise himself by base and ignoble means; but, on the other hand, he who is conscious of his own impotence, is, of all men, the most cunning to supply by craft what he wants in genius.

These reflections are suggested by the conduct of the *Literary Gazette* to the inimitable *Infant Lyra*, whose portrait appeared in our last number. Indeed we have little doubt, that the spleen of the pedant who conducts that work has been excited, in no small degree, by our notice of her exquisite and transcendent powers.

"The world has grown old," he says: "it is in its dotage, and, like people in their second childhood, it seems as if the companionship of children were best calculated to entertain and amuse it. We have infants spoiling what little remains of the drama, and infant wonders of as many kinds, ages, and nations, as there are instruments in music. Here we have a poor tiny girl, of some four or five years of age, sprawling over a harp like a spider over a web."

According to this supercilious, unhumanized, uninformed, and honorable critic—a critic, who has as much feeling as a stone, and as much brains as a turnip, the world has grown old, and is now in its second childhood. But why does the notorious Mr. Jordan conclude that the world is in its dotage? Is the earth less fertile now than in the Augustan age, when the greater portion of Europe was barren, uncultivated, and covered with stony woods; when, in comparison to the scenes which the smiling plains of France and Italy present at present, all was a dreary waste, an appalling wilderness; fit only for the habitation of Druids, or the fairy wanderings of those knights of chivalric fame, who volunteered in the cause of oppressed females, to defend them from the barbarity and lawless manners of the age? Or is it because the sun sheds its rays upon us with a fainter and more declining lustre, that he thinks the world is grown old? Does he completely forget his classics, if, forsooth, he ever read them, as to forget that the Tyber was frozen in the time of Ho-

race, a circumstance of which we have no instance at present? Does not this prove, either that the world has not yet arrived at maturity, or, at least, that some revolution has taken place in the laws or operations of nature, which Mr. Jordan must acknowledge himself incapable of explaining. At any rate, he must confess that the earth is now more fertile, and the sun hotter, than they were in any period of which history takes notice. What then is it that has led him to conclude, that the world is in its second childhood? Is it the people who inhabit the world that have degenerated into simpletons? This cannot be, for we can shew, from many passages in this *Gazette* (to call it a *Literary Gazette* would be a perfect misnomer), that the editor places the present age above all former ages of English literature, and that, compared to it, our ancestors were mere savages. What, then, is it that has turned our hairs grey, and thus suddenly and unexpectedly converted us into a superannuated race? Reader, can you divine or interpret so strange and inexplicable a mystery? We believe you cannot, and therefore we shall, in charity, relieve you from your doubts. But can you really credit us, when we explain this mystery? We fear you will receive our interpretation with hesitation, and deem it incredible; and yet we will really state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And the truth is, that Mr. Jordan is so mortified to see the *Infant Lyra* patronized by the highest and most fashionable circles in London, that, in very spite, he calls us all dotards for the sins of the *new*. We are all in our second childhood, because people of taste and fashion patronize an infant, whose extraordinary powers, and exquisite taste for music, he had not himself penetration to discern. Fitting, however, this little admirable infant lauded so highly and so justly, not only in the European, but in many of the popular periodicals of the day; and unwilling to acknowledge either his own tardiness in coming forward to bestow on her that high meed of praise to which she is so pre-eminently entitled, or avow his want of taste and judgment, to perceive the powers of her infant genius; and knowing that

"His praise is lost, who waits till all commend."

he thought it the safest measure to put on a face of brass, and abuse not only the little infant herself, but call us all fools for the high estimation in which we hold her unrivalled powers. We shall now fortify the view which we have taken of this musical infant in our last number, by a few extracts from the periodicals of the day; but, before we do so, may we ask the inexorable Mr. Jordan why he finds fault with the age for delighting in the companionship of children? Is it because his own callous and indurated feelings will not permit him to delight in any of the softer sympathies of our nature, that he rails at the finer and more humanized feelings of the age? If it be not, let him explain what it is. This, we believe, he cannot do *satisfactorily*, without admitting something of evil in the propensity that impelled him to make the assertion. What he means by saying, that we have infants of as many ages as there are instruments in music, is certainly too sublime for our comprehension. We know well we have no infants of any description, except those of the present age, and therefore what is meant by saying, we have infants of as many ages as there are instruments in music, we leave our readers to divine, or the perspicacious editor of the *Literary Gazette* to explain. The malignity of the picture which this dull, laborious, but still dogmatic pedant gives of the little infant, "sprawling over a harp, like a spider over a web," will be sufficiently exposed, and the character of the mind that could descend to sketch such a portrait, sufficiently developed by the following extracts from "The Times," and other liberal and popular papers of the day. The first is from the Times.

"We had heard so many reports of the extraordinary precocious talent of the child who has, in consequence of the musical powers which she displays, obtained the denomination of the 'Infant Lyra,' that we were induced, a day or two since, to visit the Apollo Saloon, Pall-mall, where she is in the habit of performing on the harp. Our curiosity was amply rewarded. She may, without exaggeration, be termed a musical prodigy. She appears to be little more than four years of age; her countenance is remarkably expressive; but it is an expression which,

while it promises sweetness and genius, is not at all at variance with that playful simplicity and softness which we love to see mantling on the cheek of infancy. She strikes the harp with a degree of skill that astonished us. Whether the air was of an ardent or of a tender character, she entered into its spirit with amazing truth and facility. The divinity of music seems to stir within her. At particular parts of her performance, she appeared to be 'rapt, inspired'; her countenance became more animated, and the sparkling of her eyes, the motion of her head, and the graceful but impassioned action of her hands, proved that she felt intensely the beauty of the strains to which she was giving life. The retentive powers of this child must be of a very wonderful description. She plays, of course by ear, no less than 200 airs, many of them with difficult variations. This is no matter of art—this, in a child so young, can be no matter of instruction—it is intuition: we leave the philosophers of the *Eppurheim* school to account for it. We confess that we have seen no theory that can explain to us satisfactorily so strange a phenomenon: we only know that it exists. In 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the King,' we were struck by the energy which this infant performer displayed; her execution of 'Sagounneen Deelish,' a melancholy and very characteristic Irish melody, was full of tenderness; but that which most surprised us was the manner in which she performed a French air, 'A vous dirai,' with variations. Her fingers sometimes trembled on the wires, sometimes slowly and hesitatingly—then the strain was now slow, now light and laughing; every variation was truly played, and the cadences leading to the original air were delicately touched. We were very much pleased to see a company numerous and fashionable attending this interesting performance."

"This wonderful child, whose fame has already become universal, still continues, by her exhibitions on the harp, to surprise and delight her numerous and fashionable visitors. She will not disappoint, we will venture to say, the most sanguine expectations, or sour the temper of the most rigid critic. She is a musical prodigy. The amazing rapidity, skill, and correctness in time with which her infant and delicate fingers sweep the chords of the enchanting instrument, the harp, were truly astonishing."

"She plays upwards of 200 airs, some of which are extremely difficult and complicated, with a true correctness and energy, which it would be difficult for those who have not witnessed her performance to credit. She performs all by ear, so that her memory, we should say, her musical intuition—is truly wonderful."

The pensive Irish melody of 'Savourneen Deelah' was very striking. To make a selection of her best performances, where all are so good, would be unfair. We must, however, observe, that the French air of 'A vous Dirai' was delightful.

"The 'Infant Lyra' appears to be about four years of age. Her countenance is more than interesting; particularly in some parts of her performance, when the very spirit of musical inspiration seems to brood upon it. We have no doubt the patronage of this most wonderful child will be equal to her merit."

"A child of little more than four years of age has obtained this appellation from the astonishing ear which she possesses for music. The walk which we were induced to take to the Apollo Saloon, Pall Mall, for the purpose of witnessing her performance, was more than rewarded. She seems to be a most impassioned admirer of music, her eyes sparkling with delight, and her whole countenance becoming animated as she strikes the instrument. In short it is evident, that, young as she is, she feels the fullest force of the melody she elicits. It is gratifying to know that her exertions will meet with an adequate reward, if we may judge from the numerous and fashionable attendance at her performances."

"We understand the Infant Lyra will continue to perform daily on the harp, in Pall Mall, previous to her departure for France; and we, having seen and heard her play with delight, strongly recommend the readers of our paper to avail themselves of the opportunity."

"The following lines appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, addressed to the interesting Infant Lyra, whose angelic talents have excited so much wonder in the musical world—

TO THE INFANT LYRA.

Art thou indeed of earth; or, say, from heav'n?

To weary mortals for a season given?
Say, hast thou left thy starry mansion bright,

Elysium blest of supreme delight,
To lure, with song and wailing lay,
And bear to far-off realms the soul away?
Art thou indeed of earth, that sweep'st the lyre

With inspiration's glowing hand of fire?
Or aerial spirit from the bowers of bliss,
To tell of distant realms of blessedness?
Human thy song, or sure thou well might'st

Some fairy gnat of Arcadian dream,
So bright the sparkle of thy beaming eye,
Whispering of heaven to all its purity!
So fair the beauties of thy cherub face,
Matchless in infant loveliness and grace;
Human thy song, yet ne'er, oh! ne'er did art

Weave spell like thine around the captive heart!

Heaven-taught sweet Lyra!—Genius, from her throne,
Exulting, calls thee hers, and hers alone;
And hers thou art—she breathes in every sigh,

Lives in the lustre of thy speaking eye,
Prompts the soft warblings of thy every tone,

And sheds a halo round thee all her own!
Go—Heaven-instructed—charm the listening throng

With all thy sweet varieties of song,
And with a lay befitting regal sphere,
Go, win, in princely halls, the royal ear!
And when thy dazzling race on earth is run,

And mortal immortality put on,
When the dark shadows on the mountains spread

Shall call thee to thy last and quiet bed,
Resume in brighter worlds thy sounding lyre,

The sweetest harpist of th' angelic choir!
Liverpool. G.

EDITOR.

Here we have a host of critical writers, who all pay undivided and unqualified tribute to the genius, the grace, the elegance of attitude, the magic fire of expression, and all that witchery and fascination by which this little infant fascinates the mind of her auditors, and not only softens into peace, but raises into rapture, the crabbed and morbid spirit of criticism itself. Indeed we think it would be as difficult to imitate the grace and elegance of her movements and attitudes, as to equal her in the divinity of her enchanting strains. Was then to the unenviable spirit of that Zöllus, who could represent her "sprawling like a spider!" But perhaps we do him injustice: he may, from his own sprawling, or superficial manner of writing, have mistaken the term "sprawling" for grace, and looked upon the spider as the strongest evidence or emblem of what can be effected by intuitive and untaught genius. We fear our readers, however, will have some difficulty in admitting this interpretation, and indeed we are not ourselves without some apprehension that it is rather fanciful—particularly as we know that this very same Mr. Jordan attempted to injure very materially the interests of a respectable tradesman in the Strand from whom he received the utmost civility. We shall probably notice the circumstance in our next number.

A TREATISE ON PRECISION, AS IT REGARDS STYLE, LANGUAGE, AND THE DRAMA.

PRECISION teaches us how to omit in conversation and writing what the man of taste or letters deems superfluous, but without encroaching, at the same time, upon what is indispensably necessary to the sense. Hence, it is a kind of economy in language, which we are more willing to commend than to practise. Some rhetoricians, indeed, have passed it over in silence, knowing that it could obtain little credit in those schools where the masters display their powers to greater advantage by the display of useless ornaments. We must distinguish it from conciseness, which is one of its branches; but the latter consists more in a paucity of words, and brevity of sentences, than in a perfect harmony between the thought and expression. Conciseness may be either true or false, clear or obscure, but precision must be always a clear image of the idea which it expresses. It is the result of vigorous, mental powers, and, consequently, of distinct and accurate perception. As it affects social life, it is the language of that law which prescribes, and of that power which commands; whilst, in the sciences, it is the end and perfection of logic and definition.

It is only from strong, analyzing, and rigid minds, that a thought escapes pure, and naturally in the most compact form, like iron from the sledge. History makes us acquainted with a nation, so rigidly moulded by wise institutions, that this attribute of a few highly gifted men, became, at length, natural to, and characteristic of, the people at large. The term laconic still reminds us of the brief and poignant language of the Spartans. The nation that now excels in conversation is indebted for its superiority, in this respect, to the secret it possesses of abridging every thing, and giving the greatest number of ideas in the shortest space. The dislike for repetitions and circumlocution, regulates, in France, as it did formerly in Sparta, the laws of conversation. It may be surprising, that the Lacédæmonians and the French should attain the same end; but if the effect be alike, the

E. M. June, 1825.

causes are different. The lively and impatient disposition of the latter nation, and the few inversions to be found in their language, oblige every man of taste or fashion to be precise. But as the direct construction of the sentence discovers its meaning from the first words, and as the apt intelligence of the natives seizes it at once, and is anxious of attributing to itself the honour of this prompt apprehension, they are obliged, in dialogue, to have a corresponding quickness of thought, under pain of being interrupted by some, and of proving tiresome to all. This observation is verified in a contrary sense in the language spoken on both sides of the Rhine, where a single, grammatical circumstance renders the patience of the auditor equal to the tediousness of the speaker. In order to perform this prodigy, it is sufficient to place the negative particle at the close of the German sentence. The most impatient auditor waits with patience the development of a whole sentence, for he cannot tell until he has heard the last word, whether it shall be an affirmative or a negative. I know not whether it be the national character of the Germans, that has produced those habitual suspensions which distinguish their language; or whether it be this peculiarity in their language, that has insensibly influenced, and ultimately formed, their character; but I know, that if the French were obliged to submit all at once to such a restraint, they would soon change either their syntax or their mercurial temperament.

Precision, which is foreign to the protestations of love, the confidence of friendship, the liberty of the epistolary style, and the solemnity of diplomatism, meets also with many legitimate obstacles in eloquence, poetry, and the drama. Whenever we speak simultaneously to several persons, it is fit that we should adapt our discourse to the attention of the most frivolous, the intelligence of the most simple, and the tardiness of the most inapprehensive. When many minds are to be won to one point, what a variety of tones, what an assemblage

of images, what repeated assaults must be made against dispositions whose prepossessions are various, and whose prejudices arise from very different causes? Thus the pulpit, and the political tribunal, have recourse to various means, and arm themselves occasionally with vehemence, grace, authority, imagination, and argument.

Poetry, on the other hand, naturally fond as she is of digressions, loves to dwell amid the luxury and splendour of her own creations, to scatter around her, with lavish hand, her riches and her pleasures; and, like her sister, Music, to impart her melody to all the turnings and inversions of her well finished periods. The dramatic muse explains every thing, under pain of being obscure, and produces illusion and sympathy by the number and exactitude of her details. Forensic debate is still less favourable to precision, which is so dear to judges, but so offensive to pleaders, and of all the qualities of the barrister, is that for which he is sure to obtain the least recompense. Precision; however, is so powerful an ally to human reason, that we frequently find it make its way into those kinds of subjects, which seem, of all others, the most directly opposed to the exercise of that faculty. Poetry, for instance, admits of it in epigram, satire, and didactic precepts: it has stamped some admirable maxims upon the coin of Corneille, and stolen many keen proverbs from the prolix muse of Gresset.

Even grace in writing has its precision, nor would melancholy interest so strongly, if it were not for its silence; whilst negligence, the most changeable of all literary beauties, ceases to please when it is prolonged. Can we forget, too, that philosophy, which hides itself in affording such a deep knowledge of precision, was celebrated in the Portico, which seemed erected but in order to exalt the activity of the soul, and the love of man, which gave Marcus Aurelius a throne, and placed, in the bosom of wisdom, a heart for pity, and in that of heroism, a feeling for virtue. At the theatre, if reason takes expansive views of the passions, it perceives at the close, as at the approach of cataracts in a vast river, the necessity of contracting its powers, and willingly signalizes its last efforts, by those lively sallies,

and simple, yet sublime touches which characterized the genius of Racine. The orator himself is lavish of his illustrations, only to arrive, with more certainty, at more urgent, more pressing, and more persuasive arguments; and to conclude like Demosthenes, what he commenced like Isocrates. In proportion as he fears, at the opening of his career, the barrenness of precision, so does he invoke its energy, on drawing to a conclusion. Like the wrestler, who gathers his body, and all his muscles, to terminate the strife by one great effort, so the orator, previous to his parting from the audience, seizes on a mighty weapon, a sword of double edge, which he knows must leave a lasting trace behind it. I know only two modes in the action of delivery, that are absolutely incompatible with precision; one is the intention of deceiving, or empiricism; and the other, improvisation. Unless charlatanism conceals its false logic under the ambiguities of a dead language, it must have recourse to a thousand windings and turnings, in order to weary the attention, dazzle the weak, and take credulity by surprise. Sometimes, it is true, a more audacious imposition is practised upon an audience, through means of laconic apophthegms; but, in this case, the language assumes the mystic, oracular form; and so far from being precise, is actually obscure. Under the cloak of empiricism, we meet with sophists of every kind and degree, who exaggerate truth when they do not belie it; and here the sectarian spirit frequently discloses itself, when it disclaims the pride of more liberal principles. Both are very naturally the great enemies of precision, and this critical remark has not escaped the observation of the author of the *Henriade*: "*La profusion des mots,*" says he, "*est le grand vice du style de tous nos philosophes et anti-philosophes modernes.*" I am strongly inclined to place after these a class of innovators in literature, who seem to possess an equal attachment to amplification; I mean the new founders of poetical prose. Vague and affected sentiments, erroneous thoughts, expressed in improper terms, and descriptions of too high and extravagant a colouring, present elements at variance with every idea of justness, nature, and

truth. I forbear casting other reproaches on a deviation from nature, so weakly founded, as I am aware that the ridicule of late imitators has sufficiently exposed the erring talent of their primitive models.

Improvisation, when it attains, by long and attentive perseverance, that summit of perfection which entitles it to this name, is either a very happy, or a very unfortunate endowment. Let the orator, moved by passion, or the professor, rich in acquired knowledge, employ it rationally, and without outstepping the modesty of nature, and I shall share in his inspiration with delight. But, if a statue of the improvisator undertakes, at my command, to model sounds upon whatever subject I may prescribe to him, I immediately cease to feel the inspiration of his magic, and can only allow him my astonishment. The artifice of the enchanter consists in gaining, by the mechanism of amplification, sufficient leisure to think and reflect as he proceeds.

That luxury of expression, which is produced with so much labour, by the closetted rhetorician, will be found, on the contrary, to be a repose, and assistance to the extemporary speaker, during the tumult of his spontaneous effusions. It is sufficient to observe, that precision, in his mouth, would be at variance with nature, as it would require an effort of mind, of which the human powers are totally incapable. If ever this art become a profession, it will probably be under the auspices of a language that offers little difficulty to composition, little harshness to melody; and which it is difficult to render concise, though capable of all the graces of softness and elegance, and spoken by a people that excel in comprehension and versatility of mind.

Precision, thus modified by the character of men, and the nature of compositions, merits also to be observed, in as far as it regards the progression of languages. Few wants and few ideas cause nations, in their infancy, to converse in the most simple language. If, by chance, a more delicate shade enters their minds, they cannot give us, by their painful circumlocutions, but a very imperfect notion of it; and if they are struck

with the sight of a great object, they cannot express it, but by a common image; for they limit all their experience to a few gross adages, and their recollections to some signs, badly sketched upon stone or metal. I therefore entertain a doubt respecting the pretended beauties which modern travellers are pleased to discover in the expressions and languages of savages, or barbarous states; for these judges confound the sublime with what is simply plain, in the same manner as they have landed, more than once, the deformities of the physical world, under the name of the *picturesque*. Let us not, then, award so easily the honours of precision, to the want of ideas and the difficulties of lapidary writing. Poverty of language is no more allied to precision, than famine to temperance.

The same principle which caused the literature of nations to commence with poetry, has been also the reason why prose, in its compact and precise form, should be preceded by the diffuse style. The law of nations governs also individuals; the vagrant imagination is the property of youth, whilst judicious precision belongs to maturity; and we all acknowledge how novices in the art of writing are accustomed to lose themselves in interminable sentences. Time, as it succeeded, gave to the Greeks, Herodotus before Thucydides, Plato before Aristotle; and to the Romans, Cicero and Titus Livius, before Seneca and Tacitus. A like order is observed in other countries: with the French Balzac and Pellisson, Dr. Aguesseau and Flechier, had displayed their symmetrical expressions before Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Duclos, gave the language a more rapid motion. It is maintained by many that our abandoning the Ciceronian period is a defect in composition, and a sure sign of the decline of the literature of the age. The adoration which has, since the revival of letters, been always paid to the works of the Roman orator, the most of which have been saved from the wreck of antiquity, has given to this opinion the additional force of a great precedent. Without, however, taking any part in this eternal lawsuit between rhetoricians and philosophers, let us

only remark, that style ought to be contracted according to the progress of truth, and the increase of language. Wherever civilization exists, the slightest movement of the mind suffices to give a gradual increase to the number of truths already agreed on. What was obscure at first, becomes clear; what was doubtful, is verified; and a crowd of problems are converted into theorems. Thus, innumerable results are introduced into a language, whether written or spoken as determined formulas, whose whole end seems to have a tendency to abridgment; for we know that in set forms, even in those which are composed of algebraic signs, precision takes the name of elegance. We need not then be surprised, if we see a proposition which cost Cicero many sentences, couched in a few words by Seneca; for the former commenced the philosophical education of the Romans with the borrowed talent of the Greeks, and the latter concluded with the notions which Rome had acquired. The contraction so remarkable in the style of Seneca is the necessary effect of time and circumstances, and ought not to be imputed, either in a good or bad sense, to the preceptor of Nero.

If we apply the parallel between Cicero and Seneca to the epochs of French literature, we shall find that one simple phrase from the pen of Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, or the president Henault, contains often the substance of long sentences of the seventeenth century. Why should they explain what every one knew, or where was the necessity of explaining what no one entertained a doubt of? The precision of the latter writers arose almost without their perceiving it, from the progress of knowledge, the vulgar application of exact sciences, the intelligence exercised at lectures, and the more general maturity of society. I do not deny, however, that, among the writers which preceded them, such as Montaigne, Bossuet, Cardinal Retz, and Madame Sévigné, we meet occasionally with some specimens of an admirable precision; but you may easily perceive that these belonged to the

turn of genius, or the vivacity of the mind, and not to the habitual texture of the style. I speak not of Bruyere, otherwise so energetic and precise, because this moralist, being in a great degree exempt from those conditions which constitute style, should be viewed less in the light of a writer than an excellent engraver of thoughts. The revolutions of style offer commonly a succession of three ages. For the want of ideas and words, we at first write little, and that after in indifferent manner:—this is the age of indigence. We afterwards abandon ourselves to the use of all our faculties, and write well and in great quantities:—this is the age of abundance. At last, overburdened with the weight of our acquired riches, we see the necessity of refining and ridding our stores in classes, for the purpose of enjoying them:—this is the age of order and precision. It cannot yet be maintained that we have arrived at the last mentioned period, but it is what we anxiously desire, and which no doubt we will soon approach. At present nothing stronger can be advanced in favour of the complaint against prolixity, than the sight of our immense libraries. It is found by calculation, that printing adds yearly to these vast mountains of composition at least forty thousand volumes of new works, of which England, France, and Germany are accused of furnishing not less than the one half. In the midst of these halls of books, where the mind pauses and shudders, as if approaching the brink of a precipice, who would not feel happy if he could separate from the ever increasing chaos what is really useful and agreeable? In waiting, then, for an intellectual reformation which may abridge works, it is but just to observe, that we begin already to receive books under such material transformations as to render them in a considerable degree less heavy and incommodious than in their original forms. Thus the age perceives so well the necessity of precision, that for the want of it in reality it amuses itself with the appearance.

D. D.

THE FEIRIN VASAL.

AN OLD WIFE'S LEGEND.

Poes empizze,
Concalh'ng pae el delo,
Haga mayot

CALDERON.

I.

HIGH hills and crags, and laughing streams,
And plains of mingled waste and bloom—
A sun that wraps his drowsy beams
In a cold shroud of humid gloom.
A garden and a wilderness,
A place of beauty and desolateness,
A grateful and a barren soil,
Are thine and mine, my native Isle!
Mother of brave sons and fair daughters,
Land of rent cliffs, and bounding waters.

II.

Thou seest not in the summer shine,
Of the ripe year thy valleys glowing,
With the rich offerings of the vine,
The fairest wealth of nature's growing.
The rain clouds cling around thine hills,
Thy heaven is dim and thy sunlight chills;
But thy children have gifts of a higher kind,—
The warmth of heart, and the light of mind,
And the beauty and the bloom which heaven
Denied to thee, to those are given!

III.

And I was fair even in that land,
Upon my brow sat beauty's spring,
The mountain snow was like my hand,
My hair was like the raven's wing.
But I am sadly changed!—That brow,
Is shrunk and dark—those tresses, now,
Are dank and grey with grief and years,
For I have lived a life of tears!
The last words of my youth are spoken,
My hope is killed, my heart is broken!

IV.

We dined together one hallow even,
In our small cot beside yon wood;
Where no sound, save the winds of heaven,
Talked with us in our solitude.
My sisters, brethren, mother, sue,

Laughed with me round our turf-fire;
 But ere the winter sleet was gone,
 My mother and I sat there alone,
 And spoke of our old loves now sleeping,
 With memories too deep for weeping.

V.

I was young and careless then,
 And soon forgot my sighs and tears;
 But my mother never laughed again,
 Her grief had pined her more than years.
 I was her pride, from morn to night,
 With something like a new delight,
 She watched the burgeon of my spring,
 And smiled even in her sorrowing;
 And said, though cold and heavy-hearted,
 Her comfort was not all departed.

VI.

Oh! how my soul and frame had burned,
 Had any told me while I hung
 Around her bosom when she mourned,
 The loneliness I feared—and clung;
 More closely in that fear—that I
 Should leave her love for infamy;
 Bid mine own mother from my side,
 And be so cold a particle,
 In guilt and shame and splendour flying,
 To leave my last friend thus and dying.

VII.

And yet I left her! In her day
 Of age—unchilded and alone,
 And yet I left her for the gay
 And golden grief of hearts undone!
 But then—Oh! mine was not the same,
 A change came o'er my soul and frame—
 The might of witchery had proved
 My bosom's weakness, and I loved!—
 With an enthusiast's reckless kindness,
 With all a young enthusiast's blindness.

VIII.

Ah! what a mournful thing it is,
 That earth should mar what heaven gave,
 That the best light of human bliss,
 Should shine most bright on virtue's grave;
 Thou seest the towers in yon retreat,
 The Masque that here sings at our feet,
 Sweeps under the grey walls smilingly,
 In joy and sin there lived I—
 My days of innocence were over,
 And I lived only for my lover.

IX.

I sat beside that stream one even,
 When its lithe shallows clustered boon,
 Between me and the silent heaven,
 Where in her youth, the summer moon,
 Fair o'er the eastern summit rose,
 To smile upon the dead repose

That lay on nature's fairest things,
And folded all, save fancy's wings;
But those were lightest in that hour,
And waked in cottage and in bower.

X.

My lover was not near me then,
And mine for once were free to roam,
They wander'd to Ringmoorlan's glen,
They wandered to my ancient home.
I thought upon its solitude,
Its stilly scenes of field and wood;
I thought upon our beechen grove,
And I thought on my mother's love;
A rush of fear and pain came o'er me,
I raised mine eyes—she stood before me!

XI.

I scarcely knew that form—so wild—
Withered—and worn into the scar.
“My daughter!—my own—only child,
Hush thee,” she said, “and take no care,
But tell me, was I quite forgot?
Indeed? and our old peaceful cot?
Oh! if thou art not fixed in ill,
Oh! if thou dreamest of virtue still,
Though thou hast sown for me in sadness,
I bring thee fruits of hope and gladness.

XII.

“Look on this silken belt, a spell
Of mighty power is circled here,
Myself have proved its virtue well,
In hours of sorrow and of fear:
'Twas won from Magha's Mount afar,
The Fairy Castle of Flavar—
Wear it, and fly! The maid, around
Whose arm this silken belt is bound,
Shall walk secure 'mid perilous chances,
From love's light wiles and evil glances.

XIII.

“Wear it, and fly with me, my daughter!
And be all pure and holy yet,
From evil things of earth and water,
'Twill serve thee for thine amulet.
But if thine heart is fixed, in ill,
And will be gay and guilty still;
If mother, home, and innocence,
Are lighter than thy lover's glance;
Then cast it forth upon the river,
And run wed thee! and for ever!”

XIV.

She paused—and kneeling at my side,
Drew from her breast the silken charm,
And wept and trembled while she tied
The Feirín Véal on my arm:
The chill spread to my heart and brain,
I tore the spell away again.

To lose my love!—To live, and feel
No more for him!—'Twas horrible:
I would not give my sickness over,
To walk in health and have no lover!

XV.

"I have no part in this," I said,
"Thou sayest mine innocence is gone,
My loveliness of spirit fled,
And I am grown a stained one.
It may be guilt—it may be sin,
That burneth—wasteth all within
My heart, and darkeneth all above;
I know but this—I love—I love!
And I *must* love, until that spirit
Its earthless nature shall inherit."

XVI.

There is a moment in our fate,
When all that rests of good or ill,
To our succeeding life is set,
In balanced pause 'tween woe and wail;
I knew 'twas with me, as I raised
My arm, and o'er the water gazed,
And I shrunk back and closed mine eyes,
And my heart bounded violently;
I cast it forth upon the river,
And I was ruined! and for ever!

XVII.

A mother's curse! a mother's curse!
It rings upon my hearing now—
I could not stay its dreadful force,
I shrunk before her frown and brow.
Fixed in the fellness of despair,
I could not brook that iron stare;
My sense was troubled—but each word
Of that destroying ban I heard,
Through brain and heart and bosom thrilling,
Solemnly said, and dark, and chilling!

XVIII.

"As thou hast left thy mother's side,
And made her last days comfortless,
As thou hast turned thee in thy pride,
To walk in ways of sinfulness,
Cursed be thy hope in these, as mine
Hath been in thee!—and mayest thou pine,
Whileas the heart thou lookest should bless,
Shall jeer thee in thy loneliness!
A mother's blood fall quick upon thee,
And the curse of a broken heart be on thee!"

XIX.

I started from my trance—what, gone?
Already?—She is speaking yet!
Oh! heaven—how fearfully alone!
I felt! how very desolate!
I shrieked her name to the solitude,
But the sounds died on the still flood,

The Feirin Vasa!

205

I tall'd again, in hope, in fear,
She heard me not—or would not hear!
And the river wind spoke to me only,
A warning voice, and wild, and lonely!

XX.

I wandered by the river bank;
Though skillless of his journey, the dew
Fell cold—and heavily—and came
Upon my breast, and chilled it through.
I wandered by my father's tomb,
And paused before it in the gloom,
And a still voice came from the grave,
Words which the lip of memory gave,
With anxious heart and bosom swelling,
I came unto mine ancient dwelling.

XXI.

XXII.

And, strange to say, within that hand,
Clasp'd in the writhe of the death pain,
I saw the spell—the fatal band,
The Feirin Vasa laid again!
The river damp yet round it lingers,
I strove to wind it from the fingers;
But it was done! the time was past!
And the dead cold hand clasp'd it fast!
I made too late the wild endeavour,
My sentence had been sealed for ever!

XXIII.

And all that fearful cup of pain,
Those dead lips named for after years,
Was quickly filled for mine to drain,
A sad draught of the heart's own tear!
And I have felt the terrible
And desolate pang which fond hearts feel,
When the beloved object flings
The chill of scorn o'er their hot stings,—
I saw mine on his death-bed lying,
And he blessed another's name in dying.

XXIV.

My eye is sunk, my cheek is pale,
My brow is marked with suffering;
My heart holds many a mournful tale,
Since that first blight came on its spring;
But now that heart is wither'd,
The keenness of its grief is fled,
And time hath hush'd my memory
In the terrible peace of apathy!
I may not sigh and weep for ever,
But shall I smile again? oh! never.

who are accustomed to harangue the idle and unlettered, who come to pass a vacant hour with vacant-pated newsmongers, you possess a glib cant which just suffices for a trade-meeting dinner, and you glean injudiciously from the common-place declamation of very common people, bribery and corruption, ruin and destruction, bigotry and priestcraft, holy slaves, legitimacy, sacred rights, &c. &c. Ferdinand the beloved, and Lottie (now no more) the desired of his people, have, for years, been the standing dishes for bad taste, the offals for the dogs of society; to mark these out for derision requires nothing but memory and effrontery, and where the former has failed you in point of truth and connection, the latter has most ably seconded you. In many instances you may carry your point in a stage-coach or a public-house, but in many you may meet with the chastisement which you merit; you have spared no rank or condition, trade or profession, with the roguery of which two last you seem to be perfectly acquainted; but let me tell you one thing, Sirs, the greatest rogue of all is a *rogue in gram*." "Come out, *gentlemen*, step out if you please," (from the *cad*), relieved the culprits, and we all stepped *off* before them without salutation, or bidding farewell. They were the last *set down*, but the *set*

down which they got from the same man was the most to be remembered, and might be a useful lesson. In public vehicles and meetings of men, appearances cannot be trusted, and a prudent man never advances that which may offend another, nor aims at a preeminence or taking the lead, where it is impossible that the rank or talents of his companions can be known to him.

The *triumph* of these stage-coach orators did not end there; one of them refusing to give the *cad* a trifle to drink, drew down upon him the unceremonious remarks of the disappointed claimant. "A pretty gentleman indeed! shall I treat you to a pint if you please? Coaches, that's a Birmingham (pronounced *Bummi-jum*), *gentlemen*, all chaff, sn't he?" His choler rose, and he was about to return, but his companion persuaded him that *cad* was below his notice; on his proceeding forward, a loud laugh *marked* the estimation in which he was held by them all. The man upon two sticks got on very lightly after his victory, and was nearly out of sight; the builder went into the Britannia to wet his clay, joining in the laugh at the corn-dealer, whilst I stood still for a moment contemplating the dramatic personæ and ruminating on the adventures of a stage-coach, being, from circumstances, A STAGE-COACH TRAVELLER.

SONNET.

SHE lay in the deep shadow of a bank,
That rose between her and the sunset's eye
Of parting comfort; and the long grass drank
Her tears, mix'd with the chill dew of the sky;
Whilst the soft infant at her bosom shrank
Inly from its cold couch and canopy:
Yet all unsmooth was its querulous cry;
For hunger sate on the pale mother's lips,
Wringing them into silence, or involving
Heart, soul, and body in one dull eclipse,—
Fru'ning them in a frost past all dissolving,—
Save when a thought of the false father fled,
Roused her, in madness, from her desolate bed,
As at hell's horrors wake the unforgotten dead.

25. *Edinburgh*

MODES OF IDOLATROUS FAITH.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those aerial genii who delight in an extensive range, through the spiritual atmosphere which encircles the globe, on which this immense city of London makes so conspicuous a figure.

The range of flight allotted to me, although extensive, has its bounds. So far, and no farther can I go. At one time I soar aloft, and survey those things which are hid from creatures of the earth; and, like the eagle looking at the sun, seek truth from its primal source. Thence descending, I skim over the earth, sometimes perching on the steeples of high churches, and thence beholding the busy throng below. Oh, when I have descended, letting my wings fall gently on my back, I walk among mankind, and contemplate their actions and intentions. But after these delightful flights I am again forced to return, and to inhabit, for a term to me unknown, a certain house which, ere I conclude, shall be described.

In these earthly rambles I have perceived that modes of faith are numerous. I do not in these few lines mean to speak of religious faith of any kind; because having descended, I treat only of earthly things.

The first grand mundane faith that my physiognomick power notices, is faith in the state. All such believers have about them, even in the peculiar linaments of their countenance, a sort of important magisterial air. They appear full of perception and wrath; ever ready to spy out and punish all who differ from themselves—who are the least inclined to introduce any new doctrine for the regulation of men's fortunes. Such they call damnable heretics!

The second great faith, most conspicuous, resides in those who place faith in a face. They have often a cadaverous or sepulchral aspect; purse up their mouths, while the purses of their pockets are equally tied up against every generous action. Their eyes look flat and heavy, and their whole aspect is forbidding and unamiable.

The third class are so very nu-

merous, that it would occupy too much of your valuable paper to specify the whole of them. I will therefore notice a few of the most conspicuous, beginning at the crown of the head, and descending to the sole of the foot.

First, we observe, *faith in a face*, with its various branches, and the faces thereto belonging.

The low crown and broad brim are held in estimation by the grave, sedate, and speculative.

The *sovereign*, with a broad crown tapering to the band, generally thatches the pates of governing visages. But this rule has exceptions too numerous to mention.

The *inextinguishable*, another species of broad brim, worn only by a peculiar class of cognoscenti.

The amateurs of this hat have generally a pleasant, lively, microscopical vision; and their whole features pourtray the faculty of perception. But sometimes it covers a head "that would be knowing;" and here is also an exception to this general rule.

The next in order is, *faith in cravat, stock, &c.* with the ties and their various denominations. The votaries of these black, blue, white, coloured, or pink kerchiefs tie the idols are distinguished by the peculiar position of the head.

The high, stiff, wire or cane stock, is generally adopted by the invincibles, or by them who would be esteemed as such.

The next set, of varied colour, and fancy tie, is worn by the ants, or men of business, or by the summer insects—the butterfly of mankind.

But the plain "kerchief tie, without any stiffening," may be observed as the distinction of the seventeenth century Dons, "full of wisdom and modern instances."

The heads of the first class are thrown back—their chins advanced and elevated—their aspect lofty and determined, some with the reality, and others with the appearance, of these qualities.

The heads of the second class wag about in every direction in search of gain or pleasure, while the third class have the hinder part of the head generally elevated, and the

countenance looking downwards, as if busied in some profound contemplation. Next to civility comes

Faith in a waistcoat; and first, they who prefer a military aspect have their waistcoats cut out resembling a cullass, and hooked up to the chin.

Secondly, they who expose their ardent bosoms to the fair, with the warmth of energy which comes from wind, and rain, wear their waistcoats open.

Thirdly, there is a species of faith to be found in those waistcoats of ample capacity, whatever their quality and colour, which adorn and enclose the paunches of those "big bellied" "aldermanic" personages who are exhibited on Shakspeare's stage.

Faith in coats also exists. There is the importance of a "peas fit," a well shaped and tight waist, as well as the broad skirted loose made surcoat like coats, preferred by grave signiors.

But now that I am about to treat of faith in those garments of various shapes and colour that adorn the legs of mankind, such a wide field for the various branches of this faith opens to my view, that time and space will only permit me to remark briefly on this.

There is faith in the loose trousers and tight pantaloons. In those that are gathered, pleated, or pucker'd, and in such an array. Also in the old fashioned breeches breeding of all kinds and qualities. And it is remarkable, that in great part the faith attached to this species of garment in these realms, that a certain portion of his Majesty's subjects (amidst the highlands of Scotland) were, a long time ago, obliged, contrary to their natural inclination, to wear breeches!!!

Of hoseery I shall say but little.

Stockings are generally concealed from the sight, at least in the costume of a gentleman, and to them form no object of external worship. But among countrymen, faith is placed in, and delight arises from, the exhibition of white, grey, and blue yarn, worsted, and cotton hose.

Shoes and boots are the next articles of consideration, and faith exists even in these minor parts of dress. Equine and narrow toes—high and low heels, and in straight and crooked soles.

But all are crooked souls who worship any of these idols. If they wish to know on what object to place true faith, let them seek and they will find, to their unspeakable satisfaction,

Before I take my leave of you, Mr. Editor, I will inform you more particularly of the nature of the being who has addressed you. It is common to call men, though all do not give credit it deserves.

I am a mortal, for a certain term, and the precise extent is unknown, to me) to inhabit a house of clay. When the grand architect, who is also my landlord, gives me notice to quit, I shall be very thankful, for I find it an expensive establishment to maintain; causing me often much care and anxiety. But this is not all; I have other buildings to look after and keep in repair, of very frail nature, liable to be damaged, shaken, or blown down, by every storm that blows.

But enough of this. When I take occasional flights, if you are inclined, Mr. Editor, to give them publicity in your pages, I shall be happy to write you an account of them.

And am, your friend,

THE GENIUS OF THE ROCK.

ON THE VARIOUS USES OF CUFFS AND BLOWS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

In Otaheite, says Mr. Bourgainville, the surgeon, when he wishes to bleed a patient, comes with a sharp edged cutgut, strikes him gently over the head, and when a sufficient quantity of blood has been

captioned, binds up the wounds, washes them with spring water the following morning, and the patient is generally recovered; probably because the whole operation is performed so near the equator.

In the Philippine Islands, they have a certain remedy for the colic and head-ache. After thrashing the patient lustily, they wash the wound with salt water, and then phlebotomize.

Many nations recover strangled and intoxicated persons by the application of hard blows on the soles of the feet, and certain fleshy parts of the body.

When any one has a bone sticking in his throat, or an ulcer in his lungs, or his mouth stretched wide open, it has been discovered that nature requires nothing more than a violent blow upon the back, or behind the ear of the sufferer, to cure her of her freak.

It is well known that hard blows are the most efficacious remedy in every stage of insanity; through them the soul is awakened, and the energies of the mind stimulated to healthy action. With fools and blockheads it is another matter; as Solomon says, "You may punish them in a mortar, and they will still remain entire."

So much of the cudgel, regarded as *materia medica*. In the moral world its utility, in conjunction with the ferula and the birch, is too palpable to be overlooked. In our English schools, especially, it has been said, that knowledge and good manners are introduced like a certain medicinal remedy, *a posteriori*; and the following sublime effusion of some poet, whose view had been opened *de la manière pédagogique*, is quoted as proof of the assertion. It was on the occasion of drinking a glass of Birch Champagne:

"Oh Birch! thou cruel, bloody tree,
"I'll be at last revenged of thee;
"Oh dost thou drink the blood of mine,
"Not far an equal draught of thine!"

It is well known, how much the scourge has contributed to the extinction of the brutifying passions of our natives among Basil's priests, the *Bumpe*, *Flagellants*, and *Securists*.

Many lawgivers, and among others Lycurgus himself, suffered the youth of both sexes in behaviour each other with their fists. In order thereby to make, not only the body, but the mind more virtuous and brave. To beat and to punish, was the same thing among the ancients.

Among the troops of all ages and nations, the cudgel has invariably proved the most effectual promoter of order and discipline. The Greek and German Alexander's first, conquered the soldiers with the stick, and the soldiers, under its shadow, subdued the world. The Romans cudgelled with a vine stick. To reprove and to punish, were synonymous terms.

While the private enjoyed the dry, hard wood, the officer drank the juice of its grape, and by their mutual co-operation and exertions, Rome obtained the mastery of the world. Our present system is pretty similar. What would be the use of the Marshall's staff if it were not a cudgel?

In Japan they cudgelled their idols when any thing befel the high priest, and it was found to be of service.

"Thou thy wife and thy corn thou worships," says Sancho, "and all will go well."

The ancient Egyptians painted Osiris with a cudgel and a whip in his hand upon the same conviction, and every body knows, that in Greece the arts and sciences flourished under the brandished cudgel.

Montesquieu relates in his "Esprit des Loix," that among the ancient Persians it was the custom to punish with stripes, not the offender himself, but their clothes; and the enemy had so taken the Persians in hand as to put a period to their existence. In Europe a different custom prevails: they cudgel the clothes, but take especial care to select an opportunity while the owner is absent. In the military exercise, however, they go to the other extremities, to the very opposite of the Persian custom, namely, they strip the offender and flog him, while his clothes are lying unattended at a distance. And yet the Persians effected more with their system than we do with ours. To men, in general, those punishments are not so severe which consist of both pain and disgrace, as those which consist of disgrace only. The reason is easily to be found. The infliction of pain gives punishment the appearance of revenge, and revenge gives the offender an air of insolence. Besides, pain awakens

pity, and the pity of the spectators is always encouraging to the criminal. When disgrace alone is the punishment, there is nothing of all this. Disgrace is in the hands of justice, what silent contempt of an opponent is in common life.

The Romans considered blows with a stick or cane so degrading, that when Cicero, on the occasion of Gabinius, said, "A Roman citizen was stricken with rods;" the people wept. Boxes on the ear stood not at so high a price. The laws of the Twelve Tables punished them merely with a fine, and that too of very small amount. Taking advantage of this, a rich citizen of Rome used to amuse himself by walking along the streets, and giving every person he met a box on the ear, then instantly paying the fine for each offence. Thus we see that Rome was not without her gentlemen.

Chilperic, it is said, was murdered for striking his wife with a stick, and Amalaric lost his kingdom and his life for the same reason. The wife of the latter was a sister of Childebert, King of France.

Not a very long time ago, a German officer in Genoa, gave a porter a blow with a stick; a general uproar was the consequence, and all

the foreign troops were thrust out of the city by the populace.

Charlemagne had in his code of laws a certain tariff of blows and cuffs, with their respective fines annexed. "One item, as something to this effect—"Whoever shall strike a piece of a priest's skull off, of such a size that when a shield of metal is struck with it, the sound can be heard three paces off, he shall pay a fine of five silvera."

The manumitting cuff was, as with us, the dismissal for the handicraftsman, and a blow of honour hurt as little as the blows which make our knights.

The avenging cuff has always been in great repute among us, although its value is regulated by the patrician or plebeian quality of the ear it lights upon. They may be quoted from Zero to the loss of life.

It is somewhere stated, that an old English law distinguishes whether the cuff be given with the positive or negative side of the hand. Those applied with the back are not so degrading, or so dear, probably, because those given with the flat side of the hand are generally dealt with "malice aforethought," and with infinitely better aim and effect.

S.

LITERARY REVIEWS.

THE *Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews*, the leading journals of the critical press, are distinguished less by candour and good feeling than by ability; and yet, with all their flow of talent, their principal hold on popularity is owing to their being the organs of the two great political parties in the state.

Whig and Tory, it is true, are not so formidable sound as in the early days of our fathers; the parties which are still distinguished under these names have now somewhat of social intercourse with each other; the spirit of the Tory occasionally migrates to its neighbour, and, in the zeal against the Radical can be perceived its influence upon the Whig; yet with all this occasional blandishment, a tinge of hereditary

character remains; they have approximated a great deal, but have not yet relinquished their peculiar claims to distinction.

To preserve an unanimity in thinking, as well as in design; to give a bond to each party, it is material that literary work should be engaged in, from which their peculiar political doctrines are not to be gleaned, but, what is of more importance to men who follow implicitly their leaders, the rules of political discipline. Mr. Jeffrey and Mr. Gifford are the individuals to whom this task was for many years respectively allotted; and I understand they were not disposed to be nominal editors, but exercised their censorial authority over their distinguished contemporaries, with occa-

sionally assisted in their literary undertakings.

I have described those journals as differing in political pursuits: with regard to the means they take to accomplish their objects they are even more dissimilar.

Every antiquated system of government is sure of an advocate in the Quarterly. A century of misrule is venerable in its eyes—around some old and tottering system it twines itself with a servile dexterity, and triumphs in boasted security, while the bystanders view the base giving way, and the edifices about to fall into ruin. Not so the Edinburgh—it travels to the other extreme: with it wisdom is not wisdom if it be old: it treats antiquity with scorn; and one who would take the Edinburgh for a guide, might be led to suppose that but a very imperfect beam of literary or scientific intelligence had shone on the world until Sir Walter Scott had produced his poetical Romances, and Adam Smith his doctrine of Political Economy. These would no doubt be strange opinions for plain men to digest; but their logic would be answered by jest, and they would be deemed quite unsophistical if they hesitated to admit, that the principles of government and the rules of literary criticism, like the wonders of the air-pump and the powers of the steam-engine, were not modern discoveries.

It may seem strange to say of the leading critical journals of Great Britain, that their articles are generally clever *essays*, and yet frequently but indifferent *reviews*. This proceeds not from want of talent, but of inclination. The writers are more fond of showing off themselves, than of exhibiting the talents or views of their neighbours: they select a little from a recent work, to head an article, but what follows is rather a discourse upon the subject of the work, than what might reasonably be expected, a *critique* on the manner which it was treated. This is frequently the case. An officious assurance seldom separates from them. In almost every line is met the pronoun *we*, introduced in the most authoritative manner. This is certainly unfair treatment to both authors and read-

E. M. June, 1825.

ers: but the former class would have less reason to complain if these writers treated them with supercilious neglect. Some expression of generous enthusiasm is eagerly fastened on by the wily reviewer; an attempt is made to amuse the reader at the expense of good feeling and good taste; and a national reflection is perhaps substituted for lack of argument or criticism.

Agreeing in little, those journals differ materially in their mode of unjustifiable attack. That of the Edinburgh is terse, studied, and, though malignant, presents a cheering contrast to that of the Quarterly. With the last, the intervals from exhausted exertion are filled up with the basest and vilest invective. These rival reviewers have each a favourite in literature. Mr. Southey is the hero of the one; Sir Walter Scott the knight of the other:—two great names, yet their eminence in literature is not their only recommendation. Mr. Southey is the Laureat; illiberal in politics, with a dark fanatic intolerance, which he has mixed up with a great deal of nonsense in a pensioned Ode. The Quarterly evidently breathes the air of the treasury; it is often coarse, and generally an illiberal journal. Wesley, and Southey, his biographer, are its exact prototypes. No doubt Sir Walter Scott's political partialities, or rather his ultra politics, which, in one instance at least, he took an indispensable mode to exhibit, are a considerable drawback with the Edinburgh; but he is a Scotchman, and this atones in a great degree, for his political peccadillos. The favourable and lengthened notices of his poetical compositions show how far national favouritism can go, and what it can tolerate. It is really amusing to observe to what lengths this partiality can carry even the writers of critical dissertations. When the knight's stream of poetical legend seemed exhausted, (and which, considering the velocity with which it flowed, was not extraordinary,) and fame gave him to the world as the author of a popular novel, a fresh garland was to be proposed—and hear it, all ye men south of the Tweed!—Shakspeare, that hitherto unapproached name in literature,

found a compeer, in the opinion of a writer in a Scotch review, in the Author of *Waverley*! Condemning, as I do, the profane manner in which I observed a sacred subject treated in the Edinburgh, and disgusted with their silly national boasting, yet with all their high opinion of themselves and their friends, and their very low estimate of those out of the pale of their franchises, with all their literary and political wanderings, I admit the writers in the Edinburgh have accomplished a great deal; they have, in many instances, corrected the national taste; and if they have not given a higher, they have given a more correct, because a more decided, tone to public opinion.

It is impossible to part with either of these reviews in praise. It will be perceived that they have erected literary despotisms in the country; that they frequently dispose of authors, not by any law or standard of criticism, but by the stern decree of their will, and that will influenced by caprice or ill-humour. I wish this bad system to be done away.

The Quarterly will likely hold to it by a firm grasp; it may perhaps threaten and bluster about revolution; but it has not even prescription in its favour. The Edinburgh, with a more liberal spirit, will, I trust, lead the way, and the example will likely influence its neighbour. But if both persevere in their bad course, the empire of criticism, which is in a great degree divided between them, will likely pass to other hands. Men of letters will not long submit to such arbitrary and capricious authorities; for criticism, whatever mistaken or perverted minds may imagine, ought neither to be pert, nor dull, nor abusive. Reviewers may be obliged to give wholesome censure, but the rights and feelings of authors ought not to be outraged or disregarded. But what will these lessons of candour and moderation avail? Will the stubborn temper of the Quarterly listen to reproof? Will the self-sufficiency of the Edinburgh hear of amendment?

J. F.

THE UTILITY OF LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION TO YOUNG MEN VISITING PARIS.

THE best letter that any man can take to any place is a letter of credit, although some exquisites now o' days travel upon a *lettre de licence*; next to a letter of credit, (on such a house for instance as Lafitte's,) a letter of recommendation, or, more correctly speaking, a letter of introduction, is much to be desired; a young man visiting Paris requires one as a most essential point, else he may be fleeced by hotel keepers, picked up by adventurers of all countries, (and none more dangerous than those of his own,) he may fall into bad company, male and female, without knowing it, and, after all, he may pass his time uncomfortably, pacing the Tuileries alone, strolling in the Palais Royal until he is induced to visit the public gaming table, where, surrounded by sharpers and other tarnished characters, he loses his money and his reputation together, or he may kick his heels at Meurice's expensive ho-

tel, get acquainted with the English who frequent the table d'hôte there, and leave Paris as great an ignoramus as he was when he stretched his neck to admire *la Porte St. Denis*, and marvelled at the rope harness, leather hats and jack boots of his driver, and at the vicious third horse with a wicker basket over his nose to prevent him from biting; and it will be well for honest John if this be the only *bite* he meets with; for, if introduced, he associates only with the English of his hotel, or even those gregarious animals with whom he may meet at Veuy's, Beauvillier's, les trois l'renes Praimceaux, the Caffé Hardy, or at Tortoni's, he will never think of examining what may give intellectual pleasure, nor will ever be able to form a just idea of the great metropolis, much less of the nation at large; so that he will return to his native land, having learned merely the names of the principal actors and

actresses, having visited each theatre, and paraded from the Boulevard de Coblentz to the Barriere de l'Etoile a score of times, on horseback or in a cabriolet hired from honest* Drake, the English horse-dealer, or in an open or close *voiture de Remue*, for we allude to travellers of a class not likely to go about in hackes, or the dirty street cabriolets with a man and a pipe by his side; the letter of introduction is therefore a *sine qua non*, in order to reap benefit from a trip to Paris, unless the nobleman or gentleman has a travelling companion, or tutor with him, a man of science, agreeable manners, a linguist, good tempered, and one quite at home in the best circles in Paris, or elsewhere, pitched upon to visit: the letter of recommendation is the only substitute for such a character, but never answers the same purpose, for a travelling friend is always at your elbow, and cannot neglect you, whereas those to whom travellers are recommended are very uncertain in that point. The letter, or letters obtained, (and one good one is preferable to many indifferent ones,) the next point is to decide upon what is the best introduction in Paris, what the most preferable person to introduce a young man of fortune and fashion to; is it to one of the emigrants (however high his, or her rank,) on whom the writer of the introductory letter may depend, on account of long acquaintance, good character, and, above all, the gratitude due to British hospitality and benevolence? Certainly not; Monsieur le Marquis, or Monsieur le Comte, will be of very little use, because, if reinstated in any thing like splendour, his pride will be intolerable; he will indulge in golden dreams of future times and power, of absolute rule and of court favour, will forget the debt of gratitude contracted, and consider the bearer of the letter in question as an importunate dun, calling upon him to pay back a part of his arrears; his politeness will be great, but his hospitality very little; if the bearer of the *promissory note* (for the emigrants have pledged themselves to many to repay their services at the restoration of the legitimate

dynasty,) partake of one ostentatious dinner, he need not complain; but after that, the noble is always either on duty, at court, indisposed, or *en campagne*, and on the other hand, if the returned emigrant is in moderate circumstances, (growing very probably out of money made professionally in England, British half pay, savings, &c.) he will plead poverty, except your civilities and treats, but never ask you to breakfast; add to which, he is old, he does not keep a carriage, he is not over amused with being the *cucuron* to a stranger, and he views every thing with so jaundiced an eye, that the traveller cannot expect a fair account of any thing. Is the letter addressed to Madame la Comtesse, or Madame la Baronne, the case is worse; if at her ease, she still has acquired a great love for money during *l'emigration*, so that no dinner may be expected, and that you are too happy to make an obscure one at a Soiree, where *Condems bleus et Cardons rouges, Chevaliers de St. Louis*, and Knights of Malta, superannuated abbots, and lumber-lost generals in the costume of our grandfathers, curls, tail and all, crowd a room, where the odour of the lily is overcomng, and aristocracy the order of the day; where all is *l'extreme drate*, and to talk of *la chaire* would be a passport to the door; a grand and gloomy evening may thus be spent, with a promise of protection, and a visiting card dropped from an old fashioned vehicle, and then "*good by to you, Monsieur n'en tenez pas.*" Or if the introduction be given to a *redoutant elegante*, she will very briefly give you your *conge plein de regrets* that she cannot receive you, she is a dependent on Maman, mon oncle, mon cousin, or on some other relation, and she cannot see any interest in presenting you to them. If a letter of recommendation to an emigrant avails so little, what might be expected from one addressed to one of the *extreme gauche*, supposing, *par hazard*, that he had visited England since the peace, or had been a prisoner, on parole, ever so well treated? the whole would end in an exchange of

* When we say honest, we mean as honest as horse-dealers in general are.

cards, and the letter bearer might not consider himself as unlucky if it was not an exchange of shots, so much do the Bonaparteans French detest the English, whose army of occupation humbled and annoyed them, and whose success at *Vaterloo*, or *Mont St. Jean*, (as they generally call it,) has rendered them odious to themselves, their apparent successors, heirs and assigns; if, by accident, they give the stranger a *dejeuner*, or come in contact with him in society, he may expect a *tirade* on *My lord Vilainton*, a misrepresentation of our battles, and a flat accusation of having poisoned "*notre Empereur*" at *St. Helena*. The last resource there is, an introduction to an Englishman at Paris, the advantages of which we are about to describe. A young man of high family visited Paris, being the bearer of half a dozen introductory letters, one to an English earl, a second to an artist, a third to a French advocate, a fourth to an emigrant countess, a fifth to a French physician, and the last to a fashionable young Englishman, who had been for three years in Paris, and who was so completely master of the language, and so fond of the *gaietés* of that capital, that he professed a repugnance to returning home. The young traveller enquired for the peer, he had left Paris, for Florence; he next waited upon his stylish countryman, and threw the other four letters, as useless incumbrances, into the fire; nothing could suit his taste so well as the young elegant to whom he was presented by the letter; the son of a baronet, who had formerly been in a regiment of dragoons, who was quoted as a fashionable in gay circles a few years before, a half naturalized Parisian, gay, expensive, all that could be looked for by one whose purse was no impediment to his pleasures, nor to his curiosity. Charles Reginald Poyntz received him with the utmost *politesse*: he enquired kindly after Lady Bertha, the stranger's aunt, recollected many pleasant days passed in Harley-street when the young man was at Trinity College, Cambridge; regretted that the five years of absence, three of which were passed at Paris, had prevented them from being sooner acquainted, but hoped to make up for lost time; lastly, he promised him every

attention on his part, and every exertion to make his stay in Paris pleasant; being a single man, he was dispensed from inviting him to his house, he therefore proposed they should dine together at the grand *Rocher de Cancale*, when a couple of friends would meet them; a most expensive dinner was ordered, the two friends were a poor halfpay British officer and a French officer of good family *à la demi solde*, but who appeared to live in the first style of elegant extravagance: much respect was paid to Mr. Poyntz, who was called *mon colonel* by the waiter, and who wore moustachios, and was dressed in the ultra fashion of a French military dandy. The dinner was excellent: invention seemed to be on the rack to swell the reckoning; but this had no effect on the stranger, who merely imagined that Paris was still dearer than London. After tasting all sorts of wines they left the table, looked into the *Theatre de Feydeau* when the last scene was concluding; the colonel was greeted by many *belles*; he introduced his new friend with much *eclat*; broad eyes were opened, as much as to say, "that is a fat pigeon, let me have a slice thereof." From Feydeau they drove to the *Salon des Etrangers*; there an air of intelligence passed between the *party* and the *child's* guide, but he was advised by the half-pay British officer not to throw away his money, whilst Poyntz lost a pocket full of Napoleons with the utmost composure; stepping into the job carriage, hired by the novice, he said, "This is the way we live," and the novice seemed quite delighted with his company. From Meurice's colonel Poyntz removed his friend into splendid private lodgings; he recommended him to half a score of Parisian tradesmen; he must have linen, clothes, and boots of *Paris fabrique*, although his own were far preferable; he must have a Paris caddie, trinkets innumerable. The companions went the round of restaurateurs, each day increasing the expense. A ball at Mademoiselle Dunan's finished one evening; a *séance extraordinaire* at the Circle Français charmed away another; a ball given at the stranger's expense formed the attractions of a third, previous to which, Poyntz had made up a *diner fin*, served up by Robert, of the first order of *recherche*; wines

iced, and every made dish that *gastro-nomie* and the *Almanac des Gourmands* could combine; this party was a *parti guarée* which procured a very *amiable* female acquaintance to *Johnny Newcome*, (such he was completely made) and who helped him to spend thirty thousand francs in three weeks. A little ruffled by his losses at play, and the capricious temper and ruinous expense of Madame Richecour, whose conquest he was given to understand was a very great honour, and a most flattering circumstance; he feigned illness after dinner one day at the *Cadran bleu*, leaving the ladies (Madame Richecour and Adelaide, the *colonel's* favourite) to go to the opera with the French officer, whilst Poyntz and his co-operating comrade were *tête à tête* over a cigar and *Ponche à la Romaine*, when he heard the latter distinctly reproach the former with not having given him a fair participation in all the good things. "Let us have one evening of private play," said the accused, "of which you shall have a third, and then I deliver him up to you." "Oh, then he will be cleaned out," said the *honest* companion. "Never mind," replied the Anglo-Parisian, "you have had a good many pleasant days, a gold *tabatière*, lots of good dinners, and what with a share in the gros lot, and the *beau reste*, you will not be so badly off." This friendly declaration infuriated the stranger: was it possible

that a man well born and bred could descend so low as to sell a countryman, first in detail to courtesans and tradespeople, and, when he had established a full confidence, to rob him wholesale at a gaming table, or (what is still more fatal) in a party of private players? Was it not horrifying that such a metamorphosis should take place in one who had been an honourable dupe but now was recruiting his fortune by lending himself out to conspirators of the most degrading species? At one moment he was resolved to burst into the room, and to reproach the monster, once the early friend of a part of his family, with his perfidy; but he reflected that he had no witness to the transaction, and that the last resource of a gamester is desperation, as a substitute for courage, and an appeal to the blade or trigger for his justification: flight was his only safety. He therefore left Paris precipitately, leaving a letter couched in terms very mortifying to the *sou d'ant* colonel, and thus escaped farther plunder.

Before a letter of introduction is acted upon, it is highly necessary to know *how* the person is living and what his *actual* character, before confidence can be placed in him, or his services accepted. Happy those who are content with this information by report or advice, and they may depend upon it that "such things are."

SONNET.

WHAT then is life? Is it to toil for gold,
To pamper avarice at expense of joy?
Is it for titles that its peace is sold,
Worthless and wearying as a tale twice told?
To win ambition, vanity! The boy
That rashly sail'd in air and met his fate,
Might tell us these have wings that loose their state.
What then is life? Oh, 'tis to live so well,
That we may deem a shadow the wide world;
To see, yet fear not death, when thunder speaks,
Of the war trump o'er field or citadel,
To meet him on the sea, or when is hurl'd
The fiery anger of dim Etna's peaks;
To smile in hope when we say "farewell world."
Burton Crescent, May, 1825.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE MORAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL WRITINGS OF DR. JOHNSON.

"THE erudition of Dr. Johnson," says our correspondent, "his critical sagacity, and his opinions upon subjects purely literary, and removed from the vortex of his passions, will, in all probability, be esteemed and admired, as long as the English language exists; but it admits of little doubt, that his deportment in social life, and his dogmatism as a writer, would be equally intolerable to the present age. His bigotry would be odious, and his superstition contemptible."

How are we to suppose that Dr. Johnson's bigotry would be odious to the present age, unless the present age be itself free from bigotry? But this our correspondent does not himself admit; and therefore it remains for him to explain how Dr. Johnson's bigotry can be odious to an age of which bigotry forms a distinctive and prominent character. And as to his superstition, it is a false idea to suppose that superstition is contemptible; for if it be, the greater portion of the human race have been, and still are, contemptible. Who were more superstitious than the enlightened Greeks and Romans? and yet what was their superstition but a virtuous weakness? Superstition is the child of ignorance, and therefore founded in human nature, for we are all born ignorant. We come into the world ignorant of cause and effect; and though we possess a moral instinct, that gives us a sense of right and wrong, of vice and virtue, we do not always know whether a particular act be in accordance with the will of that superintending Providence which embued us with this sense. Hence arise doubts, and doubts naturally lead to superstition, by making us timid, and fearful of offending against virtue. Superstition, consequently, is a wish to cling to what is right, and to avoid what is wrong, so that at bottom it is only another name for virtue; for virtue does not depend on a clear perception of what is virtuous, but on a fixed intention of pursuing and practising what appears to

us to be so. The man who sees the right road, but will not follow it, is not the virtuous man, but he who follows the road which appears right to him. Hence the man who performs a bad act with a good intention is a virtuous man, because the act is not bad so far as regards that act of mind from which it originated; while the man who performs a good act with a bad intention is an enemy to virtue, because the act is virtually bad as regards the mind that determined on its commission. To imagine, therefore, that there is any thing contemptible in superstition, is an idle and ignorant opinion; for superstition arises from the love of virtue and religion, and is called superstition only from the errors into which we are led by our ignorance of the real nature of that virtue and of that religion to which we are attached: and if ignorance be contemptible, why, then, we are all contemptible in our youth, and all men living in the state of nature are contemptible also, though the state of nature is that very state in which they were placed by the hands of their Creator; and he who calls that state contemptible of which the Deity approved, must certainly form no high opinion of his omniscience.

But why does our correspondent say, that "the erudition of Dr. Johnson will, in all probability, be admired, while the English language lasts?" Does he suppose it ought to be admired? This would seem his obvious meaning. If then it ought, why think it only probable that it will be so? If it be unworthy of admiration, no reason can be assigned for its probable duration. As a drawback, however, on his erudition and critical powers, he tells us, that "his deportment in social life, and his dogmatism as a writer, would be equally intolerable to the present age." Our correspondent here forgets that he proposed commenting on the writings of Johnson, which have evidently no connection with his deportment in private life. Will he say that Mr.

Abernethy is not a good surgeon, nor Lord Byron a good poet, in consequence of their eccentricities? Indeed, we should think little of the present age, if it took "the deportment" of these great men, "in private life," into consideration, in estimating their respective powers; and we feel confident it does not. If, consequently, we can tolerate the private deportment of a Byron and an Abernethy, we really would deem it unconscionably cruel if we could not tolerate the deportment of Dr. Johnson. Indeed, the common sense of mankind has led them to judge more correctly of the eccentricities of genius than our correspondent; and if the age agreed with him in not tolerating these eccentricities, instead of proving it an enlightened, it would only prove it a barbarous age—though we would not term our correspondent a barbarian for entertaining so singular and whimsical an opinion. We must, however, inform him, that all men of genius are more or less eccentric in their manners, because they cannot bend to the artificial or conventional manners of artificial society; or in other words, because they are the disciples of nature, and prefer being governed by her institutions. What was the deportment of Milton? Was it less rude than that of Johnson? Was not Byron more intolerably rude than ever Johnson was? and yet we tolerate him, and deem his deportment only a stronger evidence of his genius. But why did Byron, why did Johnson, why does Abernethy, depart from the fixed and conventional manners of polished life—from the manners of that circle in which our correspondent appears to move? Why, forsooth, because their minds are too stubborn to yield to artificial influences, because they cannot submit to be imitators, or at least if they imitate, they can only copy after those who themselves copy from nature. A lover of nature is naturally disgusted with artificial manners; and consequently those who conform to them deem him an eccentric, because he is not sufficiently servile to follow in their train. But they are the eccentrics, and not he: he follows nature, they deviate from her, and are consequently eccentrics.

He is called eccentric, only because he adheres to that centre from which they diverge. If he be eccentric in any thing, it is certainly in too strong a disgust, too superlative, or, if superlative will not admit of comparison, a superlative contempt for those who ape each others manners, without ever considering whether these manners be in accordance with nature. The man of genius, or, if we choose to call him, the eccentric man, is the creature of circumstances; he always acts according to the circumstance in which he is placed. He laughs when he is happy; he sighs when he is in grief; he bounds with rapture, or, in other words, he dances, when he hears the enlivening, inspiring strain of the brisk, awakening viol; in a word, he yields to every passion which every circumstance in which he is placed is calculated to excite. Hence he is rude, like Johnson, like Byron, and like Abernethy, when any thing excites him to rudeness, but gentle as the summer breeze, when all around him breathes happiness and delight. Will our correspondent say that such a man is not to be tolerated? that every man should be hunted out of society, who does not conform to the sickly effeminacy of artificial manners? If so, we wish him every happiness of his country refinement; but we must tell him, that we should not select him for the associate of our social hours. A man whose manners are always the same, in all situations, is too tame a being for our society. The studied expression, as well of language as of countenance, is our aversion, because it can never be prompted by nature; and therefore he who is capable of it is the disciple of art, and must claim no alliance with the favourites of nature—or, if the favourites of nature he not understood, he must claim no alliance with men of genius, for such we deem to be the favourites of nature. Men of genius follow the impulse of nature; they yield instinctively to the immediate influences of the situations in which they are placed; and he who imagines that there will ever be an age in which the man of genius will stoop to follow the common herd of mankind on the one side, or the courtly pedantry of fashionable life

on the other, knows but little of the elements that enter into his composition. The man of genius looks down upon vulgar life and vulgar manners, but he is still more disgusted with the artificial refinements and conventional forms of high life. Our correspondent, however, deems no man a man of genius unless he be a perfect gentleman, or, in his idea of a gentleman, unless he be an easy, bowing, bending, elegant, easy, fashionable fop—which a man can easily be, without a grain of solid understanding; or, if it be argued that even a fop may understand many things, without a grain of that species of acute and discriminative understanding which constitutes genius, or if it does not solely constitute it, which is one of its elements, for genius requires *something* beyond mere understanding; but it is not here our business to state what that something is, and therefore we shall suppose our correspondent already acquainted with it.

He next finds fault with Dr. Johnson's "dogmatism." What silken refinement! what elegant prostration! He would expect every writer to advance his opinions with timidity and caution, with fear and trembling. This fear and timidity is very natural in slow paced, tortoise moving minds, who doubt the truth of every position they advance, and are therefore always ready to beg your pardon if they be in error. A dogmatist is he who positively and absolutely insists on the truth of what he advances, but if any man says that two and two make four, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, that the whole is greater than a part, is he not right in insisting upon it? Yet he is a dogmatist for doing so, but if he did not do so, what would he be? Why such a man as our correspondent, who, though he knew what he asserted was right, would, however, sooner acknowledge it wrong than insist upon it, lest he should be called a dogmatist, or, in other words, lest he should not be supposed a gentleman, who always gives way whether right or wrong, that he may not be deemed wanting in politeness.

There never was a writer of great

talent who was not a sceptic in his youth, a dogmatist in his manhood. To arrive to any thing like certainty of knowledge, we should commence by instituting a most severe and rigid scrutiny into our ideas, and conceptions of things. We should even hesitate, even where evidence seemed to reach the force of demonstration. We should exercise all our ingenuity in discovering all the objections that can be possibly made to our positions and conclusions, and lay nothing down as a principle of reasoning which has not been the result of the most analytical investigation. He who arrives to a knowledge of truth in this manner becomes ultimately a dogmatist; because, though he attained this knowledge, through a diffidence or distrust in his own opinions, or through the rigid examination of his opinions, which this diffidence or distrust excited, yet having taken no position for granted that he has not proved, it is natural that he should have greater confidence in the knowledge which he possesses, than he who never put his opinions to so severe a test, and whose knowledge is more the result of conjecture than of demonstration or analytical inquiry. This confidence gives his sentiments and manner that dogmatic air which he who writes by the dim twilight of conjecture and opinion, and who fears at every step he advances he has missed his way, never dares to assume. It is therefore an erroneous opinion, though a very general one, that *genius is naturally diffident*: though it must be admitted that in ascending the hill of science, genius always moves on with fearful and hesitating pace, and apprehends at every step it may be caught in a snare; but having once reached the summit, it exults in its victory, plumes itself in its strength, and having escaped the cloudy regions of ignorance and scepticism, bounds in the pure ether of intellectual illumination. But he who dashes to the summit at once, is immediately dashed down again for his presumption, and ever after holds only the eel of science by the tail. Hence it is not matter of surprise that he should never dare to be a dogmatist.

What our author means by the

next sentence, it is not easy to divine. 'But we will dismiss,' he says, 'as beyond our purpose, both his deportment as man in general, and his style as a writer.' It is our opinion, difficult to conceive how he can do it, as his style as a writer, having to respect him. He is a family spouse of our kind as a writer, but the criticism and style be anonymous, we must confess we ignore the meaning of other term, because each would stand for an idea which we never attached to it.

But the mind and action of Johnson's character, and as a man, is certainly a different thing present:

A few writers in the English language, that have obtained any celebrity among polite and educated people, and no such writers since the reign of Queen Anne, can less bear an imputation, to pursue than Dr. Johnson. His faults both of commission and of omission are serious and innumerable, and their pernicious effects are chiefly upon religion and morality. The generous mind of youth is impugned and disgusted at the petty meaness and servility of his sentiments upon all subjects relating to politics and to governments, and then seeks relief in real systems of perfect freedom, opposition to bondage generally begins anarchy and licentiousness. The young student naturally feels contempt and distrust at the doctors' confident triumphs and errors, and something more violent against a scholar at once, who displays upon the subject of wit and philosophy a total want of common sense, and doubts his ability to enter the controversy of the day with all its train of useful consequences.

The charge made against the Bun^o colossus appear to us the most shameful unjust that we ever peruse^d eleven hundred Herod. But what reasons are adduced to support this assertion? The doctor's writings will not bear an indiscriminate perusal. Why none at all! We must take the commentator's *ipse dixit* for its truth. Now, so far from doing so, we are certain that even if he had assigned a reason, it would be an erroneous one, for the very reverse of the assertion which he makes is the truth.

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"Similar observations," he says, "will apply with even greater force to the moral writings of this extraordinary man." Of the morals of Johnson's writings we have already spoken, and we shall therefore merely say, that while our correspondent is free in attacking the morality of Johnson, his own morality is not only of a very doubtful, but of a very dangerous character—witness the following passage:—

"Our religion the doctor's opinions are so short, unyielding, and severe, that they are totally impracticable in general life, and totally inapplicable to a vast number of dispositions."

This passage alone proves that Dr. Johnson's morality and views of religion were perfectly right—that those of our correspondent are totally wrong; for whatever is right in religion should be adhered to, whatever is wrong rejected. But our correspondent wants a yielding religion; that is, a religion that permits us to abandon what we know to be right, and embrace what we know to be wrong; for what else can be meant by yielding? While religion requires of us to act according to the principles which it teaches us, it yields nothing; and if it yield, by permitting us to act differently

from these principles, the principles and the religion that teaches them become useless; because by being permitted to act differently from the principles, we are evidently permitted to act as we please; and with regard to him who acts as he pleases, religion has no existence. Our correspondent must, therefore, reject religion altogether, or admit that Doctor Johnson's unyielding principles of religion are the only true ones. But, says our correspondent, these principles "are totally inapplicable to a vast number of dispositions." This, we think, is impious doctrine; for if every man must have a religion adapted to his disposition, it is obvious that every man may do as he pleases, and that, instead of making us conform to religion, religion is made to conform to us; which is, in other words, abolishing religion altogether.

The remainder of our correspondent's reflections on the writings of Dr. Johnson, are confined to what he calls facts; and as the remainder of the present essay will be confined to our own inquiry into the genius of Johnson, we shall in the course of it have an opportunity to examine the reasoning employed in the statement of the facts.

EDITOR.

REFLECTIONS ON THE INCREASED SENSIBILITY OF THE AGE.

"Men are esteemed for every thing which renders them worthy of contempt."

ROUSSEAU.

As all extremes meet, so goodness, ill directed, is followed by the same consequences as vice. It is thus with sensibility; the greatest blessing we possess; for without it we should be incapable of every other species of happiness, though, with all its blessings, it brings its concomitant ills. It is accordingly remarked, that "pleasure and pain are inseparable;" for, with-

out the thrilling rapture of the one, we should never be sensible of the agonizing torture of the other. Yet it requires all the strength of our nature to guard against excess, which is, in all things, hurtful. These, I must confess, were the feelings which led me to doubt, whether we had not carried this affection of our nature too far, when I reflected on the universal

sympathy which manifested itself on two late occasions,* and made me dread the effect which such misplaced compassion may have on the conduct of those pursuing an evil course of life. In this enlightened age, we seem rather to look at the punishment inflicted on the offender, than on the malignity and irreclaimable perversity of mind that prompted him to the act for which he suffers. It was wisely ordained by our laws, that jurors should take into consideration, not the enormity of the act, but the intention that prompted its commission. Though a life may have been taken, yet, where premeditated malice cannot be proved, it is only manslaughter; but there are cases, where the intention cannot come within the pale of the law's consideration, as in matters of forgery.

In the cases of Thurtell and Fauntleroy, it is true, there were no palliating circumstances. The first was one of the most cowardly, atrocious murders ever committed; and, it is my belief, that the murderer would have died the most pusillanimous wretch, had it not been for the interest which his case had excited: this bore him up, for so strongly is the love of admiration implanted in our nature, that though many of us affect to despise posthumous fame, all of us are still grasping at the delusive shadow, so that the hardened criminal may exclaim with truth, "Fame no more succeeds, from good than evil deeds;" and he courts, accordingly, popular applause, at the moment he is closing his ears to its erring, though seductive, approbation. The case of Fauntleroy was of a similar character with that of Thurtell: no palliating circumstances appeared that could mitigate, in the slightest degree, the enormity of his offence; for he was guilty of the most wilful and depraved course of conduct, by keeping up, for years, a system of fraud, and living in a style, which precluded the possibility of his ever retrieving the errors of the past. How widely different was his case from that of Doctor Dodd, and many others. Both, however, being cases of forgery, the law could make no distinction. But how

much more strongly was one entitled to our sympathy than the other! Fauntleroy's conduct could only proceed from a nature depraved to its heart's core; yet, forsooth, because he is doomed to atone, with his life, for so impious and detestable a breach of that confidence which man, in his social state, must place in his fellow man, he is attended to the scaffold with pity and regret. It would therefore seem, that, in proportion to the enormity of the crime is the sympathy for the criminal; for had Fauntleroy only forged a pound note, he would be hung in the same manner, his death hardly heard of, no sympathy excited in his favour; and yet he would be, in the latter case, about 200,000 times less a villain than he has proved himself in reality. It is far from my wish to destroy this amiable feeling: I would only restrict it, when it is not in accordance with reason, for all mistaken compassion is a blow struck at the public good. Bishop Hales says, "Let me remember, when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise a pity due to the country." In proportion as we advance in refinement does this false feeling gain ground, and therefore it requires the assistance of reason: and to be placed under its strict controul and watchful eye. False refinement, particularly in man, completely reverses the order of nature: it is a species of effeminacy, which can only be excused in the softer sex. According as our bodies degenerate by luxury, so do our feelings by effeminacy: every thing soft and tender in woman, being proper to her nature, appears in her sweet and commendable, for "pity is a-kin to love, and every word of that soft kind is welcome to her nature." Nature has sufficiently marked out these distinctive features of character in the sexes, and, I confess, I cannot bring my mind to agree with some writers, who would have woman co-operate in the duties assigned to man. Were it possible for such an arrangement to be carried into effect, the link of love which binds them together would be broken, and lovely woman would

cease to look up to man as her protector; while he, on the other hand, would lose that sentiment of devotedness to her, which is now the greatest source of all his social and domestic bliss.

This appears to be the order of nature, at least, if we may judge from those who live in a state of nature; and surely it is among savage tribes that man appears in all his lofty superiority: it is in such a state we must look for the original designs of nature, and it is here we find the rough, hardy qualities of man, forming a fine contrast to the tender and more delicate sensibilities of woman.

Thus, unsophisticated man, who studies not false appearances, seldom errs, because he never attempts to appear otherwise than what he really is; but we now act the hypocrite, and, by mutual consent, agree to be deceived, nay, even are content to deceive ourselves, and when nature whispers that we are deviating from her decrees, we cry, peace. It is not the fault of our understanding, but the frailty of our nature. Thus, by forsaking nature, we acquire this false refinement, and then attribute the fault to that very nature which we have abandoned, and reason as if we had no free will. Thus we "play

such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." If we analyze our feeling rightly, we shall find the error lies in the head, and not in the heart.

By stealing out of nature's path, and indulging in this feeling to excess, its proper object is lost, it ceases to be the feelings of the heart, and therefore cannot give the sweet serenity and peace of mind, which, if virtuously indulged in, it never fails to bestow. Thus, as an over-excitement by liquor destroys all natural feeling, so we revel for the moment in this luxuriant intoxication, and enjoy the enchantment of the fairy palace; but too soon do we feel the effect of this excess, and wake only to pass a life of discontent and disgust; for this fantastic imaginary feeling infuses its poison into the soul, and those who cherish it fall victims at last to its enervating influence. I am, it is true, looking to an extreme case; but from the devastation this extra-natural feeling has caused in the world, surely we should endeavour to call man back to the original laws of his nature, and to correct this, among many other weaknesses, which civilization and artificial manners have introduced into society.

K. W. L.

THE QUIET MAN.

A WATERING PLACE RECOLLECTION.

ONE of the most enviable characters that I ever remember to have met with was a man considerably turned of fifty, with reserved (some said stupid) manners, a very narrow income, a very moderate understanding, few friends, and no relations. Those who wish to know the secret of his happiness need only turn to Mrs. Greville's beautiful *Petition for Indifference*, and to suppose that the said petition had been granted and fulfilled to the very letter in his fortunate person; nothing exhilarated, nothing depressed him; the rise and fall of stocks or of the weather (those two standard causes of an Englishman's variations of humour) never produced the least effect on his tem-

per or his spirits; he bore the presence of disagreeable people with patience, and the absence of agreeable one with fortitude; he never gave an opinion of his own respecting the qualities good or bad of his associates, and never joined in the opinions of others with an air expressing any thing but the most perfect indifference on the subject; in short, he was a practical exemplification of the lines—

"Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."

I met with him at the fashionable watering place of C——, where he had resided for the last seven years, and when I beheld his methodical

employments, his aversion to public walks, and his abstinence from every kind of amusement, I rather wondered at his selection of so crowded a place for a residence, but my wonder was not of long duration. Among his qualities was an utter reserve respecting every event of his former life, pursuits, or habitation, which I never saw equalled in any other human being. He had dropt into C— as from a cloud, and the most dexterous hinter, the most skilful cross-questioner could never extract a word alluding to any previous state of existence; this excited some discontent and surprise even in C—, but the auction, the assembly room, and the libraries soon drew off the attention of the curious impertinents, and furnished them with more diverting matter of cogitation. Such would not have been the case in a country village, the inhabitants, gentle and simple, would have had nothing to do but to scrutinize the mystery that enveloped him; the lovers of poetry would have exalted him into Lara, the novel readers fancied him a St. Leon, (they would not, however, have accused him of possessing the philosopher's stone,) and the common people, probably, like Scrub, would have converted him into a spy and a jesuit; he was quite right not to settle in a village; he would certainly have been soon forced either to explain or to absent himself.

I do not suspect him of studying stage effect, but undoubtedly a watering place was the scene of all others where his quiet immoveable tranquillity appeared to the greatest advantage; in the midst of glare, bustle, and excitement, he was placid, serene, and undisturbed; and he looked on the hopes, and fears, and pursuits of the crowd around him, with the same air of passive indifference as the exhibitor of a camera obscura gazes on the magic tablet which day after day presents the same surrounding objects to his sight; yet his apathy was equally free from melancholy or misanthropy; I never saw him out of spirits. I do not think his mental thermometer ever varied a degree above or below temperate since my first acquaintance with him; it is saying but little to add that I never saw him out of temper; he had not even the slightest degree of testiness

and particularity generally permitted by courtesy to an old bachelor. He resembled that privileged being in some points, in always walking at a certain hour, and for a stated time, in his love of backgammon, and his fondness for a rubber of sixpenny whist; but if disappointed or impeded in these pursuits, the resemblance instantly ceased,—the sky might pour down torrents of rain, backgammon players might fail in their appointments, and rubbers might be made up without him, but all could not affect his temper, he was quiet, composed, and contented as ever. Many affected to pity him for this insensibility to pleasure and pain; many things meant to be very wise and witty were said about "mere vegetation," and "moving statues," and "Maillardet's automaton;" but even those who pretended to commiserate his apathy secretly coveted it. How often have I seen the lover, who, encircled by a hundred beauties, was miserable at the neglect of one, look with envy on him who was equally indifferent to the charms of the hundred or of the one; how has the epicure, discontented and murmuring in the midst of three courses, wished that he could boast that the happy want of taste which induced him always to choose the plainest viands at table, and to abstain from every thing bearing the name of a delicacy, unless it were actually forced on him by some officious hand, when he would quietly accept it, because acceptance cost less trouble than refusal; how has the fashionable spendthrift, poor and needy with five thousand a year, because his ideas and pursuits required ten, sighed for the riches of him who kept his expenses within his income, and therefore never knew the necessity of retrenching them; he had the true secret of happiness, moderate wants, wishes, and tastes, and disappointment was unable to wound him, because he took care never to entertain hope. I derived much pleasure from admiring and studying his character, but I was hurt at the impossibility I found of making people in general admire him so much as I did myself; what I called philosophy, they persisted in denominating stupidity; that apparent mastery of the feelings, which I conceived could only have been produced by resolute

schooling" and vigilant self-control, they contended was the mere result of having no feelings at all. I considered his gravity and dislike of dissipation as a proof of understanding; they defied me to mention one good thing I had ever heard him say; and although in general I have a tolerable recollection, and pretty apt powers of quotation, I am ashamed to confess that on that occasion both memory and quotation most unaccountably deserted me. All this was very irritating—to think that I might perhaps have been exalting one of the mere herd of dullards into a philosopher,—that I might have invested a common every-day character with dignity and consequence, like Don Quixote mistaking an innkeeper for the governor of a castle—the mere possibility was inexpressibly mortifying; however, I did not yield the point, but entrenched myself in a magnanimous adherence to my own opinion, whether right or wrong. I contended that my favourite had excellent abilities, but that (probably from having felt the evils and troubles of genius) he wisely sequestered them from vulgar scrutiny: I am something of a physiognomist, I had always considered there was a very peculiar appearance about his eyes. Nature had made them large, dark, clear, and brilliant, but he had so marvellously contrived to divest them of the least particle of expression, that I am convinced they might have contended the palm of vacancy with the most inanimate grey eyes in C—— without any danger of defeat; now I ingeniously concluded that he had managed to disguise his understanding as completely as his eyes, and that in each case he was equally successful. I had another argument in behalf of his self-command. He excelled in one acquirement, in the game of whist. I had been informed, "from the first authority," as the newspapers say, that he was really an admirable player, one whom Captain Matthews himself might have coveted as a partner, or dreaded as an opponent; but cards, which try the temper of every body else; only served to display the equanimity of his; he was contented to play or to set out, always ready to resign his seat to another, and neither had cards or bad partners, blunders or revokes, ill humour or impertinence, or any of the

other amiable et ceteras which usually flit about a card table in rapid succession, ever had the least effect upon him, he preserved his silence, science, and patience in the midst of all. Now, I argued that if he could thus severely bear with ignorance and annoyance in a thing which he so plainly excelled in, it was only candid to conclude that his patience with the follies and mistakes of the crowd, in matters of literature and general information, might arise not from congenial stupidity, but from an elevation of mind, that enabled him to look down on their blunders "rather in sorrow than in anger." I had heard that he retired early to rest, and rose late in the morning; I had no doubt that he indemnified himself in the hours for his apparent abstinence from books. I had certainly never seen any volume in his hand but the C—— Guide, or any newspaper but the C—— Chronicle; but study is always best pursued in private, and if he wished to keep his love of literature a secret, he acted wisely in not giving the least clue to suspicion. I was soon, however, compelled to relinquish this flattering hope, for one day when I happened to be staying in the same house with him, on returning into the drawing room after dressing for dinner, I found him alone in the identical position in which I had left him half an hour ago, with the *Bride of Lammermoor* on a sofa opposite to him, the *Pirate* on a table before him, and himself with the tiresome everlasting C—— Chronicle in his hand, which I had seen him poring over for two hours after breakfast, and every advertisement of which he must (or ought to) have known by heart.

I must acknowledge that at this moment contempt for the first time began to mingle with my sensations of admiration: I thought it was possible to be too quiet, too indifferent, too insensible. Soon, however, cooler and more rational thoughts returned; if he had delighted in those dear works like myself and the rest of my readers, could he have preserved his enviable equanimity of temper? Must he not have felt emotions of peevishness towards a disobliging librarian, and gratitude towards a kind one, and anger against a slow reader, and indignation at a cold-hearted critic?

The Quiet Man.

Certainly if tranquillity of mind and spirit be worth attaining, we ought not to lavish too much love on any thing, especially on a tale of Walter Scott's, for in such a case moderation is an 'absolute impossibility'; "love wisely, not too well," may do admirably for an aphorism, but acting up to it is quite out of the question. To leave Walter Scott, however, and to return to a very different personage, the hero of my narration. I have just mentioned that his visible literary labours were bounded by the C—— Guide and Chronicle: this was one of the many proofs of his entire and exclusive devotion to C——; many persons, especially of his age and habits, are exceedingly fond, in whatever place and society they are fixed, of boasting of the far superior places, and society which they formerly enjoyed: this instance of vulgarity and bad taste he was entirely free from. I never heard him allude to a single event of his early life; the waters of the C—— Spa seemed to have had the same effect on him as if he had swallowed a draught of Sadak's Fountain of Oblivion. Scotland, Ireland, Wales, even London itself, were talked of in his presence without the slightest symptom of recognition on his part; the Soho Bazaar, the Burlington Arcade, the Calton Hill, the Giant's Causeway, the Tuileries at Paris, and the Carnival at Venice, none excited a question, an observation, or even a look of interest. I was very angry once with a gentleman who said of him that "he was a man who appeared to have gone through life with an idea and a half;" and still more so with another wicked wit, who retorted that he supposed the "idea" was concentrated in the town of C——, but that he was at a loss to conjecture what the "half" could be. But in the words of Pope's Parish Clerk, "Verily, these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth," and I do not know why I mention them, except that my natural sincerity and love of justice inclines me to favour the reader with something more than an *ex parte* statement. In the course of an acquaintance of eighteen months, which in the unrestrained freedom of watering-place intercourse, is equal to one of eighteen years any where else, I

never saw but two instances in which the enviable clock-work machinery of his mind was in the slightest degree disorganized; these I must confess gave me much pleasure; they were so "few and far between," that they did not at all affect the general bearing of his character for equanimity, and they served me for a constant answer to the impertinent beings I have before alluded to, who said that all his sensations were so completely frozen up, that they must be as insensible to the trials of life, as the limbs of a Greenland fisherman to the touch of the harpoon.

One of these ebullitions of feeling was at the time when all the world were arguing and debating the chances for and against the reduction of the interest of the Navy Fives; a lady in company, who had just sold out two thousand pounds from that suspicious stock, for the purpose of building a house, warmly declared her persuasion that the reduction was on the point of taking place; when, contrary to his usual habits of reserve and taciturnity, and to his invariable rule of never contradicting any body, he vehemently and strongly protested that it was a measure which would be unfair, unjust, impossible—in short spoke just like any one else who was personally interested in the subject: this proved satisfactorily that his money was in the Navy Fives, and it still more satisfactorily proved that he was yet alive to something of human feeling: certainly money was a very ignoble cause of excitement, but then the poet says,—

"Streams in deserts found seem sweet,
All brackish though they be!"

and excitement was so rare with him, that his friends could not afford to be particular respecting the quality of it. The second instance of animation was about ten months after the first. It was mentioned in his hearing, that a lady, much and deservedly disliked by all who had the misfortune of her acquaintance, was on the point of leaving London to return to C——, and he exclaimed, "Mrs. H—— coming back to C——!" in a tone that I shall not easily forget; it was thoroughly different from his usual monotony of voice; it was hurried, palpitating, apprehensive: there was

real intonation and expression in it; it said as plainly as if it had been delivered by Charles Kemble or Macready, that if Mrs. H— did come, she would come to his very great annoyance; no subsequent question however could induce him to give an opinion about her; he was instantly on his guard again—quiet, uninterested, and indifferent. When I quitted C— I was really sorry to part from him, not on account of his agreeable, but of his original qualities; there was not another person in C— of whom I did not feel assured I should meet with the duplicate at Bath, where I was going; but I could not hope to meet with any one resembling him, “none but himself could be his parallel.” My grief, I am sorry to confess, seemed to excite no corresponding sensation in his mind: sorry, did I say? I hope I am not so selfish—I would not have wished the “keeping” of his character destroyed for the sake of any gratification to my own vanity: three ebullitions of mortal feeling in a year and a half, would have been too much! I am glad I was not the cause of any such unnecessary waste of sensibility. I trust that in three days he thoroughly forgot the existence of such a being as myself, and I feel little doubt that such was really the case, for in fifty other similar instances, I have ob-

served how completely he verified Mrs. Malaprop’s assertion, that “forgetting is the easiest thing in the world, if people only choose to set properly about it.” I have never seen him since the period I have just alluded to; but I have often heard from others, that he still “keeps the noiseless tenor of his way” amidst the noise and bustle of C—; and there he will probably remain for forty or fifty years longer, for I know no one more likely to turn the corner of a century; there is no jarring of passions, no wear and tear of feelings, nothing to exhaust or corrode the machinery of life. There he may now be found, a natural curiosity, worthy the attention of all, as an example of unruffled, unbroken serenity; he reminds the beholder of Rasselas in the Happy Valley, before he was seized with the inclination to stray from it: and earnestly do I wish that some future beholder may be more fortunate than myself in penetrating into the mystery of his past life, and may kindly acquaint the public whether it was the loss of his friends, his wits, his fortune, or the lady of his love, that rendered him a quiet fixture at C—, and gave him in exchange a gift more valuable than any or all of them—the gift of tranquil, unvaried peace of mind!

M. A.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE following account is taken from an interesting journal kept by one of the commissioners, who run the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, about a century past.

It is supposed to be written by Wm. Bird, formerly Receiver General of the then colony of Virginia, and father of the late Col. Wm. Bird, of Westover.

“In the evening we examined our friend Bear-skin concerning the religion of his country; and he explained it to us without any of that reserve, to which his nation is subject in such matters.

“He told us, He believed there was one supreme God, who had

several subaltern deities under him; and that this master God made the world a long time ago.

“That he told the sun, moon, and stars their business at the beginning, which they, with good looking after, have performed ever since.

“That the same power that made all things at first, has taken care to keep them in the same method and motion ever since.

“He believed that God had formed many worlds before he formed this; but that these worlds either grew old or ruinous, or were destroyed for the dishonesty of the inhabitants.

“That God is very just, and very

good, ever well pleased with men who possess those God-like qualities.

"That he takes good people into his protection, makes them very rich, fills their bellies plentifully, preserves them from sickness, and, from being surprised, and overcome by their enemies.

"But all such as tell lies, and cheat those with whom they have dealings, he never fails to punish with sickness, poverty, and hunger; and, after all, suffers them to be knocked on the head and scalped, by those that fight against them.

"He believed, after death, both good and bad people, are conducted by a strong guard into a great road, in which departed souls travel together for some time, till at a certain distance, the road forks into paths; the one extremely level, and the other stony and mountainous.

"Here the good are parted from the bad by a flash of lightning—the first being hurried away to the right, and the other to the left.

"The right hand road leads to a charming warm country, where the spring is everlasting, and every month is May.

"And as the year is always in its youth, so are the people; and particularly the women are bright as stars, and never scold.

"That in this happy climate there are deer, turkeys, elks, and buffaloes innumerable, perpetually fat and gentle; while the trees are loaded with delicious fruit, ripening throughout the four seasons.

"That the soil brings forth spontaneously, without the curse of labour; and so very wholesome, that none who have the happiness to eat of it are ever sick, grow old, or die.

"Near the entrance of this blessed land sits a venerable old man, on a mat richly woven, who examines all strictly who are brought before him; and to whom, if they have be-

haved well, the guards are ordered to open the crystal gate, and let them into the land of delights.

"The left hand path is very rugged and uneven, leading to a dark and barren region where it is always winter. The ground is the whole year round covered with snow, and nothing is to be seen on the trees but icicles.

"All the people are hungry, yet have not a morsel to eat, except a bitter kind of potatoe, that gives them the dry gripes, and fills their whole bodies with loathsome ulcers, that are insupportably painful.

"Here all the women are old and ugly, having claws like a panther, with which they fly upon the men that slight their passion. For it seems these haggard old furies are intolerably fond, and expect a vast deal of cherishing. They talk much, and exceedingly shrill, giving exquisite pain to the drum of the ear, which in that place of torment is so tender, that every sharp note wounds it to the quick.

"At the end of this path sits a dreadful old woman on a monstrous toad-stool, whose head is covered with rattle snakes instead of tresses; with glaring white eyes, which strike a terror unspeakable into all that behold her.

"This hag pronounces sentence of woe upon all the miserable wretches that hold up their hands at her tribunal. After which they are delivered over to huge turkey buzzards, like harpies, that fly away with them to the crevices above mentioned.

"Here, after they have been tormented a certain number of years, according to their several degrees of guilt, they are again driven back into the world to try if they will mend their manners, and merit a place, the next time, in the elysium of bliss."

RUSTICUS.

TALES OF MY STUDY;

OR,

COLLECTIONS OF A STAY AT HOME.

BY ALFRED DOMICILE.—No. IV.

"Bold Rob Roy, the southern say,
I saw upon the border;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
'Twad breed a sad disorder."

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

THE narrative I am now about to offer to the perusal of my readers will require little preface; the rather peculiar circumstances it embodies occurred to a worthy relation of mine, and I therefore cannot more appropriately designate it than by giving it the appellation of

MY UNCLE'S TALE.

It is now, said he, a considerable number of years ago, when I was invited to form part of a sporting muster of gentlemen at Wardour Castle, the magnificent seat of the Arundels, a family who date their honours from the era of the Conqueror. I was then serving my last terms at Oxford, and, at the commencement of the vacation, attended by a servant, I started on horseback for the scene of recreation. I had occasion to pass through North Wiltshire, in my route, and it was about seven at night of the day I left Oxford that I was overtaken on Hungerford-down by a single horseman, mounted on a strong, black gelding, and enveloped in a brown riding coat, which was buckled round his waist by a broad leathern strap, and which reached almost to his spurs. A wide brimmed, low crowned, hat half shaded a good-humoured, expressive countenance, and a rather gaily patterned silk handkerchief was carefully tied over his neck and chin; a hunting whip dangled in his right hand, and he was evidently one of those country grazier farmers who are pretty well to do in the world, and which are still to be met with in some parts of Wiltshire and the adjoining counties.

His greeting smacked of indepen-

dence, yet it was spiced with good humour; and there are few of us who would reject a sweetly seasoned cup because of its strength.

"Sharpish night, young gentleman, and not likely to mend, there is wind and sour weather in the moon's circle, her horns are awry. It a'nt the best road, neither, we a-got to travel; I'll make so bold as to bear you company, if you ride to the next town."

We jogged gently on together, and I presently learnt from him that it was the fair at Hungerford the next day, and that he was going there to purchase a horse. I was equally frank in telling him whence I had come, and we rode on together in mutual confidence.

"From Oxford, eh, Sir; Well, to be sure, every man to his mind, as your water drinker says, but no gloomy walls and black surplices for me. Pounds, shillings, and pence, and no learned lingo, say I—But you are desperate lively too, sometimes: I hear; black-strap, fox-hunting, pretty girls, eh, Sir?"

"We are not all as sober as our tutors think us, Mr. — Brown, did you say was your name?"

"Brown, Sir, John Brown of Englefield, a man whose boast it is to have begun with a penny, and to be worth—but yonder's the old town, and its right lucky you met with a friend—or you might have had one bed for your steed and yourself, and the broad sky and a turf pillow for your man."

We were soon at the inn-yard, and my jolly farmer rode in with the au-

thority of an old acquaintance. "Ah, Jen, my boy, how goes it with thee—why thou lookst as grinningly as though the collar of thy master's cart horse was about thy neck—but they always laugh who win, and the poor nags must be griped now I ween to fill thy cheeks with their purloin'd provender. But stir thee, boy—here, put my black and this gentleman's horse in your best stalls, and accordingly as the beasts look in the morning so shalt thou be requited. Come, young gentleman, a pipe and a glass wont break square, d'ye know, this cold night"—and with that he introduced me to the house.

Here were assembled that heterogeneous muster of characters which, on the eve of any particular holiday, or seldom occurring season of business, usually congregate. Farmers who had sheep or oxen to dispose of were in close conversation with the traders in those animals—here a horse dealer, eloquent in his cups, was puffing the extraordinary qualities of his quadrupeds, and there a cheesefactor was sententious in praise of double Dorset or real Cheddar; whilst a currier, with a voice potential as the duke's, insisted, as in his school days, that there was "nothing like leather" for the salvation of the state. Politics and scandal, time out of mind, the topics of village alehouse coteries, in this instance, gave place to the ruling passion—and self interest, or in the present affair it were more correct to call it, the "main chance," seemed the prevailing sentiment with all. Be it what it may, the landlord's house, and the landlord's cheer, were in high request, and I was compelled to be content to share with the rest the use of a parlour, deeming it fortunate to secure a sleeping room to myself.

Our appearance, and the authority Mr. Brown seemed to exercise, which, after I had seen his liberality in orders, I ceased to wonder at, obtained for us seats in a pretty comfortable parlour, in which were assembled some half dozen of the better kind of visitors, and three or four of the reputable tradespeople of the town.

The entrance of a stranger invariably creates attention, and for a while impedes the current of general conversation. Much of that curiosity and of that bashfulness which result from

such an occurrence was in this case taken off by the hearty welcome given to my cheerful companion, and the perfect honesty and nonchalance with which he introduced me to his boon companions.

"What, Mr. Brown," spoke two or three at a time, "worthy Mr. Brown—a thousand welcomes old boy—true to your time and as hearty as ever—I warrant me we shall have the Monks at Malmesbury again when the clock strikes nine, and the old black horse is not in Roger Martin's stable—but what's the best news from your country, Master Brown, all turning soldiers I suppose?"

"Fair and softly, good people, fair and softly; they who ride far have spent their breath in the air, and we who dine at twelve do sup before we prate. But upon my life I am right glad to see you all so cheerful; these wars, however they might agree with the state's constitution, seems not to have troubled yours. But lack-a-day I am forgetting my manners all this while—here is an acquaintance of mine of some half hour's growth, I pray you be honoured with us. Come, young gentleman, a pullet, some Kennet ale, and a glass of Geneva wont spoil sport, nor drown the crotchets and quavers you bring away from the parson's town. Come bestir thee wench," addressing the maid servant, "do'st not see I have company?"

During our repast the conversation of the company gradually relapsed back to the subject which had occupied them previously to our appearance—it happened to be a very common one at that period, the feats and darings of noted highwaymen.

"I tell thee, friend Moody," said a well fed, corpulent person, who had appropriated one of the two rush-bottomed arm chairs to himself, "I tell thee Richard Turpin was hanged at Exeter."

"And I tell you, Mr. Jennings, and I had it from the cousin of the wife of one of the javelin men that waited upon the sheriff at that time, that he was hanged at Winchester; and they do say that it was coming out of the Black Swan yard there, when he offered the ostler a golden guinea to let 'un clap once his foot in the stirrup that he was nabbed by the constable; it was indeed a black

swan that Dick courted that day, however," and Mr. Plumber and Glazier laughed as if he had said a good thing. But Mr. Churchwarden Moody, nothing daunted, returned to the charge by loudly vociferating, "Why I suppose, neighbour Jennings, you will next say that it wer'n't from Southampton to York that Dick rode in one day, with a mutton chop tied to his horse's tongue—for you might as well deny the one thing as the other—" "And I do deny it, Mister Jennings." "Pardon me, gentlemen," I mildly interfered,— "there are not wanting those, and men of good repute too, that say it was at York that the famous 'Cat-ran' of Essex of whom you speak, suffered. But I believe it will be found that there is considerable darkness thrown over his last hours, and that though there actually exists a record of his trial and condemnation, no document remains sufficiently explanatory of his execution. But you have still, I have heard, a knight of the road little behind Richard in the art of '*stand and deliver*,' that has occasionally paid a well booted traveller a visit on our Wiltshire downs; has it happened to any of you to have had your path crossed by the adventurer?"

"The Lord forbid, young gentleman," spoke two or three of the company, "the Lord forbid that ever our purses and Bolter should have claimed acquaintance—it was but Friday night last past that a gentleman traveller was eased of his saddle bags as he rode through Savernake; and the produce of ten quarters of good barley which old farmer Gerrard was taking home from the Vize market, changed owners the same night. But come, Master Brown, do you and the gentleman draw your chairs nearer, and we'll knock down the auctioneer for a song"—and this common piece of wit set the room laughing again.

"Ay, a song, a song," roared the company, "come, come, Master James, don't *pull* upon it, as you say in your pulpit, but set things a-going"—and the speaker laughed again as though he were the spirit of Joe Miller.

"Well, gentlemen, if I must I must, but really I don't think I can recollect a song, and I have such a cold; nevertheless, help me out, and

mind the chorus, gentlemen." And after a few well acted emphatic hems, and a pulling up of the neckcloth, Mr. James began his melody:—

"To sing you a song, sirs, it is my intention.
Nobody to name and nobody to mention;
And though I may speak of a few should be blamed,
No one can be angry when nobody's named."

Chorus, gentlemen—

"Nobody, nobody,
Nobody, nobody, nobody, no!"

"You may say ———"

But the worthy dealer in lots and pledges found *nobody* a frail ally, and wanted *somebody* to give him more assistance than any of us were enabled to afford. He broke down in attempting a second verse.

"A hole in the ballad, upon my life, gentlemen; do some person be so kind as to sing for me—come, Mr. Brown, you sing a good stave, favour us now for old acquaintance sake."

"With all my heart, with all my heart, and as we have been talking a little about thieves, and Turpins, and Bolters, and the like, why, I'll suit my song to the subject, and hum you a short ditty of the highway. —

"You may talk of your heroes, and men of renown,
Who have battled for honour, or fought for a crown,
But he who made most by his arm it is certain
From the great world's highways was surely Dick Turpin.
Sing Tantarara rogues all, rogues all."

"The senator, lawyer, and parson would play,
Their parts in the drama of life who but they!
But when o'er life's stage night had dropped her dark curtain
There never was actor so shrewd as Dick Turpin.
Sing Tantarara, &c."

"The acts that he play'd, and the scenes that he wrought,
Were as bold as the thunder, and rapid as thought,
And though the dark forest this night he is skirting,
Next day, like a harlequin, off is Dick Turpin.
Sing Tantarara, &c."

"His throne was his saddle, his sceptre his sword,
His pistols decrees, and the law was his word,
And all that the mighty are fond of asserting
Is left in the shade by the deeds of Dick Turpin.

Sing Tantarara, &c."

"An excellent song truly, and well sung too, Master Brown," said the portly Mr. Jennings, "by my conscience I would rather have rode a hunting upon a pack-horse in the dog days, than have passed to the best lord's house in Epping after sunset with the chance of Dick for a visitor. But they tell me our Turpin is as terrible, and quite as much of a bully cock."

"Not so bad, not so bad neighbour Jennings," said my new acquaintance, with some animation; "bless your heart, there is not on occasions a fellow more civil than Jem in the three kingdoms. Blood too, blood is not to the fellow's fancy, and I have been told he would rather forego a few gold pieces than crack crowns for them. I have myself rode over Lyde-way with Jem, and we have had a royst together at the Druid's Head; but I always took care to shew him I had my bull-dogs with me; and I yet count John Brown with a good horse beneath him, fair play, and a brace of these teasers, as good a man, whether the red sun shine, or the cold moon glitters above us, as Jem, ride where he will."

"What sort of a man is this, Bolter?" I ventured to inquire.

"Much about my size and make I take it, Mister Student: a trifle taller it may be, and paler in the face than I now appear, for trust me I find our landlord's tap none of the coolest. He has a merry eye too, and can turn a ditty decently. I remember hearing him sing a ballad that was made upon an encounter he once had with a miller, a thorough good man, and who went out with the avowed purpose of trying the strength of his arm and cudgel with Bolter. The song is of the quaintest, an olden-time melody; this is it.

The miller of Handley was bold of mind,
And a stalwart knave was he,
And a better and braver yet one could find
In all the West COUNTRY.

And the miller of Handley he mounted
his grey,
And rode over hill and fell,
'Till he came to the pass o' the dingle'd
way
Where the freebooter spoke his spell.
And then uprose that highwayman bold
Whose prowess the miller would try,
And he shouted "stand and deliver" thy
gold,
Or here I'll a cartiff die.

But the other laughed, and pluck'd from
his side
A plant of the oaken bough,
And he swore, though death should be-
come his bride,
To break it on Bolter's brow.

Then the robber loon he leap'd from his
horse,
As the miller he jump'd to the ground,
And they plied their cudgels with right
good force
For nunny a merry round.

And there they fought by the clear moon-
light,
'Till the sweat did fall like rain,
And the turf was worn in the spot of the
fight,
And mark'd with many a stain.

But Bolter spoke—"There are sounds I
trow
Of horsemen that come this way,
And thou would'st not have me taken
now
'Till we know who wins the day.

So the miller he mounted and wended
home,
And he knew spite his bravery,
That he always could find when he chose
to roam,
One other as good as he."

After this song the company be-
gan gradually to disperse, and the
persevering John Brown himself at
last yielded to fatigue, and we bade
good night and parted. The next day
I was at Wardour.

The birds were plenty, the hunting
good, and the cheer of the feast boards
would have satisfied your epicures of
Rome in its most dainty days; in
short three weeks of hilarity and hap-
piness flew over my head as they were
but as many days, and it was with
the sincerest regret that I acknow-
ledged the arrival of the hour of de-
parture.

The day previous to the farewell I
devoted to a thorough survey of the
most interesting portions of War-
dour's domain, which, with a wonder-
ful fatuity of ill taste I had driven off
to the latest possible moment. The

ruins of the old castle, the scene of the firmness and patriotism of Blanch of Arundel, was among the latest of the scenes I visited, and in the banquetting room, which yet remains entire, dinner for three or four of us was provided. I was sitting in this apartment, and sketching a portion of the majestic ruin near me, when beside some other strangers that were gazing upon it, I observed one that particularly arrested or diverted my attention from every other object. He was a man of powerful stature, and there was much resolution, mixed with some cunning, portrayed in his countenance. Labour had evidently made some inroads upon his forehead, but years had not yet quenched the bright and active eyes that seemed to take me prisoner. Like the lighthouse in the ocean, storms and the war of waves had evidently shook the structure; but the pilot flame burned still clear and faithful upon its crown. His whole manner was that of a visitor more for the purpose of killing time, than gaining much information, for he spoke to those about him of having been unwillingly detained in the neighbourhood in consequence of his horse losing a shoe, and that "as he hated an idle life, and as he had heard much talk of the old pile before him, which looked for all the world like a man of war after an engagement, he had strolled here whilst the farrier doctored his horse and the cook his steak." By the bye he looked into the room in which I was seated, and cast a hurried glance around it. I was more than ever convinced we had somewhere met, and yet I did not recollect any of my acquaintance who exhibited a dark gunpowder mark high up in the forehead, or whose face was spotted or engrained with the like ingredient, and I saw him depart without having satisfied a painful curiosity. I was withheld by some unaccountable controul from seeking its development; but I believe most of us have had ere now, occasion to wonder at our apathy, or our forbearance, on particular occasions.

A day or two after this, I quitted Wadour, but who should overtake me on my road but my old friend John Brown of Englefield. He was habited pretty nearly in the same costume as when we met at Hunger-

ford, but he rode a different horse, and his beaver was lighter, and there was plainly to be seen the powder mark on his forehead. John Brown of Englefield was evidently the stranger of the ruins. He recognized me, but there was brevity in his greeting, and agitation in his words.

"What my young gentleman, you again! How fares it? A bonny bright morning for those who ride not in haste, but were it as dark as death I must be onwards—danger is in my path if I lose steps in tarrying—my summons is sudden, and will excuse my bluntness: they who ride to secure another guest sort of a legacy than that they fear, must not have ceremony for their chamberlain. Farewell my boy, a long life and a merry one to you, and when you travel that road forget not Englefield and honest Master Brown;" and he dug the rowells into his horse's flank ere I could give him my greeting, but I sent it on the winds after him.

It was about two years after this event that business called me to Winchester, and which place, on my arrival, late in the evening, I found in considerable bustle and animation. It was during the hottest period of the American war, and a considerable camp was then forming in the neighbourhood. But independent of this influx of military, an occurrence of narrower, but for the moment, acute interest, seemed to employ the city's tongue and ears. Bolte, the celebrated highwayman of the West, was to yield his forfeit life on the morrow.

I had never seen an execution: curiosity got the better of good feeling, and I determined to be a witness of the terrible end of a felon. I must confess too, that the fame of the man, and the stories that were told of his intrepidity, not a little increased the desire I felt to be at the place of death, and to witness the effect its horrors would have upon him who had dared the grim tyrant a hundred times with only the cloak of night for his ally, and his own might for his defence. I suffered for my temerity.

I awoke vision-harassed, and with a sense of restlessness and undefinable dread, early on the fatal morning. The town was awake before me, and small parties of its inhabitants were collected at the corners of the streets, and in the yard of the inn, full of sur-

mise and busy anticipation. I went through the forms of a breakfast, but I could not eat, the victuals seemed to taste of bitterness and the grave, and I hurried away and plunged into the throng of the populace, which now, like agitated waves, rolled irregularly and precipitously towards one point, where like a black rock of destruction, or the shoal between this world and the next, stood the scaffold, with its ugly paraphernalia, stemming the rapidity of the element. I was fortunate, or wretched enough, to obtain a comparatively excellent situation: but the sound and the hum of conflicting voices, like the booming of winds, the careless visages of some visitors, the fearful ones of others, the cries of women—for the devil curiosity had triumphed over their natures, and the curse of Paradise was upon them—the vociferations and the oaths of men, who with the grave and the coffin of a fellow creature almost in view, recked not of the judgment to come; the dreadful pause and the fluttering fear before and attendant upon the acting of a dreadful thing; the suspense worse than reality; dread undefined, and horror accumulated—all this and these seemed to environ me round about, to chain me in breakless fetters, and to weigh heavy upon my heart, every moment growing more and more sick. Giddiness too came upon me, and the spot on which I stood was to my diseased imagination as the summit of a precipice, or the cap of a tower, the least movement of which—and it seemed to rock to and fro—would precipitate me into annihilation.

When, however, our senses are tottering strong incentives will restore them. A shout from the farthest crowd and the rattle of wheels called back the colour to my cheeks and the fainting pulse to my heart; the next moment the people simultaneously waved backwards from the foot of the scaffold, and the cart with its doomed lading was halted at its foot. The culprit's back, as he stood upright in the vehicle, was towards me, but in the next moment the clank and rattle of irons smote upon my ear, and I saw him leap fearlessly and audaciously upon the scaffold, the loose placed boards of which echoed his heavy tramp. I cannot describe his dress, nor his gait, nor his behaviour, for the moment he turned towards, and gave one wild glare upon the populace, his eye met mine, the scenes of Hungerford and Wardour passed as a phantasmagoria by me, for there in the person of the felon Bolter, stood *their* demon spirit, John Brown of Englefield! I saw no more—I closed my eyes to the last scene of his history—I could not witness the death struggles of him who had broke bread with me, and I only knew he was no more by the one deep sigh, and a few stifled screeches, that came from that vast multitude. I rushed in desperation from the place of the dead, when the parting of the populace, flowing off into different channels, gave me egress, and I heard no more of that bold bad plunderer than that "he had died" (and the inconsiderate speakers deemed it a triumph) "with resolution, and as a man!"

ON THE EARLY FATE OF GENIUS.

"Whom the gods love die young."

BYRON.

It is a striking fact, that genius is often attended by quick decay and premature death. The frequency of the fact prevents ridicule from attaching to an attempt made, in gravity, to account for it. Genius when brought into material union,

loves to dwell in the most spiritual form—the pale cheek, the dim eye, and the sickly frame. We seldom find that Promethæan fire animating the coarse form of a ploughman. Besides, it heightens the preciousness of the gift when genius is bestowed

only for a brief time, irradiating with intellectual light the young and untainted soul, and hurrying the possessor quickly away to an early tomb. It would look like a prostitution of its sacredness if it were doomed long to vegetate and display its rich blossoms in a bleak and uncongenial soil. Phrenologists tell us that a large development of the back part of the head is generally found in union with the nerve, muscle, and form, which are proofs of a vigorous constitution; and that an ample forehead is generally the mark of ill health and a feeble frame. The want of faculties which, according to the Spurzheim doctrine, could only be purchased by the sacrifice of sound health, will not be regretted by vulgar and stoutly-built persons, who have no taste for intellectual enjoyment. The poet may at times regret the doom of suffering under the pangs of disease; but he will scarcely wish for a robust frame, at the expense of the faculties that are the chief source of his enjoyments.

The inability that results from a sickly frame to participate in the sports of boyhood, must create a taste for mental pleasures. He who feels that he was not made for deriving any satisfaction from vulgar delights, will turn, for pleasure, to commune with his own heart, and with nature. There is no likelihood that revelling amid the bright forms summoned up by imagination, will leave a wish to mingle again in "the clamorous fray of squabbling imps."

"For none have vainly e'er the muse pursued;
And those whom she delights regret no more
The social joyous hours, while wrapt they soar
To worlds unknown, and live in fancy's charm."

The objects in the living world will soon be thought prosaic, vulgar, and disgusting, when beheld in contrast with the spiritual beauty of the objects in the world of imagination. The aversion of "young Edwin" to noisy pleasures, and his fondness for solitude, are finely described in "The Minstrel." He "ever fled concourse, noise, and toil;" he grew up into intellectual manhood amid the calm scenes of nature.

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields."

The freedom of the mind, in slow disease, from the intrusion of distracting objects, allows the undivided exercise of attention. The "clog and clay of ours" that weighs down and materializes the spirit "dissolves before its time;" and the soul can range without controul over nature, or float away, without any opposing tide, on the ocean of "bright imaginings." The power of lingering disease to elicit intellect is frequently exhibited strikingly in the development of the mental faculties in victims of consumption, who, when hale and vigorous, were far from being of an intellectual turn. It is even no uncommon thing for lunatics to recover reason just before death. The light that was darkened by a covering of materiality, sheds a few fitful gleams when the veil is being torn aside for ever.

One may find, in the works of sickly genius, many descriptions exquisitely natural and touching of its own morbid state. There is a melancholy charm in poetry that has been written under the pressure of slow disease. I shall draw no examples from the ancients, for they seem scarcely to have known what it meant, and there are sufficiently numerous illustrations of the sickness and early death of genius in the history of the moderns. The "divine" Raphael was cut off in the bloom of manhood. Ariosto's health was delicate. In assigning his reasons for his refusal to follow the Cardinal du Este to Hungary, he alluded, with playful gaiety, to his inability to bear the chilling blasts from the mountains, and the change from intense cold to heat.

"So mia natura come mal conviensi
Co' piedi veni, e costa sotto il Polo
Gli avete più che nell'Italia intensi,
E non mi potreste il becco solo
Ma il caldo della stirpe ch'ò sì infesto,
Che più che dalla Reste me gl'involò.
Ne il verno altrove s'abita in ovesto
Passe, vi st' mangia gl'oca bee,
Fuor che dormir vi si fa nitt'il resto.
Chè giundi vien come sorbir si dee
L'ana che tien sempre in navoglio il
fatto,
Delle montagne prossime Rifee.
Dal vaper che dal stomaco elevato,
Fa catarro alla testa e cala al petto
Mi monel una notte soffocato."

Satira Seconda.

After the writing of this satire, his health became still more delicate, and he soon fell into a rapid decline.

Pope's imperfections of form are well known, though he is said to have been beautiful in youth.

Rochester, Otway, Parnell, and Michael Bruce, died young. Gray had a delicate constitution. He undertook his travels in search of health. There are several lines in the epistles written during sickness "ad amicos."

Perhaps no poet awakened, after death, more intense interest than Chatterton. He came to London in gay hope of literary fame. The "sunny visions" that "floated" before him soon fled. He was driven in a few months, by positive want, to become a suicide. We almost withhold credence from the acquisition alleged to have been made by a boy not quite eighteen years of age at death, who had no better opportunity for mental culture than that which the routine of a charity school, and, afterwards, an attorney's office, afforded. Chatterton was a literary phenomenon, whose amazing powers we are at a loss to account for, even when we take into account the enthusiasm peculiar to youthful genius, the intervals of study snatched from the vulgar toil of copying dull parchments, and the midnight hours spent in pursuit of literary distinction. He acquired, in obscure life, such a knowledge of ancient language, and heraldic antiquity, as enabled him to forge poems that were received by a large portion of the literary world as the productions of a writer of the fifteenth century. Such was the amazing variety of his powers, that he forged even architecture and heraldry. In the articles he wrote for the periodical works of the time, after being a few months in London, he depicted, with playful and piquant gaiety, the light and flying shadows of fashionable folly.

It is painful to think that "chill penury" should so often have "shed her sickly mildew" on high intellect. The name of Spenser and Otway arise painfully to our memory

in reviewing the fate of genius. The monodies on Chatterton, and the eloquent tributes in prose paid to him after his death, came too late to save him from perishing through cold neglect. How would that youth of buoyant hope have joyed, had he received, while living, the homage extorted by his genius after death,—the warm "greetings" paid to his

"young-eyed poetry,
All deeply marked as hoar antiquity."

It is now a melancholy pleasure to contemplate the intellectual eminence which "the sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy," had he lived to manhood, would have attained; the expansion of the germs of poetry found here and there in the poems he ascribed to Rowley, into rich blossoms of song, and the subsiding of the scepticism of wild youth into the purer thought and calmer hope of maturer age.

Chatterton alluded at times in his poetry to his occasional mental depression. The following lines are not by any means the best in his "Miscellanies."

"Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky contemplation veils the scene;
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made),
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green."

Some of the lines he wrote on the death of his friend Powell were prophetically applicable to his own early fate.

"But fate has snatch'd thee,—early was thy doom;
How soon enclosed within the silent tomb!"

Perhaps the most touching and beautiful allusion to his own deserted state is in the "Ballad of Charity," written a short time before his death.

"Haste to the church glebe-house,
Ashrewd manne,
Haste to thy kiste, this only dorrhouse bedde,
Call as the claic, which will gre on this hedde;
Is charitie and love staling high elves;
Knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves!"

* Coleridge's Monody.

Henry Kirke White's fate resembled Chatterton's in many points. He died at the age of twenty-one. He had the same burning thirst after knowledge. He made, in his short life, the same astonishing progress. He attained the highest university honours, in a very brief time of application. He left papers on "law, electricity, chemistry, the Latin and Greek languages, on history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. Nothing seemed to have escaped him."* Henry, however, did not meet with the cold neglect Chatterton perished under. He was befriended, caressed, and admired in life. The sorry scribbler, who endeavoured to put down his little volume, by a bold and flippant criticism, failed in the pitiful attempt. The charge of licentiousness made against Chatterton was, probably,† unjust. There was no shadow of blot on Henry's character. He was a being of perfect gentleness, affection, and purity. I would not bring myself to wish that he had lived longer. The anticipations of fame after death, in which he indulged, were prophetic:

"Let may not undistinguished be my grave,
But there yet eve may some congenial soul
Duly resort, and shed a pious tear," &c.

The "pious tear" has been dropped over his grave. He has been to the young poet what Chatterton was to him. The union in Kirke White of moral purity and his genius has spoken, in the cause of virtue, in louder voice than "thousand homilies." His history has acquired, from his early fate, a vivid and enchanting interest, which, had he lived to manhood, it would not have possessed. The knowledge that the seeds of death were thickly sown in him, and were ripening speedily into death, has bestowed on his "Remains" a power of awakening, even in prosaic and cold-hearted readers, a poetic sympathy which youth, virtue, and genius could not inspire, unless hallowed by an early decay. There is a melancholy that purifies the heart in the contemplation of genius wasting away under disease, of literary

honour acquired at the expense of life, of intense application to study, made under the knowledge that the "dews of death will soon sit on the forehead." The history of White's young and fervent enthusiasm raises the mind above the dull and grovelling realities of life into the world of poetry, of pure thought and lofty aspiration; melts away from the heart that apathy to generous sentiment which intercourse with the world is apt to induce; and awakes burning, undefined, and invaluable longings after similar excellence.

There are numerous anticipations in Henry's poetry of the fate that awaited him. Some of the lines in the "Fragment of an Ode to the Morn" are strikingly descriptive of the disease that preyed on him:

"These feverish dews that on my temples hang,

This quivering lip, those eyes of dying flame,—

These, the dread signs of many a secret pang,

These are the meed of him who pants for fame."

The sonnet, written at midnight "To a Taper," is pensively beautiful:

* * * * *

"By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,

My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad-meaning tear, unmix'd with dream,

Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.

Like thee I wane,—like thee my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness, unwept, away."

Some of his pictures of consumption are almost painfully true to nature:

"'Twill

Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within
Lover, do not trust her eyes,
When they sparkle most she dies."

The allusion to the "chill blast thrown o'er" his young hopes, in the "Lines written on the Prospect of Death," can be read by no one without emotion:

"Aye, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,

* Southey's Life.

† See Gregory's Life. Milnes, Prel. Dis. &c.

And fraught with loveliness; and it is
hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's
step,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding
hopes," &c.

The fate of Mrs. Henry Tighe, although she did not die as so early an age as Chatterton and Kirke White, awakes as deep interest. There is a melancholy, perhaps more pensively delightful, in the view of female beauty fading away, and growing pale, and at length withered; of female genius, cheered under slow disease by "delightful visions" of love, and beauty, and poetry; of female loveliness, famed to be the ornament of polished life, and the delight of all hearts, attempting, under consumption, to soothe the sorrows of *other hearts*,² than in the contemplation of mascu-

line genius cut-off in youth. There are many beautiful allusions in Mrs. Tighe's sonnets, and in her shorter poems, to the consuming disease under which she languished. The concluding stanza of "Psyche" is so exquisitely beautiful, that I shall not injure its effect by other quotations:

"Dreams of delight, farewell! your
charm no more
Shall gild the hours of solitary gloom!
The page remains—but can the page re-
store
The vanish'd bowers which fancy sought
to bloom?
Ah, no! her smiles no longer can illumine
The path my Psyche tread; no more for
me;
Consigned to dark oblivion's silent tomb,
The visionary scenes no more I see,
Far from the fading lines the vivid colours
flee!"

C. M.

THE ENGLISH LABOURER AND AMERICAN SLAVE CONTRASTED.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

LIBERTY of speech, and a free discussion of whatever may prove beneficial to society, is the peculiar prerogative, the birthright of Englishmen. Nor is it possible for this privilege to be better employed, than in the examination of a subject immediately affecting that most useful body of his majesty's subjects—the labouring classes.

Every thing requisite to the common necessities of life—all that the world regards as elegant or magnificent—wealth, and whatever it may produce its rich possessor, is the product of labour.

The labourer is, therefore, a most important member of society, because on his exertions the community exists.

The great family of a nation may be compared to a pyramid, divided into three compartments, whereof

the labourers of every description, whether manufacturing or agricultural, form the base. The capitalists, the central department; and the ruling intelligence, the highest region, verging to the extreme point or head. The two latter departments, rest upon the base, and on its solidity and consequent steadiness their security rests.

This solidity, contemplated in a political sense, exists in the *prosperity* of those, of whom this base of society is formed.

It is the cement which keeps them united and firm, as the stones of a building, in their respective stations.

In the prosperity of an individual is involved his contentment and liberty; while, on the other hand, indigence torments a man with dissatisfaction, and confines him in the heavy irons of want.

The labouring man, possessing the

"Most sweet would to my soul the hope appear,
That sorrow in my verse a charm might find," &c.

bounties of nature, is very seldom actuated by speculative theory, or those other superfluities which stimulate the craving anxiety of the more refined part of society. Because, like the cock upon his dung-hill, he prefers the barley-corn, and rejects the diamond as a useless thing.

"Necessity" (says an old proverb) "is the mother of invention," and men, under the pangs of indigence, are often found resorting to mischievous inventions for relief. Hence arise every species of crime, discontent, combinations, fraud, turbulence. It was a saying of the great Henry the Fourth, of France, "If I live, there shall not be a labourer in my kingdom, who cannot put a fowl in his pot." "Live and let live," is an excellent maxim; the best security of kings, potentates, and their governments; a far surer protection to them, and the peace of society, than the bayonets and cutlasses of a hired soldiery.

There realms should be the land of good social feeling and good cheer: how far they deserve this honourable distinction, may be elucidated by the proposed comparison between the state of a British labourer and an American negro slave.

I write from 13 years' acquaintance with the habits of the former subject, and from having visited the United States, and attentively observed the condition of the latter.

The English peasant is born in what is called a free country, and deemed a participator of English liberty. About the age of ten years, he commences hard labour, and works ten hours in the day, as a cow boy or plough driver. For the greater part of the ensuing seven years, his labour only procures him food; towards the latter end of this period, it begins to afford him clothing also. Manhood approaches—he is taught by the clergyman or preacher of his parish, to walk in all the ordinances of Christianity, and to avoid fornication as a deadly sin, and a bastard offspring is marked with a badge of infamy. The invincible law of nature, and the fixed law of the land, urge him to matrimony. A family increases, and the utmost exertion of his bodily power is scarcely adequate to afford them the common necessities of life. The least inter-

ruption of daily labour throws him on his parish for relief; he is unavoidably driven to this source of legal beggary, and the honest pride of many a manly heart is often wounded by being thrown on the precarious benevolence of the thrifty farmer, and dependent for bread upon the good will of those who thus rule his destinies.

He is goaded into the most cringing servility. To obtain bread; and, as it is hard to please all men, a word, or look of offence, often cause him to be driven away, half relieved, by the bounty of a parish vestry.

But, if he enjoy constant and uninterrupted health, he is yet from "hand to mouth," and unable to provide ought for illness or old age; in either state of imbecility, he is again unavoidably thrown upon the bounty of his parish, and his grey hairs descend in the extreme of penury, and often in sorrow to the grave.

The American negro slave is the property of his master, whose interest it is to foster him with the greatest care. I have often seen the young negroes of an American planter suffered to play in the parlour, with his own children, and fed with food of equal quality. About the age of 12, they are put to labour. Their hours of work are not longer than with us in England. As manhood increases, there is no restraint upon the energies of nature; they court or "frolic" (as it is termed) among their lovers, without restraint—marry, if they prefer it, and get children at their ease, without the least care of providing for them, and thus enjoy all the advantages of opulence.

Labour they must, or be whipped. "Sed labor ipse voluptas." Even labour itself is a pleasure, where it is not urged to excess, and its subjects enjoy, without care, the bounties of nature.

But upon the abuse of a negro slave, by excessive labour, there is the most effectual check that can be named—his master's interest, with which his health and strength are combined.

Independent of these advantages, the slaves are sufficiently clad, and are allowed some perquisites.

I have seen them, of a summer's evening, issuing from between the woods in their canoes, bringing for

sale the superabundant fruit of the planter's orchard, to the vessels that sail inland up their navigable rivers; and among them I have observed the most powerfully athletic men, which is a proof that their slavery does not in the least injure their natural energy.

The condition of an American slave, with half a dozen children, is certainly preferable to that of an English labourer, with the same family. The former performs his day's work in hoeing, transplanting, or harvesting tobacco, or Indian corn; and, when his work is done, sings or dances, without a care for the future; or sets a snare to catch a fish, or some of the game with which the forest abounds, for the regaling of his household. The latter works as hard at hedging or ditching; harder in our corn fields in the summer, and at task work, in our barns, during winter. His family live on the hardest possible fare—seldom able to procure fresh animal food, when, nevertheless, our pastures groan under thousands of well-fed sheep and oxen. If he presume to catch, and make a soup of the hare or rabbit that eats his garden stuff, he is convicted of felony, sent to jail, or transported.

Lastly, I have seen old superannuated slaves, who had been faithful in their services, treated with as much kindness and deference as I ever beheld practised towards any labouring man, in the same circumstances, in any of the united kingdoms.

The sale and purchase of these people is certainly one of the greatest causes of their affliction; because, thereby, they are often removed to a distance from their lovers and friends. But where is there on earth a current of happiness, without its exceptions? Added to the above, is the grievance of a bad master. This character may also be endured by the British labourer; indeed, from the observation I have made in this contrast with the American negro slave, supposing myself a British labourer, with a family of half a dozen children, I

should prefer his state, to my own Nor, with all the advantages of free service, or the boasted possibility of acquiring education, can it be said, that our labourers are more comfortably situated than the American slave. A well-informed mind, with an empty belly and ragged back, is perhaps one of the most miserable conditions of existence.

There yet remains untold another contrast, in which the American negro has again the advantage. He is not balloted to arms, nor forced a slave, at the peril of his life, on board a man of war, to maintain himself, and the rest of his labouring brethren, in their hard condition.

I do not advocate the sale and purchase of the human species: but, from these combined statements, known to me from ocular demonstration and certain experience, I conclude, that the condition of a negro slave, in the United States of America, is preferable to that of a British labourer, with a wife and family, until capitalists agree to allow them wages, that, with care and assiduity, will maintain a family, with all the necessary comforts of life, independent of parochial relief; and enable them to make some provision for that period, when the infirmities of old age will naturally incapacitate them for labour.

Indeed, Colonel Taylor, of Virginia, in a politically agricultural treatise, called "Arator," says of the English tenantry, "The tenants or agriculturists are a species of slaves, goaded into ingenuity, labour, and economy, without possessing any political importance, or the least share in the government."

With a most ardent wish, that I may yet live to see a secure and happy state of society in Britain's fair isles, founded on the prosperity and comfort of the labouring classes,

I am, Sir, with a sincere wish for the increasing success of your publication,

Yours, &c. &c.
H. T. B.

MILDRED OF COVEHITHE.

O'er grey Covehithe mild eve has cast,
A soft and mellow ray,
But o'er its splendour's Time has past
With dark destroying sway.

All roofless now the stately pile,
And rent the arches tall,
Through which, with bright unconscious smile
The wandering sunbeams fall.

The ivy wreaths unheeded twine
In wild luxuriance there,
And oft with sweetest flowers combine
To crown the windows fair!

The quire is hushed, and silent now
The organ's pealing sigh;
Yet swells at eve from many a bough
The blackbird's lullaby!

The grass grown aisle, all green and lone
No musing footsteps tread,
And even o'er the altar stone
The mantling brambles spread.

Tradition half forgets to tell
Whose ashes sleep below;
Yet oft delights unchecked to swell,
And bid the story flow.

The stormy billows tipped with white
Were heard with ceaseless roar;
But all regardless of their might
A warrior paced the shore.

He felt it not, though wild and shrill
The gale of Autumn blew,
For winding down the tilted hill,
A lady met his view.

Oh! coldly came the piercing air
O'er Mildred's faded cheek,
As there she stood so pale and fair,
And sighed, and strove to speak.

The snowdrop in her wintry bower,
When hail comes thickly down,
Droops not more sadly from that shower
Than she before his frown.

"Oh! think thee of my faithful love,"
She said in mournful tone;
"And let thy grief thy bosom move,
Thou false and cruel one."

"If not for that thou feel'st at ruth,
Remorseless as thou art,
Remember all those vows of truth,
Which won my youthful heart."

"I charge thee by my love to thee,
By every tender claim,
And, oh! Fitzwalter, woe is me,
I charge thee by my shame!"

Her face, to hide the blushes there,
Upon her hands she bowed;
While through her fingers long and fair
The tears of anguish flowed.

"Return, fair lady, to thy bower,
The wind is rough and shrill;
And thou, too like a tender flower,
The nightly air will chill."

"Yes! I am like a blossom pale,
When winter hastens fast;
As tender, and, alas! as frail,
I wither in the blast."

"But think thee of my state forlorn,
My grief and blighted fame;
Nor let thy hapless child be born,
A child without a name!"

She raised her full and swimming eyes
With such a piteous look;
And, oh, her deep convulsive sighs
His bosom almost shook.

The bitter tears that gathering rose
In slow succession swell,
And when her aching lids would close,
In heavy drops they fell.

Her quivering lip no utterance gave
To what she strove to say,
And paler than the moonlight wave
She sadly turned away.

A troubled glance Fitzwalter cast
Upon her parting form,
More keenly swept the rushing blast,
And awful grew the storm.

As morning's early beam awoke,
Upon the gale arose,
A sound that, like death's icy stroke,
His blood with horror froze.

The raging tempest's angry breath
Fitzwalter could not hear,
For deep and sad the bell of death
Was tolling in his ear.

SECOND PART.

The moon's soft beams are stealing
To gild the chancel pane,
And the anthem notes are pealing
In Covehithe's holy fane.

The priests and choir are singing
The service for the dead,
And the bells are slowly ringing
For the spirit that's lately fled.

The tear is in many an eye,
 And many a cheek is pale;
 And, mixed with the requiem's sigh,
 Is heard the lament and the wail.

The sweetest of autumn flowers,
 Are cast on that lady's bier;
 Like her that were plucked in their bowers,
 And died in the fall of the year.

The burial rites are done,
 And the mourners have left the aisle,
 Save a knight and a friar, are none
 Within the gothic pile.

And one by one the failing light
 Of the tapers died away,
 Till through the arch's gloomy height
 They scarcely shed a ray.

Throughout the church a deep repose,
 And solemn silence dwelt,
 When sad and slow the warrior rose,
 And by the friar knelt.

The blood had left his manly cheek,
 And his glance of fire was gone,
 And ere he gather'd voice to speak
 He stifled many a groan.

"How, holy father, shall I dare,
 To breathe my crimes to thee?
 Or hope to gain thy pious prayer
 For such a wretch as me?"

"For she has filled a timeless grave
 Who should have been my bride,
 And vain my anguish now to save
 The victim of my pride!"

"But I will lay the helm and plume,
 And knightly spurs adown,
 And wear, within a convent's gloom,
 The monkish hood and gown."

"Though fruitless now my wild despair,
 And all my sorrow vain,
 My life I'll spend in ceaseless prayer,
 In penitence and in pain."

"And more than e'er my Mildred felt
 I'll suffer for her sake;
 The cruel heart that would not melt
 I feel will shortly break."

"But lead me to her lonely bed,
 Thou holy friar, I pray;
 Where I, in hopeless tears may shed,
 And pine my life away."

The peaceful moon's unconscious light
Was on the dewy sod,
O'er which the friar and mournful knight,
With noiseless footsteps, trod.

Oh ! wildly swept the autumn gale
Across the new made mound,
Fitzwalter's cheek grew cold and pale,
He sunk upon the ground.

No mortal eye beheld the grief
His manly breast that stirred,
But sadly oft, at pauses brief,
His heavy sobs were heard.

What voice is that whose tones, so oft,
Were music to his ear ?
Why do its murmur'd accents soft
Thus blanch his cheek with fear ?

Why springs Fitzwalter from the ground
With frenzy bearing none ?
And signs, before he looks around,
The cross upon his brow ?

" Is it the lofty trees that wave,
And seem to sigh my name,
Or was it from my Mildred's grave
The mournful whisper came ?"

He turns him to the friar there,
The cowl and hood are gone,
And, on a lady's ringlets fair,
The silvery moonbeams shone !

Those tresses floated on the gale,
Or flowed her form adown ;
And well her features, mild and pale,
Became the monkish gown.

Her hand upon his own she prest,
To speak she vainly strove,
The while her tearful smile confessed
The fond device of love.

Forgotten was Fitzwalter's pride,
He sunk upon his knee ;
" And canst thou then forgive," he cried,
" A wretch unworthy thee ?"

The answering tear that glistened bright
Spoke volumes to his heart ;
And morning saw the bridal rite,
That joined them ne'er to part.

THE MAXIMS OF MOTTOS.

"A strange medley, Sir—and like the varied tribes
Your play-writers do bring upon the stage,
Dress'd in all sorts of hues: some are well graced,
And wear a front of honour; others strut
And fret—mere things of noise and vapour."

Old Comedy.

IF the moralist, and the man of contemplation, can extract serious from stone, and find "books in the running brooks," one would certainly be inclined to hope, that amusement, and, probably, instruction, may be gleaned from a notice of those appurages to the coats of arms and quarterings of our nobility, which are denominated mottoes. The field is wide, and the crop large, and should afford better things than tares and thorns; at all events, let us become for a while industrious husbandmen, fancy our "grey goose quills" sickles, and begin to reap.

The first reflection which will naturally arise in, and employ our mind, will be on the propriety or impropriety of the application of mottoes to the situation, name, or fortunes of the possessors of them. Many we shall undoubtedly find "apt and alliterative" enough; but the far greater number will, on the contrary, be as unseemly to nature as the marriage of Vulcan with the Queen of Beauty, or Nero's flourish upon a cretina in the midst of the imperial city's conflagration.

Again, there will be found those that convey useful lessons, and inculcate admirable principles, such as, if followed, would winnow fashionable life of much of its venality, and some of its dissipation; yet there are to be seen others that serve only to create ridicule and support ribaldry—such as, if multiplied, would soon make our volumes of heraldry jest-books, and our garter kings at arms, Joe Mil-lars.

I have a recollection of seeing it somewhere suggested, that a great probable benefit would arise, were every motto which delivered a sage admonition, a valuable warning, a noble boast, a patriotic determination, to be carved in bold characters, and placed, like hackney-coach numbers, *inside* the carriages of the great in the land. Such a *memento*, it is presumed, would be a very hand writing upon the wall, and as effective to preserve from falling as the sight of his coffin was to that worthy old gentleman, who had it placed, for years before he "shuffled off this mortal coil," under his dinner table, as a practical memorial of the great truth which tells us, that "whilst we are in life we are in death." Can any of the house of Norfolk ever soil the nobility of their station, whilst they practice what their motto preaches, and are convinced that "Virtue alone is invincible?" Or will any of the descendants of a Grafton, when they consider their title was intended to be *L'Et Decus et Præteritum Recti*, "both the ornament and reward of rectitude," fail to put their trust in truth, or to embellish noble rank with its best badges, honour and amiability? Shall the Beaufoits ever stoop from their high estate, to "change or fear?"—shall they ever relinquish any laudable engagements, ever vacillate between honour and dishonour, evil report or good report, as long as the "*Mutare vel timere sperno*" shall glitter in paint and gold beneath the family escutcheon? or can the Dukes of Dorset fail to court circumspection, and look be-

fore they leap, whilst that wholesome lesson, "*Aut nunquam tentes, aut perfices*," hangs upon their ancient halls, and within their splendid carriages?

These, and a hundred others, are lessons of great price: let us now turn to another process of our harvest, and hunt for a little eccentricity among the produce. We shall not go far for the garnering—for see some "honey seed rogue" has fitted my lords of Westmoreland with a motto, which proves, in contradiction to the opinion of the "lady bird" Juliet, that there is much in a name. "*Ne vile Fano*," "Disgrace not the altar," says the escutcheon. *Fanes* do nought but well, says truth; for Fane is the patronymic of the family, and furnishes the pun, which, however apt, probably evinces little wisdom in the adopter. "*Templa quam delecta*," "*Temples how beloved!*" is of the same character, and closer and more natural in its application; it was the motto of the late Earl Temple, and certainly needs less distortion than a good many others to make it pass muster in the army of punning appliances.

The Earls of Fauconberg, whose family name is *Bellasyse*, bear "*Bonnet et Belle assez*," "Good and handsome enough," beneath their coat of arms. Here again there is point: but what a world of vanity is inculcated in the application! Lord Vernon's "*Per non semper viret*" is incalculably before it, both as a pun and an adage; for who will not admit that "*The spring is not always green*?" who will not allow that we cannot be always young, always gay, always happy—for this is the lesson the quotation teaches?

I may easily multiply instances, may quote the "*Ne vile velis*" of the *Nervils*, the "*Vero nihil verius*" of the *Veres*, and others of the same calibre; but probably enough has been already given to support the assertions made, and the observations hazarded, at the commencement of this paper. Let me now

mention, and that very briefly, a few which seem neither to promote virtue nor extort risibility—such, in short, as really appear almost entirely inexplicable. They may in part, perhaps, have had reference to some particular circumstances or events, at the time they were adopted; but, at present, they seem as difficult to get to the bottom of as the robber of Bagdad's cave, and as laborious to unravel as the Cretan labyrinth; and I very much doubt if the *sesame* of the woodcutter, or the clue of Ariadne, will be wafted by any good breezes to our assistance. The Richmonds have been pretty generally considered *pink*s of perfection, but what they should have to do by flourishing in a *rose*, I can by no possibility divine; and yet they bear "*En la rose fleurie*" as their motto. Can it be that their ancestors were conspicuous and fortunate in the factions of the roses? The surmise may not be wider of the mark than naming the author of Junius. The Duke of Brandon's "*Thorough*;" Earl Delaware's "*Sour de ma vie*," ("The day of my life;") Lord Paget's "*Per suo contrario*;"

"With many others, which to write
Would fill a sheet of paper quite," are equally mysterious, and make us believe, that even in such trifles as the subject of my essay, our philosophy may be beaten to a stand still, and our wisdom set at defiance.

A writer of an earlier period has said, that it is praiseworthy "to endeavour to turn every occurrence which falls in one's way to some beneficial purpose, even though we are able to do so in imagination only." I have endeavoured, in my walks through the metropolis, to obey this injunction. I might have performed it weakly; but I give you a proof of it, my readers, in these my observations upon so trite a subject as mottoes. You, I am sure, can improve upon them; go into the crowded and populous city and try—there is game before you.

J. F. STUART.

May 30, 1825.

LONDON REVIEW.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TIME, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Novice; or the Man of Integrity.
From the French of L. B. Picard.
In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1825.
Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy.

THE title of this work promises little, and executes little more than it promises, if novels be considered in mere relation to novel readers. The genuine novel reader always seeks for, and always expects, something of the wild and romantic, of the mysterious and surprising; and is always disappointed where these elements of pleasure are absent. There is, however, a class of readers who prefer utility to fancy, and instruction to pleasure; and it is only such a class that can read "*The Man of Integrity*," if not with the rapture of romance, at least with the calm delight of truth. Such readers, however, seldom turn to any work that is published in the form of a novel; so that those who are most likely to lay hold of the *Man of Integrity*, are those who are least likely to be pleased with him. He is the creation of a Frenchman, but he is more an Englishman in character. He is plain, blunt, honest, simple, neither covetous nor disregarding of wealth; but yet he succeeds better than the man who trusts solely for his advancement in life to trick and finesse. Fortune pours her treasures upon him apace, without seeking them; while some of his acquaintances cannot win the favours of the fickle goddess, with all their avidity of wealth, and all their prostration of spirit and of principle to obtain it. Indeed, the French author would seem to have sketched his idea of a *Man of Integrity* from the English character; but few English readers will prefer him, notwithstanding, to a more romantic and enterprising character. He possesses, however, a great and exalted mind; and only in one instance has he had ever recourse to subtility. But his subtility even then is the subtility of virtue. We shall quote a sufficient portion of the chapter in which it occurs, to give

our readers an opportunity of judging whether it be or be not. It will also afford an instance of the author's manner.

"The day began to break; the clock struck four, and the hour appointed for the meeting was at six. Dercy rose with an aching head and a sense of suffocation that induced him to seek the fresh air; for which purpose he descended to the garden, and, on his way down stairs, looked into Dharville's chamber, and found that he was in a deep sleep.

"On turning into one of the walks of the garden he met a man, whom he instantly perceived to be Vanboll. The recognition was mutual, and Vanboll inquired what had brought him to Aix-la-Chapelle. 'In order to inform you in a word, the business on which I am come hither, it will be sufficient to say that it is as the friend of Count Dharville.'

"'You, M. Dercy, the Count's friend?'

"'I do not pretend to compel you to listen to his praises, but all who know admire and love him.'

"'Oh, I only meant to express my surprise at the capricious chance by which it happens that I find one whom I so much esteem as I do you, the friend of my adversary. You are not the first whom I have heard speak in high terms of commendation of the noble sentiments and courage of the Count; and the circumstance of having you for a friend, can but add to the opinion I entertain of his merits.' This was uttered with all that phlegm which George had before remarked in him.

"'How has it happened,' asked Dercy, 'that my friend can have been led to behave towards you in the way which I understand he has? His education, his gentlemanly manners, render it almost incredible.'

"'Why the fact is, I had irritated him beyond bearing;—the Champagne had got into both our heads.'

"'And still you are going to—In whatever way this duel may terminate, I shall have to regret the event. It is dreadful to think that I must either lose my friend, or that his presence must ever afterwards call to my mind the death of one who has so many claims upon my esteem.'

"'Should it be my lot to fall, do not impute all the fault to M. Dharville. I now speak to you with the calmness of one who has made a sacrifice of his life.'

The insult I have received can be repaired only by blood. It is necessary that I either perish myself, or destroy my adversary; but I am not, on that account, unjust, it was I who was in the first instance culpable. Dharville is young and without any ties, and he might, therefore, without compromise in his character, stay in the house we both frequented; but as a husband and a father, ought I to have been found there? His error arose from his natural gay turn of disposition; but I have violated sacred duties.—I would wish to act generously towards him.

“And what prevents your doing so?”

“It is impossible.”

“You accuse yourself of having acted wrong; let it then be a noble action efface your error. Without either adding to or diminishing the danger to which you yourself are exposed, it is nevertheless in your power to secure the life of your adversary.”

“How?”

“By telling in the air.

“What is it that you propose to me?”

“What perhaps appears very strange at first, but reflect.”

“‘No, no,’ returned Vanholl, after a moment’s pause, ‘were I to extend my generosity so far as this, you would, out of gratitude, seek to prevail on M. Dharville to spare my life in return. Such an arrangement is utterly inadmissible in an affair like this.’”

“They continued to walk on in silence, till Vanholl, suddenly stopping, and looking George in the face, said, with some vivacity, ‘Will you then give me your word of honour that if I promise to spare Dharville, you will not say any thing to him—not a syllable, that may induce him to spare me?’”

“‘Yes,’ replied George after reflecting a few seconds, ‘I do give you my word of honour that I will say nothing to Dharville. You understand me?’ added he, with some emphasis on the words, ‘I will say nothing to him.’”

“‘Then be under no apprehension for the fate of your friend,’ cried Vanholl, shaking Dercy affectionately by the hand.

“We must here confess that there was a little subtlety, and even a little jesuitical subtlety, in our hero’s promise: it was the first time he had allowed himself to have recourse to it, but the urgency of the occasion must be his excuse; and he would be an outrageously severe moralist indeed, who would still be inclined to censure him. Vanholl now went to find his second, and Dercy returned with a lightened bosom to his friend.

“At the appointed hour all the parties were at the place of meeting; when George, to his surprise, found that Vanholl’s second was no other than the old officer who had taken upon himself the

office of being his Mentor, and had volunteered him so much good advice at Madame Stukoff’s—advice apparently so much at variance with his own conduct. He now, for the first time, learned that he was a Captain Gregory, an old Irish officer on half pay. Having saluted the three young men with an air of gravity, the Captain said to the two combatants, ‘My good friends, it gives me much concern to see two such interesting young men as you engaged in an affair, where in all probability one of you must fall. In order to be prepared for the worst that may happen, I have taken the precaution usual on these occasions, and provided a skilful surgeon, who is waiting a hundred paces behind that wall. I met with him here in the suit of Lord Fauquier, whom he recommended to come hither to try the waters. He will be ready to appear on the first signal I shall make him. I have now one piece of advice to give you, which is to settle this affair as quickly as possible. Do you wait quietly here, under these trees, while M. Dercy and I step behind that little hedge and charge one of the two pistols which I have got here. Leave the whole management to me, and be assured that every thing shall be conducted as it ought to be.’”

“He and George then retired behind the hedge, and whilst he was loading the pistol he said, ‘This is the thirty-seventh duel in which I have been either principal or second; but I have been only three times concerned in such as the present one, once on my own account, and twice as second.’ George at first began to smile at the gravity with which this Nestor of duels made preparations that he himself now knew would be attended with no fatal consequences; but at these last words he felt disgusted by the calm indifference with which the Irishman related his homicidal feats; and the *vang-froid* with which he contemplated a combat, the event of which must appear to him to be certain death.

“‘Let us proceed with both method and dispatch,’ said the Captain, on returning to the principals; ‘Here are the dice; he who throws the highest shall have the choice of the pistols. M. Vanholl you are the party offended, do you, therefore take the first throw.’ Vanholl threw a six-four; Dharville a double deuce. Then the former having taken the pistol nearest to him, he and Dharville placed themselves at the distance of two paces from each other; and on the signal being given by the Captain, both fired in the air. Surprised at this behaviour on the part of his adversary, Vanholl looked at George with an air of mistrust; but Dharville, who had had the loaded pistol, frankly apologised, and offered to begin again. Vanholl although

offended, hesitated whether to accede or not to this proposal, when the Captain interfered, saying, 'Gentlemen, I think that things ought to go no farther; and when I am satisfied, all the world ought to be so! By St. Patrick! but you are a couple of brave lads!' Then Van-holl and Dharville having shaken each other by the hand, he added, 'The affair is now settled as far as fighting goes; and all that remains to be done is to assemble together the parties who were present at the quarrel, and assure them that you have both had honourable satisfaction. There is no time to be lost in doing it, and I will take upon myself to summon them, and will now go and dismiss the surgeon.'

"As they were returning to the town, Van-holl, who had recovered somewhat of cheerfulness, invited them to go and pass a day or two with him at his country seat, which was about three leagues off; an invitation which Dharville and the Captain immediately accepted. George was anxious to return as speedily as possible to Paris; but, conceiving that fresh dangers still awaited his friend, and reflecting on Dharville's blind infatuation for the fair Russian, he considered it his duty to guard him, if possible, from ruin; and therefore, not knowing exactly what other course to pursue, he consented to follow them to Van-holl's.

"While the horses were saddling, and other preparations for the journey were making, the Captain had assembled all the guests who were at the *table d'hôte* when the quarrel took place, and made them every declaration he conceived to be necessary. The first instant Dharville had an opportunity of speaking to George, in private, he thanked him warmly;—'What a service you have rendered me!' said he. 'Had it not been for you, Van-holl had now been a dead man, and I the most wretched of the living.'

"Terrified lest he should betray him, and unknowingly discover the whole plot, which it was of so much importance to keep a profound secret, he earnestly urged the Count to take no more notice of it; he wished, besides, to let the two combatants have all the credit of the generosity displayed on this occasion. George, too, was such a Novitz, and had so much modesty, that he was as solicitous to conceal his good actions, as hypocrites are to hide their bad ones."

Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities; by the Right Honourable Sir W. Drummond. London. Baldwin and Co.

So much has already been written on the origin of the Babylonians,

Egyptians, Chaldeans, and other Eastern nations, that a new history of these countries can have little or no interest at present, unless undertaken by a writer who possesses facilities of a most peculiar and favourable character, of becoming acquainted with Eastern antiquities. Mr. Drummond does not tell us in his preface whether he possessed these facilities or not, nor does he even tell us what object he had in view, in adding these two volumes to the great mass of writing which we have already on the subject. If he has accomplished only what has been accomplished already, he should recollect, that the unnecessary multiplication of books is an actual multiplication of evil; if he has done something more, he should tell us what this something is, and what better means he had of performing it than his predecessors. Were we therefore disposed to quarrel with him, we should say, that if his historical observations on the origin of the Eastern nations be of a piece with his preface, we should deem them of little value; but it is remarkable that some writers are lost in writing a preface, or penning a title page, after executing the work itself with talent and ability. This appears to be the case in the present instance, for the work before us contains many observations on Eastern antiquities, and biblical history, which are not only original, but fraught, in our opinion, with much good sense, and a just discrimination between historical probability and historical tradition. By historical tradition we mean events first handed down by tradition, and afterwards enrolled in the historic page. As an instance, not only of the originality of his observations, but of their probability also, we shall quote the entire ninth chapter of his first volume, which treats of the building of the Tower of Babel, and the dispersion of mankind. We believe it will be interesting to all our readers: at least it must certainly be so to all lovers of antiquity:—

"According to the sacred historian, the world, after the deluge, was re-peopled by the posterity of Japhet, Ham, and Shem. But the three great streams of population, though proceeding from a common source, flowed in opposite directions, and were soon subdivided into many separate chan-

nels. The children of Japhet appear to have advanced towards the Tannih; to have entered Europe; and to have gradually peopled every region, from the Euxine sea to the isles of the west. In the mean time the descendants of Ham gained the coast of the Mediterranean sea; established themselves in Phœnice, Palestine, and Egypt; colonised the whole northern shores of Africa; took possession of Ethiopia; thence crossed over the Red sea, and, as by a mighty reflux, returned upon Asia, poured their redundant population into Arabia, and finally, after having sailed across the gulph of Ormus, spread their wandering tribes over India, whence they passed into China, Scythia, and Iran. During this period, the posterity of Shem moved in three different directions—towards Iran and India—towards Chaldaea and Arabia—and towards Armenia, Assyria, Syria, and Asia Minor.

“But here occurs a question, more interesting, perhaps, to the antiquary, than important to the historian. When, and where, did this dispersion commence? Chronologists and commentators have, indeed, answered this question. They assemble the whole descendants of Noah, about 100 years after the flood, on the plain of Shinar; represent this family as employed in building the tower of Babel; and suppose the general dispersion of mankind to have taken place immediately afterwards. These writers have, no doubt, believed themselves to be supported by the authority of Scripture; and they have, besides, been able to allege the testimony of Josephus, and of some other ancient writers in their favour. It is, however, only from the sacred historian himself, that we can learn the truth upon this subject; and his pages are as open to investigation, and are as clearly to be understood, at present, as when Petau and Usher framed their chronological systems, or Dom. Calmet wrote his learned commentaries.

“Various considerations induce me to believe, that the general dispersion of the descendants of Noah took place ages before the building of the tower of Babel; and that the contrary opinion is not supported by the authority of the sacred historian. I shall submit the following remarks to the judgment of the reader.

“1. It cannot, I think, be asserted upon the authority of Scripture, that the general dispersion of mankind took place after the building of the tower of Babel; because the sacred historian first states the dispersion of the families of Japhet, Ham, and Shem; mentions the colonies which they planted, and the cities which they built; and then, in a succeeding chapter, records the attempt to build the tower. If this undertaking had been the

cause of the dispersion, it would have been natural for the historian to have mentioned it as such, before he introduced his account of the Noachic families, which is really the account of the peopling of the globe of the earth after the deluge.

“2. Those, who began to build the tower, had been journeying from the east; and we may thence conclude, that this could not have been the first migration from the mountains of Ararat, which, as I shall have occasion to show, are nearly due north of the plain of Shinar.

“3. We are told, in the English version of the Bible, that God confounded the language of *all the earth*, and scattered the builders of the tower upon the face of *all the earth*. Now the words *כל רואר* appear to me to be wrongly translated; and I would rather render them, *all the land*; because I think it clear, that the sacred writer only meant the country in which the plain of Shinar was situated. It can be shown from the Bible itself, that the language, spoken by mankind before the flood, was Hebrew; and as that language was the very one in which Moses wrote, it seems improbable that he should say, that the language of *the whole earth* was confounded.

“4. But it may be required of me to prove, that Hebrew was the language of the antediluvians. This can be easily done. Witness the speech of Eve, on the birth of Kain—‘And Adam knew his wife Eve; and she conceived and bare Kain, קניי אש אדמיה, *kaini ash eth Jehovah*, I have gotten a man from the Lord.’ *Kain* signifies *possession, acquisition*, and the reference of *Kaini* to *Kain* shows that Eve spoke in the Hebrew language. We are told, that “Lamech begat a son, ויקרא את-שמו נח לאמר זה ינחמו ממעטך, and called his name Noah, saying, this same shall console us after our toil.” The verb נחם *nacham* is introduced here with direct reference to the name of נח, *Noah*. The play of words is yet more remarkable, where Noah says, אלוים ליפת, *Japhet Elohim lu-Japhet*, ‘God shall enlarge Japhet.’

5. “When it is said, in the English version of the Bible, that God confounded the language of *all the earth*, there is and can be no exception. How is it possible to suppose, that, after this period, the language of the antediluvians could have been preserved? But since it was preserved, why should we not translate *כל רואר* *the land*, in this example, as we do in a hundred others? This simple and obvious change removes the whole difficulty.

“6. Had the mad attempt to build a tower, which should reach to heaven,

been made within a century after the deluge, can it be imagined, that no allusion would have been made to that awful event? The wandering hordes, that stopped on the plain of Shinar, seem to have been only afraid of losing their way, and of being dispersed, which indicates that this had happened to them before. 'Let us make a name (a signal), said they, lest we be scattered over the face of the whole earth (land).' But had the terrible catastrophe of the deluge been recent; had its history been familiar to these roving tribes; or had the fearful desolation caused by it been present to their eyes; would they not have reckoned it among the advantages of their tower, that it would preserve them from the danger of a second inundation? If we adopt the common opinion upon this subject, an opinion not sufficiently considered by those who formed it, we must suppose that mankind, a century after the deluge, had forgotten its moral cause, and had become indifferent to its physical effects. The moral cause was, apparently at least, the alienation of the whole human race from the worship of the true God, with the exception of Noach and his family; and can it be really and seriously believed, that Noach, who was still alive, and his virtuous sons, Shem and Japhet, would have sanctioned, by their presence, an undertaking as impious as it was foolish?—an attempt to build a tower which should reach to heaven!

"After having related the events which had taken place in the plain of Shinar, the sacred historian abruptly changes the subject, details the genealogy of the family of Shem, in the line of Arphaxad and Eber, down to Abram, and proceeds to relate the history of that Patriarch. Now, if the attempt to build the tower of Babel had been made only 100 years after the deluge, the connexion between the two subjects is not very obvious. What, indeed, in this case, had the building of the tower of Babel to do with the history of Abram? If, however, we find, as I think we shall do, that the building of the tower took place in the time of Abram; that the site of this tower was in the neighbourhood of Ur; and that the impious undertaking of his neighbours, together with their professed idolatry, was one of the principal causes why the Patriarch received his call, and was commanded to quit his native land; the transition, from the history of the builders of the tower to that of Abram, is perfectly natural and intelligible.

"8. When the deluge ceased, there were but eight persons, who had survived it. And what was the situation of these four men, and four women, who were thus left desolate and alone? The whole earth had been submerged; every part of

its surface must have borne the marks of its having been overwhelmed by the mighty tide; and it must have been long before the face of nature, torn and lacerated by the domineering waters, could have recovered its pristine beauty. Long must it have been, before the valleys were habitable; before the fields were cultivated; and before the flocks and herds could graze in safety on the marshy plains. Vast depositions must have been left by the retiring waves; and the rivers, in finding new ways to the sea, must have laid waste and inundated many a realm, ere their channels became either fixed or known. The powers of nature, as they recovered, would only tend to impede the progress of human exertion. The heat of the sun would cause the exhalation of unwholesome vapours from the stagnant waters; and the gradual excitation of the soil would be attended with the unceasing evaporation of pestilential effluvia. Forests would rise to cover the face of the earth; these forests would afford protection to beasts of prey; and men, before they could labour the ground, or find safe pasture for their cattle, must have disputed the possession of the soil with the savage tenants of the woods. Fifty years after the flood, the world must have been a mighty wilderness—the plains full of mirshes, and the hills covered with forests. Noach may have cleared a few fields, where he planted his vines; his sons may have done the same; but the progress of cultivation must have been gradual; and, under such circumstances, the increase of population must have been slow. It is then rather difficult to believe, upon the authority of chronologers and commentators, for the Bible says no such thing, that about one century after the flood, the descendants of Noach not only built the cities of Erech, Accad, Calneh, Nineveh, Rehoboth, Calah, and the great city of Resen; but began to construct a tower of such vast dimensions, that they proposed it should reach to heaven. The sacred historian tells us, that the descendants of Noach built all these cities, and that Babel was the beginning of Nimrod's kingdom; but he assigns no date to the foundation, either of the kingdom, or of the cities."

With regard to Mr. Drummond's style, it is rather redundant; he is fond of ornament, but it is an ornament not always chastely selected, nor always worthy the matter which it adorns. We cannot always say of him, *materia superabat opus*. His historical observations are sensible, and may generally be relied upon; but when he comes to express less

palpable and more delicate shades of idea, he frequently confounds them, and, accordingly, two often set us make sometimes no more than one. He nicely expresses the same idea in different terms. Thus, he tells us in his preface, that, "it has been his endeavour to operate, as far as he was able, historical from fabulous narratives, and to point out the limits which belong both to truth and to fiction. Now if there be any dif-

fluence between separating historical from fabulous narratives, and pointing out the limits which belong both to truth and to fiction. We really cannot see it. His observations, however, on Eastern antiquities must be taken up, not as a work of taste, but as a work of utility, and if we estimate its merit by its utility alone, we have few works on the subject which convey more original and more useful information.

THE LINE ARCS

TWENTY-FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

* This society pursues its career
 on the same plan as the Académie
 de France, and is distinguished
 by the fact that it is not a
 body of artists, but a body of
 amateurs, who are not only
 artists, but also collectors of
 art. A society of collecting
 artists, it is true, is not to be
 compared with the Académie
 de France, and that is
 better constituted than the
 society calling itself, in the same
 manner, the Académie de
 Beaux-Arts.

The water column itself is simple in its construction, proceeds to its purposes without quibbling or false pretensions of any kind, and is no degree dependent on either patronage, or peculiar relations, or royal favor, but earnestly rests on its own merits, energetic, and proves that not only alone, but British encouragement also, in this much of it at least will

—————“ Merit as its chief pursuit,
And let the shadow, prove the substance
true ”

The heroes of the present display are Messrs. Barrett, Picout, Dewint, Robson, and Fielding, in the department of land cape, and in familiar life, rural occupations, and history, Messrs. Crist II, Rulter, and Stephanoff, who have been so successful, that the separate production of either would form a

E. M. Junc. 1895.

separate and not too small a
territory. But what has become of our
young friend John Smith?

[illegible]

No. 29, from the pencil of this artist, is entitled, "An Ancient City." It is of the charmingly magnificent architecture of ancient Greece.

partly in ruins, and with a reach or two of a noble river winding through an extensive plain toward distant mountains. Three figures sit in conversation among the fragments of ruined edifices which bestrew the foreground, and the declining sun shines smilingly over the scene.

His "*Evening*" scene, (No. 33), taken from the following verses of Thompson, with its lengthening shadows and glowing sunset, has a very grand effect; but the painter is by no means so dim and dun as the poet,* for which, as we look at the picture, we are willingly persuaded that he is all the better. The contemplative spectator is taught to fancy he hears the music of falling waters near the foreground, beyond which is a circular temple in ruins, and partly embosomed among trees. A small lake with lofty banks of rock and wood, resembling that which Italian tourists call "Dante's looking-glass," is below; and beyond it are seen other temples and different mountains. The crescent moon is overhead, and on the meridian, so that probably it is a real portrait of that beautiful little Italian lake which we have mentioned above.

"Evening" yields
The world to night, not in her winter robe
Of massy sylvan wool, but loose array'd
In middle-dim A fainter shrouding
Glauc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of
things,
Glimps'd till an image on the straining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and
streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long
retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swim-
ming scene,
Uncertain if beheld."

No. 42 is simply designated "*Morning*," and is, we suppose, the pendant, or companion to the above. It has no poetry appended to it; but contains much in itself. In some of its leading features, and in its general harmony, this picture reminds us powerfully of the best works of Claude. Its water, which

reflects the rising sun and the warm sky, is remarkably pellucid, and will, we think, occasion most of the visitors of Earl Grosvenor's gallery to recollect one of the best Claude's in Europe—a glorious evening scene, wherein the water is deceptively clear.

His "*River Scene*," No. 51, is also glowing and grand; exemplary for its rich harmony; and affords a fine instance of that incorporation of the merits of Gaspar and Claude, of which we spoke at the commencement of our remarks on the works of this distinguished landscape painter. It exhibits nature in one of her finest attitudes, and dressed in green and gold. It is a pastoral sort of scene; goats are browsing among the foreground herbage; and a fountain gushes forth from among the ruins of a temple, from which a Grecian female is returning with a vase of water on her head. A simple sheet of water falls a few feet, forming a warm sky; but the effect is charming, as is usual in the work of M. Barrett, besides the perfection of the harmony of its chromatic scheme and colour.

No. 62 is designated, "*7:1 Rooley*," is illustrated by the following quotation from Thomson, and is from the same pencil as the above.

"Should I my step tread to the rude side
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the look, who high amidst the boughs
In early spring, his airy builds."

This is, of course, a grove scene, wherein the chief feature are lofty forest trees; but our artist, notwithstanding that a rookery has no ancient associations belonging to it, has contrived to confer on his work a highly classical air; and a poetical student, sensible of this—charmed by the serenity and seclusion of the landscape—is reading near the foreground. The whole is pervaded by a rich and deep-toned mellowness, which seems the fit element—the food, as it were, of pensive sentiment. In this respect, the present performance is exceeded by none.—

* It strikes us, however, that though the subject of this picture be obviously taken from Thomson, it is not, in fact, so taken; and that the poetry has been forced to be more applicable than it really is.

But we must desist from following Mr. Barrett further at present, having other artists to attend to, and other critical duties to perform.

No. 24 is "*The reconciliation of Selim and Nourmahal during the frost of roses at Cashmere*," by J. STEPHANOFF.

The subject of this florid performance is taken from the following verses in Moore's "*Lalla Rookh*."

"The mask is off, the charm is wrought
And Selim to his heart has caught,
In blushes more than ever bright,
His Nourmahal - his haram's light."

The public has rarely, if ever, been treated with a picture so gorgeous as the present with ornaments of gold, jewellery, and the other splendid decorations of female beauty, oriental architecture, and every festivity. He is, indeed, incredibly so, when its vivid display is contemplated as representing matters of fact; but when regarded as a matter of fable and fictitious poetry, whose purpose is to conjure up associations of ideal luxuries, and which is allowed a wide latitude in the exercise of its art of making improbability appear probable, we willingly yield to the delusion; the senses, as well as imagination, are enlisted on the side of the artist; and

"What we wish to be true, love bids us believe."

Display was evidently, in this instance, just as much the purpose of the artist, as it is that of the jeweller in arranging his gems: and human sentiment just as little more than its vehicle. In the accomplishment of these artificial purposes, he has succeeded as completely as those who labour with most plausibility to convert important historical events into opera *ballets*: and perhaps our critical remark, that Mr. Stephanoff appears to have exhausted his means of paramount female beauty, before he came to his principal figure (of Nourmahal) will scarcely be esteemed relevant or generous,* he having other purposes in view than the just subordination

of parts. In form and attitude we deem this figure quite as deficient as in superior personal attractions. That of Selim is graceful and elegant.

In No. 50, by the same artist, "*Sir Walter Raleigh* (not then knighted) *throws his embroidered crimson cloak at the feet of Queen Elizabeth*" in order that she may pass dry-shod over a miry spot, with a gallant and unobtrusive grace that is highly appropriate, and scarcely less so is the majestic interest with which the queen in her turn regards the chivalrous youth. She is represented as being much younger than she could have been at the time of this embarkation at Greenwich, and handsomer than she ever was; but all this is proper; and so is the splendid display of peculiar finery which distinguished the court of Elizabeth.

No. 40, "*The Ponte di Rialto at Venice*," by S. PROUT, is of large dimensions, and centrally placed as you pass down the left hand; it is however, probably not the very best of Mr. Prout's performances; at least it appears to us to be painted under an apprehensive feeling that unusually large demands were made on his talents, by the knowledge that Canaletti and Turner had already treated, with well established success, the very same view of the Ponte di Rialto; there is, in consequence, a little heaviness about Mr. Prout's picture. The native buoyancy of the vessel of his art, seems to have suffered some depression, or to draw more water (as the marine phrase is) from being also freighted with the rich reputation of his mighty predecessors. Another disadvantage to the recent painter of the Rialto is, that the taste and judgment of the cognoscenti, have already been fully satisfied on the subject, which goes far toward satiety. The present work, therefore, affords no new excitement.

When regarded apart from these circumstances, which is probably the more genuine and just way of estimating the merits of a picture, the magnificent arch of the cele-

* "A generous critic reads each work of wit,
With the same spirit that its author writ."

brated Ponte di Rialto sustains its pictorial importance in the hands of Mr. Prout; and the splendid gondolas and barges of pleasure and commerce, gliding over the green waters of the Adriatic, surrounded by noble and mercantile residences, and peopled by numerous figures in the peculiar costume of the ancient and far famed city of Venice, cannot fail to affect the tasteful and contemplative mind with deep and various emotions.

No. 57, by the same artist, is also the "*Ponte di Rialto at Venice*;" but the present is the land view of this beautiful bridge, looking along its vista of little shops and other trading accommodations; and with great pleasure we observe in it more of originality, more of the mild light of truth, and more of the serene atmosphere of Venice, than in that which we have just passed, and is taken from the old station close on the margin of the canal. This is, much more than the latter, purely Mr. Prout's own; evidence of which may be seen in a certain light and airy clearness of tone, as well as in the tasteful outlining of the details of the architecture, and very picturesque figures.

There is another Venetian subject from the pencil of Mr. Prout, of which we cannot, at this moment, be certain of the number, we believe it to be "*The Ponte della Canonica*," No. 110; where, as in No. 57, the chiaroscuro, or general effect of the whole, is extremely pleasing and sufficiently forcible, without the artist's having recourse to those extreme depths of shade, which are often seen in the works of other painters, but rarely in the broad daylight of nature.

Certain grotesque chimææ, which are a characteristic feature of the city of Venice, here come off light, from a dark sky, and, therefore, attract their full share of attention. In form they resemble the massy columns of the ancient temples of Egypt, with their bell-shaped capitals; and can scarcely fail to have a jarring and incongruous effect on the minds of those who recollect this circumstance, seeming like the heaviest of all architecture tottering on the summit of a Venetian palace.

The "*Portico di Ottavia*," the

fish market at Rome, (No. 108) by the same painter, is singularly picturesque in subject, and Mr. Prout is not less felicitous in his mode of treating it. A great deal is here effected by means of a certain totum and tinuous line performed with a reed pen, that is exceedingly characteristic of ruined architecture. But this artist has many other charming views of Rome, Ratisbon, Lahnstein, &c. &c. treated in a similar manner, to which we regret we cannot at present attend in detail. Mr. Prout has been aptly termed "our chief painter (in water colours) of city scenes—of streets, churches, market-places, bridges, &c." (Of some of the public fountains of France and Germany, he has made pictures of no common interest.) His pencil is firm, his style peculiarly decided and broad, and he begets a temperance in his highest ardour of effect. But, alas! we must pass them, as we have already passed several other works of great merit. Among them, some of Mr. COPLEY FIELDING's, which claim our notice, notwithstanding our limited space, and we must accordingly step back.

This artist has attained an extraordinary power in painting of daylight under all its varieties. His "*Shoreham Harbour, Sussex*," No. 22, with its mild grey light, bestowing sufficient distinctness upon all the local objects of the place—the wet beach at low water, with its shipping, anchors, cables, nets, and other tackle, are all admirably depicted. His fishermen, and other marine figures, are judiciously introduced; and the spectator's attention is agreeably conducted toward the tower and town of Shoreham. It must be acknowledged that the academical Turner, led the way in the selection and pictorial treatment of subjects of this description; nor is it less certain that he has been ably followed up by Mr. Copley Fielding.

His "*Dundarra Castle, on Loch Fyne, near Inverary*," with an effect of rain clearing off, and where the grey mist of Ossian and Scotland hovers over the loch, and blends a pervading softness with the beautiful tints of the rainbow, is another admirable specimen of Mr. Field-

ing's art in this species of landscape. It is numbered in the catalogue, 32. His "*Glencoe, in the West Highland's*," No. 204, is rocky and highly romantic—even magnificent in the rude and towering grandeur of its mountains, and the sublime effect of its chiaroscuro. A mountain torrent rushes toward the eye; and a road, partly sustained by masonry, winds into the picture with excellent effect. This is the glen where a dreadful massacre was once perpetrated, which will not soon be forgotten in Scotland.

Glencoe is, in every view, an important subject. On the other hand, No. 342, by the same artist, is a brilliant and effective picture, constituted of almost nothing, by means of a gleam of sunlight, and a picturesque sky. The proper subject is merely a turn of mind, and a distant *melancholy* *Brightelmstone*.

No. 77 is entitled, "*The School in Repose*," by H. RICHTER. There is a large volume of fun in this excellent companion picture to that of the uproarious "*Boys' School*," with which Mr. Richter treated the public some years ago. The present is a Girl's School, the fat mistress of which is fast asleep, and the wildly wanton tricks of her prankish pupils is up, and in full play with their emulous and daring rivalry in school mischief. The very acme of tricky affectation is in the profound courtesy which one of the most polished and forward of the scholars, is dropping in ridicule before her insensible mistress; another—a bolder, or more reckless adventurer—is sewing her gown to the carpet; a third has stolen her snuff box; and, after setting one of her school-fellows sneezing at the most imminent hazard, is pursuing another, armed with a pinch of high dried Scotch, whilst she heedlessly spills the remaining contents of the box: meanwhile a fourth girl cannot resist the golden opportunity of decorating her own person at the looking-glass, with a peacock's feather and other finery. All these freaks are well thought of, and combined with great skill; and the rest of the girls are variously employing their wild wits to the same risible purpose, and equally

—“regardless of their doom,”

when the moment pregnant with danger and dismay shall arrive, and terror succeed to hilarity in the twinkling of an eye.

In the technical merits of colour and chiaroscuro, the present work is inferior to none of Mr. Richter's former productions of the same kind. The school mistress is really a fine mix of light and shade in herself, independently of the little giggling satellites that twinkle around her.

"*Patterdale, in Westmoreland*," by P. DEWINT, is numbered 29, and is a very pleasing performance; powerful, deep-toned, and peculiarly rich in colour; yet far from being ostentatiously so; on the contrary, its richness is that of quiet subdued self-possession. It is a calm river and mountain scene, with one of the local bridges (of two arches) of this interesting landscape country; a white building appears at a distance, but whether it be the church, or the celebrated *palace* of Patterdale, so often noticed by tourists, we are not topographers enough to say.

No. 117. "*Pennarth Castle, Glamorganshire*," by the same artist, is also very harmonious and mild in colour and effect, and the ruins in a picturesque state of decay.

But Mr. Dewint's "*View from Neusham*," No. 97; "*Hastings*," No. 243, "*Britton Ferry*," No. 271, and "*Ullswater*," No. 14, are all of this tranquil character; their elements consisting of a well tempered union of neutral-tint, with lively colour, placed in a good juxtaposition, and shewing that none of our painters of rural landscapes and ruins, have an eye more sensible, or better educated, to the harmony of colour, than Dewint.

Mr. J. S. CORMAN exhibits No. 109, which is designated, "*Mount St. Michael on the side of Pontorson, Normandy, showing the phenomenon of the mirage*." This is a singular landscape, with fine, wild and well composed sky. An ancient fortress nearly covers Mount St. Michael, and there is a group of military figures introduced with homogeneous propriety, near the foreground; but one of them, dressed in a bright red, forms rather a dissonant spot of colour. As to the *mirage*, the

phenomenon itself looks so like water, that the painter can only represent it as being water, and as if he were painting water.

No. 146. "*The Bears destroying the Children who mocked Elisha*," by J. VARLEY, is a crack-brained affair, done a great deal too much according to recipe, without feeling, or the least doubt or diffidence of the artist's own powers. Judging from the present performance, Mr. Varley does not appear to be one of those philosophers who can

"Still doubt, and still revere himself,
In lunacies of heart."

His round clouds, and pointed rocks, forming a sort of vulgar contrast (as does his garish light and shadow) are Salvator Rosa running mad after Nicolas Poussin.

"Rise Jupiter and snuff the moon"

But some of this artist's smaller work is more temperate and much better.

Mr. J. D. HARDING exhibits No. 154, a large view of "*The town, castle, and part of Monaco in the gulph of Genoa*." This is a very romantic scene of a rock created by a fortress, with mountains beyond, running up loftily, as if their summits were far beyond the limits of the picture; and a turbulent sky of stormy clouds, objects, which, being homogeneous in their nature, are here judiciously combined in the same picture. A group of fishers with a net, and an anchor, are near the foreground; and the effect of the whole is impressively grand.

No. 176. "*Welsh Peasant Girls, with Cader Idris in the distance*," is by J. CRISTALL, and consists of a sturdy group of robust, broad-faced milk maids, busied with their pails, biggins, and tongues; some at their rural employ, and others attending it by indulging in a little village gossip. There is a sort of patriarchal simplicity in Mr. Cristall's mode of treating such subjects, which inclines the spectator to fancy he is contemplating beings of much higher interest than mere ordinary rustic wenchery; nor is there any deception in this, as we shall presently explain: and to the impression of this sentiment in the present instance, the lofty Cader Idris contributes its share, while it suggests

that the conversation of the village maidens may be concerning the ancient legends which the bardic superstition has connected with the history of this celebrated Welch mountain.

The great charm of Mr. Cristall's art, in his treatment of pastoral subjects, consists in its entire freedom from every trait of sophistication. In the peasantry of most other painters, when compared with those of the artist before us, we behold nothing but such ladies and gentlemen as Don Quixote and Sancho once fell in with, playing at rural occupations; but Cristall's are plain, honest, and primitive; and his girls have the ineffable charms of innocence and health. Hence their superiority; hence the fond attachment with which fancy, in the poetry of its aspirations, clings to a pastoral life. We have no other idea (even of angels, when stripped of their wings) and the mystery in which they are veiled; and hence the peasantry of this artist, seem to be what the poets have feigned. He is a good painter; of landscape too: his backgrounds successfully transport the traveller and the tasteful observer to Wales: to Cumberland; to the cottages, or castle of Goodrich, or to Sicily or Arcadia, when the painter pleases. In short, to wherever he chooses to lay the scene of his pictures. His figures, even when he deals in classical subjects, can not be so properly said to be taken from the poetry of Bion, Theocritus, or Virgil, or to be what those poets would have chosen for archetypes, could they have seen the works of Cristall.

No. 205 represents "*The east end of Loch Katrine*," and is a large and capital work by G. F. ROBINSON; probably on the whole his very best performance—unless we might except his *Loch Awe* of the last season.

Mr. Robinson is always pleasing, sometimes surprising, in his mode of composing his forms, or modifying those which he finds in real scenery. "He has not, generally speaking, the appearance of such an heartfelt communion with nature as some of his fellow exhibitors; but he has a bewitching serenity of atmosphere, and has acquired a complete unity, and well qualified sobriety, of colour."

But Ben Venue and Loch Katrine, as here presented to us, are in some considerable degree exceptions to this want of intimate communion, being very finely and faithfully treated—the mountain, the island, and the lake, in all their tender varieties, just as you see them under such a light summer sky as the painter has introduced.

Every reader is pleased, when "art reflects its images on art," because it always affords an agreeable addition to his stock of mental associations. We therefore introduce the following quotation from Sir Walter Scott, as very apposite to the present landscape from the pencil of Mr. Robson.

"The summer morn's reflected hue
To silver changed lo'k Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lakes, just tanned the trees,
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest;
The grey mist left the mount unshaded,
The torrent shew'd its glistering pride,
High on the south, hark Ben Venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Clags, knolls, and mounds, confus'dly
hurl'd,

The figures of an earlier world,
A welder's breast leath'ered o'er
His run'd sides, and summit hoar."

The accordance between the poet the painter, and that portion of nature which was their common archetype, is here very remarkable, and not less interesting.

No. 239. "*The Baths of Apollo, painted on the spot*," by F. NASH; is a scene of seclusion so wild as to remind the classical spectator of the island, the cavern, and the sculpture (for various sculptures are introduced) of Philoctetes. The water in which these are reflected is remarkably transparent; and though the baths of Apollo be situate in the gardens of Versailles, it seems the farthest of all scenes from the artificialities of Versailles and Le Notre, yet that it is not so in fact, the present artist has shown us. Only by stepping into the anti-room, sixteen of Mr. Nash's smaller views in the gardens of Versailles and other French palaces, may be seen, many of which are of an highly artificial character, where nature is in great measure superseded; that is to say, tamed down by rule and line, for the

purposes of displaying royal magnificence, and the superlative taste and power of the landscape gardener. Some of these views are, however, of a wilder character than the public will probably expect. They will be found clustered together in frames containing four or eight, and are numbered in the catalogue 328, 329, 330.

"*The Ruins of the Temple of Juno, at Agrigentum*," by the same artist, No. 271, is noble in subject, and harmonious in colour and effect; goats, and the vegetation of the climate, are judiciously introduced; but the stream of light which passes from the right to the left hand corner of the picture, does not quite accord with the situation of the sun.

The exhibition contains several very meritorious pictures of "*Fruits*," "*Flowers*," and "*Still Life*," particularly Nos. 177, and 186, by Miss BRYNE, which are extremely rich as well as harmonious in colour. There are also some pictures of "*Flowers*," "*Peacocks*," &c. by W. HUNT and Miss BARRITT, wherein truth and taste are prevalent.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

This institution has on its statute book, a law against pluralities; but its laws are by no means those of the Medes and Persians; and as to the church—

"Where its precepts fail, its example teaches."

The late Mr. H. FUSSELL held for many years the academical offices of "*Professor of Painting*," and "*Keeper of the Royal Academy*." We need not add, that the taste and character of the rising generation of artists—at least as far as concerns *Historical art*, are mainly dependent on the discharge of these trusts.

Mr. T. PHILLIPS has recently been chosen to fill the Professor's chair; and Mr. H. THOMSON has been elected to the keepership.

"*Leas*," No. This is a most picturesque and delightful view of *Leas*, the seat of Sir John Majoribanks, by Mr. W. Wilson. It is situate near Flodden Field, the celebrated scene of that contest in which James the Fourth of Scotland was overthrown. The wreck of his army is supposed to have crossed the Tweed near Coldstream; but after crossing, James

disappeared, nor could his disappearance be accounted for. Traditional lore, however, has been busy in divining the cause.—The view comprehends the field of Haldon-Hill, Coldstream, Hume Castle, and Hadon Rig. The picture is not clouded with those heavy scenes which are so frequently suggested by sombre and laborious minds: it is perfectly clear and true to nature. The portion of the Tweed which the landscape embraces, was, according to Sir Walter Scott, called the debateable land, and consequently became the scene of many border feuds. The following lines were suggested by this

scene; the second and fourth lines, particularly the latter, are not only poetical, but the images which they convey are at once natural and highly sublime.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills
adorned,
And the red storm roaring before the parting
of day;
I've seen Tweed's silver stream glittering
the sunny beams,
Turn unkindly and dark as they rolled on
their way,

This picture will certainly not discredit any of Mr. Wilson's former productions, and the scene is one of the happiest which he could have selected.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

A new musical entertainment was produced at this theatre, called *The Recluse*. It is taken from the French; but the audience, not having thought proper to sanction the theft, we recommend the gentleman who purchased it to return it forthwith to its original owners. To enter into a particular examination of this dull and senseless production, would be a waste of time: it will be quite enough for our readers to be told, that the incidents were of the most commonplace description, the dialogue appropriately insipid, and the catastrophe as hackneyed, improbable, and absurd as they could possibly imagine. What, indeed, the translator could have been thinking of when he selected such a piece, or the manager when he accepted it, or the performers when they rehearsed it, we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. If the French stage has been so thoroughly gleaned that it can furnish our theatrical "doers" (authors we cannot call them) with nothing better, they may as well clap their French dictionaries into their pockets, and look out for some more useful and profitable employment. If, however, the piece had possessed any merit, we doubt much if it would have acquired any great degree of popularity, as, with the exception of

Harley, only an inferior part of the very inferior company now assembled at this theatre was employed in the cast. Horn and Miss Graddon we admit to be, both of them, agreeable singers; but as far as acting goes, the less we say of them the better. The gentleman, as the *Recluse*, got through, with the assistance of a cowl and a false beard, tolerably well; but the lady, who had occasionally something tender and pathetic to deliver, marred the effect completely by her carelessness and want of feeling. The audience, though almost melted with the heat, were never once softened into pity; but passed sentence upon the whole affair in a very business-like, serious, and determined manner.

KING'S THEATRE.

Mad. Pasta drew a bumper to the opera: we understand, she returns shortly to give the lovers of music more last nights. Certainly, the dramatic arts most studied by managers now, is the art of humbugging the public. Even attractions which are sufficient to ensure overflowing houses, are seldom left to their own merits, but are announced with every accompaniment of trick, which is equally employed to bolster up trash. The mutual satisfaction of John Bull and the theatrical doeser is, however,

according to the well-known couplet,
quite natural, since

"Surely the pleasure is as great
Is being cheated as to cheat!"

Talking of these things, they speak of producing *Volunt* upon the stage. For the last three weeks there seems to have been no end to music in this musical metropolis; but concerts, &c. have been prolonged from eleven o'clock of the forenoon to three and four of the evening morning, at various places, without intermission or respite. No question but our ears will soon be cultivated into perfect Italian *gusto*; and all our voices will become sweet voices; and our native instrumental performances will beat the world, and even time itself!

The winter theatres have been occupied by the performers' benefits, many of which have turned out very profitable. At Drury Lane, Macready and Harley were each of them honoured with an overflowing audience and at Covent Garden, Farren, Jones, and Farley have also reaped a plentiful harvest. The *French Coronation* is now announced to be in active preparation; and it is reported that both houses are likely to continue open the whole of the summer,—bad news this for the Little Theatre and the English Opera.

HAYMARKET.

A Master Burke, who sang and played the fiddle last year at the Lyceum, and who has since been performing at some of the provincial theatres, made his appearance at the Haymarket, in Connor's part of the *Irish Tutor*. The whole illusion of the scene is of course destroyed, and we get a little tired of it before the conclusion of the piece; yet we must acknowledge that the boy has a very good idea of comic acting, and that his brogue is excellent. We should prefer, however, something more natural, and more rational in the way of entertainment; and had rather see the young gentleman in the full enjoyment of his kite and whipping top, than figuring away in a full-bottomed wig, and uttering sentences which, at his tender age, he neither can nor ought to comprehend.

M. J. 1825

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

On Monday, these gardens, indicating, as swallows do, the approach of summer, were opened for the season. But summer does not always come with the swallows, nor does it yet come this year with Vauxhall Gardens. In such places, the birds drop and die for want of food—the warmth being necessary to bring out the flies on which they are wont to trust that no like famine will attend. Vauxhall, but, on the contrary, that heat and fine weather may enable the flies of fashion to frequent the gardens, and fatten their owners.

New Light.—The interior of the theatre La Fenice, at Venice, is now lighted up by means of a new process, invented by the mechanician Locatelli. It appears, from the description given of it by an Italian journal, that lamps concealed in the roof, and fitted up with parabolic reflectors, throw all their rays of light upon an opening one foot in diameter, in the centre of the ceiling. This opening is furnished with an ingenious system of lenses, which concentrate the rays, and reflect them to every part of the house. This mode of lighting presents several advantages; the light is more vivid and more generally diffused; nothing intervenes between the stage and the spectators, occupying an elevated situation in front; the lamps may be approached to be trimmed without the public perceiving it, and there is neither smoke nor smell proceeding from the burning of oil. An idea of this method may be formed, by representing to one's self a luminous disc on the sun at its zenith.

COVENT GARDEN.

The comedy of the *Widow* was performed at this theatre, for the benefit of Miss F. H. Kelly. We observed, in our last number, we had little doubt that a crowded house would prove the estimation in which her dramatic powers are held by the public, however lightly they seem to be appreciated by the managers; and we sugar'd rightly. Indeed there can be but one feeling, and one opinion, with regard to her merits, where feelings of jealousy do not veil or controul the impartial judgments of

reason and judgment. Lest we should, however, be supposed to give too partial a colouring to this young lady's merits, we quote the following notice of the *Jealous Wife* from the *Evening Herald*:

"The comedy of the *Jealous Wife* was performed last night, for the benefit of Miss F. Kelly, to a crowded and very distinguished assemblage. The presence of an unusually great number of ladies gave an appearance particularly lively to the house. The applause of an audience, brought together for a benefit, is not a very fair criterion of the merit of a performance. It may be safely said, however, that Miss Kelly played Mrs. Oakley with a degree of talent which could hardly have been anticipated by those who estimate her capacity the highest. In comedy her style has freedom, force, discernment, and originality, without a taint of the mannerism which has vitiated some of her performances in tragedy. It is that style which is formed by the usages of good society, joined with a cultivated intelligence, and which has unhappily become extinct or very rare, since the retirement of Mrs. C. Kemble."

"Several scenes were applauded with a fervour which merit only could excite, and in which personal favour had no share. The play was on the whole admirably represented."

"The play was followed by *The Magic, or the Mad*. Miss K. played Annette with great feeling, dressed exactly in the costume of the scene of the trial, a towering cap, as before the Revolution. The Duchess of Weiling occupied one of the public boxes in the dress circle."

We shall conclude by observing that when Miss Kelly first appeared in the character of Juliet, we gave it as our opinion that her powers were not confined to comedy alone. We then perceived very clearly that she had an extraordinary faculty in controlling her powers, then in calling them into action, which is always the surest criterion of original genius; and the half-suppressed playfulness of expression and buoyancy of mind that lighted in her countenance, convinced us she was capable of comedy as well as tragedy. From her appearing to rely seldom in any

character, the managers would seem to be of a different opinion; but as artists are not always the best judges of painting, we need not be surprised that managers should not always be the best judges of acting."

Miss Lacy had also her benefit this month, and was honoured with a crowded and elegant audience. Miss Lacy has progressively improved in all her performances, nor has tragedy circumscribed the range of her powers, for she has gained fresh laurels in her Mrs. Booth character, in which she displays a vivacity that is only excelled by the pathos of her tragedy.

On the present occasion the piece selected was the comedy of *Every One has his Fault*. This comedy is a compound of the comic and serious. Miss Lacy had fine scope for the display of maternal affection in the character of Lady H. and with Mr. Cooper, as Captain Irwin, did every justice to the serious part of the drama. We must also in this part of the piece mention Miss Fortescue, who performed the part of the boy Edward with astonishing ability; the part by being personated by so young a child, added to the effect of the scene. Her enunciation is clear and deliberate, and considering her tender age powerful. She possesses great talent, and is a child of much promise. The scene with Lady H. where he is called on to renounce his mother at his grandfather and patron, was performed with great feeling, and called forth the unanimous applause of the whole house, as she did likewise in the scene where the boy discovers Sir Robert Ramble soliciting the affections of his divorced wife—her acting here was most naturally arch. Mr. C. Kemble performed the fickle-minded man of fashion with admirable effect.

Miss Foote was the representative of the lovely and forsaken wife, and rendered the part particularly interesting. Farren performed Harmony, and looked the perfect man of benevolence. We ought not to forget Mrs. Gibbs and Harley who made the most of their respective parts. The *Marriage of Figaro* followed, in which the only novelty was Mrs. Chatterley, who appeared, for the first time, as the Page, and made a very amusing and sprightly performance.

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

With the exception of such squabbling, often to very little purpose, in certain great assemblies, the past has proved an exceedingly dull month. At the moment of preparing this article for the press, the understanding is, that parliament will be prorogued on the 2nd of July. Of the expected dissolution, rumours have not of late been so rife as usual; but the probability is, that it will take place in the month of October. With a view to this event, much anxiety and activity have been displayed in various quarters; many of our representatives appearing extremely desirous to place themselves on as good a footing as possible with their constituents.

One of the topics of angry parliamentary discussion since our last, was the proposed grant of an additional £6000 *per annum* to the Duke of Cumberland, for the education of his son. It would be hardly worth while to enumerate the different divisions which took place in the House of Commons on the subject; but, to mark the spirit with which the proposition was met, we shall transcribe the clause of the act, the object of which is to secure the education of the young prince in England:—

"Provided always, that inasmuch as it is highly expedient that his said Highness Prince George Frederick Alexander Charles Ernest Augustus of Cumberland should be educated within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; be it therefore enacted, that the said letters patent shall contain a clause or proviso that the said annual payment or annuity shall not be payable or paid at the Exchequer, for or in respect of, or during any period on which his said Highness shall not reside, and be within the United Kingdom, unless his said Highness shall be absent from the United Kingdom with the licence and consent in writing of his Majesty, his heirs, or successors."

A grant of £6000 a year, for the education of the infant daughter of the late Duke of Kent, was agreed to at the same time, without much difficulty; supposing that ministers were

charged with proposing that ~~merely~~ as a pretence, through which to obtain an addition to the income of the Duke of Cumberland—which addition had, at a former period, been preemptorily refused by parliament.

The determination of the legislature, respecting Catholic Emancipation, seems to have been very angrily—even furiously—received by Mr. O'Connell, and his immediate associates. Aggregate and other meetings have been held on the subject, at which, as a matter of course, much speechifying took place. Amongst other points it has been determined, in despite of the decision of parliament to the contrary, or rather avowedly upon the pretext of evading the Act for the regulation of such public bodies—that a new Catholic Association shall be organized, that the members thereof shall distinguish themselves by wearing a particular uniform, and that means shall be adopted for continuing to collect the Catholic Rent. The feeling, perhaps, with which the Duke of York's speech in Parliament has been met by Mr. O'Connell and his friends, cannot be more clearly characterized than by his observations upon giving, as a toast, at the anniversary dinner of the Blanchardstown Patriotic Society, "The Duke of Sussex, the illustrious Patron of Charity." This Irish champion of Catholic emancipation, in eulogizing his Royal Highness, alluded to him as "*the son of the late king, the father of the present, and, according to the words of this great monarch, the uncle of this great monarch.*" This, the report intimated, was received "with long and tremendous cheering!" Such observations speak volumes of themselves, and require no comment.

The friends of the Catholics in Parliament have not been idle. Towards the close of last month, Mr. Spring Rice moved for a variety of papers connected with the present sale of Ireland; amongst others, for copies or extracts of letters or dispatches received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as to the religious and civil

ties of that country. In the conversation which ensued, Mr. Secretary Peel observed, that the proper time for such a motion would have been when the Bill was discussed for putting down the Catholic Association, or when the subject of the Catholic Claims was before the House; no good effect could be produced by taking into the centre of animosities which had now expired. From other quarters, it was suggested to the honourable mover to withdraw his motion, on the ground that a large majority against it might create the most alarming impressions as to a change of sentiment in the House; and, ultimately, the motion was withdrawn accordingly.

Another motion, of a more formidable character, was made by Mr. Hume on the 14th of June. This, similar in its object to a motion made by the Honourable Member last year, was that the House should pass two resolutions: one, that the property of the Church of Ireland was public property; and another, pledging the House to enquire into the state of the Church of Ireland in the course of the next Session. The motion, seconded by Sir Francis Burdett, was opposed by Mr. Canning, on the ground that, by the Fifth Article of the Act of Union, the Churches of England and Ireland had been indissolubly united in one Protestant Episcopal Church, subject to the same laws. The greatest enemy of the Catholic Question, observed Mr. Canning, could not have devised a surer means of procuring its defeat, than by causing to be inserted on the journals of that House a resolution denouncing the spoliation of the Protestant Church property next Session. After some discussion on the nature of church property, whether it were public or private, Mr. Brougham suggested to the Hon. Member, to waive the first resolution, and to take the sense of the House upon the second. This plan was adopted, and, on a division, the second resolution was negatived by 130 against 77. A majority considerably larger than that by which Mr. Hume's resolution was negatived last year.

Mr. Hume has, as usual, been very active within the last month; and

deservedly, as we conceive, crowned with success. One of the points in which he has succeeded is that of obtaining the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the state of the colony of Sierra Leone, the expenses attendant thereon, the number of recaptured negroes sent thither, and the numbers now remaining; the exports and imports of the colony, the number of births, deaths, and marriages, &c.

On the 24th of June, Mr. Hume moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Statute of George II. for the better encouragement of seamen, and for manning the navy. His objects were, to abolish flogging, and to do away the necessity of impressment. Sir G. Cockburn entered into various explanations, in the course of which he observed, that the Admiralty were doing all in their power to render impressment unnecessary; but that it was indispensably requisite that such a power should be vested in the Crown. It was contended too, that for the good discipline, which was absolutely necessary in the navy, it was essential that the captain of a ship should possess the power of summarily inflicting corporal punishment, subject to the investigation of the Admiralty at a future time. On a division, the motion was negatived by 41 against 23.

On the proposition of Mr. Hume, a bill has been passed, the operation of which, we conceive, will at once prove beneficial to the revenue and gratifying to individuals. By the bill to which we allude, newspapers are, in future, to be sent to the British colonies on payment of the easy postage of three half-pence on each paper. This cannot fail of producing considerable increase in the sale and circulation of newspapers, and consequently of increasing the manufacture of paper, and the returns to the Stamp Office.

Mr. Hume further proposed to reduce the present stamp duty upon all newspapers to two pence each, and the advertisement duty, from three shillings and sixpence to one shilling on each advertisement. This, though not agreed to, was met enthusiastically by ministers; and, it is extremely probable, we think, that, in the course of a session or two, some amendment of the kind may be successfully adopted.

We have little doubt that, with respect to the sale of newspapers, and also to the number of advertisements, the increase effected by such reductions would be immense. In future, however, the size of newspapers is not to be restricted by law; and the duty upon supplementary papers is to be only two-pence. We know not whether, in consequence of this alteration, we shall be treated with sheets sufficiently large to cover the great bed at Ware.

Lord Holland's bill to do away the corruption of blood in cases of high treason, was lost on the motion for its second reading, by a decision of 15 against 12; as was the Marquis of Lansdown's, for the regulation of Unitarian marriages, by a division of 49 against 44. That threatened nuisance, the misnamed Equitable Loan Bill, was also lost, on the motion for its third reading, in the Lords, on the 24th of June, in favour of the Lord Chancellor's amendment for its reading that day six months: for the bill, 14; against it, 27.

On the 16th of June, Mr. Brougham presented a petition from a Mr. Burnett, complaining of sundry unjust and oppressive proceedings on the part of Lord Charles Somerset, the governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and he gave notice of a motion for referring the said petition to a select committee of enquiry. Accordingly, on the 23d, he, previously to his intended motion, made some enquiry upon the subject; when, upon an intimation from Mr. Caning, that leave of absence—not an order of retal—had been forwarded to Lord Charles Somerset, to enable his lordship more effectually to meet the charges against him, and that the report of the Commissioners of Enquiry would undoubtedly be in the hands of government during the recess, he consented to withdraw his motion. Mr. Brougham has also withdrawn his motion, for the present, for the establishment of a university in the metropolis.

A Bill, introduced by the Attorney General, relative to Joint Stock Companies, is in progress. Its chief object is, in the event of a charter being granted to a company, to make all the partners liable to its debts, according to certain prescribed circumstances.

The Bills, mentioned in our last, for raising the salaries of the Judges, and regulating the appointment of Juries, have, to the general satisfaction of the public, received the royal assent.

On the 23d of June, Mr. Fowell Buxton, in the House of Commons, stated some extraordinary instances of persecution, severity, and violence exercised by the inhabitants of Barbados against Mr. Shrowbridge, one of the Wesleyan Missionaries, whose chapel they had destroyed, and who very narrowly escaped with his life. The consequence of this statement was an address to the Crown, expressing the utmost indignation of the House at the scandalous and daring violation of the law which had been perpetrated; and expressing his ready concurrence in any measures which his Majesty might think necessary to ensure the most ample protection and religious toleration to all classes of his Majesty's subjects in the colony of Barbados.

Parliament has decided on the proposed measure of converting Buckingham House into a magnificent residence for his Majesty; that Carlton House, which has long been greatly out of repair, shall be taken down, and that a square, corresponding with Waterloo Place, shall be opened towards the gardens, but separated from them by an iron railing. These plans will necessarily involve several minor, but important improvements.

Sir Robert Wilson's friends, in Parliament, have been exerting themselves to obtain the restoration of his military rank and pay; and from the liberal and kind feelings which his Majesty is so much in the habit of evincing, it is exceedingly probable that the effort may prove successful.

On the 10th of June, a Committee on the Custom-Law Consolidation Bill, a clause was introduced by Mr. Herries, and agreed to, for the better protection of the subject in cases of search by revenue officers. Agreeably to the clause alluded to, which is of considerable importance—although, in the opinion of some persons, who take the humiliating right of personal search to be entirely surrendered, it does not go far enough. It is enacted that every officer may, in future, as before, search any

suspicious person (suspected of smuggling, or having contraband goods about him) to submit himself to be searched; but that every such person as required to submit to a search, may thereupon desire the officer to take him previously before a Justice of Peace, upon which such officer shall accompany him, and shall abstain from all search till the Justice of Peace shall have enquired into the case, and have ascertained that there is reasonable ground to command such a search. And, further, that if such Justice of Peace shall see, upon inquiry, that there was no reasonable ground for the Custom House officer's suspicion and consequent demand of search, he may immediately affix a penalty upon the officer bringing up the traveller.

The details of the French Coronation appear to have excited far less interest, not only in this country, but in France, than was expected. We understand, however, from an eye-witness of the ceremonies, that in splendour and effect, the appearance of the abbey, &c., the dresses and processions of the peers, &c. greatly surpassed all that was seen at the coronation of our own beloved sovereign George IV. The coronation took place, as intended, at Rheims, on the 29th of May. On the 6th of June, the king made his public entry into Paris under the discharge of an hundred pieces of cannon, and every public demonstration of joy; and, subsequently, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Granville, and Sir George Naylor invested his Majesty with the Order of the Garter. Sir George Naylor delivered to his Majesty, upon

this occasion, the sword of the order, which, with the star in diamonds, the garter (on which the words, *honi soit qui mal y pense*, are in diamonds) and the mantle, are estimated at the value of £75,000.

Lord Viscount Strangford, K.B. has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Russia, and the Right Hon. Stratford Canning to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Ottoman Porte.

An extensive naval and military promotion appeared in the London Gazette of May 28.

The war in India proceeds very unsatisfactorily; and, in many parts of the country, a spirit of insurrection amongst the native troops, as well as amongst the tributary chiefs, seems ready to burst forth. The latest official despatches from Sir Archibald Campbell, are dated Rangoon, January 14. They announce the capture of the old Portuguese fort and factory at Syriam, which the Burmese had converted into a tolerable strong post. The action was short, but severe, though not attended with heavy loss.

At Cape Coast Castle affairs have assumed a more pleasing aspect. The Ashantees are said to be divided amongst themselves, and several of the neighbouring nations, who are hostile to them, have declared themselves our allies.

The Turks and Greeks have had some skirmishing, but apparently without any important results. It is understood that the mediation of France, Austria, and Russia has been rejected by the Porte.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Eight Volumes of the British Anthology, with Mr. Westall's Designs, will be completed early this month.

The Rising Village, a Poem, by Oliver Goldsmith, a descendant of the Author of the Deserted Village, is just printed.

Mr. Westall's Designs for Cowper's Poems are newly engraved. They are (with the Poems) nearly ready for delivery.

Just published, in one volume, royal 18mo., The Lost Spirit, a Poem; by John Lawson, Author of Orient Harping, &c.

Early in July will be published, in one volume f. cap. 8vo. with frontispiece, The Broken Heart; Legend of the Isles, with other Poems. By Edmund Reade, Esq.

Just published, part I. of Dr. Jamieson's new work, The Dictionary of Mechanical Science, enriched with upwards of 100 copperplates and cuts. Quarto, 5s.

Just published, Leigh's New Pocket Road-Book of England, Wales, and part of Scotland, on the plan of Reichard's Itineraries; containing an Account of all the Direct and Cross Roads; together with a Description of every Remarkable Place, its Curiosities, Manufactures, Commerce, Population, and principal Inns: the whole forming a Complete Guide to every object worthy the attention of Travellers. With a Map of England and Wales, 8s. 6d., or with 55 County Maps, price 12s. 6d.

Just published, Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern; with an Essay, and Notes, Historical and Critical, and Characters of the most eminent Lyrical Poets of Scotland. By Allan Cunningham. 4 vols. crown 8vo.

Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the several grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion; illustrated by select Passages from our Elder Divines, especially from Archbishop Leighton. By S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Precept and Example, in the Instructive Letters of Eminent Men to their Younger Friends; with short Biographies of the writers. Folsco. 8vo. with a beautiful frontispiece, price 7s.

The Journal of Llewellyn Penrose, a Seaman. The four volumes in one, with frontispiece, 12mo. 7s. in boards, or 8s. bound.

Essays and Sketches of Character. By the late Richard Ayton, Esq. With a

Memoir of his Life, and a Portrait from a Drawing by R. Westall, Esq. R. A. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Flora Domestica; or, the Poetical Flower Garden. The 2d Edition enlarged. 8vo. 12s.

The Vision of Las Casas, and other Poems. By Emily Taylor. Folsco. 8vo. 6s.

Songs of a Stranger. By Louisa Stuart Costello. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Series of Plates, carefully executed after the Paintings and Sculptures of the most eminent Masters of the Florentine School; intended to illustrate the gradual advancement of the Arts, from the beginning of the 13th to the close of the 15th century. By W. Young Ottley, Esq. No. I. to V. each containing 6 Plates, price £1. 1s.

Number I. of Engraved Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, by John and Henry Le Keux, after Drawings by Augustus Pugin, Architect. The Literary Part, by J. Britton, F.S.A. &c. This number contains 20 Engravings by J. Le Keux, all of which are calculated to illustrate the true Architectural forms and members of the specimens selected; and some of them serve to exemplify the exact uniformity that prevailed in the ecclesiastical architecture of Normandy and England at the latter part of the 11th century.

No. I. of Illustrations of Exeter Cathedral; being the 35th No. of Cathedral Antiquities, by J. Britton.

No. XI. being the first of vol. 2d of Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London; with 7 Engravings, and Accounts of the Roman Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, the Villa of Mr. Greenough, Somerset Place, &c.

Mr. Britton's third vol. of the Beauties of Wiltshire; containing a Map, and 13 Engravings, with Accounts of all the Antiquities, Seats, Towns, &c. in the Northern part of the County, particularly the celebrated Druidical Temple at Avebury, Malmesbury and Lacock Abbeys, Copious Lists, &c.

Early in July will be published, The Holy War, with Infidels, Papists, and Socinians, or Visions of Earth, Heaven, and Hell, and of the contending Powers of Light and Darkness in the 19th Century. By John Bunyan Redivivus.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To William Henry James, of Cobourg-place, Winton Green, near Birmingham, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for diving under water, and which apparatus, or part of which apparatus, are also applicable to other purposes—Sealed 31st May—6 months.

To John Harvey Sadler, of Hoxton, in the county of Middlesex, mechanist, for his invention of an improved power loom for the weaving of silk, cotton, linen, wool, flax, and hemp, and mixtures thereof—31st May—6 months.

To Joseph Frederick Ledsam, merchant, and Benjamin Cook, brass-founder, both of Birmingham, for their invention of improvements in the production and purification of coal gas—31st May—6 months.

To Joseph Crowder, of New Bedford, in the county of Nottingham, lace net manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements on the pusher bobbin net machine—31st May—6 months.

To Joseph Apsden, of Leeds, in the county of York, bricklayer, for his new invented method of making lime—6th June—2 months.

To Charles Powell, of Rochfield, in the county of Monmouth, gentleman, for his having invented and brought to perfection an improved blowing machine—6th June—6 months.

To Alfred Bernon, of Leicester-square, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for certain improvements in fulling mills, or machinery for fulling and washing woollen cloths, or such other fabrics as may require the process of fulling—7th June—6 months.

To Moses Poole, of the patent office, Lincoln's Inn, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention for the preparation of certain substances for making candles, including a wick peculiarly constructed for that purpose—9th June—6 months.

To John Burridge, of Nelson-square, Blackfriars Road, in the county of Surry, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in brick, houses, or other materials for the better ventilation of houses and other buildings—9th June—6 months.

To John Lindsay, of the Island of Hennes, near Guernsey, Esq for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of horse and carriage ways, of streets, turnpike and other roads, and an improvement or addition to wheels to be used thereon, 14th June—6 months.

To William Henry James, of Cobourg-place, Winton Green, near Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of steam boilers, for steam engines—14th June—6 months.

To Jonathan Downton, of Blackwall, in the county of Middlesex, shipwright, for his invention of certain improvements in water closets—18th June—6 months.

To William Mason, of Cattle-street, East Oxford-street, in the parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, in the county of Middlesex, axletree manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements on axletrees—18th June—6 months.

To Charles Phillips, of Upnor in the parish of Faversham, in the county of Kent, Esq for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of a ship's compass—18th June—6 months.

To George Atkins, of Drury Lane, in the parish of Saint Clement's Danes, and county of Middlesex, gentleman, and Henry Marriott, of Fleet-street, in the city of London, ironmonger, for their invention of certain improvements on, and additions to, stoves or grates—18th June—6 months.

To Edward Jordan, of the city of Norwich, engineer, for his having discovered a new mode of obtaining power applicable to machinery of different descriptions—18th June—6 months.

To John Thompson, of Vicent-square, Westminster, and the London Steel Works, Thames Bank, Chelsea, and John Bare, of Halesowen, near Birmingham, engineer, for their having invented and brought to perfection, certain improvements in producing steam, applicable to steam engines or other purposes—21st June—6 months.

To Thomas Worthington, the younger, and John Mulliner, both of Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, small ware manufacturer, for their invention of, and improvements in, the loom, or machine used for the purpose of weaving or manufacturing of tape, and such other articles to which the said looms or

machines may be applicable—21st June—6 months.

To Ross Corbett, of Glasgow, in Scotland, men hant, for his invention of a new step or steps, to ascend and descend from coaches and other carriages—21st June—6 months.

To Phillip Brooks, of Shelton, in the Potteries, Staffordshire, engraver, for his invention of, and improvement in, a certain composition, and the application

thereof to the making of dies, moulds, or matrices, and various other useful articles—21st June—6 months.

To John Frederick Smith, of Dunstan Hall, Chesterfield in the county of Derby, Eng. for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for drawing, roving, spinning and doubling cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances—21st June—6 months.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

COTTON.—Towards the close of last week, Surats were reported sold bjd. a 11d. Bengals 8jd. a 9jd. Madras 8d a 11d. Last week the purchases did not exceed 300 bags, the prices of the latter have not transpired.

The letters from Liverpool state 800 bags were sold on Wednesday, the market looking more firm.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades during the last week, has been steady, the business reported considerable, and the prices, we think, are a shade higher.

At a late hour on Friday the buyers came forward, and nearly cleared the market of Muscovades; the sales are estimated at nearly 2000 hhds. on Friday, and certainly 5000 hhds. during the week; the prices may now be stated 6d. a 1s per cwt. higher.

There was no alteration in Refined goods last week; low Lumpis are 60s; Good, 67s; fine goods are low in proportion.—Molasses 27s. a 27s. 6d.

The public sale of Mauritius Sugar, on Thursday, went off at full prices, 33s. a 86s. for brown and yellow; the Sugars were at the low duty of 27s.; and if the Act is not carried, the buyers to have the option of giving up the contract 8th proximo. There have been no purchases of Foreign Sugars by private contract.

COFFEE.—The demand for Coffee by private contract, has been very limited, last week one large purchase of 1200 bags

good ordinary St. Domingo was, however, reported at 62s 6d and 63s. The public sale on Friday went off heavily, and a great proportion was taken in; no reduction in the prices were submitted to.

The public sale consisted of 72 casks good middling (yellow tinged) Jamaica, which sold 2s a 3s per cwt. lower, 87s. 6d. a 89s. 6d. and 882 bags good ordinary St. Domingo which was taken in at 62s. and 62s. 6d. The Coffee market may be stated very heavy; the only reduction which has taken place is in good middling Jamaica.

Since the sale the greater proportion of St. Domingo has been disposed of at 63s.; it was good ordinary colour.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.

—The sales of Rum were considerable last week, 150 puncheons 1 over at 1s. 9d. Proofs since sold at the same price and 1s. 10d. 5 over at 1s. 10d; there have also been sales of fine strong Jamaica 31 to 36 over at 2s. 10d. and 3s.; generally the Rum market may be stated firm, and more business doing. Brandy remains in the same depressed state which we have lately reported, 3s. and 3s. 1d. for parcels to arrive, 3s. 2d. for the housed of last year.—In Geneva there is no variation.

HEMP and TALLOW.—The prices of Hemp are improving: the quotation is £43 10s. a £44. Tallow steady: the new 35s. 35s. 6d.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, MAY 21, TO SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1825, INCLUSIVE.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are in Parentheses

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Blindell, Richard, of Liverpool, distiller and miller.
 Catling, Peter, late of Union-street, Bond-street, tailor.
 Phillips, Henry, of Devonshire-street, Bishopsgate-street, and of Middlesex-street, hatter and Farmer.
 Warwick, John, late of Austin friars, wine merchant.
 Young, Joel George, late of Austin friars, merchant.

BANKRUPTS.

Archer, W. of No 124, Fetter Lane, merchant (Ainott, West-street, Finsbury citus.
 Argent, J. of Church-row, Bethnal Green road, carpenter and cabinet-maker. (Williams, Cophall court, Throgmorton-street.
 Backhouse, R. late of Leeds, druggist, at the Sessions House, Leeds. (King, 73, Hatton-garden.
 Blindell, R. late of Liverpool, distiller and miller, at the George Inn, Dale-street Liverpool. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
 Brown, P. of Scarborough, Yorkshire, draper, at the Court House, Leeds. (Makinson, Middle Temple.
 Brownlee, G. of Leeds, Yorkshire, brush-maker. (Burns and Neill, King-street, Cheap-side.
 Bruce, J. of Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, stationer. (Hurst, Milk-street, Cheap-side.
 Boys, J. now or late of Scarborough, Yorkshire, grocer, at the Plough Inn, Scarborough. (Lever, No 3, Gray's inn-square.
 Brooks, J. Bath, victualler, at the White Hart Inn, Bath. (Flowd and Rowe, Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.
 Clunes, D. of No. 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, upholsterer and cabinet-maker. (Roubel, 16, Clifford's-inn.
 Clay, T. Sile-lane, wine-merchant. (Fisher and Spenser, Walbrook-buildings.
 Cooley, T. of Nicholas-lane, tea-dealer, (now a prisoner in the King's Bench Prison). (James, Bucklersbury.
 Cooper, W. of Hill, Millbrook, Southampton, scrivener at the Crown Inn, Gosport. (Muncin, 3, Verulam-buildings Gray's-inn.
 Cooke, C. and Booth, J. of Manchester, merchants, smallware-manufacturers, and late co-partners, at the King's Arms Inn, Manchester. (Appley and Channock, Gray's-inn-square.
 Craven, T. and Parker, J. now or late of Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, scribbling-millers, at the office of Charles Carr, General, Yorkshire. (Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden.
 Dean, G. of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, china-man and earthenware-dealer, at the Ship-a-Ground Inn, Bridgewater. (Pain, No. 2, New Inn.
 Eccleston, R. of Bristol, wine-merchant, at the White Lion Inn, Bath. (Clowes, Orme, and Wedlake, Temple.
 Elen, P. of Woburn, Bedfordshire, draper. (Dyence and Dearborough, Sile-lane.
 Fox, J. of Birmingham, plater, at the Royal Hotel, Temple-lane, Birmingham (Clarke, Richards, and Metalf, 103, Chancery-lane.
 Folkard, W. of the Castle Tavern, King-street, Cheap-side, victualler (Cocker, Narau-street, Soho.
 Frampton, G. of Weymouth and Melecombe-Regis, Dorsetshire, merchant, at the King's Arms Inn, Dorchester. (Bridges and Mason, Red Lion-square.
 Griffiths, S. of Liverpool, tea-dealer, at the George Inn, Dale-street, Liverpool. (Maugham and Pothergill, No 17, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
 Goodwin, J. of Holt, Worcestershire, miller, at the Guildhall, Worcester. Beecke, No 26, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
 Gascoyne, R. of Richmond Surrey, tailor (Stukliff, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
 Gollacheider, J. late of Little St Thomas Apotile, and now of No 68, London Wall, merchant (Wright, No 21, Little Aisle street, Goodman's-fields.
 George, B. of Bedwally, Monmouthshire, shop-keeper, at the Bush Tavern, Bristol (Biggs, 29, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
 Hazard, W. of Liverpool, nail manufacturer, at the Star and Garter Hotel, Paradise-street, Liverpool. (Lough, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
 Hope, H. A. of Mark-lane, and Canterbury, Kent, dealer. (Faithfull, No. 21, Buckin-lane.
 Hall, C. late of Fgham, Surrey, innkeeper and common-brewer. (Brown and Marten, Commercial Sale rooms, Mining-lane.
 Hayden, J. of Southampton, boot and shoemaker, the Star Inn, Gosport, Hampshire. (Platt, 11, New Beaulieu-court, Lincoln's-inn.
 Hills, J. of High-street, Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, blacksmith, farrier, and veterinary-surgeon. (Hallett and Henderson, No. 8, Northumberland street, Mary-le-bone.
 Johnson, T. junior, of Liverpool, tailor and habit-maker, at the George Inn, Dale-street, Liverpool (Willis, Watson, Bower, and Willis, Token-house-yard.
 Jeffery, W. of Cock yard, Davies-street, Handover-square, horse-dealer and stable-keeper, (Orlebar, No. 6, George-street, Hanover-square.
 Jerman, S. Peppington-place, Lambeth, tea-

Gibbons, T. Hollywell-street, Westminster, sea-wagon, July 2.
 Hitching, C. and F. Wootenholme, Sheffield, hair-cutting manufacturers, June 16.
 Heaton, J. Scholes, Yorkshire, nail-manufacturers, June 15.
 Hamella, P. Belmont place, Vauxhall, June 18.
 Hilling, E. Bedford-street, Bedford-row, painter and glazier, June 13.
 Howe, R. Haymarket, job master, June 18.
 Helen, G. Worcester, linen-draper, June 23.
 Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, broker, June 23.
 Hardisty, G. and J. Cowing, Bedford-court, Covent garden, June 25.
 Holmanick, J. sen. Madeley, Staffordshire, June 28.
 Hedge, J. Star-court, Little Compton-street, Soho, builder, July 2.
 Hawkins, J. Penny fields, Poplar, builder, July 2.
 Hall, C. G. and H. B. Hall, Grosvenor street West, Pimlico, Middlesex, July 9.
 Hatfield, W. and J. Morton, Sheffield, cutlery, July 9.
 Hill, T. and H. Wood, Queenhithe, oilmen, July 5.
 Howell, J. Cheltenham, plumber, July 12.
 Jagger, J. East Stonehouse, Devonshire, stonemason, June 18.
 Jameson, W. York, money-scrivener, July 1.
 Johnson, W. Grange, Beilmonday, tanner, &c. June 28.
 Jones, E. Newington-causeway, linen-draper, July 2.
 Kent, H. Lawrence-lane, Commission-agent, June 14.
 Keeling, E. Hanley, Staffordshire, flint-merchant, June 27.
 Kelsey, W. and T. Kelsey, Heckdyke, Mister-ton, Nottinghamshire, July 12.
 Le Counte, J. R. St. Helen's-place, merchant, June 21.
 Lamb, G. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, June 25.
 Leach, J. Manchester, merchant, June 27.
 Lush, J. and W. Lush, High Holborn, distillers, &c. June 28.
 Lloyd, T. and J. Winter, Blue Ball Yard, St. James's-street, July 4.
 Mitchell, W. Norwich, silversmith, June 21.
 Middleton, W. Liverpool, tea-dealer, June 30.
 Mure, H. R. and W. Finchurch-street, merchants, June 14.
 Marshall, J. Black Horse-yard, Gray's-inn-lane, July 5.
 Morgan, A. Bedwelly, Monmouthshire, innholder, June 21.
 Marshall, R. Jury Farm, Ripley, Surrey, June 22.
 Murcott, A. Warwick, draper, June 21.
 Newcomb, O. Hollies-street, Mary-la-bonne, June 28.
 Nease, M. G. Parliament-street, Westminster, July 28.
 Newell, J. Beapsonfield, Bucks, diaper and hosiery, July 16.
 O'Connell, W. Borough, Southwark, distiller, June 24.
 Oakes, W. Wafferton, Yorkshire, miller, &c. June 24.
 Parker, W. Oxford-street, St. Mary la-peane, June 28.

Parsons, J. Long-acre, coach-lace-manufacturer, July 9.
 Reynolds, W. Tadcaster, Yorkshire, flax-dresser, &c. June 15.
 Ryall, W. and T. Ryall, Upper Berkeley-street West, stone-mason, &c. June 14.
 Robertson, E. French Horn yard, Dean-street, High-Holborn, June 21.
 Rackham, J. Strand, bookseller, June 28.
 Rawlins, B. Manchester, merchant, July 6.
 Rows, W. Plymouth, Jeweller, &c. June 30.
 Roberts, P. P. H. High-Holborn, cheesemonger, July 2.
 Railston, J. North Shields, Northumberland, ship owner, June 28.
 Ruffy, J. D. Paternoster-row, oilman, July 12.
 Spenslow, R. Drayton-hale, Shropshire, ironmonger, &c. June 20.
 Stodart, J. and T. Stodart, Carlisle, cotton-manufacturers, June 23.
 Sandison, W. Cook-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor, June 28.
 Stott, S. and J. Stott, Road-lane, Rochdale, Lancashire, June 29.
 Stokes, H. Liong-morton-street, merchant, June 25.
 Stacey, J. H. Berners-street, banker, June 28.
 Stoneham, T. Little Cheese, brewer, July 2.
 Shawcross, J. Manchester, insubolder, &c. July 12.
 Shillito, W. Leeds, dealer in cattle, July 16.
 Satter, T. Manchester, merchant, July 8.
 Tonge, G. W. B. East India-chambers, merchant, June 4.
 Tankard, J. and R. Tankard, Birmingham, farmers, June 21.
 Toynkinson, S. Burdlem, Staffordshire, June 27.
 Todd, K. Chorlton, Lancashire, cotton-pinner, July 7.
 Tee, J. Hemsworth, Yorkshire, shopkeeper, July 5.
 Tooley, R. Hampton Wick, maltster, July 12.
 Vieira, A. J. L. and A. M. Biaga, Tokenhouse-yard, merchants, July 25.
 Welford, J. Old South Sea House, Broad-street, insurance broker, June 18.
 Wilson, J. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, book-seller, June 14.
 Wells, J. and W. Hamilton, Liverpool, merchants, June 22.
 Wise, R. and G. Wise, Wood-street, London, and Leeds, June 21.
 Wise, J. P. and E. Matthews, Dublin, merchants, &c. June 21.
 Wood, J. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, silversmith, June 25.
 Worthington, W. J. Lower Thames-street, wine and spirit dealer, July 2.
 Welch, T. Great Tower-street, wine and spirit-merchant, June 18.
 Wotton, T. Bristol, leather-factor, July 5.
 Wagstaff, D. and J. H. Wagstaff, Skinner-street, Snowhill, June 25.
 Whitley, J. T. Edmonton, grocer, July 9.
 Whitaker, J. St. Paul's Churchyard, music, &c. seller, July 9.
 White, M. and J. Great Eastcheap, Fish-street-hill, July 5.
 Westbrook, J. Redburn, Herts., innkeeper, July 6.
 Young, W. late of Barnard-street, insurance broker, July 2.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 1. In Duncannon, Bedford-square, the lady of Wm. Jones, &c. of a son.
 2. The lady of Mr. Rogers, &c. of a son.
 3. The lady of Mr. Rogers, &c. of a son.
 4. The lady of Mr. Rogers, &c. of a son.

4. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Dawson, of a daughter.
 10. At Little Marlow, Bucks, the lady of the Rev. James Allen Park, of a daughter.
 12. In Bolton-street, the lady of T. Reynolds, Esq. of a son.
 13. At his lordship's residence at Cavendish-square, the Viscountess, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- June 1. At Fulham Church, by the Rev. Wm. Wood, Mr. Edmund Lloyd, of Harley-street, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Kenrick Collet, Esq. of Chauncery-lane, and Holcroft, Fulham.
2. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Robert Anderson, David Scott, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Crawford, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.
4. At St. Anne's, Soho, by the Rev. Dr. Macleod, Thomas Harris, jun. Esq. to Catherine, second daughter of John Macgowan, Esq.
7. At Hailow, Essex, by the Rev. C. S. Miller, Mr. S. Barton, of Pinbury-place South, London, to Miss Goodwin, only daughter of the late John Goodwin, Esq. of the former place.
8. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. William Lewis, Vicar of Abbots Langley, Heris, Lewis Lewis, jun. Esq. of Chamberwell Grove, to Mrs. Yarker, widow of the late Captain Yarker, R.N. and of Newton House, Warwickshire.
11. At Hampstead Church, by the Hon. and Rev. William Herbert, Charles, son of Anthony Bacon, Esq. of Elcott, in Berkshire, to Caroline, daughter of Henry Davidson, Esq. of Cavendish-square, and Tulsehorn, N.B.
- At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Mr. Gerrard, of Pantof-street, to Katharine, only daughter of the late Mr. Whippy, of North Audley-street.
13. At St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, James T. C. Bell, Esq. of Russell-square to Miss Mead, of Tavistock-square.
14. A. Scrivener, Esq. of Great James-street, Bedford-row, to Jane, the second surviving daughter of the late John Gilliat, Esq. of Clapham-terrace.
- Thomas G. Lloyd, Esq. to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Richard Best, Esq. of Greenwich.
15. At St. Dunstan's, West, London, J. Groat-jer, Esq. of Aldermbury, to Eliza, only daughter of J. Walford, Esq. of Chancery-lane.
16. At St. Pancras New Church, by the Rev. Edward Repton, Frederick Dawes Danvers, Esq. to Charlotte Maria, daughter of John Juland Rawlinson, Esq. of Doughty-street.
- At Rushall, the seat of Sir Edward Poore, Bart. Frederick North, Esq. of Rongham, in the county of Norfolk, and of Hastings, Sussex, to Janet, eldest daughter of Sir John Majoribanks, Bart. M.P. for Berwickshire, and widow of the late Robert Shuttleworth, of Gawthorpe, Lancashire.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Wm. Henry Blauw, Esq. to Harriet, daughter of John King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.
- At St. Pancras New Church, Henry Humphreys, of Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields,

to Harriet Ancell, eldest daughter of Captain Fleming, R.M. Portsmouth.

- At St. George's, Hanover-square, by His Grace the Archbishop of York, George Willeoughby Howland Beaumont, of Buckland, Surrey, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the Bishop of London.
20. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Dumou, eldest son of Henry Davison, Esq. of Cavendish-square, and Tullock, N.B. to the Hon. Elizabeth Diana Bowville Macdonald, second daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Macdonald. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Blomberg, Residentary of St. Paul's, &c.
- At Mary la-zne Church, by the Rev. William Garrett, Augustus Beauchamp, Esq. to Louisa, eldest daughter of David Bevan, Esq. of Upper Harley-street.

DEATHS.

- June 2. At the Rectory-house, Piccadilly, in the 78th year of his age, Gerard Andrews, D.D. Dean of Canterbury, and Rector of St James', Westminster.
3. The Rev. William Walker, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Rector of Monk-silver.
- Letitia, the wife of John Hodgson, Esq. of Belgrave-place, Finsbury, aged 76 years, sincerely lamented by all who knew her.
5. At his house, 22, Cavendish-square, John Bourdieu, Esq.
- Benjamin Blackden, Esq. of Bledlow House, Bucks.
- At Wrexham, W. R. Barber, Esq. of Clayhill, Rushby.
6. At his house, in Half Moon-street, aged 36, Stonehewer Scott Stonehewer, Esq. eldest son of the late Wm Scott, Esq.
9. Thomas Porter, Esq. aged 81, who held distinguished appointments in the Custom-house for nearly half a century; universally regretted.
12. At Oldfields, Acton in his 78th year, Thomas Kew, Esq. much respected and lamented.
13. At his house in Lansdown-place, James Forsyth, Esq.
- Charles Shephard, formerly of Bedford-row, and late of Cobham Surrey, Esq.
- At Kennington-place, Vauxhall, Caroline Savage, widow of Captain Savage, and eldest daughter of the late Rev. Francis Stone.
17. To the inexpressible grief of her family and friends, in the 56th year of her age, Mrs. Goding, wife of Thomas Goding, Esq. of Knightsbridge.
18. William Warwick, Esq. of Queen's-buildings, Brighton, aged 76.
19. At Hanwell, at the house of her brother-in-law, R. H. Lushington, Esq. Mrs. Catherine Philips, daughter of the late Thomas Philips, Esq. of Sedgley, in Lancashire, and sister of G. Philips, Esq. M.P.

PRICES OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES.

	Per Share £ s.	Div. per Ann. £ s. d.		Per Share £ s.	Div. per Ann. £ s. d.
Canals.			Bridges.		
Ashton and Oldham	275	6	Hammer-smith	39	—
Barnsley	395	14	Deptford Creek	47	—
Basingstoke	19	—	Southwark	14	—
Birmingham (1-8th sh)	340	12 10	Vauxhall	44	1
Bolton and Bury	150	6	Waterloo	—	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny	175	8	Water-works.		
Bridgewater and Taunton	90	—	Holloway	—	—
Culicle	—	—	Chester	—	—
Chester and Blackwater	105	5	Colchester	—	—
Chesterfield	120	6 10	East London	137	5 10
Coventry	1200	41 & bs	Grand Junction	80	3
Crimm	2	10	Kent	40	—
Cromford	—	14	Liverpool Bootle	140	—
Croydon	5	—	Manchester and Salford	47	—
Deby	225	8	Portsmouth and Farington	4	—
Dudley	86	3 10	Do. New	25	1 10
Ellesmere and Chester	120	3 10	Portsea Island	4	—
Etwash	—	58	South London	92	—
Forth and Clyde	550	20	West Middlesex	75	2 10
Glamorgan-shire	300	13 12 8	York Building	37	1 10
Gloucester and Berkeley O S	—	—	Insurance.		
Grand Junction	318	10 & 30s b	Alliance British and Foreign	16	—
Grand Surrey	53	2	Ditto Marine	—	—
Grand Union	26	—	Palladium	—	—
Grand Western	14	—	Albion	60	2 10
Graham	100	10	Atlas	9 2 6	9
Heretford and Gloucester	—	—	Bath	575	40
Huddersfield	31	10	Beacon	—	—
Ivel and Ouse	100	5	Birmingham Fire	430	20
Kennet and Avon	27	1	British	50	3
Kewington	—	—	Do. Commercial Life	5 5	5
Lancaster	45	1 10	County	55	2 10
Leeds and Liverpool	340	15	Ditto Annuity	10 10	10
Leicester	360	14	Eagle	4 10	5
Leicester and North	97	10	European	20 15	1 2
Loughborough	4300	200	Ditto New	—	—
Melton Mowbray	245	11	Globe	175	7
Mersey and Irwell	1000	35	Guardian	20	—
Monkland	2100	110	Hope	5 17 6	6
Monmouthshire	230	10	Imperial Fire	12	—
Montgomeryshire	72	2 10	Ditto Life	1 10	8
North Walesham and Dilham	21	—	Kent Fire	77	—
North	385	15	Ditto Life	—	—
Nottingham	300	12	Low Life	15	—
Notbrook	105	6 2	London Fire	23 10	1 10
Oakham	800	3	London Ship	23 10	1 10
Oxford	—	32 & bs.	Norwich Union	04	1 10
Peak Forest	180	5	Provident	22	18
Portsmouth and Arundel	17	—	Rock	4 5	2
Regent's	55	—	Royal Exchange	—	—
Rochdale	123	4	Sun Fire	220	8 10
Shrewsbury	205	9 10	Sun Life	27	—
Shropshire	150	7 10	Union	44	1
Somerset Coal	70	10	Literary Institutions.		
Do Lock Fund	12	10 5 15 p ct	London	31 10	—
Stafford and Worcester	900	40	Russell	9	—
Stourbridge	—	12	Metropolitan	par	—
Sturston on Avon	41	1	Gas Lights.		
Sturston Water	500	31 10	Gas L. & Co. Chart Comp.	67	3 10
Swansea	250	11	Ditto New	5	7
Swansea Dock	110	—	City Gas Light Company	160	9 0
Tees and Mersey	35	—	Ditto New	43 pr	5 0
Tees and Severn, New	30	1 10	Imperial	51	2 8
Tees and Mersey	2100	75 5 bon.	Phoenix or South London	11 1/2 pr	—
Trent and Birmingham	300	11	General United Gas Comp	3 pm	—
Trent and Napton	280	11	British	1 dls	—
Trent and Arun	—	1	Bradford	45	2
Trent and Seark	7	—	Brentford	—	—
Trent	45	—	Bath Gas	17 10	16
Trent and Birmingham	52	1 10	Banbury	17 10	—
Trent and Nottingham	186	6	Birmingham	—	—
Docks.			Ditto Staffordshire	8 pr	—
London	1024	4 10	Brighton Gas	18 10	1 4
London Dock	318	10	Do. New	12 10	1 10
London Dock	130	8	Bristol	23 10	1 10
London Dock	75	2 10	Ditto (from GB)	—	—
London Dock	95	2 10	Bunley Gas	—	—
London Dock	34	—	Belfast	—	—

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